

white as well as red men. and whether we all show it the same or not, we all have it."

"My brother Joseph says 'it's wrong to seek for revenge,' and he can give good Bible authority for what he says, and that ought to settle it. I always trust to him because he can beat our parson at argument; and as to the Scriptures, why if I don't mind when I am reading aloud for mother, he'll take me up sharp enough, and tell me I have read such a passage wrong."

"If your brother would put in his claim as an American Loyalist," said the captain, "I have no doubt it would be recognized, although pretty late in the day. Any how, if you wish to make a claim, I will give you a letter to my friend, General Simcoe, who is now living at Little York, on Lake Ontario, and is Lieutenant Governor of the Upper Province. I know he is very solicitous to encourage settlement; more especially the settlement of families like yours; and, to act as an inducement, he issued sometime ago, a proclamation to all desirous of settling as industrious loyal subjects of His Majesty, George III. But while we are talking, we are walking, and it occurs to me that you are taking a rather long walk for my especial benefit, and I do not like to impose on good nature."

"The benefit is all on my side, Sir," said Ronald, interrupting the captain's speech, "and as to the walk, this is nothing, I should not mind walking a couple of miles any night, summer or winter, to serve a friend; besides I was going to come in this direction to-night, had I not met with you."

"Ah! ah!" said Captain Arondale, "some love affair, I'll be bound, so I won't delay you any longer, if you will give me directions how to steer"

"It is not much farther," said Ronald, for the captain had stopped short as he last spoke, "only a little farther till we come to the turnpike road, and then you can have no difficulty in finding your way."

A little further on in the path they came to a stile; a stunted beech tree stood beside the foot-path, its branches over-hanging the stile; here they stopped, and Ronald pointed out the Captain's way. They were now standing upon an eminence; a little way below them to the right was the highway, passing through the valley and winding up the hill beyond, on the summit of which to the left stood an old parish church, surrounded by yew trees. The round full moon was bathing the quiet landscape in a flood of soft, sheeny, silvery, mellow light, its mysterious witchery acting upon the senses with irresistible charms.

There stood the two men, one double the age of the other, looking upon the lovely scene, and both feeling its influence, in his own way, upon his mind.

The elder was a model specimen of the British seaman; tall, symmetrical, compact; with physical power developed in the outlines of his form, and determination written in his face; yet it was an open honest face; a little stern, perhaps, but that expression had been contracted by habit, in governing and directing rough and untutored men. The younger man, only in his twentieth year, was an English plant from American soil, his legs of immense