

"Hurra for the bonnets of blue," cried a young soldier, catching the spirit of enthusiasm from Sergeant Macintosh, and throwing his cap up to the ceiling ; "wha wad na be a bonny Scot?"

"Musha thin its myself would be an Irishman, Saunders Macaulay," said O'Connel, with a kindling eye.

"Well, well, my lads," interrupted the Serjeant, smiling ; "love each your own land, and be faithful to it, but respect all equally, who do their duty, be their country what it may. God has made us all, and will reward every one alike, who obeys His commands, let him be English, Irish, or Scotch."

"But suppose he has the misfortin to be a Yankee, Serjeant?" enquired O'Connel doubtfully.

"My friend, remember that to be prejudiced against any nation, is always a proof of ignorance," replied the Serjeant ; "there are good and bad in all countries, and a noble heart may beat in the breast of an American as surely as in that of an Irishman."

"I don't think its made of the same materials, any how," returned O'Connel ; "since, do ye see, Serjeant, the word 'loyalty' is not written there."

"Ah, well, my lad, it is not for us to judge such matters," said the Serjeant, rising and collecting his papers ; "if we serve under the banner of Christianity, as good soldiers of Christ, never mind what its colours are composed of. Let us only guard it faithfully, and remember that we are all bound to the same country at last."

The Serjeant then walked out with his reports, and the little party separated."

THE GUARD ROOM.

ABOUT a week after the above conversation, Serjeant Macintosh was on guard, with Barker, O'Connel, and others, when the conversation of the soldiers naturally turned upon all those subjects which were the most interesting to them. The elder ones fought over their battles again, while the young listened with eager attention to their stories of hair breadth escapes, by sea and by land. There was one veteran among them, who was proverbial for his marvellous tales, and who, on that account, had become a great favourite. He was a singular man in appearance, whose furrowed face bore testimony that the sun of many climes had shone upon it. None knew his origin or his country, and the name his comrades gave to him was Wandering Willy. As a soldier, he was remarkably steady, and such was the opinion of his shrewdness, that he was generally selected for any important embassy. He had been sitting for some time silent, when a young man, who was engaged in reading a newspaper, suddenly started, and uttered an exclamation.

"What is that, my lad," asked Willy ; "you look astonished?"

"I am astonished, and sorrowful," he replied ; "two of our lads, who deserted, have been drown-

ed in crossing the river, on the Niagara frontier ; their names are not mentioned, but only their regiment, so there can be no mistake."

"Unhappy young men," said the Serjeant, "their crime has indeed received its punishment speedily ; could Harper have been one," he continued, in a tone of regret ; "I felt no common interest for that young man, there was much in his character to work upon. Wilson and Drew were old offenders.—No warning seemed to have the slightest effect upon them ; night after night was wasted in the tavern, while the repeated mean vice of selling their kits, showed a total want of honesty and principle, but Harper was above all this."

"By my sowl, Serjeant, I am not so sure of that," returned O'Connel ; "the only difference I saw in him, was, that whin the others would come bouldly out of Mrs. Flaherty's front door, he would snake out at the back, but I am not the less sorry for him, and I would lose my right arm, could that save them all—the loss of a comrade always makes us sad, but we are comforted whin we follow him to the grave like a soldier, and lave him to rest in peace and glory ; but an end like theirs is without hope, laving no little green spot in the memory of a friand to console him."

"Harper has often told me he was an only son," said Barker ; "he used to speak of his mother with affection, as a pious good woman—what a grief for her."

"Well, before I'd bring the grey hairs of the old mother in shame and sorrow to the grave," replied O'Connel, feelingly, "I hope I may be denied absolution when I take my nixt trifle of mishdemanors to his Riverence ; all the holy wather in the world would niver wash out sich a sin as that."

"No, my lad, you are right," returned Serjeant Macintosh, "nothing but the atoning blood of Christ would efface that, or any other sin."

"But don't you think, Serjeant, that doing penance is a mighty fine way of shaking off our sins?"

"It would be a very easy way, my lad, if it were effectual ; but how can you for an instant suppose that any self infliction can remove sin, or outward show of penitence cleanse the heart ; did you ever feel a better man after such punishment?"

"Why, I don't rightly be knowin, Serjeant, I remember onst in my own dear little county Athlone, that Father Dennis commanded me to walk for a whole week with peas in my shoes, which I did to please him, but whether it did me good or no, by the powers I can't say, to be sure I giv the peas slyly a boil which maybe destroyed the benefit."

His comrades laughed, while the Serjeant said : "The best punishment sin can have in this world, is remorse, which leads to contrition, to hope, to pardon."

"Your words remind me of a tradition handed down in the family of an old Scotch Laird," said