

friend who had kindly written to him on religious subjects, shews that his Heavenly Father's rod was received in a truly humble spirit, and we trust in God's own time worked for him "a far more exceeding and abundant weight of glory."

Before this letter reached Quebec, the youthful writer and his aged friend had both entered into that land "where there is no more pain." But the Almighty Friend to whom many and fervent prayers had been addressed in his behalf, had unexpected mercy in store for him.

At the end of June, he started for Lahore en route to Simla, in charge of some soldiers who were there to join their respective regiments, being obliged, on account of his lameness, to travel in a palanquin.

He awoke one night (that being the time for travelling) and found the bearers had put down the palanquin and were sitting or lying about; the soldiers were not to be seen; he was alone with twelve bearers who had several times in the preceding days shown symptoms of insubordination. He called to them (for he had acquired great proficiency in the language of the country), to proceed; they refused. Forgetting in the excitement of the moment his lameness, he jumped from the palanquin, ordered the men to lift it and continue on their journey. Awed by his determination, they obeyed, and he followed, driving them before him with the flat of his sword, until in three or four hours he overtook the men. His lameness was gone, and with spirits rejoicing in his restored health, he marched into Lahore at the head of his men, and immediately reported himself to the commanding officer as fit for active service. He remained about a fortnight in Lahore, and then being attached to the 81st Foot until he could regain his regiment, he set out for the great object of his wishes, Delhi. His first engagement with the natives was at Bars river, under General Nicholson.

In his usual lively style, and yet with a grateful sense of the Divine protection, he writes:—"Thank God, mother, I have had my first brush with the enemy, and escaped unhurt. We had two days, or rather nights, forced marches, to enable us to cut off a body of the natives before they joined the main body; we left upwards of two hundred men under trees as we went on, but not one officer was obliged to fall out. When we first came in sight of the enemy, I felt a curious tingling sensation all over, and a ringing in my ears and a feeling of reluctance to take the life of a fellow-creature, but in a few moments I perceived a great black fellow taking deliberate aim at my head; as one of us must go, I thought I would give him the preference, and my revolver made him leave his horse at any rate, and after that, till the 'shindy' was over, I neither heard or knew anything. I gave Trench one of my pistols, and we made the niggers clear the road in famous