

AN INCIDENT IN THE REBELLION
OF 1885.

OF those who read this paper, some will be able to recall, with more or less interest, the rebellion of the half-breeds in the Canadian North-West Territories. Many can speak with personal feeling of dear ones who were called from their homes to take part in the struggle, and some yet mourn over brave lads who went off filled with pride and hope, but, alas! never to return.

Among others was one young man, a stranger in this country, but attracted, perhaps, by the excitement, he joined the troops, and was soon at the seat of action. He was a grave, serious minded young man; sober, thoughtful, well educated, of good family, but with all his good qualities he lacked one thing—he was a stranger to God. He had never come to Him, owning himself hopelessly lost, and casting himself by faith on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

It was not long before he was engaged in a slight skirmish, in which he was fatally wounded. They carried him to a small tent and all that was possible was done for him; then he was left alone on his little bed.

Soon a second was brought in, also wounded but not dangerously. He was touched by the moans of the first comer, who was well known to him, and tried to say something soothing. The dying man opened his eyes and looking