

The advice was rather seductive, especially as the soldier held out a bag full of money, which he caused to jingle in the Italian's ear. The poor fellow was not aware that he found himself in the company of recruiters. Another glass of *schnapps* was offered him, and another. That same evening he was enlisted in the Prussian army.

The next morning when he had slept himself sober, he found that he was deprived of his cares, but deprived of his liberty at the same time. He tore his hair in despair. But what was the use of it? His name was signed; he had received the handsel; he was a Prussian soldier, and nothing short of it.

But this was a merciful leading of God. He lost his temporal liberty to find the everlasting. He was an idolater, putting his trust in a deified woman, and bowing down to wooden and stone images. There were some of the Lord's people in the Prussian army. With these he became acquainted, and he learnt from them things which he never had heard of before.

"It will be a hot day to-morrow," said he one evening to one of his comrades, who was sleeping with him in the same room. "The Austrians will be hard upon us. Perhaps we shall lie together in the same churchyard to-morrow night."

"Very well," answered his companion. "As the Lord pleases. Whether living or dying, I am His."

"Aren't you, then, afraid of dying?" asked the Italian, surprised.

"No I am not. Death is gain to me."

"How is that?"

"Because I know in whom I believe. My Saviour is my God."

"How do you know that?"

"From his word. It is written, 'He who believes on Me shall live, though he were dead.'"

"Written! Where is it written?" asked the Italian.

The soldier produced a New Testament from under his pillow, and read the passage to the Italian.

"Lend me that book, will you?"

"Yee, with all my heart; and if I should die to-morrow, you may keep it."

The next day the soldier was taken to his heavenly home, and the Italian kept the book. It was a costly bequest, bestowed upon an heir, who was not unworthy of it. The Italian read the book, and he read it again, and he found Him of whom the prophets and apostles did write.

He now could not continue the life of sin and carelessness he had been leading hitherto. He was a shining candle now, and, instead of committing, he now rebuked the works of darkness. In the simplicity and sincerity of his heart he had given himself to Christ with all the affections of his soul, and, according to the principles of military honour and faithfulness, he deemed himself bound to come out for his heavenly Chief Captain with unflinching boldness, to take up His cause against every injurer, and to defend His honour against every reviler. First of all his Roman Catholic comrades became his fiercest enemies. When they saw that he ceased to attend the mass and to cross himself when praying they called him an apostate, an antichrist, a child of the devil. Their number, however, was comparatively small, and against them he was fairly protected by his Protestant comrades. These hailed him as a brave clever fellow, who wisely had jumped out of the "popish toy-shop," and betaken himself to "the worthy company of sensible people." Soon, however, these "sensible people" found themselves disappointed in their new acquaintance. He refused to speak their language, which chiefly was composed of filthy talk and curses. He, on the contrary, showed them that such a conversation was even less worthy of a "sensible person" than the "popish toy." "The Papists," he would say, "adore a creature, and that is very bad; but you curse the Creator, which is worse. And the Papists exalt that which is mire to heaven, but you drag heavenly things down into the mire. And the Papists pray that an impotent woman may save them,