

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL was a soldier in the 93rd Highlanders, a regiment which performed deeds of heroic bravery at the Relief of Lucknow, under the leadership of one of England's greatest soldiers, Sir Henry Havelock. Born in the Highlands of Scotland, Duncan was brought up with care, being trained in the strict observance of the outward forms and duties of religion.

The regiment was quartered for a time at Dover, and in this town he had the benefit of the instructions of a lady who was unsparing in her efforts for the spiritual good of the soldiers. She took a deep interest in Duncan, and sought to win him to Christ, that he might become a true soldier of the cross. He listened to her instructions and appeals with attention, and was grateful for her kindness, but his heart was still closed against the gospel.

The regiment was ordered to India, and it was here, far away from his old home and all his kindred, that the great change took place in his heart and character. It was in 1857, the year of the Indian Mutiny. The 93rd was on its way up country, hastening to the scene of those terrible atrocities which took place.

While on the march, the accidental discharge of a pistol lodged a bullet in one of Duncan's legs. The poor fellow was most kindly tended by both officers and men, but the wound was serious—the bullet was lodged deeply in the flesh, and when evening came he was found too weak and feverish to proceed. A comrade was therefore left with him till the following morning, awaiting the arrival of the next detachment, which had a doctor in attendance. He was sent on to the nearest hospital in a doolie, a covered conveyance borne on the shoulders of coolies.

The journey was a painful one to him, and the uneasy motion of the doolie, the great heat of the weather, and the want of comforts so increased his sufferings that little hope was entertained of his life. He was in extreme pain, and unable to speak.

It was now, in this extremity of weakness and, as it was thought, at the point of death, that his mind began to open to those great truths of Holy Scripture which he had so long neglected. It pleased God to remove the veil from his heart, and to disclose to his view his awful position as a sinner before God. He felt he was about to enter into the presence of him who is the "Judge of the living and the dead," before whose eyes "all things are naked and open." He saw his sins as a crowd of witnesses against him, and he felt that his mouth was stopped and his soul "guilty before God."

Happily he was not without someone to direct him in his anxiety. A friend who visited him in the hospital was enabled to point him to Jesus, the sinner's substitute, the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." Light seemed suddenly to break upon his soul. He was enabled to look to Jesus, and as he looked to Him who died, "the just for the unjust," his heart melted and warmed with love to Him who in His love had shed His blood to save him.

The doctor was able to extract the ball, and as his fever abated he gradually recovered, though he remained for a long time weak.

His early training and knowledge of the Scriptures proved of great use to him. The Bible was not a strange book: he was familiar with its contents, only now they shone out in a new light, and were clothed with a living power such as he had never felt before. The grace he had received bore fruit in the praise of God. He embraced opportunities even in the hospital, of telling to others the salvation he had found, and commending the Saviour who had shown mercy to him.

In a few months he was sent to a neighbouring station for change of air, and in the spring or early summer he was ordered home to England.

But he was never to see his native land again. In the month of July, while on the homeward voyage, his health finally gave way, and in a few days the end came. His body found a resting place in the depths of the ocean, but his soul, calmly reposing on the merits of Jesus, went to join the spirits of the just.