

his widow and children are weeping within those walls for the husband and father who lies buried on a foreign shore. Think what a contrast these shouts of joy must be to their grief."

"Oh, Uncle David! how sorry I am!" said Harry. "I deserve to go home this moment, and not to see a candle again for a week. It was very wrong of me indeed. I shall walk all the way home with my eyes shut, if you will only excuse me."

"No, no, Harry! that is not necessary! If the eyes of your mind are open, to see that you have acted amiss, then try to behave better in future. When people are happy themselves, they are too apt to forget that others may be in distress, and often feel quite surprised and provoked at those who appear melancholy; but our turn must come like theirs. Life is made up of sunshine and shadow, both of which are sent for our good, and neither of them last, in this world, for ever; but we should borrow part of our joys, and part of our sorrows, from sympathy with all those we see or know, which will moderate the excess of whatever is our portion in life."

At this moment, the mob, which had been gradually increasing, gave a tremendous shout, and were on the point of throwing a torrent of stones at the dark, mournful house, which had made so narrow an escape from Harry's vengeance, when Major Graham, forgetting his gout, hastily sprang upon a lamp-post, and, calling for attention,

he made a speech to the crowd, telling of the brave Captain D—— who had died for his country, covered with wounds, and that his mourning family was assembled in that house. Instantly the mob became as silent and motionless as if they had themselves been turned into stones; after which, they gradually stole away, with downcast eyes and mournful countenances; while it is believed that some riotous people, who had been loudest and fiercest at first, afterwards stood at the top of the little street like sentinels, for more than an hour, to warn every one who passed, that he should go silently along, in respect for the memory of a brave and good officer. Not another shout was heard in the neighbourhood that night; and many a merry laugh was suddenly checked, from reverence for the memory of the dead, and the sorrow of the living; while some spectators remarked, with a sigh of melancholy reflection, that men must ever join trembling with their mirth, because even in the midst of life they are in death.

"If we feel so much sorrow for this one officer and his family, it shows," said Frank, "what a dreadful thing war is, which costs the lives of thousands and tens of thousands, in every campaign, by sickness and fatigue, and the other sources of misery that accompany every army."

"Yes, Frank! and yet there has scarcely been a year on earth, while the world has existed, without fighting in some country or another; for,

since the time when Cain killed Abel, men have been continually destroying each other. Animals only fight in temporary irritation when they are hungry; but pride, ambition, and folly of every kind have caused men to hate and massacre each other. Even religion itself has caused the fiercest and most bloody conflicts, though, if that were only understood and obeyed as it ought to be, the great truths of Scripture would produce peace on earth, and good-will among all the children of men."

The whole party had been standing for some minutes opposite to the Post Office, which looked like a rainbow of coloured lamps, and Harry was beginning, for the twentieth time, to try if he could count how many there were, when Major Graham felt something twitching hold of his coat pocket behind, and on wheeling suddenly round, he perceived a little boy, not much older than Harry, darting rapidly off in another direction, carrying his own purse and pocket-handkerchief in his hand. Being still rather lame, and unable to move very fast, Major Graham could only vociferate at the very top of his voice, "Stop thief! stop thief!" but not a constable appeared in sight, so the case seemed desperate, and the money lost for ever, when Frank observed also what had occurred, and being of an active spirit, he flew after the young thief, followed closely by Harry. An eager race ensued, up one street and down another, with marvellous rapidity, while Frank

was so evidently gaining ground, that the thief at last became terrified, and threw away the purse, hoping thus to end the chase; but neither of his pursuers paused a moment to pick it up, they were so intent upon capturing the little culprit himself. At length Frank sprang forward and caught him by the collar, when a fierce conflict ensued, during which the young thief was so ingenious, that he nearly slipped his arms out of his coat, and would have made his escape, leaving a tattered garment in their hands, if Harry had not observed this trick, and held him by the hair, which, as it was not a wig, he could not so easily throw off.

At this moment a large, coarse, ruffianly-looking man hurried up to the party, evidently intending to rescue the little pickpocket from their custody; so Frank called loudly for help, while several policemen who had been sent by Major Graham, came racing along the street, blowing their whistles, and vociferating "Stop thief!"

Now the boy struggled more violently than ever to disentangle himself, but Frank and Harry grasped hold of their prisoner, as if they had been a couple of Bow Street officers, till at length the tall, fierce man thought it time to be off, though not before he had given Harry a blow on the face, that caused him to reel back and fall prostrate on the pavement.

"There's a brave little gentleman!" said one of the constables, helping him up, while another