

and men having gone off to the war. This intelligence had a very depressing effect upon Edward Cunningham, and thoughts of his rash conduct in leaving home did not help to lighten it. Living as he had been without God in the world, he did not think now of asking the divine guidance, which is a very present help in time of need.

But Edward Cunningham was soon to have friends, but of the wrong sort. A couple of "land-sharks," as the sailors call them, were watching him all through the day; and now they approached him, as he sat on a bench beside the pond in the Common, looking at a fairy-like boat that a couple of boys were paddling about.

"You seem tired, stranger. Been walking much to-day?" said one, sitting beside him, and knowing well that he had walked for some hours.

"Well, yes, a good deal," replied Cunningham, turning and looking at him.

"This is a nice sort of place to rest in when one's tired," said the first speaker again. "Anything like it to home—I mean at the place you came from."

The latter part was added, on seeing the young man's hesitation to answer, not knowing exactly what "to home" meant.

"Oh, yes, there's something like it down at Montreal; only smaller, and handsomer. But at home—if you mean there—I have seen the Phoenix Park in Dublin, and Hyde Park in London, and they are magnificent places. This garden of yours would fit in a corner of either of them."

The two "sharks" looked at each other, on hearing this, and seemed not a bit too well pleased.

"Well," said the one at the far end of the bench, "them's in the old country, and this un's in a new. We haven't had time to fix up things here so well as there; but we can whip them in almost everything else."

Edward Cunningham made no reply to the last speaker.