

[SELECTED]

"They Died for Me."*



AMONGST the strangers who joined Napoleon Bonaparte in his march to Moscow, was the young and brave Prince Emile of Hesse Darmstadt. He was a brave young man, and by his care for the comfort of his men, won their hearts.

All readers of history know of the awful scenes which took place in the memorable retreat from Moscow. The horrors of a battle field can only be surpassed by the horrors of a retreat, and there never was a retreat more harrowing and dreadful than this.

In the passage of the river Berezina, twenty-eight thousand men were lost. When Prince Emile reached the opposite side of the river, he discovered that only ten men remained of the thousand and which he commanded at the beginning of the campaign. The army was thrown into confusion, and the men fled in the direction each thought best for himself. The ten soldiers, however, formed themselves round their loved leader, and determined to stand by him as long as blood flowed through their veins.

The cold was intense; snow lay heavily upon the ground, while fatigue and hunger pressed sorely upon them. The enemy also harassed them. Sleep they dare not, for to lie down and rest was inevitably to perish. Thus they journeyed on until exhausted nature refused to do any more, and the Prince stopped, and said:—

"My children, I must sleep. If God wills that I fight again, He will wake me in the morning."

He lay down and slept. When he awoke and was able to observe his surroundings, he saw that he lay in a thatched shed. His body did not repose on the naked earth. A pile of clothes was under him and over him, thus protecting him from contact with the snow, and shielding him from the piercing cold of the air. The Prince examined them and found them to be the red coats of his soldiers. He saw that his brave men, unwilling to desert him as he lay in the cold



snow, had carried him to this place of shelter and covered him with their coats. He then thought, "Poor fellows, how have they been able to endure the cold of this awful night." He went out to seek them. He had not far to go. Outside the shed lay his ten companions, half naked, and frozen in death. They had given their lives for him, and died that he might live. What wonder that feelings of surprise filled his heart at the sight of such love and sacrifice for him.

Friend! have you not read a story more wonderful, a sacrifice more noble and great? Has your heart been touched, even to the faintest degree, by such an amazing manifestation of love, to and for you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15: 13. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Romans 5: 8.

Friend, are you covered with the robe of His righteousness. If so, the biting colds of sin, and bitter frosts of evil will be alike powerless to harm; and when the night of earth has passed, we shall, in the glad morn of heaven, see all that wondrous love and sacrifice in its fulness.

"Then, Lord, shall we fully know—Nct till then—how much we owe."

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