

he was willing, he would try and get him an appointment as cadet in the Indian army. You may be sure that the boy was very sorry to leave his mother and England, but it seemed too good a place to lose; so he put on board the ship, and said good-bye to his mother, and sailed over the sea.

Now, on board the ship there were several passengers; one of these was an old lady in very poor health, to whom the cadet was so polite and attentive that she became very fond of him; and when she died, a little while after, she left him a sum of money, which was very useful to him in India. There was also there a great officer, who spent much of his time in reading and writing. One day the cadet, seeing that he was tired, offered to read a book for him, and from that time was so great a help, that he was daily employed either in reading or writing for him. Though it seemed hard work, while others were walking on deck, enjoying the fine air and strange sights on the ocean, to be so much in the cabin hard at work, yet the cadet was happy to help another, and he had his reward at the end of the voyage, when this officer took him into his service as secretary, and was a friend to him all through his course.

After he had been in India some time, and was much esteemed by all who knew him, he heard that some one was wanted to take dispatches through a most perilous country, where a fierce enemy was almost sure to take and kill the bearer. No one liked to go; but this brave young man offered to take them.

As he was going with a few people, he was set upon by a party of Indians, and carried away prisoner; but though the dispatches were taken from him, he had another copy made, which he had given to one of his men, who escaped, and took them safely. He was thrown into a miserable prison, and knew not when he should get out; but even here he was a great comfort to some of the other prisoners, and he

took the opportunity to perfect himself in the language of the natives.

One day the governor of the prison came in, and said that his master, the Rajah, had ordered him to send some one who could paint the walls of his new palace, and that if he did not he should lose his head. It was impossible, he said; he had no one to send. He was in a great fright. Our young man had learned drawing, and though he had never been much used to painting, he thought he would try to save the life of his jailer. So brushes and colors were got, and he tried on the walls of the prison to sketch one of the English scenes he had copied at school. As the Indians have not much taste, and he had put on plenty of bright colors, the jailer was pleased, and sent him at once to the Rajah. He set to work, and, with many efforts, and after some time, he covered the walls of the state-room with some English scenes, houses, cottages, churches, castles, and objects somewhat new to the Indians. When the Rajah came in to see them he was much delighted. He gave him his liberty, and a present which made him very rich, and sent him back in safety to the army. When he returned, he found that, in consideration of his services, he had been promoted; that his old friend, the officer who was dead, and had recommended him to the notice of the governor-general,

Having thus attained, early in life, considerable rank and wealth, by his constant reading to oblige others, he continued to pursue a similar course, and rapidly acquired distinction. He was sent over for his mother, and at length became himself Governor-General of India, and exercised an honorable influence there for many years. Some friends were once asking him in the palace the particulars of his strange elevation, when he observed: "I attribute my rise, under the blessing of God, to the practice I followed through life, of trying to make myself useful to every one around me. If," said he, "a man seeks to make others