

fellow. He is sure to be crushed ; but he will have the honour of doing a brave deed before he falls. I call that the letter of a brave man and a patriot," said Jim, replacing the paper in his pocket-book.

"So do I," said May. "And you are going to volunteer against such a man?" Her tone spoke reproach.

"Well, not exactly. I do *not* propose to volunteer, as Tom did. But if—if I go, I shall go on my own hook to one of the Company's agents, right in the thick of it. He is a Scotchman, McIntosh, and we, my people at home I mean, have known him from a boy. I think my father helped him on as a lad, and we have had nice letters from him, and skins and things. I shall just go to him and see how affairs look, and help him if he needs to defend himself and his family."

"And run away from us and our family?"

"Don't reproach me, May. I don't want to go ; I long to stay. But I *can't* stay here when I see you don't care one bit for me."

May coloured hotly. "Nonsense, Mr. Seaton. I do care for you : you are always kind, and I like you very much."

"Do you like me well enough to marry me, May?"