

vidence that I had found and kept that letter.

"To bring my story to a close, I cheered the good fellow up, and told him that now he had prospects of a V.C. and a commission, he must again enter the lists and ask for old Delavel's consent. My whole heart was bent on making my deliverer happy, so on the arrival of the Delavels, I promptly saw the Baronet and his daughter, and gave

them a full account of Sergeant Clere's noble deed.

"The bravest and noblest man it has been my luck to know got his V.C. and a commission into the bargain. I need say no more about his love affair, for if you look down into the courtyard you will see our new colonel himself. The lady by his side was once the much admired Miss Delavel, but is now Mrs Colonel Clere."



Away Beyond the Sea.

THE storm-tossed waves are raging wild,
Loud shrieks the angry blast,
The sullen sky with lowering clouds
Is darkly overcast.
The warring elements around
May ravage bold and free,
They reach nor stir the peaceful calm
Away beyond the sea.

When gentle zephyrs waft us on,
And sunshine lights the wave,
What thought then of the tempest's power,
The threatened watery grave?
When upward soars the praiseful song,
The rapture of the free,
An echo mingles with the strain
From far beyond the sea.

What hosts that once were tempest borne
Now taste the heavenly calm!
What reck they of life's tumult span
In the seraphic psalm!
Where life and love in fullness meet
For all eternity,
'Tis theirs to sing the glad new song
Away beyond the sea.

Roll on proud waves, lift up your heads
Till crowned and crested hoar,
Ye yet will yield your secrets up,
And vex those depths no more.
A light will pierce their inmost bounds,
Their dark immensity,
And ye shall hear and roll no more,
There shall be no more sea.

WALTER MONRO.