

DEDICATION.

MY DEAR FATHER:

Once many years ago, in a kind of despair, you were impelled to say that I would never be anything but "a rascally lawyer." This, it may be, sat upon your conscience, for later you turned me gravely towards Paley and the *Thirty-nine Articles*; and yet I know that in your soldier's heart you really pictured me, how unavailingly, in scarlet and pipe-clay, and with active sabre, like yourself in youth and manhood. In all I disappointed you, for I never had a brief or a parish, and it was another son of yours who carried on your military hopes. But as some faint apology—I almost dare hope, some recompense—for what must have seemed wilfulness, I send you now this story of a British soldier and his "dear maid"; which has for its background the old city of Quebec, whose high ramparts you walked first sixty years ago, and for its setting the beginning of those fightings, which, as I have heard you say, "through God's providence and James Wolfe gave England her best possession."

You will, I feel sure, quarrel with the fashion of my campaigns and be troubled by my anachronisms; but I beg you to remember that long ago you gave my young mind much distress, when you told that wonderful story, how you, one man, "surrounded" a dozen enemies, and drove them prisoners to head-