

the floor. As if to forget her own cause of anxiety in aiding others, she brought wine and bread for the fainting and suffering men, and moistened their parched and feverish lips with the grateful juice of the grape.

"Where is Pedro?" asked one, as she gently lifted his head, to give him the refreshing draught.

"I fear he is with the dead," answered she in a low, hoarse voice, struggling with her emotion. "Could he have crawled hither, he would have been with us, knowing our anxiety, and that we have none but him. Have you seen him today?"

"Late this afternoon I saw him fighting at the convent of St. Engracia; he was with Palafox, and was then unharméd. I was just fainting from the blow I had received; but I thought I saw Our Lady with her angels, warding off the strokes which were aimed at him, and the balls which flew whistling about his head. Ah! there he comes!"

As he spoke a tall figure entered the room, so begrimed with smoke, and dust, and blood, that none but the eye of lover or friend could have recognized him. The girl sprang forward with a cry of delight, and almost fell at his feet. The young cannoner raised her, and as he did so, she felt drops of warm blood fall upon her face. Starting up, she looked hurriedly at him:

"You are wounded!" she cried; "why did you not come before?"

"I could not, dearest Agostina," he replied. "I have but just received my orders from our Captain-General for tomorrow's duty; but, come, you must dress this wound upon my head—nay, pale not so; it is a mere scratch, that I shall be well repaid for, by your care of it."

Agostina led the way to a small inner room. She found, on examination, a long but not deep sabre-cut upon the head, which Pedro told her had been received in warding off a blow from Palafox. He was exhausted from the fatigues of the day; but the caress of his lovely nurse, the bread, olives, and cooling grapes, which she gave him, soon revived him.

"Ah, Agostina," he said, "could I have had such refreshment as this from your dear hand today, I could have battled more vigorously with the enemy. I was faint and weary, and nothing but the remembrance of you sustained me. It has been a fearful struggle; at times, I thought we must give way. It chills my blood to think of the gallant fellows cut down by my side, rank after rank, till the breach was filled with the bodies of the dying and the dead; fresh supplies of the French poured in; and they would have gained possession of the city had they not got entangled in the 'Arco de Cineja,' which was so long and crooked they could not find their way

out; thanks to our blessed Lady. Our people then rallied, fell upon them, hemmed them in and scarce left one to return and tell the tale to those without; this slight success encouraged us, and we fought like brave men; but this cannot last long; our resources are becoming exhausted, our men weary and dispirited, and I fear we must soon yield unless succour is sent us. Palafox hopes for a reinforcement; his brave spirit is never prostrated; and Father Consolacion too, he puts new life into us; with the image of our Lady in his arms, he passes from one part of the city to another, encouraging the combatants, relieving the wounded, and shriving the dying, and he bears a charmed life; balls are flying around; sabres clash about his head, but he escapes. And the women, Agostina, they have been ministering angels today, with their baskets of wine and fruit, their cheering words of hope; they have mingled among us, giving new strength to the wearied arm, and adding fresh fuel to the fire of our patriotism. I looked for you, dearest; I thought your brave and impatient spirit would lead you forth among our ranks."

"I deemed it no place for women, Pedro, where blood and carnage were, and I thought it would better please you to have me remain at home, and tend the fainting and wounded who were brought to our threshold; but tomorrow I will be by your side, and far happier shall I feel than in this weary watching,—ah, you know not—you cannot tell, how long and dreary this day has been; the dread booming of the cannon, every shot from which, we knew was the messenger of death, the thrilling, heart-rending sounds of strife, have rung in my ears, and a thousand times have I fancied I heard thy death-cry rising above the warring sounds; but angels have protected thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee. Ferdinando says he saw them guarding thee. The right, the truth is on our side, and can we doubt that we shall have a heavenly host to aid us. When did the Holy Virgin ever fail to bless the righteous cause? she has been seen more than once leading on her angel army to our aid, and she will not now desert us. But what is to be done tomorrow?"

"That depends upon the point of attack chosen by the foe; Palafox will take his station, at the Portillo, and has assigned me my post there also, as chief cannoner; ramparts of sand bags are to be placed there, and I hear even now the preparations for the morrow's defence going on, in the low murmur, and the heavy footfall; those who are not too weary with the day's exertions are repairing the outposts, filling up the gaps, raising barricades, and putting up all impediments in