

You wrote and told him lady, I was dying far from home ;
Waiting for death to call me, friendless and alone ;
Yet not friendless lady—you have been to me
In my hopeless illness—what a real true friend can be.
Give me your hand, 'tis getting dark, the sunbeam's left my
bed ;
Read me of many mansions, as the precious Saviour said.
Mansions many and glorious, for poor lone fellows like
me,
Who crave to be forgiven, and pardoned, may not be,
But He—I know He forgives me—He dwells in mansions
fair ;
I'm weary of life, repentant, I long to enter there.”
The lady read til' daylight slowly faded away ;
Til' shadows fell round the dim white beds, where many a
suf'rer lay—
Read til' no longer able to see by the fading light,
Then turned to see how fared her charge—turned to say
good-night.
Clasped were the thin white nervous hands, tight within
them lay
The flowers the Mission Ladies had brought and given him
that day ;
Opened the sad, dark wistful eyes, with scarce a passing
sigh,
While the lady was reading of mansions fair on high.
Up to that home for the weary, the heavy-laden, poor,
Angels had borne a penitent soul to Heaven's open door.
Where sinners, here unpardoned, in mansions many and
fair,
Will rest in peace, and perfect love, for Jesus reigneth there.
If truly repentant—tho' dark may be our sin—
His precious blood will cleanse us ; He bids us “ Enter in.”