

doubtless suppose me to be lost. But I am dis-
 gressing—my master died, the business was given
 up, and failing to obtain employment in the town,
 I tied up all my worldly possessions in a hand-
 kerchief, and started off on foot into the coun-
 try. While resting in the heat of the day under
 a tree by the way side, my bundle was stolen
 from me, and when I awoke I pursued my jour-
 ney with a heavy heart. I met with no success
 in my search for work, and one evening while
 staying at an inn, I was accosted by a recruiting
 sergeant, who in an evil hour persuaded me to
 enlist. As a religious man I had many trials
 and difficulties to encounter in my new situation,
 yet still, on the whole, the years I spent as a sol-
 dier glided happily away. In the course of time
 I was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and soon
 after my appointment the regiment was ordered
 to America, to take part in that disastrous war,
 which resulted in the establishment of the United
 States. It would interest you but little, gentle-
 man, were I to detail the events of those stirring
 times, for a man in my station has but little op-
 portunity of knowing any thing beyond what
 comes under his own immediate notice, and can
 seldom obtain a comprehension even of the
 whole of the operations in which he bears a part.
 He fights because it is his duty to do so; he
 troubles himself but little with asking the why
 or the wherefore of the battle. Our regiment
 lay on one occasion for three days in a small
 village, the inhabitants of which were principally
 members of the Church of England. It boasted
 its neat church and pretty rectory, besides many
 other neat houses, and altogether was quite an
 aristocratic looking place. I was billeted at the
 house of the rector, and I suppose my demean-
 our attracted his attention, for he more than once
 entered into conversation with me, and on one
 occasion invited me into the parlour and treated
 me with great kindness. He was a widower be-
 tween forty and fifty, with an only daughter then
 in her twenty-first year. She was above the
 middle height, fair complexion, jet black hair,
 and a countenance rather pleasing than beauti-
 ful, with a smile of most winning sweetness, and
 an eye whose animation would at times give an
 expression to the whole countenance that was
 positively beautiful. They were emigrants, and
 had no relations in the country, and I well re-
 member the good rector speaking on one occa-
 sion of the difficulties which his daughter would
 have to encounter, should he be called from this
 world before she was comfortably settled. It
 may seem strange that he should have, during
 the war, spoken to a stranger like myself, but
 those were fearful times, and we must not judge
 of men's actions then, by the cool, calculating,

prudential maxims, and rules of these times of
 peace.

Months intervened, and I had almost forgotten
 the good kind rector and his amiable daughter,
 when one day I learned accidentally that he was
 dead, and that his church was shut up. I then
 formed the resolution that as soon as I could ob-
 tain leave of absence, I would seek out his
 daughter and endeavour to send her to her re-
 latives in England. I found it, however, quite
 impossible to effect this until the close of the
 war, and then having saved a little money, I
 made up my mind to retire from the army, and
 settle in Canada, at that time quite a wilderness.

Before doing this, I determined to seek out
 Miss Forester, and accordingly directed my steps
 towards the well remembered village. I found that,
 directly after her father's death, she had been
 received into the family of one of the first men
 in the village, as a governess, and had been most
 kindly treated by all its inmates. She was much
 affected at the sight of me, which recalled to her
 mind the loss of one who had been her all in all in
 the world, but soon regaining her composure, she
 welcomed me with much cordiality. I found that
 she shrunk from the thought of a voyage across
 the Atlantic, and of course my errand was soon
 accomplished. Still I lingered in the village from
 day to day, continually framing some excuse for
 calling on Miss Forester, until at last it became
 necessary to fix a day for my departure. On the
 previous evening I called to take my leave, and
 was ushered into a parlour where I had spent
 many a pleasant hour in the society of this young
 lady. It was connected with another apartment
 by folding doors, one of which was partly open,
 and from the inner room sweet sounds were issu-
 ing forth. I listened; it was Miss Forester sing-
 ing the following words to one of Haydn's
 plaintive airs:

Oh! lonely is my heart!
 And heavily I sigh,
 For one whose beaming smile
 May brighten up my drooping eye.
 And many days I've sailed
 Far o'er life's troubled sea,
 While there was no one nigh
 To comfort or to solace me.

'Twas said by ancient bards,
 That every human heart
 Its own twin spirit hath!
 In joy, or woe to bear its part.
 Oh! pleasing dream of bliss,
 Oh! would that it might be!
 Fly through the realms of thought,
 My kindred soul, and come to me.

As the sweet tone of the singer's voice died
 away on the listening ear, I approached her, and,
 apologizing for my involuntary rudeness, spoke
 of my departure. From the way in which the