

wound which he had received during the engagement of Queenston Heights, which, when the excitement was over, he found had been severer than he at first knew. Notwithstanding the pain it caused him, however, he insisted on attending the body of Percival to its resting-place in Oakridge churchyard. He rode over on Hector, Percival's bequest, who looked wonderingly at his new master, as he mounted him with a strange mingling of regret and compunction in his heart. When the quiet interment was over, and the little band of soldiers who had attended the body of their officer had retired, after firing the customary salute over his grave, Ernest remained for an hour alone on the spot where we first encountered him, thinking, under the yellow and fast thinning foliage, thoughts for which he was the better during all his future life.

It need hardly be added that his convalescence was a pleasant one, spent, as it was, at Dunlathmon, where Lilius and her father were prisoners for some weeks, till the latter was well enough to be removed to Oakridge. Major Meredith's wounds proved tedious enough, and it was long before he could use his right arm again, or go about without his crutches. While so disabled he found it impossible to dispense with Ernest's efficient aid, and as military operations on the Niagara frontier were for a time suspended, Ernest was able to gratify what were the wishes of all concerned without infringing on his duties as a volunteer. The Major's warm heart had turned