

Willy, "I do not vouch for its truth, but I will repeat it to you in the words it has been told to me many and many a time. The Laird lived on his estate in the Highlands, with his lady, and her braw sons, and amongst his domestics he had one who he considered particularly faithful, named John Clark. From time to time valuable pieces of plate became missing, for which none could account. The old Laird even went so far as to suspect that his good lady must have purloined them for some hidden purpose. One day, his sons, attended by John Clark, went to bathe in the stream which flowed past the grounds—they had crossed over to the opposite side, and recrossed back again, when one of the boys remembered that he had left his cap; he was on the eve of returning for it, when John Clark bade him desist, and said that he would go. He plunged into the stream, and had just reached the middle, when he paused, and ere help could be afforded, he sank and was drowned. The distress of the two boys may be imagined. A few days after this sad occurrence, the Laird was walking along the banks of the stream, and happening to cast his eyes on its smooth surface, he perceived it become ruffled at a particular spot—when, to his utter amazement, the form of John Clark rose out of the water, and solemnly revealed to him that he it was who had stolen the plate, which would be found in a large chest in the room he had occupied. The Laird, it will readily be believed, was much struck by this circumstance. On his return home he searched in the spot where he had been desired, and there, sure enough, discovered his property, exactly as it had been stated."

The men listened to this marvellous tale with distended eyes, and when Willy ceased, Barker turned to the Serjeant who was his oracle, and enquired:

"Do you believe that story to be true, Serjeant?"

"My lad," replied the Serjeant, "the only answer I can give to that difficult question is, that with God all things are possible. We know that the spirit when it leaves this mortal frame, goes to him who gave it; those who have died in the blessed faith of their Redeemer's atonement, and exemplified that faith by good deeds unto Paradise, there to remain in a state of happiness until the judgment. Where the spirit of the hardened impenitent sinner goes; it is awful to reflect, nor dare we trace its darkened wanderings; unquiet, and unhappy must it be, whithersoever it wends its way—but whether it is ever permitted to revisit the earth, I know not, nor do I wish to know—my first care is my duty to God, my next is to my neighbour—these are clearly laid down in Scripture for us all—but where the Almighty has chosen to cast a veil, I seek not to raise it, or disturb my mind with mysteries which might unsettle and weaken it, without making me a wiser or a better man."

The visit of the officer on duty, and the words

"guard turn out," stopped further conversation at this time.

Serjeant Macintosh was highly respected both by officers and men as an excellent soldier, and the Christian advice which he took every opportunity of offering amongst his comrades, was always well received by those who possessed good feeling, and good principles—even the thoughtless and unsteady ones could not help looking up to him as a superior, so upright, so honorable was he in all his dealings. And yet full of charity towards the faults of others; he felt the value of religion himself, and he earnestly desired that others should share in its rich blessings. Nothing therefore delighted him more than gaining the attention of the young, as he discoursed upon those things which belonged to their everlasting happiness. He had received an excellent education in his youth, and he made the best use of it by employing it in the service of his Divine Master—he was a *real* patriot, he loved his country, and he showed it by being faithful and loyal to his sovereign, by respecting the laws, and by fearing God.

THE SENTINEL.

It was full three weeks after this, that our friend O'Connel was again standing sentry of the night guard down by the river side, but more fortunate than the last time, it was one of the most beautiful that could be conceived; the moon shone forth with a resplendant lustre, while the stars in rich profusion spangled the heavens, sparkling, as O'Connel said, like the eyes of Kathleen O'Moore—he paced up and down a considerable time, musing on the past, the present and the future—he had been much fatigued during the day, which had been one of extreme heat, and he felt unusually wearied. "By the powers this will not do," said he, endeavouring to rouse himself; he began to whistle, but even his favourite air of St. Patrick's Day died on his lips. He leaned against the sentry box, and in a few minutes afterwards all was forgotten, and the young soldier slept. How long we know not, but he was suddenly awakened by a violent shake on his shoulder, "Arrah now, Kathlane, my darlint, be asy honey," said poor O'Connel, opening his eyes; in a moment he was fully aware of his situation, for his officer stood before him.

"You scoundrel, what have you to say for yourself," he demanded in a voice of thunder; "here I find you sleeping on your post—you are a pretty rascal to trust—where is your musket, sirrah?"

It was gone—O'Connel was struck dumb—he stood like one petrified.

"Speak, sir," continued the officer, "have you anything to say—it is such rascals as you, who are daily deserting and disgracing the name of soldier."

Here O'Connel proudly drew himself up, while a flush of indignation mantled on his cheek—but he