

meanor which won the praise and the blessing of the roughest and the most rugged warrior in the ranks. There was not a female connected with the regiment, whatever might be her need, from sickness or otherwise, but was sure to find Mrs. Walters in the right place at the right time. Her purse, her larder, her conserves or preserves, yielded up their contributions in no scanty measure: in fact, like her Divine Master whom she served, she went about doing good.

Mrs. Walters had been one day out making purchases at one of the drygoods stores in St. Paul street, for the supply of clothing that was needed by a female, wife of one of the men in the regiment, who had just brought into the world a bouncing boy. As she was walking along the street at a rapid pace, with the bundle of flannel and other small articles under her arm—for she was not ashamed to carry a bundle along the street, and especially when it was for a charitable purpose—it being just when the dusk of evening was drawing its sable mantle over the heavens, she was accosted, close by the corner of one of those dark, narrow streets, that lead down to the river from St. Paul street, by an old woman, who was closely muffled up in a dark-colored cloak, and who handed her a small package. It might have been seen in a moment that a more than ordinary degree of emotion agitated her whole frame; and on receiving the package from the old woman, she at the same time made a most desperate effort to seize the hand that gave it to her. But just at that instant, a roughly dressed man was passing, who, trying to push past the two, from some cause fell down, and in his fall was nearly the cause of Mrs. Walters meeting with the same