

"That's bad, Ned—very bad; for you were well off there, and would soon have your wages raised."

"I know all that, friend Bob; but I've left now, and it's too late to go back."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, Ned; because I believe you have taken a wrong step. There is a dreadful war going on in the States now, and you'll be sure to be caught up for a volunteer."

"Oh, trust me for that; it won't be so easy to catch me."

The train bell rung out sharply, and the two friends shook hands, bidding each other good-by. How many times friends wish one another good-by, and how often it proves to be the last! It proved to be so with one of the two in this case.

Edward Cunningham entered a car, and took a seat near the door, where he had a full view of the other occupants. Most of those on board were American tourists, on their return home, after visiting the natural beauties of Canada, and enjoying the bathing and cooling sea-breezes on the Lower St. Lawrence. They were, as usual, in the highest animal spirits, notwithstanding their early hour of embarkation; but Edward Cunningham sat still, wrapped up in his own thoughts, his face bearing none of the pleasure depicted on the countenances of his fellow travellers.

Let us inquire a little into Edward Cunningham's history, and why he was leaving home. Left an orphan when young, he was brought up by a stepmother, between whom and himself there never existed much love. Being of a restless, roving disposition, he enlisted into the Royal Artillery while only a lad; but feeling irksome at the forced restraint, he in some manner contracted a disease in the leg, which caused him to be declared unfit for duty, and to be finally discharged after only two years' service. Coming to Montreal soon after, Cun-