

said the stranger. "But you must have been a mere boy in those days?"

"I wasn't quite eighteen when I enlisted as a private, and followed Sherman on his famous 'march to the sea.' I'd been brought up piously at home, and we'd always been accustomed to gathering in my invalid mother's room on Sunday nights to sing hymns.

'Jesus, lover of my soul,' was my mother's favourite; and one Sunday night, as I was doing sentinel duty on a long beat outside camp, and close to a thick wood where tall pine and sycamores moaned in the wind under their burden of floating 'Florida moss,' I got to feeling hideously homesick. I could see them all sitting in that cheery room of mother's; and before I knew what I was about, I was singing away her best loved hymn at the top of my lungs.—The sound of my own voice frightened me, after a moment of forgetfulness, and I realized what a gross breach of discipline I was committing. It didn't matter that my post was a quiet one, and no danger was threatening. I broke down before I had got half through, calling myself all sorts of names, and saying in my mind that I deserved to be shot down as I sang.—I didn't get my deserts, however, (not even a reprimand, for nobody had heard me,) but lived to fight next day, and shed my first blood in my country's service. It wasn't much, but it won me my shoulder-straps as a second lieutenant; and that's the sum total of my poor story."

"I thank you for letting me be a listener," said the stranger. "And I may add my little story, bare enough in itself, but somewhat remarkable under the circumstances?" He drew up a steamer chair, with Mrs. Fleetwood's permission, and began,

"My name is George Page, and I was in Georgia—my native State—at the time you speak of, but fighting under the opposite flag. One Sunday night I was leading a small party of scouts through a wood, hoping to spy out the nakedness of the enemy's camp. The wind sighed strangely above us, and the moss hung down to our eyes.

Suddenly a rift in the clouds discovered the figure of a sentinel pacing up and down, scarcely ten yards away. I raised my gun, and was about giving a signal for firing, when the young fellow began to sing, in the purest, sweetest, boy-tenor voice I had ever heard. He had chosen a hymn which I had always liked, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

'We'll let him finish his tune before we spot him boys,' I said, and the beautiful words floated out on the night air like the perfume of a flower. I felt a queer thrill creeping down my spine. The boy went on until he had carolled out the words, 'Cover my defenceless head,' and then he broke down with a half sob. I dropped my gun—I could not help it. And I know the boys were glad when I said, 'I cannot have him hurt.'

We crept off about our business in another direction, and he never knew—never, at least, until now, nearly thirty years later on the open sea. I recognized your voice instantly this afternoon; there was no mistaking it; and I made up my mind to induce you to exchange stories if I could. Odd coincidence, isn't it?"

Under cover of the night the English bride softly pressed her husband's hand while some glistening tears ran down her cheeks, as she gratefully thought how that beautiful hymn had saved the life of the one she fondly loved.

O Lord my God, Thou art a gracious and wonder working God, who would not love Thee and fear Thy great name.

—A. L.