

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 went to see a sick comrade. You went up presently to them, and told them how grateful you and your country people were to your 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 battlefield to all, and asked them if any 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 twenty-third Psalm, and you prayed. They asked you for a book or tract to remind them of what had been said, and you gave 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.

As he said this, the poor fellow pulled out from the breast of his shirt half a note-sheet of paper, on which I recognized my writing, though nearly illegible from wear. On it was written the first, seventh, tenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and seventeenth verses of the fifth chapter of the Second Corinthians, and the following hymn:

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes his wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought,  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.'

'That man,' he continued, 'and I were in the same company, but he was a day ahead of me. We met in Cawnpore, then marched on with the rest to Lucknow. Whenever we halted, the first Walter did was to take out his paper, and read it aloud to those who cared to hear; then he prayed with us. As we marched he spoke much of his old father and mother, and only brother, and wished he could see them once more. But he was very very happy, and ready to "go home" if God saw fit. As we neared Lucknow, he dwelt much on eternity, and said to me, "It is very solemn to be walking into death. I shall never leave this ill-fated city."

'We had many fights, standing always side by side. I am an orphan; I lost my parents when a child, and was brought up at school. I never had one to love me, and life was indeed a weary burden; yet beyond all was darker still, for I knew nothing of a Saviour. Walter's reading and words came to my heart—he was so kind to me, and always called me brother. I never loved till I had him. He had found Jesus, and led me to love Him, too. I cannot find words to say how I rejoiced when at last I felt I had a Friend above. Oh! I shall never forget my joy when I first understood and believed. We had no book, only the paper. We knew it all by heart, and I don't know which of us loved it best.

'At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck Walter in the chest. Words cannot say my grief when he fell—the only one I had to love me. I knelt by him till the garden was left in our hands, and then carried him to the doctors. But it was too late—life was almost gone. "Dear Willie," he said to me, "I am only going home first. We have loved to talk of home together; don't be sorry for me, for I'm so happy.

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!'

Read me the words she wrote." I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with blood, as you see, and repeated them. "Yes," he said, "the love of Christ has constricted us. I am almost home. I'll be there to welcome you and her; good-by, dear Willie." And he was gone, but I was left. Oh, it was so very bitter! I knelt by him, and prayed

I might soon follow him. Then I took his paper, and put it in my bosom, where it has been ever since. I and some of our men buried him in the garden. I have gone through much fighting since, and came down here on duty with a detachment yesterday. They think me only worn with exposure, and tell me I shall be soon well; but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but that cannot be.'

Poor fellow! he wept long and bitterly. I could not speak, but pressed his hand. At length he said, 'So you'll forgive me making so bold in speaking to you. He often spoke of you, and blessed you for leading him to Jesus. And he it was who led me to Jesus. We shall soon be together again; and won't we welcome you when you come home!' We then read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head even from the pillow, but was peaceful and happy. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I shall not be able to think much longer. I have seen such frightful things! Thank God, I have sure and blessed hope in my death. I have seen so many die in fearful terror!'

I turned to go. He said, 'Dear lady, when I am gone, promise me this paper shall be put in my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, who led me to a Saviour in heaven.' I promised. Next morning I went to see him, but oh, how sadly altered did I find him! Those soft brown eyes were glassy and lusterless. He was never to know me again. Dysentery, in its fearful, rapid form, had seized him during the night. I took his hand in mind; it was clammy and powerless. Three of the men in the ward came up to me, and said, 'Till sense left him, he was talking of home with Jesus.' They knelt with me in prayer beside the poor sufferer. I went again the next day. His body was still there, but his spirit had fled a few minutes before. He was covered with his blanket, and the coolies were waiting to bear him away. I took his paper from his pillow, where it had been laid, and went to the apothecary. We walked back to the corpse, and he placed it in the hands of the departed. He was buried that evening. I have often thought since how beautiful was that heavenly love which bound those two dear young soldiers together! how it sweetened their last days on earth! They were indeed friends in Jesus, and though their remains lie parted, yet they are both sleeping in Jesus. Oh, what a glorious resurrection theirs will be in the day of His appearing!

### Work in Labrador.

#### A DAY IN BATTLE HARBOR HOSPITAL.

(By Miss Nellie Gilmour.) \*

It is eight o'clock in the morning, breakfast over, convalescent patients downstairs, temperatures taken and various other minor duties performed, and now we proceed to look after the patients who need more particular care. To-day we go first to the men's ward, a bright room in which are seven beds, and from the bed behind the door we are hailed with great delight, as we enter with the necessary articles for attending to our bed patients, for poor old George is very ready for us, and most anxious to be made comfortable. An old man of seventy, he has been very ill, but is now regaining strength slowly but surely, and as he improves the sense of humor lying dormant has gradually come to the fore, until at present he is the life of the ward. At first he considered his daily bath a great nuisance, though he calmly submitted to it as to the inevitable, now he would feel himself very hardly used were we to suggest omitting it. After the bath is finished, and the dressings over his wound changed, we put upon him the comfortable heavy flannel wrapper, which we have appropriated for his use, and he beams with delight when we tell him he may step from his bed to the wheel-chair (he has been lifted previously) for this is one of the tangible proofs to him that he really is improving, and it is a step in advance of what has been, and this means so much to our poor sick people. Comfortably settled in his chair, we take him to the window where he can have some-

\* Miss Nellie Gilmour, of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, spent last summer as one of the volunteer staff on the Labrador coast. Her time was mostly spent at Battle Harbor, of which she writes.

thing of interest to look at. He can neither read nor write, so there is no diversion for him in these. Indeed, not more than half of the patients who came to us this summer are any better off in this respect than he is. And now his table beside him, his pitcher of water and mug upon it, also his precious package of sweets (which he must have to take after his medicine), we think we have finished, but no, a touch on the arm and an expression upon the face, tell us there is something more wanted. 'What is it, George?' 'The mail boat will be here this week.' 'Oh, yes, and you want your letter to your wife written. We will do that later.' And we leave him, content for the present, knowing that his letter is still in his mind, and will be until it is posted, though to-day is Monday and the boat cannot come here before Friday.

Next we turn to a bed where lies a pale, emaciated figure, showing plainly to an experienced eye the ravages of that dread disease, tuberculosis. This patient came to us in the middle of the night some weeks ago, from one of the steamers, and for a time had very severe hemorrhages. There have been none of these of late; however, we cannot but feel that the disease is making rapid progress, and that one more poor soul has been hopelessly enthralled in its clutches. We find this disease very prevalent, and in as many forms as in hospitals in more crowded centres. After some time with this patient, we pass on to the next, suffering from scurvy; his rest in bed of a week's duration, with proper diet, is doing wonders for him, and even now all signs of the disease have gone.

We leave this ward and go next to a small room adjoining, which we keep as far as possible for cases immediately after operation. We have two cases of hernia, also a finger amputation case, here just now. The hernia cases were done three days ago, one is a man, the other a boy of fourteen, and here as elsewhere 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and these two, notwithstanding the disparity in years, are becoming fast friends and rivals on the road to recovery.

Having finished with them we go to the women's ward, which is on the ground floor directly under the men's, and similar to it, and as we near the door a little voice cries out, 'Please pick up my box.' 'No time now, Frank,' we say, and then comes in a pleading voice, 'Come here, I want to tell you something,' and this proves too much for us, so we go to the cot at the end of the ward and find a bonnie, bright-faced, blue-eyed and fair-haired little chap of three years, and as we stop to hear the whispers, find it is but a repetition of the request of a moment ago. Needless to say, the box comes off the floor, for the occupant of the little cot is a great pet with us all. He lies contentedly on his frame, always on his back, and with a weight attached to his foot, for here we have tuberculosis in the form of hip disease. At first it was very hard for him to stay in bed, and we were constantly told, 'Me tell the doc,' or 'Me better sore leg—me go out.' However, now he is as happy as can be, and chatters away all day long.

(To be continued.)

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