

THE BLOOD-STAINED LEAF OF LUCKNOW.

In the station of —, in the upper provinces of India, I was one morning visiting the hospital as usual. As I entered the general hospital, I was told by one of the men, that a young man of the — regiment was anxious to speak to me. In the inner ward I found, lying on the chorepoy in a corner, a new face, and, walking up to him, said, "I am told you wish to see me; I do not recollect having seen you before." "No," said he, "I have never seen you before, yet you seem no stranger, for I have often heard speak of you."—I asked him if he was ill or wounded. "I am ill," he replied. He went on to say, that he had just come down from Cawnpore, after having been present at the relief of Lucknow. "Perhaps you would like me to tell you my history," he added. "It may be you remember, a long time since, some of our men going into the hospital opposite, as you sat reading to one of the Highlanders.—There were some half-dozen or more of them; they came to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and all your country people were to the noble soldiers for so readily coming to protect you all, and how deeply you sympathised with them in the noble cause in which they were now going to take a share. Then you talked to them of the danger which would attend them. You reminded them that life is a battle-field to all, and asked them if they were soldiers of Christ, and if they had thought of the probability of their falling in battle. I have heard all about that long talk you had with the men. Then you gave your Bible to one, and asked him to read a passage. He chose the 23rd Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or a tract, to remind them of what had been said, and you gave them all you had in your bag. But for one man there was none. They were to start that afternoon, so that you had not time to get one. But you went to the apothecary, and got pen and paper from him. When you came back, you gave this paper to him, telling him you should look for him in heaven."—The poor fellow pulled out, from the breast of his shirt, half a sheet of note-paper, on which I recognised my own handwriting, though scarcely legible from wear. On it were written the 1st, 7th, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 17th, verses of the 5th chapter of 2nd Corinthians, and the whole of that hymn beginning—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

"That man," he continued, "and I were in the same company, but he was a day ahead of me.—We met in Cawnpore, then marched on with the rest to Lucknow. Whenever we halted, the first thing he did was to take out his paper, and read it aloud to those who cared to hear; then he

prayed with us. As we marched, he spoke much of his old father and mother, and only brother, and wished he could see them once more. But he was very, very happy, and ready to 'go home,' if God saw fit. I am an orphan. I lost my parents when a child, and was brought up at school. I never had one to love me, and life was indeed a weary burden; yet, beyond, all was darker still, for I knew nothing of a Saviour. But his reading and words came to my heart; he was so kind to me, and always called me 'brother.' I never loved till I knew him. He had found Jesus, and led me to love Him too. I cannot find words to say how I joyed, when at last I felt I had a Friend above, Oh! I never shall forget my joy when I first understood and believed. We had no book but the paper. We knew it off by heart, and I don't know which of us loved it best. As we neared Lucknow, he dwelt much on eternity, and said to me, 'It is very solemn to be walking into death. I shall never leave this ill-fated city.'—We had many fights, standing always side by side. At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck him in the chest. Words cannot say my grief when he fell,—the only one I had to love me. I knelt by him, till the garden was left in our hands, and then bore him to the doctors.—But I was too late,—life was almost gone. 'Dear brother,' he said to me, 'I am only going home first. We have loved to talk of home together; don't be sorry for me, for I am so happy,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!" Read me the words she wrote.' I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with his blood as you see, and repeated them. 'Yes,' he said, 'the love of Christ has constrained us. I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her.—Good-bye, dear —.' And he was gone, but I was left. Oh, it was so very bitter! I knelt by him, and prayed that I might soon follow him.—Then I took his paper, and put it in my bosom where it has been since. I and some of our men buried him in the garden. I have gone through much fighting since, and came down here on duty with a detachment yesterday. They think me only worn with exposure, and tell me I shall soon be well; but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but it cannot be. "I could not speak," says the narrator, "but only pressed his hand, poor fellow. At length he broke the silence." "So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus. And he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again, and won't we welcome you when you come!" We read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head from the pillow, but was quite peaceful and happy. Two days after he died in the joyful hope of a blessed immortality.—*The Christian Treasury.*