

some accidental circumstance he was led to enlist as a soldier, and not long had he entered the ranks, when the Crimean war broke out, and he was ordered with his regiment to the scene of conflict. It was a war, as all will recollect, of terrible suffering and disaster. But at this time its first calamities were but beginning to be heard of; and as ship after ship put off from our shores for the East, they carried hundreds of young brave hearts, full already of the flush of battle, but many of whom were to see the friends and homes they had left never again on earth. Amongst others, the Irish Bible scholar was carried away over the distant waters. To many it would have seemed a perilous life he was now embarked in; but, full as a soldier's life is of temptation, and witness as it is often to much that is reckless and wicked, to him whom God's Word had so taught, it came with its perils, it is true, but few or none of its fears. Instead of his heart being wronged by wicked words and wicked deeds around him, it waxed deeper and holier in its light. It drew God's precious Book closer, and the thicker the gloom in which it lived, the purer and steadier grew its shrine. God's things were hidden in it, as I have said, like hidden gold. So even the worst and rudest of his companions was hushed often by the words he spoke, and by the verses he read—sometimes in the red blaze of the camp fire—sometimes in the tent, as a hasty meal was snatched, and the tired head was laid down for rest—sometimes from memory, in the dark trench, and through the long bitter night. To his lips many owed words and hopes of which they had never heard before; and marvellous was it how the strongest and most daring learned to reverence in the boy such a shield of noble might carried in his lowly Bible, as made their strength and courage seem very weakness and fear.

The battle of the Alma was fought, and through its carnage and terror the young soldier safely passed. Some weeks later he was encamped with his regiment in the British lines before Sebastopol. It was a night of thick murk; and, after a long and weary day preceeding he and a little band of his comrades lay down in their bivouac on the cold ground, to snatch a brief rest. It was indeed brief and awfully broken. Gray dawn was creeping through the folds of mist over wood and hill above them, when a deep and sullen tread rose on the ear like the moving of a sea—sudden cries passed along the ranks—men flew wildly to their arms—the roar of artillery burst