

THAT'S ME.

IN the year 1844 a young English officer was sent, with his regiment, to one of the West India islands. The yellow fever was raging there at the time and many soldiers fell victims to the disease. Another officer of the same regiment was attacked and in five days he was dead.

The one who is the subject of this sketch was detailed to command the detachment which was to accord military honors to the deceased at his grave. A presbyterian minister read the service for the dead, after which the firing party returned to barracks. During the march the commanding officer fell back to the rear and entered into conversation with the minister, who in a short time turned suddenly towards him and said:

"Where do you think your soul would have gone, if it had been you that had died?"

The young officer hesitated a moment and then replied:

"I think I would be in hell."

"That is a very serious answer, God will remember it," replied the minister, "and I hope you also will remember it."

Five years passed and the same officer found himself with his regiment in another part of the world. He had passed through, during that period, many vicissitudes; small-pox; fevers; cholera; had raged about him; his mind had become seriously disposed, and he often remembered

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