

He looked into the faces on the other side of the bed, and thanked God that they heard those simple, childlike words. The mother's face was at once earnest, thoughtful, and resigned; the father *would* not melt. Surely, if any teaching could have won its way into his heart, it had been this from Ettie's dying lips. But Mr. Grayham could not hope, for on the brow and in the eye of the man who had no room within his soul for God, there sat a dark expression such as he feared to witness.

Within a week they bore her to the grave. Then, in the chamber where she died, you might have heard through the long night the steady tramp of him from whom God *dared* to take that which He had stooped to lend.

Grayham was constantly by the now gloomy hearth, for there was little hope that Mrs. Brandon would be there much longer. At first they all refused to realise her danger, but it soon became self-evident. She was not unprepared. Ettie's death-bed had taught her Heaven's great lesson—faith in the Conqueror over death and hell.

Unhappy Horace! Hadst thou but remembered God thy maker; hadst thou but owned the hand that gave thee all; had but thy faith in Him, and in the future, which His Christ has bought, led thee to hold thine earthly treasures with a looser grasp, thou hadst not now been shipwrecked utterly!

She, too, was dead. Beside that senseless clay he broke forth—not for the first time—into dark curses of the day that gave him birth, and of the God who had, even in these deep sorrows, sought to warn and counsel and entreat, and who, till now, had crowned his life with joy! From that hour, never hope dawned in his breast. From that hour, never word of Holy Writ, or dream of death, or message from the cross, touched his now hardened heart. He lived, he died, unreconciled to God.

Long before this, Grayham had passed away. By God's bright throne he met the souls to whom he had been privileged to bring good tidings. Who can describe their future? But he who had set up within his heart a shrine that excluded God,—he, by that very act, shut himself out of the eternal society of those he loved, and saw them never more!—*English paper.*

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#### THE BLOOD-STAINED LEAF OF LUCKNOW.

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In the station of —, in the upper provinces of India, I was one morning visiting the hospital as usual. As I entered the general hospital, I was told by one of the men, that a young man of the — regiment was anxious to speak to me. In the inner ward I found, lying on the chorepoy in a corner, a new face, and, walking up to him, said, "I am told you wish to see me; I do not recollect having seen you before." "No," said he, "I have never seen you before, yet you seem no stranger, for I have often heard speak of you." I asked him if he was ill or wounded. "I am ill," he replied. He went on to say, that he had just come down from Cawnpore, after having been present at the relief of Lucknow. "Perhaps you would like me to tell you my history," he added. "It may be you remember, a long time since, some of our men going into the hospital opposite, as you sat reading to one of the Highlanders. There were some half-dozen or more of them; they came to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and all your country were to the noble soldiers for so readily coming to protect you all, and how deeply you sympathized with them in the noble cause in which they were now going to take a share. Then you talked to them of the danger which would attend them. You reminded them that life is a battle-field to all, and asked them if they were soldiers of Christ, and if they had thought of the probability of their falling in battle. I have heard all about that long talk you had with the men. Then you gave your Bible to one, and asked him to read a passage. He chose the 23rd Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or a tract, to remind them of what had been said, and you gave them all you had in your bag. But for one man there was none. They were to start that afternoon, so that you had not time to get one. But you went to the apothecary, and got pen and paper from him. When you came back, you gave this paper to him, telling him you should look for him in heaven." The