

forth—and in phantom masses out of the gloom it was seen that the whole Russian army was bearing down on this devoted band of our soldiers, hemmed in, surprised, and far from help. It is known with what a grand heroism, notwithstanding, the little band gathered itself compactly up, fought silently against overwhelming odds, and never flinched. Again and again the masses poured upon them, were broken and driven back. No man thought of flying—none of yielding—but all thought they must win or die. At last, in one of the charges, as day had at length fully dawned, the young soldier, whose fortunes we have been following, and who had stood bravely in a foremost place all through, was struck by a ball in the breast, and fell. He fell without a murmur. The flying feet of pursuers and pursued passed over him where he lay; and in the utter rout of the Russians, the tide of battle was borne far beyond the spot. He was seen turning on his side on the ground, and from his knapsack feebly taking the Bible he had learned to read at the little school, under the old shady woods. He was not seen alive again; but when, the bloody victory of Inkermann was won, he was found in the heaps of slain at last, even in that forlornness and death his tale was told. A crowd of fierce plunderers had passed over the field, stripping the slain, and in many instances cruelly murdering those who had fallen, wounded and helpless. So this young hero had died in a fearful strife: his clothes had been torn away, the humble store in his knapsack plundered, and even his Bible rent from the faithful hand; but as he lay on the trampled sward, his face turned up in the stillness of its rest to heaven, the light as of a far-away smile lingered over his brow, and on his extended hand, as if graven there, a torn leaf, the last remnant of his Bible, clung, *sealed there with his own blood.*

Little reader, learn the grace of this blessed Word—learn it early—let it be graven in the tender thoughts—love it, pray over it, and in your life live it. It can never die—from the hand the last leaf may perish—but from the heart, God's Word, if once truly there, can perish never. It is written there by the Spirit's pen, and sealed for ever with the blood of Christ.—*Church of Scotland Juv. Record.*

CAN YOU TELL

What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?