

poor fellow pulled out, from the breast of his shirt, half a sheet of note-paper, on which I recognized my own hand-writing, though scarcely legible from wear. On it were written the 1st, 7th, 10th, 14th, 15th, and 17th verses of the 5th chapter of 2nd Corinthians, and the whole of that hymn beginning—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.”

“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. When we halted, the first thing he 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. But his 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 joyed, 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 off by heart, and I don’t know which of us loved it the best. At last, in a dreadful fight in one of the gardens, a ball struck him 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 bore him to the doctors. But it was too late—life was almost gone. ‘Dear brother,’ 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 those words she wrote.’ I pulled them out from his bosom, all stained with his blood as you see, and repeated them. ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘the love of Christ has constrained us. I am almost home. I’ll be there to welcome you and her. Good-bye, dear ——.’ And he was gone, but I was left. Oh it was *so very* bitter! I knelt by him, and prayed that I might soon follow him. Then I took his paper, and put it in my bosom, where it has been 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 soon be well; but I shall never see the sky again. I would like to lie by his side, but it cannot be.” “I could not speak,” says the narrator, “but only pressed his hand, poor fellow. At length he broke the silence.” “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!”

We read and prayed together. He was quite calm when I rose from my knees. He was too weak to raise his head from his pillow, but was quite peaceful and happy. He said, “I feel that I shall not be able to think much longer, I have seen such frightful things. Thank God, I have a sure and a blessed hope in my death. But I have seen many die in fearful terror.” I turned to go; he still detained me; he had a last request to make. “Dear madam,” he said, “when I am gone, promise me that this paper shall be put into my coffin. It gave me a friend on earth, and he led me to a Saviour in heaven.” Need it be said that his request was granted? “When, two days afterwards, I found his spirit had fled, 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. 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!—From “*The Words She Wrote*,” by the Rev. B. L. Wills.