

He had lighted the charcoal-burner to air the chill,
damp room,
Then lain down to guard the treasure, unheeding the
deadly fume.
We carried him out and brought him to, and I tell you
I was glad,
For I'd grown attached to the chokra, the true little
Indian lad.

A peon brought me a chit one day;
I said in pretended dismay,
"I have no money to pay this bill, the man can go
away;"
"But, sahib," said Buncee quickly, "there are my
rupees, you know."
Do you wonder I liked the youngster, or that I valued
him so?
And oft in the gloaming I sit and think, and memory
backward flies;
For many there be with hearts as true in that land
under Eastern skies.