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[For "THE REVIEW."]

LOST IN THE WOODS.

BY G. C. H.

I was but a child, but my blood chills yet
 When I think of that awful day
 When I saw the sun through the branches set,
 And I felt I had lost my way.

My heart beat fast as darkened the sky,
 And the stars stole forth to view,
 And the evening winds came rustling by
 The shady forest through.

My heart beat fast and my temples throbb'd,
 And my brain whirled round and round,
 And my trembling limbs of their strength seem'd
 Robbed,
 And I fainting fell to the ground.

I feared not death—but I feared to die
 In that endless waste of green,
 Where the wild beast roared through the shadows
 Nigh,
 And the serpent hissed between.

I awoke with the cold dew on my face,
 And I rose to my feet once more,
 And I strove through the woods my way to trace
 To a neighboring lakelet's shore.

Through tangled brush and o'er fallen trees
 I stole as a fugitive steals,
 For each startled hare, and each fitful breeze,
 Seem'd an enemy at my heels.

With many a heavy fall, bruised sore,
 And with fear my brain near crazed,
 I sat at length on the rocky shore
 As one by a spirit dazed.

Through that dreadful night on the shore I sat,
 In a stupor cold as death;
 I felt not the dew nor the stinging gnat,
 And I scarcely drew my breath.

At length the morning tinged the East,
 And the sunlight touched the lake,
 And the hooting owl and the prowling beast
 Retired to the gloomy brake.

But I sat unmoved till the noon had passed,
 And the evening sky grew gray,
 When a human shout I heard at last
 And my stupor passed away.

To my feet I sprang and I answered back
 With a yell that echoed wide,
 Then my brain spun round and all grew black
 And I felt by the water's side.

When at length I woke, I remember yet,
 My mother beside me stood,
 And though years have passed, I shall never forget
 The day I was lost in the woods.

A letter from French Canadians at Fall River, Mass., is published in a French paper, in which they say they can get nothing to do, and ask for grants of land in the Provinces and means to enable them to return.

HANS HEMLING, THE WARRIOR-ARTIST.

It was on the 10th of September, in the year 1478, that the porter of St. John's Hospital at Bruges, in Belgium, admitted a poor soldier, weary, faint, and bleeding from severe wounds. He was barefooted, and his body barely covered with rags; but there was something so inexpressibly noble and superior in his whole figure and deportment, that the servants commissioned to prepare his couch and minister to his wants, treated him with more respect than patients of lower order generally receive.

Brother Hieronymus, the ablest of their surgeons next proceeded to examine the wounded man, saying: "An ugly cut that over thy head, good fellow; it doesn't look as if it had been done with a riding whip certainly. I fear I shall plague thee long with my needle. Wilt thou bear it?"

"Als ik kan," answered the soldier, lifting his eyes towards heaven.

"Als ik kan," repeated Brother Hieronymus, addressing a fair, graceful young woman that stood by. "I can never hear those words without a sigh, for they are the motto of that great Artist, Van Eyk, who first introduced oil painting into our Netherlands; and I sigh, my daughter, to think, that in spite of the most zealous endeavors, our hospital should not possess one of his celebrated works."

Sister Bertha seemed to lend but a deaf ear to the good brother's lamentations, wholly absorbed as she was in the contemplation of the wounded soldier. His features expressed at once great firmness and great kindness; the browned, haggard cheeks and thin, compressed lips, told of long exposure to hot climates; of toil, want, and hardships endured; but the broad, calm brow and clear, childlike eyes told of a heart which neither sorrow nor suffering could ever change.

Stolid and impassive as the soldier seemed to be, yet he had well marked the good brother's complaint, as also the uncommon beauty of the young sister. But the remembrance of both was soon effaced by the wild delirium which followed, and during which she ministered to the poor sufferer's wants with the tenderest care; now cooling his fevered brow, or sinking on her knees to utter fervent prayers for the restoration of his body and the salvation of his soul; or when he grew louder and more restless, she would lay her soft hand on his lips,

whispering, "Hush poor child," and then his ravings grew fainter, till subdued and tearful, he half-consciously joined his voice to her prayers and supplications.

On the following day the fever had almost left him, (and even to use a Flemish form of speech), new clusters of health were daily sprouting from the vine of his health, and he speedily became the darling of all who knew him—he was so patient, so cheerful and gentle. But his eyes were chiefly bent on sister Bertha, whose constant place, whether reading or sewing was by his bedside.

But with his recovery, the time that he must leave this haven of rest drew near. More than once the "Superior" had gently hinted something to that purpose, and Brother Hieronymus repeatedly spoke of other sufferers who had claims on their hospitality. So one morning when the subject was again alluded to, he answered with a serious, almost solemn voice:

"Master guardian! It would seem but ill if I, who have experienced such care and solicitude at your hands, should be an unnecessary burden to your good Hospital of St. John, which is well known in all countries for acts of mercy and Christian Charity. You wish me to go, but I would not leave without rewarding you in some measure for all your kindness and hospitality. You require this couch for other sufferers, be it so; but I beseech you to spare me another chamber, where I may be alone and unnoticed, and if, after a month's time, all the members of this hospital, yourself at their head, do not ask me to tarry, then you may hunt me from hence like a dog."

To this the Superior had no objections to make, and the same day the soldier, now quite recovered, was removed to a distant lonely apartment where he could work unmolested. Only Sister Bertha was occasionally admitted, and seemed to know the character of his secret occupation, and she also provided him with all necessary materials. Thus days and weeks glided past. "I wonder" said the Superior one evening to Brother Hieronymus, "with what this stranger occupies his time; perhaps he only intends to cheat us out of a month's lodgings, after all; but we will let him bide yet awhile?"

"Probably he is an artist," suggested Brother Hieronymus. "I well remember that his first words in this house were the motto of the celebrated John Van Eyk; and yet, why should an artist come to our gates in the guise of a vagabond soldier?"

"Ah!" retorted the Superior, "heaven grant he may be, as you say, an artist; but the name of Van Eyk is sorrow to my ears—"