

to stretch ourselves upon the softest plank of a neighbour's kindly floor.

So much for the Sunday; and now to conclude, we add a reminiscence of Monday morning, which we extract from our Diary of July 20, 1864:—

“Monday pouring. Buried the young man who died yesterday. (His name, John Curnow, from Canstown, Ludgoan, Penzance, Cornwall. He died of typhus after a very short illness, typhus induced by privations and hardships.) We had a tramp of a mile and a half through deep mud and rain. I walk before, and wonder at the remnant of civilization and love in these rough hearts that follow with their burden—over the knees in mud—up the steep braes—through the searching rain—to the lonesome grave among the stumps—where they lay the mortal remains of this fine Cornish lad of twenty-one.”

THE END.