

"It is," returned the soldier, "but so far I have found my way. Men of my profession learn early to rely upon themselves and love to encounter new dangers and difficulties alone."

"And men of my calling," returned the other, "learn to lean upon others, and to face troubles and trials not alone, but trusting in a higher power."

"You speak the truth, reverend sir," said the young officer, appreciating both the truth of the rebuke, and the gentle manner of its administration, "but my profession is a hard one, and self-reliance is one of its first and most difficult lessons—but here comes our meal."

As he spoke, the woman who had been stooping over the pot at the fire, approached the table with two wooden bowls, each containing a savory mess. It was simply a mixture of meats and vegetables, but it seemed acceptable to the nostrils of the refined European, and he was about to attack his share of the viands, when the little man raised his hand, and said solemnly, "Let us, sir, first ask a blessing on what we are about to receive."

The other paused and bowed his head, while the woman hushed the children and stood silent, as the preacher, in fervent and quaint terms which, though new to the young officer, did not offend, as he had apprehended, his sensitive, cultured ear, besought a blessing on the household—father, mother, children, and the stranger beneath the roof. Man of the world as he was, and by social and other prejudices averse to any but the forms of the Established Church, there