

swashed. The darkness gathered around like a pall, and the ocean chanted its mournful dirge as soul after soul ascended from that scene of death and destruction.

Kindly care soon brought back life to the little waif of the ocean. He blossomed into intelligence, but nothing could be learned regarding his parentage or connections. John Hunter, his rescuer, adopted and reared him as his own son.

Young Hunter rapidly traversed the stages from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood. His character was moulded by nature herself. The forest, field and ocean, each had its especial charm and lesson for him, and he developed a strong taste for the beautiful, the good and the pure. He knew the deep pools where the monarchs of the finny tribes sported in the shade. His the unerring bullet that pierced the heart of many a bounding deer. His the stout arm and the bold heart that made him the pride of his village and realized the ideal of many a rustic maid.

His foster father had a daughter Alice Hunter, one of nature's most perfect works. The golden tresses, sparkling eye, clear complexion and pure life, early captivated the heart of young John. When children they sat on the rocks together and listened to the music of the waves. In youth they shared the duties of the farm and manhood and womanhood found them part of each other's existence.

But this happy state was too idealistic to continue. News arrived of the outbreak of the war of 1812, and the attack of the Yankees on Canada. The Anglo-Saxon blood, ever bounding more fiercely when liberty is at stake, in young Hunter's veins responded to the rallying cry. He and a few kindred spirits shouldered the rifle and set out for the scene of glory and bloodshed. Lundy's Lane and Queenstown Heights tell the tale of his bravery and undaunted bearing when the air was full of death and the stoutest heart quailed. His the winged bullets that carried destruction in their unerring path—his the tender hand always ready to succour a fallen comrade.

But the struggle is over. The dogs of war have ceased to bay, and John Hunter has had his fill of military glory. Twice the harvest has fallen since Hunter looked upon the scenes of his boyhood and the face of his beloved ones.

The breath of the north is felt in the air as the young soldier returns. He passes with elastic step the road to his father's house, as it nestles in the grove of poplars by the hollow. The water smiles to him welcome, the fields and groves despite the gloom of November gaze at him kindly, the wild ducks winging their noisy way southward tells him of home and Alice. He pictures her beauteous face by the blazing hearth and hears the music of her voice. His hand is on the knob, he enters. An old man meets him, his head bowed as with sorrow. His eye lights with a wan