

a battle, he certainly did not. He did not know Rushoon. But his consciousness returned after his wound had received attention, and he was moved to a hut near the great military hospital at Varna, much to the disgust of the military authorities in general, and the soldiers in particular. His wealth was not of so much use to him as might be supposed—for home comfort and conveniences are not procurable, even for money, on the field of battle. His rank did not obtain him much deference—for the soldier was then the great object of consideration. If he had been an "our correspondent," it would, perhaps, have been different, but even "our correspondents" were looked upon (more or less) as necessary nuisances in the camp.

Happily for Lord Elmsdale, there were some few individuals at the scene of conflict who only thought of those engaged therein as fellow creatures—children of the great, good God! whom they loved so much that for His dear sake they loved all his creatures.

There were French nuns, with their white *cornettes*, flitting about hither and thither amongst their own countrymen—cheering them up with pleasant words, writing billets for them to longing friends, doing for them the most menial offices. But these nuns did not think these offices menial: the world might do so, but that did not matter—they had nothing to do with the world. They were doing these things for God; and it is never menial to do anything for Him. There were Irish Sisters of Mercy working at the same work, and in the same way, and it was one of these—one whom we have heard of before—who went down now to Lord Elmsdale's hut. His nurse had been found perfectly insensible from intoxication a short time before. The Doctor said he had not many hours to live, and he begged one of the Sisters to go down to him, at least, to soothe his last hours.

He manifested no surprise when Sister Mary Vincent came gently into his hut and sat down by his bedside. He never asked what she wanted, or why she had come—he was past that now; but when he saw how gently she moved about, how tenderly she touched the heavy bed-clothes, and felt how softly she wiped the damp

death-dews from his brow, he spoke at last. It was but a word—"Oh! Sister, Sister!" and then an agonized, convulsed, heart-broken cry, such as the dying, and the dying only, can utter.

"I am afraid there is something on your mind. Do, please, tell me." The words were so simple, so heart-felt, and the big tears of pity stood in her blue eyes. She knew who her patient was. She had heard of him from Ned Rushoon, when she visited him in prison. How little she anticipated then the scene which now met her eye. No eloquently chosen words could have touched the dying man half so much as her simple pleading, "Do, please, tell me." It was so unlike what he had expected. The Doctor had told him he would send a Sister to him, and he had gathered up all his dying strength to call after him, "Not one of those Protestant ones." There were some earnest women who went out from England to that scene of woe, dressed in an imitation of the garb of Catholic nuns, but without their training, without their knowledge, without their special grace. With the best possible intentions they made, as might be expected, endless mistakes; and doctors, nurses and men were thankful when they retired from a scene for which they were entirely unfitted, in which they were worse than useless. Death is a great overthrower of unrealities, and Lord Elmsdale, though he had always expressed a strong dislike to nuns at home, when his hour of need came, felt that their services would be more to him than those of any "militia," however exteriorly like the reality.

There was no answer, and the Sister began to pray quietly.

"What are you doing?" as Lord Elmsdale, in a very petulant tone.

"I am praying for you. Oh! please, please tell—I am afraid you have not long to live. Shall I get you a clergyman—I am sure he will come at once?"

"Never—confound him!—he will only terrify me to death!"

A terrible hemorrhage followed. The Sister quietly removed all traces of it, and held a cordial to the dying lips.

"You are very young."

It was a strange remark to make at such a moment—but Sister Mary Vincent knew what he meant.