

risen and gone to the hospital with the doctor: Whilst there, I was informed that he was being brought in, and hastening to meet him, found, poor fellow, that he had breathed his last—as his bearers informed me calmly and quietly, having spoken a few minutes before I met them.

“ I must beg you to convey my condolence to his poor mother, to whom I would have written at the time had I known her address, but I was very busy, the regiment having just shifted ground, and being much pressed with duty, I left the correspondence to a personal and intimate friend of his, Major Ingram.

“ Believe me, my dear Lady Rayleigh, most truly to remain yours,

“ A. F. WELSFORD,

“ Major Commanding, 97th Regiment.”

“ Then let us be content to leave behind us
 So much ; which yet we leave not quite behind ;
 For the bright memories of the holy dead,
 The blessed ones departed, shine on us
 Like the pure splendours of some clear large star.
 Which pilgrims, travelling onward, at their back
 Leave, and at every moment see not now :
 Yet, whensoever they list, may pause and turn,
 And with its glories gild their faces still.
 Or, as beneath a northern sky is seen
 The sunken sunset, living in the west,
 A tender radiance there surviving long,
 Which has not faded all away, before
 The flaring banners of the morn advance
 Over the summits of the Orient hills.”*

In the majority of the few extracts quoted in this chapter, from a large number of letters of nearly equal interest, the 97th Regiment have borne their own testimony to their value for Hedley Vicars.

In conclusion, the writer of these memorials would venture to repeat, with a deeper meaning, his own last words to his faithful men, “ THIS WAY, 97TH ! ” And would add a humble prayer, not only for that gallant re-

*Trench