

# MAJOR SOULE.

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A MEMORIAL OF ALFRED B. SOULE, LATE MAJOR  
OF THE TWENTY-THIRD REGIMENT,  
MAINE VOLUNTEERS.

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BY CHISLON

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## NOTE .

THE Letters of Major SOULE, and a sketch of his life, written by Mrs. Soule, were placed in the hands of a lady whose ready pen has furnished much for the press. It was expected she would prepare the Memoir. Failing health and many duties prevented, and she sent the papers to the writer.

The friends of Major Soule may fail to find the Memorial all they expected, and all it would have been had the lady referred to been able to write the book. The compiler would say to those who may be thus disappointed, that he has labored under disadvantages. He never saw Major Soule—was an entire stranger to him; and more than this he was at a distance from all who were favored with his acquaintance, when these pages were prepared. His time also was limited, and he could give but one brief week to the work. He hopes that the errors and imperfections arising from these disadvantages and the hurried preparation will be passed over with leniency.

# MAJOR SOULE.

I.

## THE PILGRIM.

**T**HE Pilgrim! We speak the name with reverence. A group of saintly men and women rises before us. We picture the Mayflower and its precious freight. We witness the "doleful scene of ye sad and mournful parting."\* We watch the perilous progress over the ocean. We see them step firmly and trustfully on that rock, which is a Mecca of the devout heart.

One of that band was George Soule. Born in England in 1590, he was then about thirty years of age. He came alone. He asked no tender, loving heart, to share with him the perilous voyage, and the wilderness life. His home was in the family of Edward Winslow, afterward Governor, who employed him. In 1625 he married Mary Becket. He settled at Duxbury; was an active man; became a large landholder in Middleboro' and Bridgewater; and died in Duxbury in 1680, aged about ninety years. Family records preserve the line of descent as follows:—George, the pilgrim, John, James, Jacob, William, James, Alfred and Alfred B.

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\* Gov. Bradford.

James, the grandson of George, purchased of his grandfather, five hundred acres of land on the banks of the Minnatuxet river. The greater portion of this land is owned and occupied by his descendants.

One says of the Soule family :—“They have always been frugal, honest, industrious, obliging, and unpretending. None have ever been arrested for crime, or received a public charity.”

ALFRED B. SOULE, the story of whose life is told in this volume, was the seventh lineal descendant of George, and inherited the puritan's spirit. He was the son of Alfred and Mahala Soule. He was born at Middleboro', Mass., Sept. 25, 1825, and died in Lewiston, Me., Feb. 7, 1864, aged 38 years. He was as unpretending as his ancestors; and “blushed,” he says in one of his letters, when he unexpectedly saw his name in print. Yet his life was fragrant with goodness. All unconsciously to himself, he “was an ideal and an inspiration to his fellows; working in a ministry, kindred with that of Jesus; one of whose truest followers he was.”

“We find such, thinly scattered up and down,  
We linger at their side a little while,  
Their touch is inspiration, prophecy;  
We bloom into new life beneath their smile.

An emanation of the great and true  
Flows from their looks and tones, a mighty power,  
An incense of the inner life, whose breath  
Is torch and victory in the darkest hour.”

The "gentle snows of age" descended not on his head; but in the midst of years and of increasing usefulness, he faded away. It is ours then to lengthen out his sweet influence, and rear the simple shaft to his worth.

More than this,—*he was a soldier*. His country called, and he went forth. He died not on the field, but he returned with faltering step; and in a few brief months he went up higher. He desired not praise; expected it not. Yet it is a privilege to keep green and fresh the memory of the patriotic dead.

Again,—there is a broken circle. Little ones who climbed his knee, and received a father's kiss and most loving blessing, were too young to know his worth, and their great loss. This volume in years to come, may tell them of him, who waits to welcome them to the many-mansioned home.

"God calls our loved ones; but we lose not wholly  
What he has given;  
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly  
As in his heaven."

## II.

## EARLY LIFE.

“EVERYBODY loves me,” said the little daughter of the saintly Philip Doddridge. “Why does everybody love you?” asked her father. “Because I love everybody,” was the sweet reply.

Every body loved little Alfred Soule. At home, at school, on the play ground he was a favorite. Well might it be so. His mild blue eye ever beamed with kindness. No rude, rough word fell from his lips. Sprightly, genial, ever tender, his young heart twined about all. He was esteemed by those who knew him as “seemingly faultless;” “without a blemish.”

“A sweet heart-lifting cheerfulness,  
Like Spring-time of the year,  
Seemed ever on his lips to wait;—  
No wonder he was dear.”

His young life was happy; but clouds gathered. At the age of six years, he looked upon the pale, dead face of his father; placed his little hand upon the cold, white forehead. The scenes connected with his father’s death were never forgotten. They impressed his young heart. He seems from that



time to have felt a peculiar tenderness for his mother. More than thirty years after in a letter written to a young friend, he thus alludes to this event, and to his loving mother: "When I was less than seven years of age, my dear kind father was removed by death; or, I would call it transferred to the better land. Thus early deprived of his counsel and protecting care, with temptations on every side, I owe all I have, and all I am, under God, to a faithful mother."

"Ah! mothers, mothers!" writes Rev. Dr. Tyng, in his Memorial of his precious son,\* "what a charge ye have! what a privilege of grace is in your hands! what a ministry from God do ye hold! what a covenanted blessing attends and crowns your work! Can praying mothers ever be disappointed? Will you be forsaken? Nay. Trust in God, and be doing good. In the morning sow your seed. In the evening withhold not your hand. In due season you shall reap if you faint not."

Soon after the death of his father he became a member of his uncle's family. Loving and being loved, childhood ripened into youth. "Dear Alfred was always happy and contented," says a cousin whom he esteemed as a sister; and in whose father's family he found a home,—"and I can remember no act of known disobedience during his stay with us. There was little change in him needful, save one thing—the giving of his heart to

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\* Child of Prayer—Memorial of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

God." Early was *this* consecration made. In the summer of 1840, when not quite fifteen years of age, Alfred gave his heart to the Saviour. "He seemed sad and thoughtful," continues his cousin; "Hearing him supplicate the throne of mercy one night, I well knew the cause of his sadness. A friend asked him if he felt himself to be a sinner. O, yes, he replied, but I have a trembling hope in Christ. The change in him was not visible to the world, for he had not been like other boys. Many were the times during that summer, that he, M. H., and myself bowed together at nightfall, before the throne of grace. Now they are both freed from sin and sorrow, and we ought not to wish them back. Yet it is sad to think we shall not see them, or listen to their sweet voices any more on earth."

In a letter written from the battle plain, February 26, 1863, Maj. Soule says: "At fifteen years of age, I hoped that I had found Christ precious. That hope, faint and feeble as it was, never left me. It has been my beacon star thus far on life's ocean. At sixteen I was permitted to unite with the church. Unworthy as I have ever been, it is a step that I have never regretted.

How early in life he commenced to pray we do not know. But from the time he gave his heart to Jesus, "prayer was his vital breath." He never neglected it. When he returned from the scenes of the war, he made a hasty call upon an invalid. She requested him to pray, "if there were time." "We must always *take time* to pray," was his quick an-

swer. His pastor, in a letter written after his death, says, "Prayer with him was an abiding and mighty resource. It made him eminent in the church. Deeply humble in his feeling and whole outward carriage, it gave him power over men; in civil and military life, it gave him certain pre-eminence. He felt that a necessity was laid upon him to avail himself of all those gifts which come in answer to prayer."

Scarcely had the "new song" been put in his mouth, before shadows again crept about him. The uncle who had given him a home, went down the valley, and at the age of sixteen, Alfred was left to his own resources. The inquiry was upon his lip, "what shall I do?" A desire to see the world led him to decide upon a sea voyage.

"Six months after I united with the church," he continues in the letter of February 26, 1863, "I became a sailor boy. New temptations surrounded me. But when disposed to neglect communion with my heavenly Father, or to shrink from my duty to my associates, I would remember the parting tear that fell from my mother's eye, and the brief prayer from her heart, 'may God bless and guide you,' and the farewell kiss imprinted on my youthful cheek. When I remembered these, it always gave me strength and courage. If it is revealed in that great day, that I, by precept or example, exerted in the least, an influence for good on one of those ship-mates, it will also be seen that it was

through that mother's prayers, and the solemn vows I had voluntarily taken upon myself."

For seventeen long months the ocean was his home. Stayed upon God, the young heart passed through the ordeal of temptation and trial. He remained true to his vows. He was as one, who says :

"My steps I know, are mid the scenes of danger,  
For sin is near;  
But looking up, I pass along, a stranger  
In haste and fear.

This earth has lost its power to drag me downward;  
Its spell is gone;  
My course is now right upward and right onward  
To yonder throne."

A shipmate, in a letter to Mrs. Soule, gives a few interesting particulars of this voyage.

"We sailed from New Bedford in the barque *Minerva*, Capt. Seth B. Horton, in April, 1842, bound on a whaling voyage in the Atlantic Ocean. We touched at Fayal and at the Cape Verde Islands, and at the isle of Grand near the coast of Brazil.— From thence we crossed to the coast of Africa, stopping for two weeks at the Island of St. Helena. Among other places of interest, Alfred and myself, visited here the tomb of Napoleon. We spent some time on the coast of Africa, between the Cape of Good Hope, and the Gulf of Guinea. Sailing from St. Thomas, we reached New Bedford in September, 1843.

Captain Horton was a sincere Christian. He had divine services every Sabbath, and also evening prayer meetings during the week. Alfred was always in attendance, and much interested. We formed a Washingtonian Temperance Society, and all on board, save one man, signed the pledge. That pledge Alfred always kept. We spent a large portion of our leisure time together, and I remember him as one of the purest and best friends I ever had."

Returning to his early home, he found his mother a second time a widow with dependent children.— He became the father and protector. More mature than most at his age, he assumed the responsibilities of manhood. He always had a love of books;\* was a constant reader, and a close observer. Hence his mind was stored with a general knowledge, which prepared him to enter early upon life's duties.

And now the mother, who so loved to lean upon the strong arm of her boy, still lingers, while the strong staff is broken, and he who was her pride and comfort has reached before her the everlasting rest; but

"Is it so good to die? and shall ye mourn  
That he is taken early to his rest?  
Tell me, O mourner for the man of God,  
Shall ye bewail our brother—that he died?"

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\*At the time of his death he had accumulated a library of valuable works.

## III.

## LIFE IN MANCHESTER, N. H.

**M**R. Soule's "life on the ocean wave," ended with his first voyage. Soon after landing he removed, with his mother and her family, from Middleboro, Massachusetts, to Manchester, New Hampshire.

Though he left his early home never again to look upon it as his residence, he ceased not to remember it, and the loved friends there. In a letter to his cousin, Mrs. E. T. W., written after he had joined the army, he says; "Dear old Middleboro. Home of my childhood. My heart is filled with emotion, as I am reminded of the pleasant associations that cluster around it. Tears gather in my eyes, as I recall the dear friends who were left there. Some of them—alas! how many,—I shall never meet again this side of the grave. They have passed the river and wait in shining garments, with crowns and harps to welcome us. Let us imitate their virtues; trust in our blessed Saviour, and be at all times ready to meet them in the Christian's home in glory."

When Mr. Soule went to Manchester he was a young man and a stranger. Life was pleasant. His business, first as an operative, then, (not four years after,) as an overseer in a large manufactory,—

placed him in the midst of young and worldly people. He might have laid by his professions. None would have known it. But he carried his religion with him. He hid not his light. He was faithful to God. He was faithful to his employers. He was faithful too, to those who were under his control. His language was :

“Not with the light and vain,  
The man of idle feet and wanton eyes;  
Not with the world’s gay, ever-smiling train;  
My lot be with the grave and wise.

Not with the trifler gay,  
To whom life seems but sunshine on the wave;  
Not with the empty idler of the day;  
My lot be with the wise, the grave.”

In his new home he won the love of all who were in any way connected with him. Indeed all through life, he held a golden cord that drew all hearts to himself. “He had not an enemy” says one, “unless the workers of evil and misery, disliked his efforts to disclose their deeds of darkness. He tried to do everybody good.”

On the 18th of December, 1848, he was married to Miss Caroline Dodge;—one who could sympathize with him in his religious views, and aid him in his efforts to do good. In writing a very brief sketch of his life, while in the army, for a young friend, he says, “I was married in Manchester, N. H., to a devoted, praying wife, whose chief object has been to serve God and make me happy. We

have always succeeded in making ourselves believe that we were the happiest family on earth." Surrounded by pleasing home influences, his hearthstone an altar of prayer, he gained spiritual strength daily, to perform his works of faith and labors of love. One of his most delightful fields of labor was the Sunday School. He was ever connected with it, in each place of his residence, either as teacher or assistant superintendent. Many will long remember his constant efforts to promote its interests. In writing to one young friend just alluded to, who cheered his army life with many pleasant letters, he says, "When you wrote of your attachment to the Sabbath School, and your affection for your teacher, it awakened in my mind most pleasant emotions.— In the Sabbath School I am always at home. I have been a constant attendant from my earliest recollections, unless when removed far from its privileges."

He not only loved to be there himself, but would often take a seat by the door that he might have an opportunity to invite people to remain, as they were passing out of the church.

In the address at the presentation of a sword to him, by the Sabbath School at Lewiston, (after he had enlisted,) is the following allusion to the interest he created, even in children; "In the Sabbath School your place is not filled. Who can take upon them the active part you performed in our concerts. Even the smallest child in school remembers the pleasant, touching stories you used to tell them."



In 1857 he was elected a deacon of the church with which he was connected. This year was a memorable one. Not the financial crisis alone, will fix it in the minds of myriads. The Holy Spirit's influences were widely, deeply felt. Churches were wonderously blessed. Souls reached out for Heaven, and were enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour.

The work of grace reached Manchester. Mr. Soule entered into it with holy eagerness and zeal. So great was his desire to labor for, and pray with those who were struggling for the higher life, that he laid aside his daily cares, as much as possible, and gave himself to the sweet work of leading souls to Jesus. Cheerfully did his loving wife relieve him from home duties, and aid him in his beloved efforts. So full of love to Christ was he that many caught the flame from him. His interest in the Sabbath School became intense. His prayers for his own class were unceasing. So earnestly was he heard to plead for them that it seemed as if he could not leave his closet, till God gave him the assurance that they should safely be brought into the fold. Many of his class at that time embraced the truth as it is in Jesus.

His prayers remind one of the incident related of Whitefield, when he did not appear at the hour appointed for a service. A messenger was dispatched to discover the cause of the delay. Whitefield was found in his room, and upon his knees, wholly unconscious of the rapid flight of time. As the man

paused at his door, the re-iterated prayer that he heard was, "My God, give me souls to-night! My God, give me souls to-night!"

It is said of John Knox that he went to a retired place near his residence. A friend who followed and listened, heard his imploring prayer, "O God, give me Scotland or I die!" Then followed a silence, which was broken by the repeated prayer, "Oh, God, give me Scotland, or I die!" After another death-like stillness, which seemed like the awful pause before an earthquake's shock, the pent-up soul again burst forth, "O God, give me Scotland, or I die!"

When Christians know the agony of prayer, the Lord works mightily. Dr. Payson said he pitied the Christian "who had no longings at the throne of grace which could not be clothed in language."

In the midst of these interesting revival scenes, circumstances led Mr. Soule to leave the place that had long been his home, for a residence in New York City. He received before leaving, a note from one of his pupils. It was found among his papers after his death, and is given here. It shows how he was regarded by his pupils; and also what feelings the Christless have for those who are interested in their spiritual good. The writer was one for whom Mr. Soule had especially prayed, as she had walked in darkness.

MANCHESTER, Nov 22, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND AND TEACHER.—Wishing to express

my gratitude for the kind interest you have manifested in my spiritual welfare, I take the liberty to address you. Among my acquaintances there are none I esteem so highly, or look up to with that degree of confidence as those who have endeavored to direct my thoughts to a higher and holier existence. I love, my friend, to class you among that number. How vividly have the opportunities that I have enjoyed been brought to my mind, of studying and treasuring the important truths contained in God's word. There is no scripture doctrine but has been brought before our minds. We have, as it were, been over the whole ground.

You, my dear teacher, in your easy and familiar way, explaining so clearly, and endeavoring to enforce these important truths, have done your duty. They cannot fail to make an impression unless they fall on hearts harder than adamant. The aim of your teaching has been to direct us, who are out the ark of safety, to Christ. You have pointed to the promises, the invitations, the entreaties, the commands,—yes, and the threatenings of God, to awaken us from our stupidity, and induce us to accept of the offers of salvation. Some of your class have become reconciled to God through Christ.—May you not think that you have been the instrument in God's hand, of bringing about the reconciliation? I think that you can expect that God will fulfill his promise, (Daniel 12. 3.) and eventually you shall shine as the stars forever and ever. I mention this that you may not be discouraged when

you think of your unworthy pupil. You have been faithful. Your reward is sure. You have performed *your* duty—the accountability rests only upon myself—*fearful accountability*. I have feared that when you thought of me, it might have a tendency to make you backward in the performance of your duty, to those who are walking blindly. I beg that it may not be so. Speak to them. Speak plainly. Most, if not all, will be glad of your counsel.—Think of those who have profited by your instruction. Let it inspire you. \* \* \* You go, dear teacher, with the best wishes of your class. Wherever you go, may you be blest. At last I feel assured that you will be permitted to unite with the angelic host, in singing, “worthy the lamb.”

YOUR GRATEFUL PUPIL.

For fourteen years Mr. Soule had been an active laborer in the church at Manchester. His youth and early manhood had passed. But the fleeting years stamped more and more the Saviour's image upon his soul. Bonar beautifully says, “The ocean takes on the blue of the sky to which it looks up, and becomes itself as purely blue ; so must we become assimilated to that holy heaven on which our affections are set.” It was true of Mr. S. that he was growing in grace, and becoming more like those “who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb.”

For ten years he had been the light and joy of his

own domestic hearthstone. Two little ones,\* "lambs of his fold," as he called them, God gave him to love and pray for, and train for heaven.—Happy in his domestic relations, with a heart at rest in God, life was a sunny day to him, and it was his aim to make it so to others, and he did. For many now speak of his genial influence and miss the light of his beaming face.

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\* One more "lamb"—the little Freddy—was added to the fold after the removal to Lewiston, Me. His eldest born son bears the name of his father's beloved pastor—Henry M. Dexter.

## IV.

## LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

**S**INCE his marriage, Mr. Soule had never been long away from home. His family for some months did not follow him to New York, and the separation cast a shadow over the hearthstone and deepened in his own loving heart, his fondness for his wife and babe.

His business was such that he was most of the time fully occupied. He found time, however, to send semi-weekly letters to the loved ones at home, and to keep a brief diary. A fragment of this diary is left. The following extracts will show something of his daily life.

Nov. 28, 1858. Started for New York. Feelings such as cannot be described at parting with my dear family. Never knew before how much I loved them. May we all feel as did the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "The Lord is my shepherd."

29th. Introduced to a boarding-place, among good christian people. Thus far the Lord has brought me.

Dec. 1. Somewhat lonely. Blessed be God, I can go to a throne of grace, and plead the promises.

Dec. 2. God has blessed me to-day spiritually

and temporally. May I trust him more and more! Attended meeting this evening. Got much spiritual comfort. May I bless God for all these means of grace, even among strangers.

Sabbath, 4th. Attended Mission School at 9 A. M. Same church in the forenoon. Good sermon. Subject—Importance of Christian perseverance.—At 2, Mission School again. At 4, Monthly Concert. At 7½, Beecher's—Sermon on prayer. Have derived much spiritual comfort from this day's privileges.

Tuesday, 6th. Went into Fulton Street prayer meeting at 12 o'clock. Enough to refresh the heart of any Christian. Blessed be God that in the midst of so much wickedness, such a place—like an oasis in the desert,—can be found!

Wednesday, 7th. Walked much to-day, which has caused lameness. Must walk less, *but must pray more.*

Friday, 9th. Attended Fulton Street prayer meeting. Gained strength and comfort. Resolved to live nearer to God. Need more of that faith which works by love, and purifies the heart.

Sunday, 12th. At home on account of lameness. Have tried to make up for the loss of church privileges by reading and writing. Wrote to wife and daughter. May the Great Shepherd watch over and guide them, and soon give us the comforts of a home together.

Monday, 13th. Have felt more cheerful than

any day since I left sweet home. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not his mercies.

Sunday, 19th. Thank God for the blessed holy Sabbath, that brings rest to soul and body. See my short comings; my neglect of the bible and prayer. Am too much engrossed with the cares of the world. May this be a day of prayer that my soul may be refreshed,—that I may be more resigned to God's holy will,—that I may have more faith,—that I may get clearer views of God—and live nearer to him,—that I may feel how much I owe to him who has done so much for me. When I think of the dear Saviour as condescending to save a ruined world, when I follow him to the manger, when I hear him calling his disciples about him, when I follow him as he goes about doing good; when I go to the garden and witness his agony,—the sins of a world passing over him,—when I see the cross and the tomb, and finally that glorious ascension, my heart bursts forth in grateful praise and love for all his condescension.

Sunday, 26th. Enjoyed the privilege of attending the Mission School and Beecher's Church.—Bless God for these privileges. Evening, attended Dr. Storr's church. Subject—Deceitfulness of Sin. The last Sabbath of the year. I cannot but be grateful for the multiplied blessings which God has bestowed. And when I think of short comings, my selfishness, my pride, I cannot but be humbled, and repent as in dust and ashes before him, and feel that He has blessed me much more than I deserve.



Thursday, Jan. 6, 1859. At work all day. Find that my worldly cares are taking my time to the neglect of my spiritual comforts. Must seek God more in prayer.

Sabbath, 16th. Heard two most interesting, practical sermons. God grant that they may enable me to grow in grace and in the knowledge of my Saviour.

No diary of later date is found among his papers. The above extracts are but the brief jottings during days of hurry and care. But they show his daily spirit. The reader will mark the frequent "bless God!" and "thank God!" With Mr. Soule these were not trite words, or well-worn expressions; they were the out-gushings of his grateful heart.—His happy, genial, loving disposition was ever finding something to call forth pleasure and gratitude. He could see the silvery, shining lining, where others saw only the cloud. He was the embodiment of humility and consequently a very happy Christian. The words of the sweet, holy poetess, Miss Waring were true of him:

"A lowly heart that leans on Thee,  
Is happy anywhere."

His letters written to his family and friends, were filled with expressions of love for souls and devotion to his Master's service.

In April, 1859, he was joined by his family.—"We found, indeed," writes his wife, "a beautiful

home in New York, but it was not happy New England." Not only the health of her little family, which seemed affected by the change, but other considerations, led Mrs. Soule, unknown to her husband, to pray that they might find a home in Lewiston, Maine. We will give the circumstances in Mrs. Soule's own words. It is a beautiful illustration of the power of prayer. It is another instance of God's loving watchfulness,—of His compassionate remembrance; another proof of His readiness to hear and answer his dear people's pleadings.

"Yes, for me, for me he careth,  
With a brother's tender care;  
Yes, with me, with me he shareth,  
Every burden' every fear."

Mrs. Soule writes .—"We can bring all our *little* cares and troubles to One, who, though the *world* depends on Him, has time to care for the sparrow. It became my earnest prayer that an opening might be made for us in the vicinity of Lewiston, Maine. My feeble cry was heard. My prayer was answered, while I was yet speaking. The answer came in the form of a telegram to Mr. Soule:—"Will you take charge of one of my rooms in Lewiston, Maine." My heart went heavenward with a *thank God*, for so soon and so kindly answering my petition. It was unlooked for and unasked for by my dear husband. He did not feel that his interests called for the change. I frankly told him what my feelings had

been ; how I had prayed earnestly for the home, and gave him my reasons. I told him that I thought the telegram was an answer to prayer ; and felt that I should sin did I not express my feelings fully to Him. He was surprised to learn that I was not perfectly happy ; and regretted that I had not expressed these thoughts before. I told him that no benefit would have arisen from it ; it would only have marred his happiness, and certainly, that would not have increased my own. We carried our case to our God. We asked Him what our duty was. The way was made plain. We could not fail to see the finger of Providence pointing eastward. Soon we were ready, and on the fifth of August we started for our new home. I felt it would be a happy one. There was the consciousness that the blessed Saviour was going with us, and would dwell with us. Our hopes were realized. We found a home awaiting us that proved to be as we wished."

Mr. Soule's residence in New York was brief, but he connected himself with the people of God. He felt it to be a peculiar and happy privilege to be numbered with those who were journeying upward. An old Catholic legend is, that Jesus gave a visible mark to his followers in the apostolic days ; hence Paul's utterance, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." Mr. Soule needed no other mark than that open, beaming face, and those ever-ready words and acts to "tell to all around" that he was a disciple. He was a living preacher. "There was one argument I never could forget," said a young

man who once claimed to be an infidel, "it was the consistent Christian conduct of my own father.— Through that I was at length won to the Saviour." Winning and attractive were the words that fell from the lips of Mr. S., but his daily walk proved there was power in the religion of Jesus to make life happy and delightful. He could ever say as Matthew Henry did in dying, "A life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world."

## V.

## LIFE IN LEWISTON, MAINE.

“OUR path is marked by changes,” sings a sweet modern poet, “and a pilgrim’s garb we wear.” But these changes sever us not from God. “Wherever I go,” said an aged christian, “I find God my Saviour, and he gives me blessed work to do.” The language of Mr. Soule’s heart as he entered upon new duties, is expressed in one of Bonar’s hymns of Faith and Hope : —

“As different scenes of life arise,  
 My trustful heart would be  
 With Thee, amid the social band,  
 In solitude with Thee.

Midst hourly cares love would present  
 Its incense to thy throne ;  
 And while the world my hand employs,  
 My heart be Thine alone.”

At Lewiston he had charge of rooms in the Hill Mill. As soon as he was established, the *prayer-room* was the first place sought for. “In that room,” says one, “he always claimed a seat.” Nothing ever detained him, were it possible to be there. Mrs. Soule says, “If friends were entertained by the family, he would say when the hour

arrived, 'I have an engagement at the prayer meeting one hour; if you cannot go I shall be happy to see you on my return.' Upon one occasion, thinking callers might consider him disrespectful, I said to him, 'Had you not better remain at home to-night?' 'Not unless you can go in my place,' was the reply. He would say, "Friends in the place ought to know that this hour is as sacred as the Sabbath. I do not intend callers shall detain me from the prayer meeting." Family prayer was observed at an early hour that we might all be together. He went from the altar to the prayer-circle, and usually came home saying, 'We have had such a good meeting.'"

During the summer of 1862 there was an unusual interest in religious things. The church first felt the power of the Holy Spirit. Then many were added to it "such as shall be saved." "There seemed to be," says one, "a re-conversion of God's people." This revival found Mr. Soule eager to do with his might what his hands found to do. His desire and aim was to lead souls to Christ.— Meetings for prayer were held morning and evening. He never failed to be present at each. He sought first for anxious souls, and directed them to Jesus, and prayed with them. He often carried timely tracts, to give as they seemed to be needed. It was frequently late when he returned from the evening meetings; "but," writes Mrs. Soule, "he never sought for rest of body till he had thanked his Saviour for what he had seen and heard."

The following incident will be read with interest.

It shows how fully Mr. Soule relied upon divine guidance. His confidence in prayer was exceeding strong. At no time did he allow himself to engage in any effort, without first seeking divine direction. The circumstance is written by Mrs. Soule and we give it in her words.

“There was to be a meeting at Brunswick, of much interest. Many of the young converts intended to go. Mr. Soule hesitated about attending. I selfishly advised him to remain at home. Said he, ‘perhaps I have something to do there. I will not go, unless I think I have!’ His prayer ever was, ‘Direct me in the path of duty.’ He came from his work that afternoon, undecided. ‘Are you going, Alfred?’ I said. ‘I don’t know yet,’ said he, and went directly to his room. I heard his voice in prayer, and knew that the case would soon be decided. He came below stairs in a short time and said, ‘I think I will go, Carrie, I have something to do there.’ He went; remained at the inquiry meeting. He conversed with many; but at length feeling disheartened and disappointed, he took his shawl to go to the cars. As he was leaving he noticed a young lady, sitting alone, thoughtful and sad. ‘This may be my work,’ thought he. ‘I have prayed to be useful here. This may be the opportunity. I must improve it.’ He spoke with the stranger. She told him she was wretched and unhappy. He directed her to the Saviour; prayed, and then prayed again. Soon he heard her exclaim, ‘Christ is precious.’ Together they knelt and ren-

dered praise for the light God had given. They parted friends in Christ, though strangers even in name. His heart was full of joy because he had directed one more soul to Jesus."

There was a deeper joy than he had known before, when the sweet influences of the spirit, led his eldest child and only daughter to consecrate herself to Christ, when but eleven years of age. The many prayers offered at the home altar and in the closet were answered. According to the faith of the parents so was it.

"O happy to have given  
The unbroken heart's first fragrance unto heaven."

We insert here a note written to this daughter, who left as a gift, a beautiful pocket-bible upon his dressing table; and the thanks which his lips could not utter, were presented through the medium of the pen.

LEWISTON, MAY 22, 1862.

MY DEAR EMMA:—I take this way to express some of the thoughts suggested by receiving from you this morning, the beautiful copy of the Holy Bible. I will not say, "to express my *feelings*," for words cannot express them. When I opened the Bible, and saw who it was from, my heart was full; so full it could only find relief in the tears which it was impossible to restrain. \* \* \* I was not weeping for sadness or sorrow, but for joy. I



thought of the words of our Saviour, "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and I prayed that this blessedness might be fully realized by you.—Then came greater joy, and more abundant weeping, when I remembered that you had expressed a hope that you had taken this Book as your counselor, and the guide of your life; that you had listened to its invitations, and had faith in its promise of a blessed immortality beyond the grave; and could say with the psalmist, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

I accept this precious Book, hoping that I may find new beauties from day to day; that my love to God may grow warmer; that my faith in His promises may be stronger, as I peruse its pages.

May the Bible, my dear Emma, be to each of us, the Book of books; and may an everlasting joy in heaven be, that it taught us the way of salvation.

From your loving—

FATHER.

At Lewiston, as at Manchester, Mr. Soule was chosen a deacon of the church. He performed the duties of the office in L. for some time previous to his election. He was admirably fitted for this position. He never aspired to places of distinction, yet where duty called, his cheerful answer was, "ready." Wordsworth says, "small service is true service while it lasts." Mr. Soule realized this, and was faithful in the least, as well as faithful in much. He entered heartily into all Sabbath

School labor. He took a lively part in the Sabbath School concerts. The children always expected a "story" from him, and he did not disappoint them. His zeal was manifest in the meetings of prayer. Long will he be remembered by those who will hear his voice no more, till they meet him in heaven, and mingle their praises with his around the throne of God and of the Lamb.

## VI.

## THE ENROLLMENT.

“**S**HALL I go?” was the query of Mr. Soule, when Sumter’s guns and President Lincoln’s first call for men stirred every loyal heart. Prayerfully was the question pondered. Readily the ranks were filled; cheerful and hearty was the response. Mr. S. saw this. Hence he decided that it was not his duty to go then; but that he must hold himself in readiness. He devoted much time to drilling with gun and sword, saying often, “when duty calls, I am ready.” The months passed along. He drank in the intelligence as it was wafted day after day from the battle-fields. Disasters, defeats, successes, had their influence upon him. Finally he heard the voice in his soul. Duty was clear. The way was plain. In September, 1862, he enrolled himself as a private in Co. A, 23d Maine regiment. He was chosen captain of the company and ten days later major of the regiment. The regiment went into camp in September and remained till the 18th of October, when they were ordered to leave for the seat of war. They enlisted for a term of nine months.

We quote here the words of Mrs. Soule: “The fall of Sumter and the defeat at Bull Run called

loudly in his ears. Soldiers however were so easily obtained he did not think it his duty to go then. I began to feel that my selfish prayers that our quiet, happy home might not be disturbed, were really to be answered. I was indeed happy. But God had a work for him to do for his country; a place for him to fill. Thank God it found him ready and willing. With a cheerful spirit he engaged in the work, trusting in the God of armies."

"It never seemed to me," continues Mrs. Soule, "that he offered himself in the capacity of a fighting man; though he would not have proved a coward in battle. I shall never forget the last argument he used to persuade me to give my consent to his entering the service. I had reminded him of his little children; no father ever loved his children better. I had reminded him of the sad home he would leave for us all; of his own privation and suffering; of the possibility of his not returning. He answered, 'All this is nothing in the balance with duty; and then there are four influential men, who will enlist if I do. They can do good if I don't. Shall I encourage them or not?' I was silent. He continued, 'More than all, there are a number of young men going from our church. Many of them are young converts. They are not prepared for the temptations of camp life; some one must watch over and encourage them. I think I have their confidence and may do them some good. I can never go without your consent, and now if I could only hear you say 'yes, you may go,' my duty would be clear.

How could I say the word that would take from me a part of my very life ; the dearest and best of husbands ; the truest and kindest of fathers ; leaving to us a home only in name, without the sunshine of his presence. \* \* \* I saw I was refusing my dear husband the privilege of doing his duty to the thousand men, with whom he would be constantly associated. He loved their souls, and desired to befriend and save them from ruin. Strength from above was given. Grace helped me to triumph. 'Go, my dear husband,' I said ; 'and I will care for our dear little children, and try to live for your sake and theirs. Do your whole duty. Be faithful to the dear souls with you. You know I shall never cease to pray for you. God will take care of the rest.' "

"I most sincerely believe," wrote Major Soule to his cousin, Mrs. E. T. W., "that God called me to make this sacrifice. I enlisted from a desire to discharge conscientiously my christian duty ; with a firm and steadfast resolution to do what I could both for the temporal and spiritual good of my associates. I feel it was not only a duty but a privilege."

To another he writes, "When the last call for troops was made I decided, after prayerful consideration, that it was my duty as a christian to enlist ; not merely to defend my country, (though that was a sufficient motive,) but to do all I could for the moral and spiritual welfare of those with whom I might associate. I had felt for a long time

that one of the greatest evils that would be brought upon the country by the unholy rebellion was the moral evil incident to camp life."

Honor or emolument had no place in his mind. His motives were pure. His acts were true. In a letter to a dear young friend, he penned words that are a precious legacy to his children. Words that are a condensed history of his life. Words that show clearly, truly, concisely what the man was, and with what motives he enrolled his name. He writes: "*Without aspiring to be what the world calls a hero, if I can feel the consciousness of having done my duty faithfully, I shall be abundantly rewarded.*"

With such simple, holy desires went Major Soule forth. Was it no sacrifice? "It was with no small degree of sadness," he says to his cousin, "that I took leave of the dear wife of my bosom, and the tender little lambs of my fold." To another he writes, "The thought of the great sacrifice came to me with force. I was most pleasantly situated, even more so than ever before, in my business relations. Then my dearly loved wife and children!" Other ties bound him; the church; the room of prayer; the sabbath school. These are wondrously dear to hearts that love the sweet fragrance of a Saviour's name. He loved, and was loved in return. But he hesitated not. When duty was plain, "he left all."

The little pocket bible—the daughter's gift—he chose for his constant companion. His bible class

gave him a beautiful bible to be used at devotions in camp, and the sabbath school an elegant sword, belt and sash.

They were presented by Miss Miranda Fogg, in behalf of the school and his scholars, on Monday evening, September 29th. A large company gathered in the church on the interesting occasion. The following is an extract from the address of Miss F. read at the time :

“ My friend you did not shrink from your duty in this hour of your country’s peril. You arose in the strength of your noble manhood, and are going forth to do battle for the rights of your country and your loved ones. We know the sacrifice you have made. We know that the voice of a fond wife, and the prattle of your little ones fall like strains of rich music upon your heart. We know that you love them so well that no other arm can strike so strong and true a blow for them. You have not asked the poor widow to give her darling boy, or the sister to give her pet brother as a substitute for you. In our hearts we thank you, and respect you for it.

We cannot tell you how much we miss you in all the old familiar places where we used to hear your voice. When we have met here for worship, yonder seat looked very lonely while you were away. And in our social meetings, how have we missed your voice, with other voices that went forth with you, which we used to hear so often in exhortation or in earnest supplication at the throne

of grace. And in the sabbath school, your place is not filled. Who can take upon them the active part performed by you in our concerts? Who can interest us so much? Even the smallest child in school remembers with pleasure the pleasant, touching stories which you told them.

This Sabbath School wishing to prove to you its respect and esteem; and that you may have near you while away some remembrance of the pleasant hours we have passed together, has chosen me as its representative, to present to you this sword. Thus armed Major Soule, we proudly send you forth to the battle-field. We would not keep you back if we could. Well we know we could not if we would. We know that sword will never be drawn, except in the cause of right. Wherever it is drawn may you remember that this Sabbath School is expecting great and brave things of it. May our prayers encourage your heart, and nerve your arm to be true in its aim." \* \* \*

After the sword had been "buckled on," and the warrior stood before the people "equipped for the conflict," Miss F. placed in his hands the Bible. Those who knew Major Soule best, heartily responded to the words which were then uttered, alluding to the "sword of the spirit," as the most appropriate weapon for him who sought to do good to the souls of men. Everybody understood that the one great aim of the soldier before them, would be to watch over and guide those whose principles were not firm enough to endure temptation alone.



Bravely he grasped the sword; but to him the *Bible* was the mighty power he wished to wage in the midst of the dangerous scenes of camp life.

We deeply regret that the reply of Major Soule is not preserved. It is said to have been in his peculiar, tender style, and affected every heart. The uncertainty of the future; the thought that they might be listening for the last time to one who had been so true and so faithful to their souls; the heroism and christian love manifested; and the beautiful spirit of devotion to Jesus, stirred every soul, and many prayers followed the soldier, as he left his home once again for his place in camp.

A short time after his return to Portland, he wrote to Deacon Murray, his companion in office in the church, and thus alludes to the gifts of his friends:—

CAMP ABRAHAM LINCOLN, }  
Oct. 11, 1862. }

\* \* " I cannot express my heartfelt gratitude. I hope these tokens may not only remind me of my duty to my country, but also of my responsibility to God, and my obligations to the sabbath school. They have provided me with a trusty weapon; and what is infinitely better, they have promised to pray for me. Can I shrink when the contest comes, knowing those prayers will be as a wall of strength about me? Though my lot be to fall in the first encounter with the enemy, or to waste away of disease or accident in camp, whatever be

my fate, it is my most earnest prayer that I may be perfectly resigned to my Father's will; and if I fall, to fall as a faithful christian soldier *at my post and doing my duty.*"

The regiment left camp Abraham Lincoln, at Portland, the 18th of October, and on the 20th reached Washington. A few days after they were stationed near Great Falls, Md., to perform guard duty. For the nine months of service Major Soule mostly had command of detachments at various points between Great Falls and Poolesville.

On the route to Washington a circumstance occurred which united Major Soule, his wife and children in an endearing friendship with another home circle. As the incident is so pleasant, and as it linked the two families so closely together, this volume would be incomplete, were the reader not made familiar with it and its results. The circumstance will be related with the hope that others will be induced to give even the cup of water in the name of Jesus; for they shall in no wise lose a rich reward.

Major Soule loved to speak of the incident. He frequently alluded to it in his letters, and among his latest words were expressions of loving remembrance of that precious household. In the following chapter the reader will be made familiar with the new friends and the simple circumstance which occasioned a friendship so pleasant, abiding, and endearing, between the two families.

## VII.

## EDEN HOME.

**I**N a quiet city stands a little brown cottage, called "Eden Home." The honey suckle twines about the trellis, and the little bird builds its nest close by the door. Flowers of every hue, add to the beauty of the little garden plot. Numberless books, and music, and pictures, make the interior of Eden peculiarly attractive. The inmates of this dwelling are happy people. The husband's genius and researches have given him a widely known name, and a justly earned reputation.

The sweet verses of the wife have echoed in so many homes that many love her who have never seen her. Ask those whom she has comforted and cheered; ask earth's "little one's" who have come to her for guidance and help; ask the wide circle of intimate and endeared friends what they think of that devoted wife and mother, and they will readily, lovingly tell you.

One daughter—the only child,—is the light and joy of this fireside. The only child? Nay. The precious baby Clarence, though transplanted, is never out of remembrance.

"His was the cup of life to sip,  
But not to drain its brim;  
He put it lightly from his lip  
And went to sleep again."

Who is that little one, whose pattering feet are heard in every room? whose sweet voice echoes everywhere? It is a sister's child, the beautiful Lillie. Three years has she lived. Three years the hearts that have longed to clasp the lost baby Clarence once again to the loving bosom have clung to this little one. The love that would have been lavished on the angel babe, has all been given to this fair child. Happy, happy family! Well is it that the dear circle gathered there on the morning of October 18, 1862, could not draw the curtain, and look a little beyond. God wisely brings his saints step by step into the furnace.

On that October morning mother and daughter were twining the fading flowers of Autumn into wreathes and bouquets. They had been told that Maine soldiers would pass that day through the city. They knew the train would pause at the crossing, in full sight of their windows. These flowers were for soldiers. This was not the first effort to cheer the soldier on his way. It was not the last. Heaven only knows the numberless deeds those hands have wrought for our country's boys. Many and many a prayer has gone up from battle plain and hospital—"God bless her!"

Before us, as we write, lies a letter. It was not written for the public eye. But it lifts the veil, and shows the spirit of consecration, the loyalty and love to God and our country in that quiet home; and so we gather a fragment for these pages:—

"The day that the tidings reached us of the

attack on Fort Sumter, I solemnly consecrated myself anew to God, and the service of my country. That her interests should be paramount to every earthly consideration was the resolve I then formed, and in the performance of this pledge I awaited for whatever opportunities offered themselves. I laid aside all my own work, and took up that for the soldiers; knitting or sewing as was most needed. Every regiment that passed our windows I met at the crossing, and gave pinflats, flowers, written articles, singing books, and whatever else I could get, to the men who were going to fight our battles. And in this labor of love I was assisted by the whole neighborhood. Our Eden was the meeting place. Once our little family sat up all night watching for the train, and went down to see the soldiers just as the day was breaking."

The happy inmates of Eden Home were gladdened on the morning of October 18th, by the presence of many of the children living near. They brought flowers which they too, were to scatter among the soldiers. With them came a little boy of eleven years. A little card was attached to his boquet, upon which was written, "May God bless you, and return you to your friends." His name was also added.

The rumbling of the engine was heard. The little group went to the train. It paused a brief moment and the flowers were scattered. A slight circumstance this. But "God's providences turn on pivots exceeding small." The boquet of the

little boy fell into the hands of Major Soule. The train moved on. The soldiers pursued their long journey. From the far away plains, Major Soule wrote to the little lad. This letter was read in the sabbath school with which the child was connected; and afterward published. The printed letter was seen at Eden Home. She, whose efforts to cheer and comfort the soldiers were so unwearied, saw from the spirit that pervaded the letter, that such an officer would exert an influence for Christ in his regiment. Brief words of encouragement were sent to him, to which he at once responded. It was the beginning of a correspondence that was to comfort Major Soule in the midst of hardships and privations; that was to draw the soldier's loving wife and the lambs of his fold into a sweet and ever enduring friendship. And not this alone. It was to cheer her who performed so many deeds of love, for her country's defenders, during the long months of suffering and sorrow that followed.

O the changes of a few brief months! The precious darling—the happy Lillie is with the angels. Major Soule has finished his course and received his reward. Eden Home is in the hands of strangers. She whose love prompted those many deeds, after enduring anguish such as rarely is mingled in an earthly cup, is creeping slowly back to life again. The soldier's widow and the drooping invalid, happy in each other's love, thank God for a friendship so singularly commenced.

“How little I thought,” wrote the sufferer months

after, to Mrs. Soule, "that God had so many blessings in store for me. I asked him to go with me as I went to meet the train that was bearing far away all that made *earth home* to many. I told Jesus if it was consistent with His holy will, I desired to be made an instrument of good to some of those brave men who loved their country more than their lives. How strangely this prayer has been answered by opening fountains of happiness which have nourished and comforted my soul during these months of suffering."

The prayers ascending from Eden Home were unconsciously mingled with the prayers that went up from the hearthstone just made desolate; for Mrs. Soule writes "My prayers were then ascending from my solitary home, that God would raise up friends for my dear husband, to comfort and cheer him." "How can I speak her worth," adds Mrs. S. "Becoming interested in us, she spared no efforts to mitigate our sorrows, and add to our comforts." Three years from that time Mrs. Soule writes again: "The presentation of that bouquet was indeed a small thing. But when I review the past, I remember how my dear Alfred left his sweet home and endeared friends for a company of strangers; to go he knew not where; to suffer he knew not what; and I remember how I plead with my God to raise up for him friends, and I see how signally those prayers were answered—a bunch of flowers given by a little boy was the means used. I take much comfort in thinking that God governs

the *little things* in life ; that our little trials and wants are noticed and cared for by Him, I think I can join with my dear little Freddie when he sings, ' Mamma, God is very good.' ”

Not this family alone love the name of this worthy woman. Suddenly stricken with disease while watching the dying bed of the idolized Lillie, when away from home, months passed before she again crossed its threshold ; and during this time nor love nor skill could banish the sufferings. But the ever busy hands, and the ever active brain could not be idle. Many were the plans devised to aid the soldiers ; and hundreds of dollars through her instrumentality have been collected and distributed to those “ who count not their lives dear.”

The reader will peruse with interest Major Soule's letter to the little boy :

HEADQUARTERS 23D MAINE REG'T. }  
November 26, 1862. }

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND :— Passing through \_\_\_\_\_, with the 23d Regiment, I received a beautiful boquet. On it I found a card with the following inscription, “ May God bless you, and return you to your friends. J. Howard Hay, aged 11 years.”

I had just left a praying church. Many of its members had promised to pray for me. I had just left a dear sabbath school. Many of the scholars, even as young as yourself, had promised to pray for me. I had just left a dearly beloved, praying



wife, and three darling children—the eldest a praying girl. Both wife and daughter said they would pray for me. I believe all these prayers will be the effectual fervent petitions, which, we are told, avail much. All said to me, “Do your duty, and trust in Him who doeth all things well.” So I left my dear home, and all its pleasant associations to share the dangers and privations of a soldier’s life. But I left with a cheerful heart, knowing there were many praying ones behind. The parting tears, (I am not ashamed to own that I shed them,) were scarcely dried on my cheek, when I reached ———. Receiving your little gift, and reading your little prayer, they flowed afresh from my eyes. They were not tears of sadness or sorrow, but of joy to know that *another* prayer was offered in my behalf. It awakened in my mind such pleasant emotions, that I thought you should know that such little acts of kindness are appreciated, and most gratefully remembered. One object in writing to you is to encourage you still to cheer those who are doing their duty. If you have nothing to give but a cup of cold water, say to them, “God bless you,” and you have the promise that cannot fail—“Ye shall have your reward.” Will you continue to pray for me and for all who are in our country’s service?

Yours truly,

A. B. SOULE,

Major 23d Maine Reg’t.

## VIII.

## ENTERING UPON SERVICE.

♦♦ **I**F the rebels shoot my papa, they will not kill him," said the little son of Major Soule; "I ask God every night to take care of him, and I know he will." It may be that those infant prayers, and the sweet confidence of the child, preserved that dear father, and returned him to his home; though he came back but to die. Well would it be if older ones could exercise the same simple yet beautiful trust.

Many others besides that little one, prayed daily for the christian soldier, who went forth saying, he "would do what he could." How well he performed his duty gleanings from his letters and the testimony of his friends will show.

Lieut. Col. Luce in an affectionate tribute to his memory gives a beautiful picture of his army life. We present it to the reader here,

"I first became acquainted with Major Soule when the regiment went into camp at Portland, Sept. 10, 1862. I have no recollection of having ever seen him before. I went over from the city to the camp, and was told that Co. A, from Lewiston, was the only company which had arrived, and that it was commanded by Capt. Soule. I went. imme-

diately to his quarters, introduced myself, and entered into conversation with him. From that moment till we were mustered out, no two officers or men of our regiment were more familiar or intimate than we were. I remember perfectly well just how he looked the first time I saw him; and the impression he made upon me. He impressed me as an honest, out-spoken, and fearless man. Such I always found him. For a number of months we "tented" together; and I never heard him make a remark about officer or man while we were alone that he would not willingly have made in their presence.

In this respect his independence was remarkable. I recollect on one occasion that a lieutenant came to him, and desired him to recommend him to the Governor for promotion. The Major, perfectly honest, and perfectly regardless of the ill or good will of the officer, replied, 'No, Sir. You have military knowledge enough, but your moral character is such that I cannot recommend you.' In regard to recommending men to position, he was one of the most strictly conscientious men I ever knew.

He was also a man who was never ashamed to avow his principles. More than one hundred times I have seen officers ask him to drink intoxicating liquor,—whiskey,—the universal drink of the army, and which many officers think not incompatible with temperance to drink,—and I have seen him invariably refuse; not by making excuses that he was not well, or that he had just drank, or that it did

not agree with him, &c., which many temperance men make, from fear of wounding the feelings of some friend, but with the answer, polite, but decided, '*No Sir, I thank you, I never drink.*' And he never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor while in the army, to my knowledge, and I should have known it, if he had.

His willingness and anxiety strictly to perform his duties as an officer was remarkable. I have given him orders to perform duties which were necessary, but very irksome and difficult, and also those which were very agreeable and pleasant, and I never detected the slightest difference in the way in which he received the order, or in which he performed it. There was no faultfinding; no asking if it would not be better to do it in some other way, or if some other officer could not do it just as well. I never knew him either to ask or intimate that he would like to be assigned to some pleasant duty, or to intrigue for promotion. He seemed perfectly resigned to the position, and his highest desire seemed to be to perform his duties *faithfully and well*. And he did his duties faithfully and well. A more faithful officer I never saw. He required no looking after. If he was ordered to establish a picket line, or lay out a camp, or do any duty whatever, his superior officers had the most perfect confidence that it would be done and well done. He was one of those few men of whom it can be said—'*he is reliable.*'

He was deeply interested in the welfare of the

men both as to their moral and physical condition. I often told him he ought to have Chaplain's pay in addition to Major's, as he performed a chaplain's duties. He was constantly visiting the tents, and quarters of the men, to see that they were in a healthy condition; and distributing papers, and looking after their wants in various ways. I recollect on one occasion he came to my tent, and said he wanted to borrow my "fly." He was going to build a chapel tent if he could get "flys" enough. I let him have mine of course. In a day or two, with the help of the men, he had erected a tent large enough to hold two hundred men. And almost nightly for some time, it was used for prayer and temperance meetings. He was always present at these meetings, talking and aiding the good cause.

I don't think he had an enemy in the regiment. On the contrary he had hosts of friends. One had but to know him to love his honest, generous, kind-hearted qualities. He was my *beau ideal* of a christian soldier. He was not ambitious to gain reputation as a military man; but rather to do all the good he could to the cause of his country while in service. If a man ever enlisted from pure motives of patriotism, it was Major Soule. The love of his country, the desire to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and to do all the good he could, while so aiding, seemed to be his only ambition. No officer in our regiment was more respected than he. And now as

I meet them occasionally they always speak of his death with profound sorrow."

With this picture of the man before us, we turn to his writings to catch further gleamings of the spirit of this christian soldier. His letters were "legion." "Twelve a week," he says in one of his home missives. They were not all religious, but contain the every day events of camp life. But with scarcely an exception the devout aspirations and desires of the soul are mingled in each. Religion with him was an abiding, all-pervading principle. The first letters we quote, were written soon after becoming established at Head Quarters, at Cross Roads, near Great Falls, Md.

*To his brother-in-law, Levi Dodge, M.D., of Jamaica Plains.*

"My dear brother: The trip to Washington was pleasant. We stopped at Jersey City; then again at Philadelphia, where we had a most glorious reception. Truly the city well deserves the name it bears—"city of brotherly love." We arrived at the "monumental city," on Tuesday morning. We were detained there about eight hours, and so we marched about and were hailed with cheers, flags, and other demonstrations, such as we did not expect. Our progress to Washington was so slow, that we did not arrive till eight in the evening. We were met at the depot by a Corporal Somebody, and ordered to a low, damp camping ground for the

night. I thought this hard. The night was cold, the men without any covering. I resolved if there were a place in Washington large enough for the 23d regiment, they should have it that night. About nine o'clock I succeeded in finding two buildings, private property, and obtaining consent of the owners, got the boys all in; four hundred in one; six hundred in the other. I did not fare quite as well as the rest. There was so much piled upon my baggage, that I could not get my blankets; and as I waited till all the boys got in, I had to lie by the door, and was so cold I could not sleep. I could have gone to a hotel; but thought I would take my chance with the rest."

*To Dea. Murray.*

HEAD QUARTERS, 23d ME. REG'T, |  
November 3, 1862. |

"My dear friend—I am cozily seated in my tent, before a large open fire, and think I will fulfil my promise to write you. We are in camp, in the vicinity of the Potomac, 22 miles from Washington. The country around is rough and rocky. It abounds in poor roads, (if roads they can be called,) forests, creeks and small streams, never guilty of having a bridge across them. The people, though in comfortable circumstances, are ignorant and indolent; and do not have many modern conveniences. In going back from the river there is great improvement in the appearance of the country and people. There are but few slaves here. I am told that most

of them have left since the war commenced. The deserted cabins testify to the truth of the statement.

We had a pleasant journey to Washington.— Arrived Monday, Oct. 20; and remained till Saturday. Then started for this place and arrived Sunday noon in a heavy rain storm. The men, thoroughly wet, lay down at night with nothing but shelter tents to cover them. They came out in the morning, however, cheerful as ever.

One man died yesterday, — Newton, of Andover, Me. He leaves a wife and four children. I learn from his acquaintances that he has ever been an active, working christian. His work is now done. Keen must be the anguish of that widow and those fatherless children, when they receive the sad intelligence. May our heavenly Father sustain them.

We have been obliged to abandon our prayer meetings. We have no tent large enough to hold more than six at a time. The weather is too cold to have them out of doors, except in the day time. We had preaching yesterday; the first opportunity since leaving home. I have proposed to have prayer every day at dress parade. The question is still under deliberation. I think it will not be favorably received. I have been thinking that it would give me a great deal of pleasure to step into your prayer meeting in the chapel; and to mingle my petitions with yours and others. But I have the satisfaction of knowing that they will all ascend to the same Father in heaven, though we are far apart. It is cheering to think when I approach the



mercy seat to lift up my feeble petitions, in behalf of those I love, that theirs at the same moment may be ascending for me."

*To Mr. W. J. Burnham.*

Nov. 6, 1862.

"We have been obliged to suspend our meetings for the want of accommodations. If we stay here much longer, I intend to have a church built.—There is lumber in the woods, and men enough who are willing to cut it down and fit it together.—Enough men have already offered their services to build it in three days."

To his brother Harry he describes his situation.

Nov. 20, 1862.

"We are now located at a place called Cross Roads, near Great Falls, Md., Montgomery County. I have two tents. One I occupy myself, the other is for my two boys, (groom and waiter.) I have a little camp stove to keep me warm; a bedstead made by driving stakes into the ground, and poles and barrel staves laid across; a nice table made of an old bread box; and four stools made of crooked sticks and pieces of board. I have a real *tiger* for a horse; kind, smart, and tough. I call him "Nig." I ride usually from ten to thirty miles a day, in various directions. \* \* When one comes to streams, (and they are very frequent) he has to wade through. I have practised my horse in leaping ditches. I have made him leap more than six feet. It shakes *me* somewhat, however."

*To his Wife.*

Nov. 23, 1862.

"My dear C. Yours came safely last night. I need not say it was welcome. \* \* \* You speak of the female prayer meeting. I am very glad you find it convenient to have it at our house. I think I realize more and more every day the power of prayer. Also the necessity of being much at the throne of grace.

It is the holy Sabbath morning. I can imagine you getting the dear children ready for church and Sabbath School; privileges we cannot fully appreciate until we are deprived of them. I do not know as we shall attempt to have services. It has rained all the week, it is quite cold and looks like snow. It is by no means prudent for men to stand out of doors. I have a plan matured for a church. Should have built last week, had the weather been pleasant. If nothing prevents shall commence it to-morrow.

Nov. 25th. \* \* \* I commenced yesterday, after considerable opposition to build a meeting house. I detailed thirty men yesterday noon. Before night we had cut all the timber, got the frame up, and covered one side, and a part of the roof. The Chaplain and I have worked on it at odd times to-day, and it is all done, but one end. We think of dedicating it, Thanksgiving day. It is 25 by 48 feet. The frame is made of oak poles; the sides are covered with shelter tents and cedar boughs: the roof is covered with the "flys" of the officers tents. I

proposed to get along without mine, for the sake of a church, and got eleven officers to do the same. Then I had more good luck. I found and bought a large old stove, a mile from here; placed it in the church; and we get it warmer than I ever knew the church at home to be at this season. Now we can have preaching every Sunday, and evening meetings as often as we please. I received a letter from mother to night. I write to mother, Frank or Laura once a week; so you will not need to send my letters to them."

*To his Daughter.*

"Nov. 30, 1862.

"My dear Emma: Your darling letter came safely last night, and made me very, very, happy. You speak of your little prayer meetings. I am very glad you have them. Ask the friends who meet with you to pray for me, that I may be able to do my whole duty. I know prayers from those lambs of the flock will give me strength."

He adds a postscript to this letter, which will remind his friends of the pleasant and lively way he sometimes spoke. "He was ever genial," says one, "yet ever serious."

"Dec. 1—6¼ o'clock, A. M.

"When I went to bed last night, the wind blew furiously. I thought it was using its whole force to push along the first day of winter. But there was never "a bug, snug in a rug," that slept

warmer than I. Guess you would laugh to see me roll myself up for the night."

We have seen that Major Soule entered the army with the single aim to do his duty. Most of his letters breathe a desire to be of benefit, "temporally and spiritually to his associates." And he did labor for their good. When he found there would be no active service during the winter, that the army would be seemingly idle, his ever-ready spirit chafed a little. "We are rusting out," he writes, "in winter quarters. We can build fortifications, make rifle pits, and watch the rebels night and day; but when can we fight them and send them home." Then he adds, characteristically:—"My trust is in God, who will work in his own way." And again: "Our generals may plan our battles, and our brave soldiers may fight them, but the strength is not here alone. *Prayer* is the power that moves the arm of God. While we are trying here to do our duty faithfully, christians at home, our wives, mothers, and children, have the power to work. I sometimes think have the power to do the greater work."

Notwithstanding his expectations were not realized in being in active service, he was satisfied that he was in the way of duty. He had no desire to relinquish his efforts for good. About this time, a flattering situation, as agent of a mill at Pittsburgh, Penn., was offered him. Mrs. Soule forwarded the telegram. The true, noble, christian spirit, shines out in his reply.

“Nov. 30, 1862.

“My dear Carrie: Yours of the 22d was received last night, with the telegram. I have given the subject prayerful consideration. I am not able to feel that I can conscientiously or honorably accept the offer. Perhaps I over estimate my influence and usefulness in my present situation. I know it is not very great. But I sincerely believe it is God's will that I shall do what I can for the moral and spiritual welfare of those connected with my regiment. The offer I know is tempting. Perhaps it is the very temptation to test my faith; to test my allegiance to my God and my country. If I put the question, ‘In which place can I be the most useful,’ and not ‘where can I make the most money,’ the answer is very plain; so plain that I should not dare decide to go. No, my trust is in God. He has bountifully provided for us in the past. I will still trust that he will do so for us in the future. I confess that my inclination to accept the offer, is perhaps, as strong as yours. But I am quite certain if you were here, and could see things as I do, you would say that my duty is plain. God who has always been so kind will never leave or forsake.”

In his reply to the proprietor of the mill he says:

“I could not feel that I had done my duty, as I promised myself and my God that I would, if I left here now. I cannot express my gratitude for your interest in me; and should there be an opening when my term of service expires, shall be most

happy to accept it, as it is doubtful if my situation can be saved for me at Lewiston."

*To Miss Miranda Fogg.*

"Nov. 30, 1862.

"My dear S. S. pupil; It is now the close of another holy Sabbath. Often during the day have I thought of the Sabbath privileges at Lewiston,—the Sabbath school, and my dear class. I have from necessity spent the day somewhat differently from what was my custom at home. Perhaps you would like to know how. Being the field officer, I had to put on full equipment, mount my horse, take a general view of things in this brigade, and report at brigade head quarters. Then I went back to my own quarters, took off sword, belt and sash, and got ready to go to church—*our new church*. Heard a good sermon from Rom. 12. 1. We proposed to form a bible class this evening at six o'clock. We could not do it this afternoon on account of the monthly inspection. This inspection must come on the last day of every month, therefore it does not always come on Sunday."

He then describes the manner of inspecting companies, and continues:

"Then I will tell you of the bible class, or Sabbath school. We met at six o'clock to organize. There were about forty present. Strange to say the Major was elected Superintendent! \* \* \* You speak of the good prayer meetings, and the prayers

offered for those who are away in the service of their country. That is just what I like to hear. Those prayers give me courage and strength to do my duty ; give me faith to believe the day near, when this unholy rebellion will be crushed. May I ask you to continue to pray for me. Ask the class to pray for me. Ask those little lambs of the flock to pray for me. Ask everybody who will, to pray for me. I need all the prayers that can be offered in my behalf. You ask me to write to the class or the Sabbath school. I will try and do so soon."

We cannot refrain from quoting a portion of the reply to this letter, found among Major Soule's papers. We do so without permission. But the stranger will learn from it how the absent soldier was loved at home. Through the letter runs a vein of pleasantry, peculiarly refreshing doubtless to him whose life had little of the cheerfulness of home.

*Miss Fogg to Maj. Soule.*

\* \* \* "I have a confession to make, and you may imagine that I have gone down on my knees to beg your pardon. But I am so far out of the way that the Major's fingers can't reach my ears. I thought your letter was too good to keep all to myself. So I read it to the class one evening, when I had them all up in my chamber. They were much pleased with it, and wished to be remembered to you when I wrote. I thought it would interest the Sabbath School. So I handed it to Mr. D. M. A. and asked him to read it to the school.

Last evening we had our Sunday school concert, and he read it there. It seemed like seeing you, and hearing your voice. After it was read Mr. C. got up and spoke in a very pretty way about the offer you had received of an agency ; and how you had stoutly put away the temptation, and clung to your duty and principle. Then Rev. Mr. D. said he had known of no nobler sacrifice than you had made since the war commenced. And no man could wish for a prouder inscription upon his tombstone than could truthfully be written upon yours. Then Mr. L. made a prayer wholly devoted to you, and those connected with you in arms. And while he made an audible prayer, I presume there were many silent ones went up from hearts gathered there, that had known and loved you. I doubt if there is one now in the army who is followed by so many prayers as you. Somehow we all feel as if we had a claim upon you,—had a right to remember you with pleasure, and to pray for you often with fervency and faith. God grant that when your labors are well and faithfully done, you may be restored to us, the honest, high-minded man, and earnest working christian that you went out from us. There, Major Soule! You see we all make a great time over you ; that you have been lionized, heroized, and every other ized. I should not dare to tell you so much, only I know that you are not vain enough to be puffed with pride, and it is sweet to know we are appreciated, when we have earnestly sought to know our duty, and have faithfully



performed it. But God has given us a safer guide than the public pulse, to know when we have done our duty well. It is sweet to have God's approval, though the world may sometimes frown upon our deeds."

*Major Soule to his little son Henry.*

"Dec. 5, 1862.

"My dear Henry :—It is snowing very hard to-day, and not having much to do, thought I would write to you. I sent you a drum head some time ago, and mother writes that you have received it. I hope you will have a good time drumming. We have "lots" of drumming here. We hear it nearly all the time. We have two little negro boys as black as your shoe. They are as full of fun as they can be, and make fun for the soldiers. We have three dogs, two of them are big ones. My horse is a nice little fellow. I go out every morning and pet him, and let him kiss me. I guess he wants to see you ; for he almost always looks around when I go up to him. Mother says you are a very good boy ; and you don't know how glad it makes me. I want you to try and be just as good as you can. Don't forget to say your little prayers every night. Ask God to take care of your father. I love to have little boys pray for me."

*To his Wife.*

"Dec. 9, 1862.

"My dearest C. :—The mail goes to-morrow. I

must send paper and envelope if I dont write anything ; for it has become a habit to send by every mail. I received my gloves last night. It took me a half hour to get all the *raisins* out. I could imagine how Emma and Henry chuckled over them, when they stuffed them in. Tell them they will get their pay sometime.

The Angel of Death has hovered over our camp. Nine have died since we left Washington ; five since last Saturday night, and there are three more who cannot long survive. The funeral escort of two who died last night, has just passed. It awakens in my mind, sad and serious thoughts.

Seven o'clock. It is Tuesday evening. I am thinking of your prayer meeting. Would like to be there ; but perhaps I may receive the benefit of those prayers. \* \* \* My love to H. and M. and lots of kisses for the children. God bless you all. Good night."

*To his little son Henry.*

" Dec. 14, 1862.

" My dear Henry :—It is a warm, beautiful Sabbath, and I want to write a few lines to my dear little boy. I only rode to head quarters to-day to report at nine o'clock. Yesterday I rode all day, and took seventeen prisoners and two teams of six mules each. But they were not *rebels*. Most of them were soldiers belonging to the 39th regiment. They were tearing down a barn so as to steal the boards. I marched them up, and put them under

guard—team and all. Two men and another team, belonging to the 10th Vt. I took also for stealing rails from a fence.

To-day we have had a meeting in the new meeting house, and at one o'clock we had a Sabbath school. Fifty-three were present. I suppose you think it looks rather strange to see fifty-three men in bright buttons, &c., in a Sabbath School. Well, it does seem a little odd till one gets used to it. But they are as much interested in studying their lessons, as the little boys and girls I have seen at home. We had for the lesson to-day, Matthew 5, 1—17. Next Sunday we take to the 22d."

*To his Wife.*

"Dec. 14, 1862.

"My dearest C. — \* \* \* We have had preaching by the Chaplain in church. Should think 350 were present. \* \* \* We have very good news from Burnside. I suppose you get it sooner than we do. We have heard nothing reliable since Thursday last; but suppose he is still fighting. Hope he will push on vigorously. We are all anxious to have one brush with the rebels, or we shall have to go home from an inglorious campaign; though we shall have the satisfaction of doing all they have given us to do.

Dec. 20th. I did not have a letter ready to send Friday morning—the first mail I have missed since we have been here. I was officer of the day, and too busy to write. Had to visit the whole line of

pickets after half past four. It is eight or ten miles, and I had to go half the distance after dark. Rather romantic if not pleasant to ride through woods and fields, and no roads most of the way. I could take direction by a star; but when Nig brought my eyes in contact with a limb of a tree I could see *many stars*.

Have been hard at work, building a stable. Just finished it, when orders came to have the whole brigade ready to march to-morrow morning. The brigade is to guard the river from Great Falls to Poolsville. Our regiment is to take from Great Falls to Seneca. Muddy Creek will be our head quarters.

This will break up meetings, Sunday school, &c., which I very much regret. Such are the chances of war. I am going to make the best of it. Our marches mostly come on Sunday; but it cannot be helped. I am going to make the best of that also.

## IX.

## MUDDY BRANCH.

**M**AJOR Soule was heartily and lovingly laboring for the welfare of his men when the orders came to change situations. This ended his pleasant efforts in many directions. He could not, after the change, gather his "boys" about him for Sabbath instruction, or to lead them in prayer. Nevertheless, he found ways to speak the "word in due season." No opportunity escaped him. "When I inspect" he writes, "I always make it a point to say a few words in behalf of our country, and also for my blessed Saviour." At another time he mentions one of these occasions, when he enforced the duty of preparing for death, and being ready to follow their comrades who had just passed away; he says, "I could see eyes fill with tears." He ever spoke with tenderness. His words fell upon the heart. In his cheerful way, he alludes to this seemingly unpropitious change:—"There is no great loss without some small gain. I am satisfied it is true in this case, for the men of my command are less dissipated, and much more orderly than when with the regiment."

His new headquarters were at Muddy Branch ; and from there he writes to his wife :

“ Dec. 24th, 1862.

My dearest C. :—Moving is now the order of the day. We moved last Sunday ; and to-day orders came to send six companies to Edward’s Ferry. They will go on Tuesday, and leave the Major here in command of four companies, to guard eight miles of the river.

Dec. 29th. \* \* I made a call by invitation yesterday, on one of the rich planters of Maryland, about two miles from here. Had a pleasant time, and a cordial invitation to tea, but declined. They have many negroes, though he pretends to be a good Union man. I did not have any talk with him about the peculiar institution. \* \* \* I met a very intelligent slave a few days ago. Had a long talk with him. He is a blacksmith, and earns for his master from three to seven dollars a day. He has had eight children sold South ; and another is owned by a man near here, who whipped him so severely when a child, *that he became an idiot*. I asked him if he ever knew a slave that did not desire freedom. He said there was “ not a man so old or a child so young, but would thank God, and go without a regret.” He told me he was confined in Frederick jail four months, for telling some rebels “ they might as well try to climb a tree backwards, as to think of fighting the North.” He has a wife and family in Washington, who are free. He is

allowed to go and see them once in three weeks. I told him he was free in Washington, and must improve the opportunity, and not come back. He said when he got ready he should pick up his things and say, "Good-bye Massa." He is strong in the faith that they will be liberated soon. This is the idea of all the slaves I talk with."

Tuesday evening, 30th. We had quite a time last night. At ten minutes past twelve, a mounted orderly from Poolesville arrived with a dispatch from Col. Davis, and another from Col. Virgin, notifying me that a rebel cavalry force, 1000 strong were between me and Washington, with four pieces of artillery, and threatening to cross the river. I soon made up my mind that if they attempted to cross they should have a warm reception; and sent orders to the men to lay on their arms. Also doubled the force of pickets and patrols, and sent two mounted patrols up and down the two paths.

I think the rebels found out in some way who was here, and thought it was not prudent to fall in with him. They did not show themselves. I went down the Potomac this morning below Great Falls, but can only report as newspapers have for a year and a half—"All quiet along the Potomac."

In writing to his wife Jan. 1, 1863, he alludes to the flowers received on his route to Washington, and the letter he had written to the little boy, whose name and age were attached. The letter was published, and the paper forwarded to him. He says :

“Our long-wished-for mail has come to-day. I received a kind letter from you, also one from mother; and many papers,—Independent, Lewiston Journal, Manchester American, Missionary Herald, and ——— Gazette. The last I send to you. On our way to Washington, I received a boquet from a little boy, with a card attached, on which was the following—“May God bless you, and return you to your friends.” So after we were fairly settled at Cross Roads, I wrote, without expecting to hear from him again; and was surprised to-day to find the letter published. I rejoiced that it gave the little fellow so much satisfaction. But it makes me blush to have my name so conspicuously before the public. But if it can be the means of encouraging one little heart to do good, I have not the least objection.”

In a letter to Miss M. F., Jan. 21, 1863, he alludes to the letter that was read in the Sabbath School concert:

“I could not help feeling that you were making too much of a *lion* of me in Lewiston. If you but knew how much selfishness there is in my heart, and how often I fail to do my duty to my God and my associates, you would weep over my short comings, and censure me for my lukewarmness. I have been connected with this regiment five months, and have often remembered the promise I made to you and christian friends; ‘that I would do all I could for its moral and spiritual good,’ and as often



have wept when I saw how poorly that promise has been kept, how many opportunities had been neglected, with the poor excuse that circumstances were unfavorable. But I feel more deeply impressed with the magnitude of the work and the greatness of the field. It is a time when all God's people must work. It is a time when all God's people must pray. \* \* \* Poorly as I have performed my duty I feel that what has been done was in answer to the prayers of faithful christians at home.

The sixty Tract Journals\* were received, and as we have no Sabbath School now, I distributed them among the men. If the class could have seen the eagerness with which they crowded around for them, it would amply have repaid them."

\* \* \* "It is the holy Sabbath, but it is hard to make it seem so. Although the Sabbath might be better observed than it is, there are many things to prevent its being strictly devoted to God. It is only as I read His word, or bow before Him in prayer, that those blessed associations seem to cluster around me, and only in meditations that those fond recollections of past privileges (enshrined in my heart) awaken me to realize that it is God's holy day."

*To his Wife.*

"I had been to breakfast, and got on my dressing gown and slippers, had my feet before a good

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\* His class furnished him with fifty copies of the Tract Journal and other papers, every month.

warm fire, and congratulated myself, that though the elements raged without, I should not be discomforted; when suddenly there was a crash, and the nice log house was flat. The fact was, Charlie cut down a tree, ten or twelve inches through at the base, and it *fell the wrong way*. You would have laughed to have seen the ruins. There were weapons, uniforms, camp furniture, books, papers, and every other thing in the most conglomerate state; while the Major—poor *Soule*—had his head sticking up in the middle. It was snowing in a perfect sheet. My first thought was to have an auction, and sell to the first bidder. Thanks to the fortunes of war, better councils prevailed. I seemed to myself like the hero of an almost lost battle as I gave directions for rebuilding. In about three hours we were covered again. Charlie was so scared, I did not scold much. Told him not to do so again—knew he wouldn't, for there was no other tree near."

Feb. 19, 1863. I am astonished when I think how fast the time has past since we have been in the service. Now we are well advanced on the last half of it. It doesn't seem as if we had begun. Perhaps we may accomplish more the three months to come than we have during the six months that are past. If we don't I feel we shall not do much. I shall be almost ashamed of such an inglorious campaign. But God orders all things. If we do our duty it is all he requires; whether those duties are great or small."

To Miss M. Fogg.

“ Feb. 21, 1863.

“ My dear friend:—I am exceedingly rejoiced to hear that the Sabbath School is in so prosperous a condition. It is certainly cheering to learn of its increase in numbers, and of its growing interest. Hope soon to learn that many are seeking an interest in Christ. We ought at all times to keep this in mind *that the chief aim and object of Sabbath School instruction is to lead souls to Christ*; a most glorious result for which our united efforts and most fervent prayers should never cease.

It was hardly practicable for me to distribute the papers at the hospital as you wished, so I divided them among the three companies under my immediate command. Will try and make arrangements the next time to distribute a good supply in the hospital. \* \* \* My love to all the class; tell them they are not forgotten; for when in our evening devotions we read from that precious volume, (a gift from them) I am reminded of the promise made, that I would pray for them. Bowing before the throne of grace, my feeble, (O how feeble) petitions are made in their behalf. I want to hear that they are all earnest, praying christians. O it is worth infinitely more than everything else that can be enjoyed to feel for one moment that we are in Christ's fold; that our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. It has seemed many times to me that situated as I am, far from home and those I love, that I should have nothing to cheer me, were

it not that I could come with all my sins, my trials, my cares, my burdens, and lay them before my heavenly Father. \* \* \* We are very comfortable here. But when a furious blast sweeps around my cozy domicile, I am reminded of the thousands of poor fellows who have nothing but shelter tents to cover them, and almost involuntarily I ask our heavenly Father to protect and bless them."

*To the friend of Eden Home, then, and for some months after sick, away from home.*

"Feb. 27, 1863.

"I feel entirely inadequate to make a suitable reply to your warm-hearted and encouraging letter. But I assure you it gave me pleasure beyond the power of language to describe. It would indeed have been a source of great pleasure to have taken you by the hand as the train tarried for a moment near your Eden Home. But I hope this pleasure will be realized on my return, unless it should be the will of my heavenly Father, that my unworthy life should be sacrificed in this glorious cause. Even in that event (to which I would hope to be cheerfully resigned) it will comfort my dying moments to have the blessed assurance of meeting you in that "Better Land." I am not so devoted a christian as you suppose; nor what my blessed Savior would have me be. My chief source of grief now is that I have made so little progress during the more than twenty years that I have professed to be a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. Notwithstanding

this, I now *enjoy* religion and communion with God, more than ever before, and I feel more deeply impressed with its power.

We have not as yet been exposed in battle, but have met with a most formidable enemy in that insidious foe—disease. We have lost one of our best men, this week, of typhoid fever. \* \* \* He was one who did not leave his religion at home, when he went into camp; but seemed to live near to God, and tried to exert an influence for the upbuilding of His kingdom here on earth.

He left a praying wife at home, and three dear little children to whom he was very tenderly attached.

A few moments before his spirit left its abode of clay, he said,—“ Oh! what a blessed thing it is to feel resigned to the will of my Heavenly Father! Now I can cheerfully leave my dear wife and children in His all-merciful care.”

I asked myself can this confidence in God, for a moment be compared with wealth, honor, or anything that this world can bestow? Tho' a stranger to you all, you may yet be interested in knowing something more about him. His name was Charles H. Kimball, of Livermore Falls, Me., and he died Jan. 17, 1863, at Great Falls, Md., aged about 30 years. Though he early laid aside his earthly armor, we trust he is clothed in a brighter and a heavenly one; and is marching to music, which is infinitely beyond our conception.

His memory, with others who have fallen, shall

still be enshrined in our hearts, and may the dear ones they have left to mourn, have our warmest love and tender sympathies, and a faithful interest in our prayers, until we meet where war is known no more.

It is a cause for gratitude to God that so many dear ones are praying for our army at home, and that the fervent "God bless you," has fallen from so many stranger lips; and I, as one of that number, will still try to do something for my blessed Master, while in the service of my Country. He has given me many praying friends to cheer my hours of loneliness in my soldier's home, and though far away from them all, they strengthen me by their prayers, for every duty now devolving upon me."

The allusions in this letter to the death of the soldier, elicited the following comforting stanzas, which were forwarded to Major Soule, and by him sent to the afflicted widow—Mrs. Kimball.

In many a form God's angels come,  
 Their work on earth to do;  
 But oh! how sad their mission was,  
 Poor sorrowing heart to you.

And yet to him of thy own life,  
 So long the dearer part;  
 Death had no power o'er him, save this,  
 To still that loving heart.

It could not take the living faith,  
 Or dim the glorious crown;—  
 It only pointed to the cross,  
 And bade him lay it down.

With cheerful heart he gave up all,  
 Though wife and babes were dear;  
 The deathless soul—that priceless gem,  
 Could triumph even here!

“How blessed,” said the dying voice,  
 “To me is now God’s will—  
 To leave my dear ones in his care,—  
 Whose love, their hearts can fill.”

Oh! what a joyful hour that was,  
 Which opened wide the door;  
 That hides the great Unseen from us,  
 Who still must suffer more.

By faith he saw his father’s house—  
 The angel’s waiting round;  
 And knew that soon his feet would walk  
 On Canaan’s happy ground.

How glorious was the glimpse he caught  
 As death removed the veil;  
 For shining hosts were gathering near,  
 Close by the boatman pale.

The strong brave heart that gave up all  
 For Freedom’s God, and Right,  
 Was like a Hero in the war—  
 A conqueror in death’s fight!

And now the victor’s crown is his,  
 Which only those will wear,  
 Who faithful prove to all life’s trusts  
 Committed to their care.

This thought will bring you joy, poor wife,  
 When time has soothed the wound,  
 Made by a Father’s loving hand,  
 In whom sweet peace is found.

May His dear arm be round you now,—  
 Your precious babes still spare,—  
 And when you reach the golden gate  
 You’ll find your husband there.

To S——, of *Eden Home*.

“ February, 1863.

My dear young friend :—There are many bright and cheering land marks that have presented themselves to me in life's pilgrimage. There are many kind acts and words of encouragement, which I have received from the dear christian friends who are enshrined in my memory, which have left an impression never to be effaced ; which ever cheer through the world ; and will, I hope, increase my capacity for happiness in the “ christian's home in glory.” With these I class you and your kind letter, overflowing with christian love and sympathy. Can soldiers feel discouraged ? Can they ever shrink from duty ? Can they turn from the path in which God would lead them ? Can they for a moment fear to face any danger, or to make any sacrifice, when such prayers are being offered in their behalf ? Pray on, my dear young christian friend. Our country needs your prayers. Pray on. Our soldiers need your prayers. It will give them courage, and cheer them through hardships, sufferings and dangers to a glorious victory. I have never before been so fully impressed with the power of prayer, as within the past few months. My dear wife asked in one of her letters last week—“ Do you not feel desponding or discouraged ? ” No ! I can not despond when I remember that so many petitions are offered in my behalf. I cannot be discouraged when I know so many warm hearted christian friends are bowing before the throne of



grace ; perhaps at the same moment that my feeble supplications are made. So I always write cheerful letters. It is not in my heart to write a desponding one. Are you not afraid ? was asked of a general, \* a true soldier of the cross, in the midst of the dangers of a late desperate battle, *No*, said he, *I have a praying wife at home.* Who can say that more has not been accomplished in putting down this rebellion by the praying souls at home, than by those who have taken the field." \* \* \*

The following Poem, by an inmate of Eden Home, was suggested by the beautiful incident respecting General Howard, referred to in the letter just quoted :—

#### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Bless God for praying wives at home,  
 For need there is of prayer,  
 Since dear ones stand in danger's front,  
 Whose perils they would share.  
 But strong the arm on which they lean  
 And God is with them there,  
 To shield them in the deadly fight,—  
 To nerve the hand that strikes for right.

And He who called them from their homes  
 To guard the " stripes and stars,"  
 Will give them strength to crush their foes,  
 Who raised the " cross and bars."  
 How blessed will our fair land be  
 When heard no sound of wars !  
 When peace shall fold her snowy wings,—  
 No note to mar the song she sings.

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\* General Howard, of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Then let the voice of prayer be heard,  
 Borne forth on every gale ;  
 To keep the heart still pure and warm  
 And clothe the soul with mail.  
 For lion hearts like those we watch,  
 We know will never quail !  
 For dear ones plead their cause in prayer,  
 Thus all their burdens they can share.

Pray on dear wife, the strong brave heart,  
 That pledged to you its all,  
 Still lives to feel the power of prayer,  
 Where brave men round him fall.  
 And if his place is by their side,  
 He answered duty's call.  
 And turned from home with ready heart  
 To bear with cheerful zeal his part.

God bless our brave and loyal men  
 Who dare to do or die ;—  
 And though no kindred call them mine,  
 Ours is a common tie.  
 And when we plead for those we love  
 We will not pass them by.  
 Thus God will keep his angels near,  
 While many a Jacob wrestles here.

March, 1863.

*To his daughter Emma.*

“ March 1, 1863.

“ The storm was so severe to-day that little birds flew into the cook tent. Joe caught four or five and brought them in here. But they didn't like so much refuement, and did not stay long. Don't think they wanted to enlist. \* \* \* I suppose you have not forgotten to pray for me ; that is of more consequence than anything else you can do for me.

I don't want to be selfish but want you to pray for and with your dear cousins and friends. When I think of the christian's home in glory it cheers me. When I remember how many prayers are offered in my behalf I feel that I ought to be ready to make any sacrifice. Kiss Henry and Freddie and all the babies you see, for me. Good night. God bless you all is the prayer of your doting Father."

*To his Wife.*

" March 7, 1863.

\* \* "You seem to be disposed to discuss the question of my going back into the army, after the time of service has expired. But I will waive all thought on that point, and only say that my motto is, 'That in duty only do we find any real pleasure.' And things may look differently in June both to you and myself from what they do now. So let us make the best of present blessings and privileges, trusting in him who doeth all things well."

## X.

## EDWARD'S FERRY.

**T**HE last of March, Major Soule's companies were ordered to Edward's Ferry, Md. As soon as this place was reached meetings and Sabbath Schools were again established, and he entered into these labors with his usual devotedness. While here he also had the sweet pleasure of liberating numbers of God's "little ones," who had been broken and crushed by years of servitude. He pointed the way to happier and more secure homes; and gave them his prayer and blessing. In his own soul he heard the precious utterance of the Savior, "ye did it unto me." He did this at his peril. He was ordered to desist. But he remembered a sweet home, and little ones who climbed upon his knee. He saw before him fragments of home circles; hearts that yearned for lost ones; hearts whose affections were as strong as his own. He hesitated not. He helped them northward, where they could gather with no fear of auction block or lash. Mrs. Soule thus alludes to his persistence in these acts of tender love, after he was ordered to desist: "It was not a feeling of disrespect to his country's laws, or the command of superior officers; but the feeling of Christ's dis-

principle of old when he said : ' We ought to obey God, rather than man.' When the law of God and humanity, interfered with those of his country, conscience told him which to obey ;" and in one of his letters he alludes to army discipline in a manner that indicates true regard for it. He says, " much as I should love to visit my dear ones at home, I would not violate a single rule or regulation of the army, or an order of a superior officer to do so, even if I was not permitted to go for ten years."

*To his daughter Emma.*

" April 16, 1863.

" My dear Emma : I believe you owe me a letter, but having a few moments, thought I would tell you a story. There was a young lady who had a writing desk presented to her last Christmas. She promised to write to her father once a week. I suppose she has. But the letters have been miscarried for he has not received them oftener than once a month. Well, now he has a very nice lady's horse, which he intends she shall ride when he gets home. But one of the conditions is, that he shall get the weekly letter. Now he will probably be at home about the 29th of June, and I don't think it any more than fair that he should make that condition, do you ?

We have a very pretty camp here, but have no idea how long we shall remain. We have had two meetings ; one in the hospital tent, and one last Tuesday on the parade ground. Intend to organize

the Sunday School next Sunday, and have prayer meetings next week. Kiss Henry and Freddy lots of times for me, and all the children you see."

To S——, *Eden Home.*

"My dear friend:—A tear gathers in my eye, and my heart kindles with emotion, as I read of the loss of your dear little Lillie. It is not necessary for me to remind you, that He who said 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' has taken her in His loving arms, and adorned her with bright garments, and a crown of beauty, infinitely beyond our conception. When you sing that beautiful song ;

"There's a fresh little mound 'neath the willow  
Where at evening I wander and weep,  
There's a dear vacant spot on the pillow  
Where a sweet little face used to sleep,"—

You can feel confidently assured that she has joined the angelic hosts ; that with them

"Around the throne of God in heaven,"

she is singing praises to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to Him who said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." What a blessing that we know little ones go to enjoy the bliss of heaven. \* \* \*

I had an opportunity this morning to violate the law of my country ; in my official capacity to put one poor slave beyond the reach of his master. He was an intelligent man, about twenty-one years of age. He came to my quarters and told his story.

He said, "me and my old boss had a little difference last night. He shot at me twice with his 'volver, and I'se skedaddling, to get away from him." After questioning him sometime, I gave him some breakfast, a pass for Washington, a letter to Dr. B., filled his pocket with hard bread, took him down a mile below the lock, to escape observation, and put him across the canal in a small boat, and bid him God speed. He went off with a thankful heart. I thus laid myself liable to arrest and punishment; but I have a clear conscience, and as long as I keep that, nothing else can trouble me."

*To Mr. W. J. Burnham.*

"April 28, 1863.

\* \* \* "I have had an opportunity to allow six slaves to escape, within the last eight days. I know I am liable to arrest; but shall keep on doing so while I have the opportunity. You see I have a perfect working underground railroad. Our pickets extend sixteen miles, and when I get one inside the first post, no one can follow him without a pass, which they probably would not get from me. If they go to head quarters, it will delay them a half a day, and I can bother them another half, and by that time they can get into Washington where they will be safe. \* \* \*

Last Sunday we had about thirty-five present at our Sunday School. Have prayer meetings in my quarters, twice a week. Have fixed up temporary arrangements so that I can accommodate thirty or forty."

*To the Inmates of Eden Home.*

“ May 6, 1863.

\* \* \* “ My underground railroad is in successful operation. Sixteen bond men, women and children, passed over it this morning, on their way to liberty. This makes twenty-six within two weeks.”

Under this date he speaks comforting words in regard to the lost Lillie :

“ Dear Lillie, I had begun to love, and longed for the time when I could clasp her in my arms. But our blessed Savior had a higher than earthly mission for her ; and she has gone to him with a clearer, brighter, purer faith than we shall ever attain on earth. I think we can better appreciate the saying of our master—‘ Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,’ when we see the simple faith so often manifested in children. I remember on one occasion my own dear little boy, when three years old, was quite sick. I attended him during the night. His mother said to him in the morning,—did you know father took care of you ? The only reply was—‘ Why ! did not *God* take care of me ? ’ It gave me a clearer conception of child-like faith and confidence than I ever had before.

\* \* \* We are now able to hold our bible class regularly every Sabbath. About forty attend. We also have prayer meetings Sunday and Wednesday evenings at my quarters. I know you will pray God to bless us.”



## XI.

## CLOSE OF SERVICE.

**I**N the 5th of May the regiment was ordered from Edward's Ferry to Fort Ethan Allen, where they remained till May 24th, when they were removed to Alexandria, thence to Poolesville, where the term of service expired, and from there, they commenced the northward route.

*To his Wife.*

“ Fort Ethan Allen.

“ We were turned out in haste last night. Gen. Heintzelman had word that a rebel steamer with five thousand cavalry was seen headed this way yesterday. He sent orders to have all the guns loaded and shotted, and men to stand by them ready for any emergency. Also to have the planks on the chain bridge taken up. We got the order at half-past twelve. So your husband, who has charge of the picket lines, mounted Blinkey\* for a six mile trip to put the guards *qui vive*. The roads were anything but tolerable; worse than in Maryland. But the moon came out when I was half round, so I got through the woods, swamp and mudholes very

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\* A new horse.

comfortably. It is one part of my duty to go the length of the picket line every day.

“May 16. Your darling letter came last night and gave me much pleasure. I have been lazy and kept my bed for the three days past; but am getting over it nicely now. \* \* \* I have abundant reason to be thankful that God in his mercy has so wondrously preserved my health. I have not before this been in the least indisposed since going into camp.”

*To Miss. M. Fogg.*

“May 20th, 1863.

“You say letters give pleasure even at home, but you cannot fully realize how much more pleasure they give in camp. You are discouraged about the army of the Potomac. I am not, in the least. My faith will not admit a doubt that God will cause Right and Justice finally to triumph. But my faith in the immediate termination of the war is not as strong as at previous times. I do not believe the Country or the Army are yet prepared for peace, or to acknowledge the Power which alone can give it. \* \* \* I rejoice to be again assured that I am still remembered by the class; and that they look forward with pleasure to my return. I too am looking forward to that time with great anticipations. And if only permitted to be there but a single Sabbath it will be one of the happiest days of my life. The prospect of my returning a hero is small. I

have never had any great desire to be one. But some how I have had the weakness to indulge the most earnest desire to be in the thickest of some of those hard fought battles. An all-wise God has otherwise ordered it, and I am content.

“Five weeks from next Monday our term of service will expire. The time will soon slip away. Hope it may pass profitably. We are situated now so that we can have our meetings and Sabbath school quite regularly. Our Chaplain preaches Sundays at ten A. M.; Sabbath school at one; the Chaplain of the 4th N. Y., preaches at three; prayer meeting in the evening. Prayer meetings again on Wednesday evenings, and a temperance meeting on Friday evening.”

*To his Cousin—Mrs. E. T. W.*

“May 23, 1863.

“You cannot imagine with what emotions of pleasure your dear, kind letter was received. I always feel that the relation between you and myself is more like sister and brother than any thing else. \* \* \* I am conscious of being influenced by the many, many fervent prayers which have been offered by the dear ones left behind. They have strengthened my heart for many duties, and given faith to leave results with God. Should I be called to give my life in this glorious cause, I believe those prayers would strengthen in the terrible conflict and cheer my dying moments. \* \* \*

“You remember I always made the best of every

thing. So I have enjoyed army life. Have not been in any battles; but have had some rough experiences, which I think have done me good. \* \* \* We had reason to rejoice one year ago, that Emma hoped she had found the Saviour precious to her soul. I am reminded by looking at the blank leaf of my pocket bible, that it was a present from her one year ago to-day. I found it on my dressing table in the morning." \* \* \*

*To Emma.*

"May 23, 1863.

"My dearest Emma:—One year ago this morning, I awoke and found on my dressing table, a package addressed to me; containing a beautiful pocket bible, with a note written as follows: 'My dear father, please accept this from your daughter Emma.' I need not tell you what emotions it produced in my heart at that time. They were expressed, as well as I could express them in a letter. It has been my constant companion while in my country's service. As often as I read its blessed pages, thoughts of the giver add happiness to my heart. It has truly been a blessing to me. If it be true, (and I have no doubt it is,) that it is more blessed to give than receive, you must have been blessed indeed."

*To his Wife.*

"Alexandria, Va., May 28, 1863.

"My dearest C.:—It looks more warlike here

than any thing I have seen before. Five batteries have passed us since we have been here. Earthworks and rifle pits are being thrown up entirely around the city. There is a chain of fortifications two miles distant making a complete circle. Alexandria is a beautiful city; more like civilization than any thing I have seen. I went to Fairfax Seminary on Tuesday. The finest place I have seen in Virginia or Maryland. It is now used as a hospital. There are other buildings around it, used for the same purpose, sufficient to accommodate three thousand. There are hundreds of private dwellings formerly belonging to rebels, now used as hospitals; many of them are the most beautiful in the city.

I went into the Marshall house yesterday, where Ellsworth was shot. Passed a building on which was the sign, 'Dealers in Slaves,' I guess it is 'to let' now; for that business is not very brisk.—Mount Vernon is about seven miles from us. Think I shall go over in a few days. Only four weeks from Monday hope to be at home. God bless you all."

*To S——, of Eden Home.*

" Alexandria, May, 1863.

" My dear friend:—Our stay here is so uncertain, that we feel more than ever, that we know not what a day may bring forth. We removed from Fort Ethan Allen, Tuesday the 24th. We were ordered to make a forced march to this place, (15 miles.) The war department were and are still

expecting a rebel raid. \* \* \* We continued our Sabbath school till the day we left Fort Ethan Allen. Last Sabbath we were unable to have it. Hope to commence again next Sabbath. It gave me pleasure to learn that you felt an interest in my underground railroad. I call it mine, because superior officers ordered me to discontinue it. I disobeyed orders and had the satisfaction of passing at least twenty-six over it, and am now willing to suffer the consequences. \* \* \* There are many places of interest in and around Alexandria; the church where the father of his country was accustomed to worship; the masonic lodge room; and I am told the very chair in which he sat, as Master of the Lodge. Mount Vernon is seven miles from the city. All these places I intend to visit if military restrictions are removed. I have visited the Marshall House where the lamented Ellsworth was shot. \* \* \* I was pained to learn that your dear kind mother was still so greatly afflicted; still I could not but rejoice at her resignation to the will of our heavenly Father. While reading her letter, passages of Scripture that I was reading last night came to my mind: 'Beloved think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.' (1 Peter, 4: 12, 13.) Your very kind and interesting letters, have touched a cord in my heart; have

awakened an interest which will be felt not only for the few days I shall be permitted to spend on earth, but through the countless years of eternity. God bless you for your prayers and interest in my behalf."

To Mrs. —, of Eden Home.

" Alexandria, June 6, 1863.

" My friend :—I can never sufficiently thank you for the interest you have manifested, or the fervent prayers you have offered in my behalf. I felt sadness and pleasure when I learned you were so afflicted,—sadness on account of your suffering—pleasure that you could say—' Dear Jesus! He is precious to me ; all his promises I can claim with a faith that cannot waver ; that is willing to trust him to lead me, and to have no choice of my own by what path I reach home at last?' I feel it would be mockery for me to offer you consolation or sympathy. It is easy for us all to be *fair weather* christians, but I often ask myself if the storm of affliction should gather dark and thick around, could I stand the test? Could I say with you, ' His promises I can claim?'

' Jesus lover of my soul  
Let me to thy bosom fly  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high.'

What a blessed thought that we can leave all our cares with him, and that he *will* order all things aright ; and that we are confidently assured that

' Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

It shall be my earnest prayer that your health may be soon restored. I feel that I can hardly forego the privilege of grasping your hand when we return."

*To his Wife.*

" Alexandria, June 8, 1863.

" My dearest Carrie:—Went yesterday to the church in which Washington worshipped. The pew he occupied was shown me. It is kept the same as when he left it. \* \* \*

14th. I can hardly realize that the time is so near, when we shall all once more gather around that dear family altar, and our hearts arise in gratitude to him who has so kindly preserved and cared for us." \* \* \*

*To S—, Eden Home.*

" Near Poolesville, Md., }  
June 23, 1863. }

" Our mail came while we were at Georgetown, and I received a darling letter from the dear ones at home. When we reached Poolesville, I was fortunate enough to receive one from you and your dear parents. \* \* \* I feared I should not be able to comply with your request to send you flowers from Virginia. But I succeeded in getting permission to cross the river, and rode four miles before finding a flower. You can have no idea what desolation an army makes. I came to a beautiful house near Leesburg. The lady kindly gave me permis-



sion to go into the garden, and take any flower I could find. I gathered a rose, a pink, and a leaf and blossom from a mock orange tree—a meagre collection, but the best I could do.”

*To Mrs. S——, Eden Home.*

“ June 23, 1863.

“ I want to correct the impression that prevails with you, that I am a very good christian. Please think of me differently, and pray that I may become what God would have me be. The faith and happiness God sometimes gives me while in communion with him or christian friends, is all of his love and goodness, and not because I deserve or have made any sacrifice for it. \* \* \* Wish I could say something to cheer your bed of suffering and pain. But I know you drink deeply of the great fountain of love and consolation. Blessed privilege—that fountain is ever open and free to all.”

And here we close his army letters. We have followed him through the term of service. Now he turns his eye homeward. His last letters from Eden Home contained the following lines, which the happy father forwarded with great pleasure to the lambs of his fold :

#### THE SOLDIER TO HIS CHILDREN.

( *Affectionately Inscribed to Emma, Henry and Freddie.* )

The time draweth near sweet lambs of my fold,  
 When your father again will be free;  
 And the joy of my heart is too great now for words,  
 As I think of you watching for me.

When I left the dear home that sheltered you all,  
It was not with a tearless eye;  
For I know that your hearts were ready to break,  
As you kissed me the last good bye.

How dear you are still you never may know,  
But our Father who seeth the heart,  
Knew the struggle within, as I gave up my all,  
And how hard from these treasures to part.

It was not for glory, or fame, loved ones,  
That your father went forth to the field,  
But to save the dear flag from insult and scorn  
And the rights which he *never will yield*.

For Freedom and God I turned from you all—  
And now if my work is not done,  
I must leave you again with your mother so dear,  
And go forth till the victory's won.

God is leading us on, and redemption is sure,  
When the gold has been purged from the dross;—  
It is still in the fire, and the furnace is His  
Whose blood was once shed on the cross.

Then hold me not there, though I cling to you yet,  
As I miss your sweet faces to night;—  
The prayers from your altar are answered for me,  
And the past, like the future is bright.

The hope in my soul is as strong as the arm  
Which moveth the world with it's power;  
And if it is best I shall meet you all soon,  
Then how blessed will be the glad hour!

## XII.

## THE RETURN.

**T**HE homeward march was commenced. The glad hour of re-union drew near. To one possessed of such deep, tender affections as Major Soule, this season must have awakened peculiar emotions.

On the route he found opportunity to visit the seemingly dying bed of the one who had cheered his soldier-life with words of faith and hope—the invalid of Eden Home. We give an extract of a letter alluding to this hasty visit :—

“ He took a coach and called upon us. He had but a few moments to spend, but I felt anxious to hear him pray. As he was leaving, I said, ‘Had there been time, I should have asked you to pray with me.’ He replied instantly with beaming face, ‘Nothing should ever prevent our *taking time for prayer!*’ He bowed by my bedside, and such a prayer I have rarely listened to. It was not so much thankfulness for mercies received, as it was a humbling of himself before God, for his lack of faithfulness to the men, from whom he was so soon to be separated, until he met them at the bar of God. I can never forget

how earnestly he plead for their salvation; 'that not one may be lost,' was more than once repeated. He thanked God for sparing his dear wife and children. He prayed that they might not feel that he was wholly theirs; but that they might realize that he belonged to his country; and asked God to make them willing to give him up again, if need be. He said that the life spared through dangers seen and unseen should no longer be held as his own; but he offered it again to God, praying that it might be used for his glory alone, and the good of his beloved country. He expected I should die soon; and his eye seemed to follow me over the river, and up into the many mansions. I think he must have had a premonition at that time that his own work here was soon to be over. But he talked about it with the same beautiful smile that his face wore when he spoke of meeting his wife and babes. He expressed a great deal of thankfulness that we had been permitted to meet here; and also conveyed to me the impression that he thought this would be our only meeting on earth; but said he,—'I know I shall meet you in my Father's kingdom; or at least I will try to join you there.' "

The regiment reached Portland late on the night of July second. His wife had gone thither to welcome him. We give the words of Mrs. Soule, respecting that meeting, written two years after, in a letter to Mrs. —, Eden Home.

\* \* 'I rejoice to see the soldiers; but it makes

the tears flow afresh. While they were gathered at a reception a few days ago, I saw a little boy pass along, and look at the tired soldiers. Soon he threw his arms around the neck of one, exclaiming, 'O, Father!' It was more than I could witness. It reminded me of a poor tired soldier, I met in Portland, two years ago. It brought back that happy hour, near midnight, when he hastened to the hotel, while his regiment were partaking of refreshments at a hall. He found the number of my room and came to it; and taking his precious bible from his pocket, where he had carried it ten weary months, he read a few verses, and then we knelt together, and thanked our God for the happy hour, and for all His blessings. The next day he was in his own home and enjoyed the quiet and comfort he so needed."

The following Sabbath there was a Sabbath School concert. It was announced to the children, unexpectedly to Major Soule, that he would occupy the time in giving an account of his camp life. Of this meeting one says:—"He told us of his feelings when leaving home; his thoughts and desires when away; his emotions when returning, in such a way that many said they never before knew what a sacrifice he had made. He gave an account of the meetings, the Sabbath schools, and the state of religion in the army; he related the incident about the little boy who gave him flowers, and thus tried to do good, and make a stranger happy; he told of the new channel of happiness this one deed

had opened; and of his assurance that the act was recorded in heaven. He related this circumstance in a manner particularly adapted to children; and many times he was overcome by his emotions, and tears choked his utterance. Other hearts than his own melted, and tears could not be restrained. It was a peculiarly interesting meeting.

When he first came back to Lewiston, his little son Freddy—but two years old—had lost the remembrance of his father's face. The returned soldier was not long in finding his way to the heart of the child; and at the concert, the little fellow, to the great amusement of the children, as well as the older people, so vociferously and persistently proclaimed—'that man is my papa,' that he had to be taken from the church.

Major Soule, after reaching Lewiston, entered fully upon life's duties again. And as he was "unconsciously nearing the stream," he grew in the estimation of all who were associated with him in church or business.

If it is true, as the poet sings,—

"Morning is lovely—but a holier charm  
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;

so is it true—that the 'saints are divinest' as they approach the closing of the day of earthly life. This, as we shall see, was literally true of Major Soule. He breathed the air of heaven, and stood upon its threshold, even while the "welcome home" echoed in his ear.

## XIII.

## GOING HOME.

**I**T was very evident to friends at home that there was a great change, spiritually and physically, in Major Soule. He had always been warmly engaged in his Master's service; he had delighted to labor to win souls to Christ; but now his mind and heart seemed full of heaven. The keen eye of the wife soon perceived that the health, once so sure and firm, was shaken.

As his family gathered about him, and they sung the sweet songs he loved, he would select those hymns that referred to the rest of heaven. At times he seemed "absent from the body." He engaged in business again, and mingled in the busy scenes of life, but the remarks made at home in reference to these things, indicated that he considered his days to be few. When his wife manifested sadness at these allusions, he said—"Carrie, I am not sick; but I cannot expect a long life; neither do I desire it, if God's will be otherwise. I have tried to lay up treasure in heaven. Sometimes I feel I shall soon enjoy it in the presence of the Saviour."

His remarks in Sabbath school concerts and social meetings, full of interest, were listened to

with pleasure, but it soon required an effort to attend these places he so loved ; and for the first time in his religious life he seemed willing to omit them. Sometimes he feared it was a lack of energy and a growing dullness of heart. He wrote to the dear friends of Eden Home, once during these weeks of uncertainty :

“ I am detained from church to-night, and feel justified in writing to you. I did not intend to lay aside the pen so long ; but I have been feeling all the time that I had nothing to communicate. My heart has been so cold in the work of my blessed Master, that a letter would have sent a chill to your ever-warm christian soul. Selfishness prompts me to write now,—the hope of reward. Your kind letters always give me new courage ; strengthen my faith ; and warm my heart with love to Christ and his cause. Your letters have all been preserved. They were read in camp, and during the long weary march. They have been re-read around our own dear fireside, and added new pleasure to our already happy circle. I pray God that no accident may prevent their being my treasure through life, and cheering me in my dying moments.

“ I supposed when I came home, that before this I should have been in my country’s service again ; but I have been prompted to wait and see more clearly that it was my duty to go. I fear sometimes, that it is one of my besetting sins to mistake inclination for duty. May it be my earnest prayer that God will reveal his will, and give me strength



to do it. I heard this morning a most interesting sermon from John 18, 38—" Pilate said unto him what is truth? and when he had said this, he went out again unto the Jews." I asked myself am I not often guilty of asking God, what is truth, what is duty, without waiting for or desiring the answer to be revealed. Yet I do desire that Christ may make me more like himself, and I love to think of that land

' Where everlasting spring abides  
And never-withering flowers.' "

When the answer to this letter reached Lewiston a few weeks later, it found Major Soule too weak to listen to its words of comfort and encouragement. But when told of its arrival, he looked up with a sweet smile and said "how good she is."

" Feeble and slow his once light-footstep grew,  
The fading cheek put on death's pallid hue,  
The thin and wasting hand more weakly clung;  
Each sweet 'good night,' fell fainter from the tongue."

Fever seized upon and prostrated the frame. His strength failed fast, and his mind grew weaker every hour. Yet when he spoke of divine things his interest seemed undimmed. He lingered three weeks after the attack of fever. The closing scenes of his life and his dying messages have been recorded by his wife. We give her words:

" \* \* \* A friend coming in he extended his thin hand and said—" I am glad to see you. Now you will pray with me. I am not worthy to have your

prayers. But I want to hear you pray for every body.

Another brother came in at the same moment ; and the two friends, with his wife, held a brief prayer meeting at the bedside. It was the last time he mingled his holy pleadings with christian friends below. When next they bow together, it will be in the presence of Jesus, and before the white throne.

A call for more troops was made. Extremely weak as he was, he responded. He urged a friend to present his name for him to the Governor, with the desire to serve the country in any capacity he saw fit. 'It requires months to organize regiments,' said he, 'while only a few weeks are required to rise from a fever. I may yet be able to do something for my country.'

Soon after this his friend left the room and he lay with his eyes closed for some time. At length he took my hand and said : 'Carrie you do not think I have done wrong in offering my services to my country, do you ? I could not lie here and feel happy unless I did. It will involve another painful separation. But our beloved country must be saved.' 'No, my dear Alfred,' I replied, 'I will not oppose you, or deny you the privilege of doing your duty. I can do nothing myself, but help and encourage you.' The burden seemed removed. He was full of happiness. He was willing to leave the results with God.

It was soon found needful to exclude all company from his room. At times he was quite delirious.

But when we were alone, he talked much about dying. He said "God has given us fifteen years of undisturbed happiness together in this world. We must not murmur that it is now to close." And again, 'We shall not be long separated. I feel that you will be with me soon in glory. I know the dear children will follow.' Yes, he knew his God was a covenant keeping God. He felt happy in leaving his loved ones in his hands. At another time he exclaimed.—'O, the sustaining grace of God. I never before knew its value. I seem to see a faint glimmering of my future home.' Then he added: 'It is not because I have tried to be a christian, *it is all Christ.*' Again,—'I don't feel that I have any wish of my own. God's will is my will.' Fearing that his strength would be exhausted I asked him at one time to rest a little, without speaking. He looked up with a heavenly smile and said—'Carrie, I am not at all excited. I can speak calmly about dying, and I *love* to speak about it. I could lie down on the battle field as calmly as I lie here. I can cheerfully leave you all with God, feeling sure that you will never want for any needful thing, if you will but trust in Him.' " \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Soule, as well as other friends, had cherished hopes of his ultimate recovery. But, two days before his death, unfavorable symptoms appeared. His brother-in-law says:—"After this he sunk away very rapidly. Yet it was fondly hoped that there might be no recurrence of these symptoms; if so,

that he would again rally. But they re-appeared, and continued at intervals till his death. His mind wandered ; and the burden of his floating thoughts was, the re-offering of his services to the government."

About half an hour before he ceased to breathe, he recognized, for the last time, his devoted, and tenderly loved wife. Years before, in the days of his strength and activity, he had expected more than once to see her fade from his sight. Thoughts of the separation were so painful, that the slightest reference to it, brought the tear and the sigh. But as he, himself, lay dying, in that last, brief recognition, there was a look of heaven. Grace, more than sufficient was given. The pain had all been taken away. When the parting hand, and the farewell kiss were given, no kindred token could be returned—for the strength was gone ; yet it was plainly visible to the watching wife, that with him all was perfect peace.

"Like stars that struggle through the clouds of night,  
His eyes one moment caught a gleam of light.  
Then like tired breezes he sank down to rest,  
Nor one, one pang the awful change confessed ;  
Death stole in softness o'er that lovely face,  
And touched each feature with a new-born grace ;  
On cheek and brow a look of heaven there lay,  
That told that life's poor cares had passed away."

It was at fifteen minutes past ten o'clock, on a Sabbath morning, February 7, 1864, at the age of thirty-eight, that he passed away. While the

people of God were entering the sanctuary he so loved below, the released spirit entered the temple not made with hands.

A messenger went from the bed of death to the house of worship; and a solemn and mournful stillness pervaded the place as the officiating clergyman announced that the endeared brother had entered upon his everlasting rest. The bowed head, the tearful eye, told that a 'man of God' had fallen, and a church were made sorrowful.

"One flower may fill another's place,  
With breath as sweet, with hues as glowing,  
One ripple in yon ocean space,  
Be lost amid another's flowing."

But when good and holy men are taken, the place is vacant; and the lips can only repeat—  
"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"O holy One  
Thy will, not ours be done;  
Back to its native dust we freely give  
All that can die,  
And to thy keeping that which still will live  
Beyond the sky."

## XIV.

## THE LAST REST.

“**I**N peace and in Christ,” were the simple, touching words rudely carved above the grave of an early disciple in the caverns beneath the ancient Roman city. “In peace and in Christ,” was the thought that comforted the stricken household who were gazing for the last time on the pale, dead face of the once tenderly loved friend. There was sorrow in those hearts such as pen could not picture, or lips tell; but there was holy joy, and sweet submission. The saintly Baxter says that the Father “keeps his most precious cordials for the time of our greatest needs;” and this afflictive hour proved that Jesus could still breathe a “Peace be unto you.” “The grave is not deep,” wrote Jean Paul Richter, “but the shining tread of an angel that seeks us;” and as the loved form was carried to its burial, the grave seemed not a sad place, but a spot forever hallowed by Christ’s presence, and lighted by his love.

When Major Soule died, his pastor, Rev. Mr. Balkam, was acting as Chaplain in the army. Rev. Mr. Adams, of Auburn, a dear former pastor and bosom friend, was also absent on a similar mission. The burial rites were therefore performed by Rev.

Edwin D. Palmer, a young clergyman of Brunswick, Me., who, though a stranger, spoke words of comfort, which fell gratefully on the mourners' hearts.

Major Soule had long been connected with the Order of Masons, and they requested that he might be buried with their impressive ceremonies; but his relations to the church of Christ were so positive and interesting, as to make it more appropriate to have only the simple and usual funeral rites.

Wednesday, February 10, 1864, was the day appointed for the burial. Before the loved form was carried from the home which would be brightened no more by his visible presence, the stricken group were commended to God in prayer. Then the peaceful sleeper was taken to the sanctuary. Over the faded form loving hands had strewn the beautiful flowers which a few hours previously had been sent from the distant Eden Home.

The gathered throng, the deep solemnity, the sad faces, were sufficient to show the strong hold he had upon the hearts of the people. They had known him well. They loved him. They had seen him many a Sabbath in those very courts, worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness. They had heard his voice—peculiarly winning—in social converse and prayer. They had listened when he told them of Jesus. But now the mild blue eye beamed not upon them. The lips were sealed. The forehead was white and cold. There was a great change and all were affected by it. There were low, mournful requiems; the words of consolation drawn from the Word of God—that fountain of

sweetness and comfort; the tribute of respect\*; the voice of pleading and prayer, and then the mournful train, bearing the dead, again went forth.

“Yes! open to them gates of peace!  
Here let the pilgrim’s journey cease,  
Ye quiet slumberers make room,  
In your still home,  
For the new stranger who is come.

“How many graves around us lie;  
How many homes are in the sky;  
For every saint doth Christ prepare  
A place with care;  
Thou hast found thy mansion, brother, there.”

The precious dust was laid for a brief season in a tomb, and then carried to Manchester, N. H. It was followed to the place of temporary rest by many of the soldiers of the twenty-third regiment, the overseers of the mill, the members of the Masonic Lodge, (though not in a body,) and a large concourse of people who were anxious to pay the last testimonial of regard and affection.

The Funeral Address is here inserted, and will be read and treasured by those who knew and loved Major Soule.

#### FUNERAL ADDRESS.

No one more than myself, regrets, to-day, the absence of the pastor of this church, and of his neighbor and co-laborer, through whose agency the deceased was led to make his home among this people.

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\* A hymn written for the occasion, was read. It will be found among the Poetical Tributes.



But the features of this event, which make it desirable that the standard bearer in the church should officiate at the burial service of his comrade who has fallen, while they render the duty no less undesirable,—no less a *task*,—for a stranger; yet relieve of all embarrassment from fear of overdoing the work of eulogy, and consequently undermining the work of instruction and exhortation, which—if appearing at all—must be based upon the same elements of character.

When their testimony conflict “let God be true, and every man a liar,” but when, to the consent of all human voices, is added the witness of the Heavenly Father, in calling to a calm and yet triumphant exit from a life which has all along been sweetened by the fulfillment of the divine promises, the christian minister may well make the most of his opportunity, and unhesitatingly dwell upon the theme.

To the superficial observer death is one and the same event, whether it seize as its prey this or that living thing of a higher or lower order of creation, it is simply ceasing to be.

To those who are made to feel its power as displayed upon the subject of their affection—the fact presents itself in a different light; and it has as many shapes and hues as there are varieties and degrees in human affection, from the love which reared a favorite plant, or nurses a household pet, to that, which—like many of old—centres upon the world’s Redeemer.

If these unusually filled seats bear any testimony

worthy to be noticed, it is that the event which has summoned us here, has something in it to characterize it as extraordinary.

If these tear-dimmed eyes among the disciples mean anything, they mean that one has gone from among them, who exhibited while he lived—the spirit of the Master.

If these expressions of pain, which I hear on every side, are significant of anything, it is that an additional burden, of no small magnitude, has fallen upon those left behind; that whatever any other may have gained—they are sufferers.

The stranger will read in the Daily, "Died, Major A. B. Soule, aged 38 years," and pass on; the *community* in which he lived must be aware, that it has but few such men to lose, and pay unconstrained homage to his memory.

The corporation in whose service he was employed, will know that the place which has been made vacant will not easily be filled. The ready and large common sense, the cheerful application to duty, and the unimpeachable integrity are too rarely combined to be caught up at random.

When a two-fold burden must be borne to meet an emergency, he was the man to place himself beneath it. If special confidence must be occasionally diverted from its ordinary repository, he was the man in whom it could safely be placed.

And how can I speak of his worth to the church? always in his place in the sanctuary when there was anything to be heard, equally punctual when there was anything to be said or done, interested

in the affairs of the church as though the matters of his own household. The language of the Psalmist well expressed his spirit, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, &c."

The breach in *Zion* made by his fall, divine grace alone can repair.

Once the minister's friend,—always such,—sympathizing with him in all his perplexities and discouragements—so far as he could enter into them, and in his large-heartedness, entering into them to an extent by no means universal, even among those who truly love the ministry, the tidings of his removal will fall with depressing effect upon the absent pastor. Accustomed to rely upon divine aid, and the divine blessing in and upon his work, he will yet feel that one of his strong pillars has been taken from beneath him; and even in his far-off field of temporary service, he will know that one fervent spirit the less goes out to the Master in prayer for a blessing upon him. And in that one his own pastor suffers, and all we his brethren suffer with him. The moral support that one such spirit in a church affords the pastor, is incalculable; and we may well pray that his mantle may rest upon many others.

There is another little body too, scarcely less dear to him, that has experienced a sore bereavement in this providence;—the Sabbath School, for which his prayers were incessant, his efforts to furnish entertaining instruction, unremitting.

Superintending in part its affairs, yet without relinquishing the work of a teacher, all will deplore

his loss; while those who have, from time to time, been his peculiar charge, will remember him as one, who, for their spiritual welfare "has done what he could."

The honorable order, in whose behalf his last public service was rendered, has lost, can lose, no member more worthy.

All benevolent operations, organized or momentarily existing for an immediate end, found in him a cordial supporter, one not ready for words only, but for *work*, so much so, that one, years since, said of him, in a reproachful spirit, that he never saw him without a subscription paper in his hand.

The lover of his country never uttered a word in her behalf, or acted in her defence, and found him an unmoved auditor or spectator. Ever referring to his brief term of military service, as an inglorious one, on his dying-bed he would have arranged for new sacrifices of comforts, and new experiences of exposure and peril. "Weeks only are needed to recover from fever, and months are required to organize regiments—I may yet do something," was the language of his spirit, impatient of his country's wrongs. And if the *motive* with which one enters the service has peculiar significance in marking the patriot soldier, the patriot soldier's laurels should deck his brow to-day.

Suffering never made a demand upon his sympathy or strength in vain. If he could not ameliorate the condition of the oppressed by striking down the armed hosts of oppression, he would not turn from the lesser work more nearly at hand. He

could mitigate the sorrows of the sick, and soothe the last moments of the dying, lifting them up by prayer and faith to the sinners' Saviour, and no opportunity to do it passed unimproved. The living who served with and under him, praise him, and the widows and orphans of those who will never return, for his care of their departed, will rise up and call his memory blessed.

But there are tenderer ties, involving sweeter memories, and deeper griefs. Memories and griefs which are not for the common mention. Into the anguish of a *mother's* heart I may not enter. The sorrow of the widowed wife and orphaned children, only they and the Saviour know. You and I may *weep for them*, but the *deep heart bitterness is sacred*, till we are called to drink of the same cup, and be baptized with the same fiery baptism.

While we seek not to check "the grief that must have way"—and while we rejoice to know that it is accompanied by a calm and true submission, may we not find some alleviating and comforting considerations in the case, which may well command the submissive spirit, and make even the grave more cheerful?

The smallest comfort to these sorely afflicted relatives will be found in turning their thoughts upon themselves in their loneliness,—and this view is not all comfortless. Nay, every kind word from those lips forever silent in death, every look of love from those eyes that will look upon earth no more, every conjugal and parental or filial caress, all that was genial in his social bearing, all that

was noble in that soul—abhorrent of meanness in every form, all that was high and pure in his devout consecration to christian principles, everything that magnifies the loss, is a source of relief and comfort, now that the loss is an actual experience. To choose between the loss and these consoling recollections, none would hesitate; but, the bereavement having been experienced, such recollections are not only sources of comfort, but occasions of gratitude.

And is there nothing in the honor God has shown these mourning friends, in allowing them to be so long associated, and by ties the closest of earth's, with one so early ripe for heaven? "My beloved, God dealeth with you as with children." Others indeed, die, but every death-bed has its own associations; and while of many we may safely affirm, "It is the vestibule of heaven," of many others it is true that the sufferer having fallen in sin, in sin must perish. "As the tree falleth, so it lieth." But let all go to the home of the blest, and is the honor of your lot the less for being shared with others?

And here looking *upward* do we find additional support, in the fact that *God has done this work*, so disastrous to the plans which hope and thought had thrust out into the future. No uncontrolled *chance* has turned its wheel for the evolution of whatever name might appear, and brought the ill-omened card to this brother's door. No relentless *fate* moving its giant fingers under the guidance of sightless eyes, has fastened, as in an unalterable succession, upon this heart and pressed its life out

into chaos ; but God, who governs all events, and makes them subservient to his own wise and holy purposes, has taken the earthly servant to an heavenly sphere, and what more true than those beautiful words of Keble :

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
 And unblessed good our ill ;  
 And all is *right* that seems most wrong,  
 If it be His sweet will."

Nor was this dispensation an act of arbitrary power. It was sent in *love*. All that human power could do was done to save this precious life. But God's power was superior to human efforts and prevailed. If now his love was not *equally* manifest, we might well murmur. But here is the blessed thought that His attributes are all infinite, and as we cannot *resist* the power, so we should not call in question the wisdom or the love. His peculiar name is "Love ;" and if love in essence, He must be so in expression. Human love often mistakes, God's love mistakes not. And so as we look toward the soul that has gone, do we find reason for resting in the submissive temper, for he is a *finished* work. Not till the agonies of the cross were *ended*, did the Saviour come into full enjoyment of the great work of "Redemption."

The hour of sacrifice was for Him the hour of release from every earthly incumbrance. The children of the bride-chamber might feast while the bridegroom was with them, but for the bridegroom himself, the burden which forced out the tears at the grave of Lazarus, and over the moral deso-

lations of Jerusalem, was a constant one, and could be laid down only with His earthly life. So the *follower of Jesus* can be complete in all that constitutes his happiness, only when his earthly habiliments with their pollutions are thrown off. For him there is no more toiling, to him come no more doubts nor fears.

Gloom is dissipated, night is ended, death and the grave are vanquished, life begins. He is

“ Safe in his Father’s house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,  
Nearer the crystal sea.”

He is in the enjoyment of what the world knows not,—rest.

Rest for the toiling hand ;  
Rest for the anxious brow ;  
Rest for the way-worn feet ;  
Rest from all labor now.  
Rest for the fevered brain ;  
Rest for the throbbing eye ;  
From those sealed lips of his, no more,  
Shall pass the moan or sigh.”

But, being dead, he yet speaketh, in the memory of his life ; and the lesson we should fix upon as the lesson of that life, is *the value of an honest christian purpose*.

Whatever we may see in his life, in its varied phases, to admire, our admiration is awakened and sustained, not because of the appearance of brilliant intellectual powers, of large and varied attainments, but, because into all scenes, and to the discharge of all duties, he carried the spirit of the



man of Nazareth. If we leave the christian element out, we destroy that which marked the departed as different from many others.

We are not awed, therefore, in his real or ideal presence, because we know that the distinguishing feature in his character, was one, to the possession and enjoyment of which, we all are, in the words of redeeming love, united. Shall we not in this presence, embrace those words as most blessed ; so that it may be consistent for divine love to enrich our lives, like his who now dwells, where God wipes away all tears ? Then at our closing hour shall it be as appropriately said to and of us, as it may be to and of him whose remains we to-day commit to the tomb, to await the resurrection morn.

“Servant of God ; well done ;  
Rest from thy loved employ,  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master’s joy.

The pains of death are past ;  
Labor and sorrow cease,  
And life’s stern warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ well done,  
Praise be thy new employ,  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour’s joy.”

## XV.

## LETTERS.

**T**HE Life of Major SOULE would be incomplete without the following Letters. They show how he was regarded by those who knew him best.

*Mrs Balkam to Mrs. Soule.*

Sunday Noon, Feb. 7, 1864.

It was with grief, my dear Mrs. Soule, that I heard the announcement to-day of the death, which leaves you a widow, and your children fatherless. Only three weeks this very noon since you came to tell me how *my* husband's health might be preserved in camp. My heart aches for you. May the God whose most precious promises are for the widow and the orphan, sustain and comfort you in your great affliction. The loss to the church is great. They will sympathize deeply with you. This great consolation you have, that your beloved husband was a "*good man.*" He has gone to his home in heaven, to be with his God and Saviour.

Receive my most affectionate sympathy, and let me again invoke for you, sustaining, comforting,

and healing mercies. \* \* \* I need hardly say how much I regret Mr. Balkam's, and Mr. Adams' absence. I feel sorry to send such sad tidings to Mr. B. He esteemed Mr. Soule very highly, and will feel much sorrow and regret for his loss.

Affectionately yours,

A. L. BALKAM.

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*Rev. A. C. Adams to Mrs. Soule.*

"In Camp, near Culpepper, }  
Feb'y 27, 1864. }

"My dear Mrs. Soule :—I cannot tell you how astonished and grieved I was, on learning a few days since, the decease of your husband. He was, a little while ago, so full of life and vigor ; and had escaped so entirely the perils of a soldier's life ; he seemed so safe at home ; he was still so young, and had the reasonable expectation of so many years, it did not once occur to me that he would die.

Then came the thought of *what* he was,—so upright, and faithful, and honorable ; so steadfast a christian ; so noble every way ; worth so much to society and the church ; why must *he* die, while so many live, only to bring shame upon themselves, and to corrupt and destroy others.

Then I felt it a heavy blow to myself personally. Such a steadfast and faithful friend as he had been in the time of trial ; and commanding so fully in every respect my esteem and confidence. I have

lost—I cannot tell how much, in losing him ; and have few left to lose who were his equals.

But all that I, and others outside of his own household, have lost, is as nothing to the calamity that has fallen upon you and your children. He was so strong, so tender, so serious and so cheerful ; such an oak for you to cling to ; shelter and sunshine, both, for you and yours ; and with a heart and with an arm that you could trust as fully as it is right to trust anything this side the Eternal throne. O, my poor child ! I cannot tell you how my heart is grieved and my tears flow for you as I write. I cannot comfort ; I cannot suggest anything that shall quiet your heart's aching, and cheer your utter desolateness, only by reminding you that it his Father and your Father ; his God and your God, who has done it. The Saviour whom he trusted and honored, has taken him home for reasons which we cannot presume to judge. He has transplanted another tree, that was the comfort and the pride of our garden. He has set another brilliant in his crown. We must submit ; we must wish *him* joy. We must think of him as wearing the shining robes ; as walking the golden streets ; as bowing in rapture before the throne,—while his message to you and yours, if he might send one, would be, ' Bear submissively ; trust undoubtingly ; let the joy of the Lord be your strength. The night is not long ; the morning cometh, and you too shall with me share in the anthems of the blessed.' \* \*

Yours, very affectionately,

A. C. ADAMS."

*Rev. Mr. Balkam to Mrs. Soule.*

“Camp Mitchell Station, }  
Feb’y 19, 1864. }

Dear Mrs. Soule :— \* \* I have tried to imagine the greatness of the desolating change that has come over your family. I ask myself is it possible that Major Soule has gone out to return no more ? Is it true that his wife is now a widow, and that his children are orphans ? I would fain believe it is not so, but I am compelled. The dreadful event has happened ; not in the way you feared a year ago, but in his own home ; under your own affectionate and sleepless care. In this circumstance no doubt you find cause of gratitude. Since he who was so ripe for another world must go, you cannot fail to rejoice that it was your privilege to go with him as far as it is ever permitted mortals to attend their friends in their exit from time.

I have intimated my surprise at your husband’s death. When I think how ripe he was for another world, I see that I should have felt no surprise, since the ripened fruit must be gathered.

He has done what he could ; he has finished his course ; done the work given him to do. In that work, he has laid up, I cannot doubt, a store of prayer, for you and yours. It is more than probable that he often anticipated his time as being short ; and that you and the little ones were the burden of his prayer—that God would be a husband and father to you when he was gone. Having shared his protection so tenderly while he was with

you, you will in a manner share it still, through answer to his prayers still going on and to go on in the future ; through his own guardian and comforting presence ; for I can scarcely help believing that he will often, very often, be near you ; and that you will feel it to be so. Are they not ministering spirits ? and what possible work more sweet than for a sainted husband and father, often, very often, to return to earth, to mitigate the sorrow, strengthen the steps, and direct the way of the dear ones he has left behind ?

In the same source in which our dear friend found his spiritual strength, the sweetness of his temper, we must find ours. Prayer with him was an abiding and mighty resource. So must it be with us ; especially under the weight of unspeakable sorrow. It made your husband eminent in the church. Deeply humble in his feelings and whole outward carriage, it gave him power over men ; in civil and in military life, it gave him a certain pre-eminence. He felt that a necessity was laid upon him to avail himself of all those gifts which come in answer to prayer. And surely that necessity is laid upon us. If we avail ourselves of the power, we shall often, if not always, find ourselves calm and happy, when the clouds overhang, and the waves dash about us. May you find, Mrs. Soule, in this unspeakable affliction that the great Helper is abundant to help you, and give you the victory. May you ever *look up* ; ever ask and expect much.

Lean always upon the Lord ; carry all your wants to him ; and *he will always help you.*

With great sympathy,

I am your affectionate friend and pastor,

U. B.

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*Dea. Murray to Rev. Mr. Balkam.*

Lewiston, Feb'y, 1864.

Rev. and Dear Sir : \* \* \* Doubtless before you receive this, the intelligence of the death of our very much beloved brother, Dea. Soule, will reach you. How it must sadden your heart, to know that in your absence the Lord has seen fit to remove such a faithful, useful member of society, one so willing to work in all places ; so ready at all times to give his testimony on the side of truth and righteousness. How lonely I feel. My minister gone—my associate in office, and helper, removed by death. But God's ways are not our ways. The brother's work was finished on earth. God wanted him in that upper kingdom. He has called him away, though in the midst of years of great usefulness in the church, Sabbath school, and community. Truly loyal was he to his God and his country. But when we come to that sacred spot, that little world of its own, *home*, what can we say ? As I stood over the dying form, and witnessed the scene, I felt how weak is man ; words would be mockery ; thoughts may be big in themselves, but *words*, who

would utter them? \* \* \* What is it that comes from that heart so very much crushed, and which is in a few minutes to be widowed—"For the past six months we have been too happy. I have worshipped him as my husband. While he has been ripening for heaven, I have not, so much as I ought, perceived it. Now I see God's dealings with me, and may it prove a preparation to meet him in heaven." I wish I had the ability to write on this subject; but I must leave it to your imagination. \* \* May God scantify this loss to us as a church.

Yours in christian fellowship,

S. H. MURRAY.

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*Rev. Mr. Balkam to Dea. Murray.*

Feb'y, 1864.

Dear Brother: \* \* \* Since we shall have no more christian intercourse with our brother on earth, we may well indulge the pleasure, and share the profit of dwelling upon the excellence of his character. I believe he was constantly growing upon the esteem of us all. Always a devoted christian he was unusually so in the very last years and months of his life. It was very evident when he returned from the war, that he had grown in grace during his absence. Always a meek and lowly disciple, instead of being lifted up by promotion, it was evident that he had become more



perfectly clothed with humility. His prayers breathed a deeper spirit of humiliation and consecration before God, when he returned than when he left us. It was impossible not to see he was living for something entirely above and beyond this world. He was very ripe for his transition. And as it so often, if not always happens, when the Lord's people are ripe, he gathers them to the rest above.

His example, his prayers, his undefinable christian influence are a loss to the church and the world which we are unable to express. But one thing, as individual christians, and as a church, we can do,—diminish the greatness of the loss in him, by greater devotion on our part; making his example and early death, new incitements to consecrate ourselves to the Master's service, as he had done. It is likely that he felt his life to be short. It is certain that the tenor of his life was such as to indicate that he so felt. The spirit of Christ run through his life.

We shall always love to remember his account of himself while in the army, which he gave at some of our Sabbath School Concerts. So much christian tenderness and pathos, mingled with the unquestionable coolness and courage of his nature, we could none of us fail to admire.

His death has made one less the number of faithful souls on earth, and ought to quicken those who remain to greater diligence.

Yours in christian love,

U. BALKAM.

*Mr. ———, Eden Home, to Mrs. Soule.*

Dear Mrs. Soule:—You may think strange of our long silence in this your hour of trial. But the announcement of your dear husband's death came upon us very unexpectedly, and our grief for the loss has been too great to find utterance in words. Although I had never seen him myself, yet the intimacy between him and my family by correspondence has made him seem very near and dear to me. I have long wished for an opportunity to make his acquaintance, but it has never been convenient. I doubt if we have a friend in the world whose loss would be more deeply felt by my dear wife, than is his. Her heart has been too full to find utterance; and like Job's three friends, we have kept silence, not knowing what we could say by way of comfort, to which you might not justly reply, "you know nothing at all about it." But it is wrong for us to keep silence longer. Surely the great gain to him must in a measure console you for your loss. But, oh, how great the loss! Surely none can know but those who have passed through a similar experience. We would have you be comforted, because he was a faithful steward, and because he was ready to go. We will ever feel grateful to him that he offered himself for his country's service. And we will ever feel grateful to the All-wise Disposer, that he was permitted to return to the bosom of his family, and pass his last hours with them.

We became much interested in your dear daughter during the few days she tarried with us, and we trust it will not be the last interview. The sufferings of my dear wife are still prolonged. How long it may yet please God to keep her in the furnace of affliction we know not ; but hope and pray that He may continue to impart to her, abundance of his grace, sufficient for all the burdens which his wisdom may see fit to lay upon her.

Wishing you comfort from the great Source of blessing, and the abundant grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, with the love of all my family, I remain

Your sympathizing friend.

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*Mrs. ———, Eden Home, to Mrs. Soule.*

My Dear Afflicted Friend :—Not long ago, Chislon received a letter, written by Mrs. C.\* of West Groton, Mass., whose dear husband (Corp. William Crockett) went up to glory from Lookout Mountain. She writes :

“ The blow came so unexpectedly that I was paralyzed. I could not shed a tear ; but thought heart and brain would burst. Soon after this, a young widow, a stranger, came to see me, never spoke a word, kissed me, put her arm around my waist, and sat down by my side. Then for the first time the tears gushed forth, and I wept like a wearied child.” Now, my dear suffering friend, if I could

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\* See “ Only a Little While,” in the following Chapter.

pass into your room, and clasp you in my arms, you might then feel how my own aching heart pities you. No words of mine can convey this to you ; but knowing as I do all your agony, forgive me if I say I do not dwell so much upon *that*, as I do upon the glory yet to be revealed. When I think of that precious saint, your heart's early idol, I can hardly refrain from shouting "thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory over death, sin, and the grave," I feel that the loss to me and my dear family is a great one. But, oh, to *you*, it is one that earth never can give back to your arms. I know there is no feeling in your heart that would call him again to earth if you could. He is free. Heaven has gained an angel, ripe for the glory of his Father's throne. The Saviour a gem from his crown that will never grow dim. He is not far away from you now, but very near ; and will be to you an angel that will watch around his dear home.

Cast all your care upon Jesus. He knows it all, but loves to have you go to him, and ask for comfort. Thank him for the precious life spared so long ; that it was so perfect in all its relations. How much you have in all your sorrow, for which to praise God. No more pain for him ; no weary march ; no battle of life, in which he will be called upon to bear a part ; no dark and weary prison for him ; no suffering and pining for the dear ones separated from him ;—but face to face with the blessed Jesus, and his head on that tender bosom. \* \*

God bless you all, is the prayer of your friend,

M.

*Mrs. E. T. W. to Mrs. Soule.*

Philadelphia, Feb'y 24, 1864.

My Dear Cousin Carrie :—I yesterday received a letter from Aunt S., containing the painful intelligence that another loved one had passed away. To me it is a grievous stroke. But my feelings cannot be compared to those of a dear wife. Would I could say something to console you in this trying hour. Let us sympathize together. We have the blessed assurance that God does not afflict willingly ; and that he will protect the widow and the fatherless. Of this our dear friend was fully conscious. Aunt kindly wrote me all she could of his last days on earth. It would have been a great consolation to me to have heard his voice once more. It seems as if he were speaking to us now to prepare to meet him on high. We cannot but keep in mind his many virtues. I have never known of a wrong act of his during his whole life. It really seems as though he was too pure for this world, and God took him to heaven. But to us it is a sad calamity. It is hard to say " God's will be done," in this trying hour, I do so pity you, dear Carrie ; still I know nothing but the sustaining arm of God can support you in these hours of sorrow.

\*                     \*                     \*

Your true friend,

E. T. W.

*To Emma Soule.*

My Dear Emma :—My heart aches for you, and yet I feel like saying, "praise God," when I think of your angel father—not dead, but sleeping; not lost but gone before; standing now on the heights of "the better land," singing songs of joy and triumph over death, sin and the grave. Glory to God for the plan of redemption; that He opened such a door; that He has gone to prepare a mansion for us; and will by and by take us to Himself. May we be found as ready as your father was; with our work all done; willing to go "over the river," when we can serve God no longer on earth. But we shall have to live very near the Saviour, if we are ever fit to share his glory. All the agony of soul which you have known, all the sundering of these ties, all the early hopes blighted, all that is now shrouding your life with such a cloud of sorrow have been mine to bear. But when I liken your sorrow to mine it seems but a drop compared to the ocean. For you, dear child, see in this trial, a loving Father; and find it good to draw near to the hand which holds the rod. When my blessed father was taken from me, all that then made life dear, was gone; only one wish was left; and that was to share his grave. I felt that God was dealing unjustly with me; that he was hard and unkind. My father was my idol, worshipped with perfect idolatry all my life; I had no thought or hope that did not turn about him. I had one of the very dearest and best of mothers, but my very being was

bound up with that of my father's, and I felt that I could not live without him. For weeks I hovered between life and death; only a thread held me on the shore of time. But God was merciful; he knew that I had made no preparation for the untried realities of eternity; that I was not fit to dwell with my sainted father, and my ungrateful life was given back to me, that I might look up and live. O how good God was to spare the sinner and give space for repentance. My life now will be all too short to praise him for his boundless mercy. Now, dear Emma, do you wonder that I should feel that your affliction has in it great sources of comfort? In early youth you gave your heart to your father's Savior. You took with him sweet counsel on earth. When he went up the shining way, he saw you closely following; knew it would be only a little while before you would meet where parting is never known. Now you must work for God as never before. Try to sustain your dear mother upon whom this blow falls with such a crushing weight. Help her to train your dear little brothers for a home with your sainted father. You will soon join him. Then, what a glorious meeting that will be. \* \* \* God bless you all is our prayer.

With true and heartfelt sympathy,

Affectionately yours,

M.

*To Mrs. Soule.*

Dear Mrs. Soule :—Months have gone by since your precious husband went home. You are lonely yet ; more lonely and sad than when he first left you. There are some wounds that time cannot heal. We may become accustomed to our loss ; and be enabled to endure patiently ; but there is ever a great void ; an out-reaching desire for the lost. A heavy sorrow once fell upon my own heart. I was a stranger until then to bereavement. How well I remember the first moments of agony. Yet, even now there are seasons when the longing wish will come to speak once more to the dear parent who is gone before, and the heart will ache to breaking. O, *all* of sorrow is not crowded into the first days of bereavement. Loving friends then gather about us. They speak words of sympathy. But in a little time they cease to do so, and then we hold our grief close to our bosoms, and bear it alone.

I have some sweet poems for you. They were received by our dear Mrs. F. from one, who like herself, has been a sufferer. The first that I copy has solaced many a tired spirit, and I think it will strengthen you. It was written sometime since by Mrs. S. J. Souther, who has long been an invalid—but has sweetly manifested the spirit of patience and childlike submission. It is entitled “ Christian Endurance ; ”—and a little introductory note says, that it was written in the hour of bereavement, upon hearing the words of a friend, (rough, but kind in purpose,) “ You’ve got it to bear.”



## CHRISTIAN ENDURANCE.

BY MRS. S. J. SOUTHER.

Life's pathway is rugged and dark,  
 And sorrow is everywhere;  
 But, sister, press on to the mark,  
 Remember "You've got it to bear."

If sunbeams of youth fade away,  
 And friendship's bright dreams melt in air,  
 If hopes you have cherished decay,  
 Droop not, "You have got it to bear."

If troubles and trials alarm,  
 And your life seems burdened with care,  
 Look up through the gloom and be calm,  
 And think "I have got it to bear."

If Sorrow's lance pierces the soul,  
 And you almost sink in despair  
 Then nobly press on to the goal,  
 And Jesus will help you to bear.

Let Wisdom and Faith ever guide  
 Through earth's checkered vale, and prepare  
 You to cross death's dark flowing tide,  
 For, oh! "you have got it to bear."

Live holy, my sister, live pure;  
 Be faithful and constant in prayer;  
 And you will have strength to endure,  
 To suffer, to wait, and to bear.

Yes, it is all true. These poor hearts must endure.  
 Florence Percy sings very truly :

"Behold we live through all things; famine, thirst,  
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
 On soul and body—but we cannot die;  
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and worn,  
 Lo! all things can be borne."

But I will copy Mrs. Souther's other little poem to which I referred. It is laden with submission, and breathes a saintly spirit. Your faith will grow stronger as you read; and it will enable you to sing, even in the night of sorrow :

## TRUST.

*In all thy ways acknowledge Him and he shall direct thy paths.*  
Prov. iii. 6.

Yes! I will own Thee, blessed Lord,  
O choose my path for me;  
Whether of pleasure, or of pain,  
So that it lead to Thee.

Should darkness or should light be mine,  
Thy wisdom best can see;  
Send what thou wilt, so that it bring  
Me daily nearer Thee.

If, in my life-path thorns appear,  
My feet shall press them down;  
I would not shun one cross of Thine,  
Behind it lies the crown.

Should sickness be my daily lot,  
I know Thy tender care  
Will make with gentle love my bed,  
And give me strength to bear.

My cup of sorrow I will take,  
Whate'er that cup may be,—  
And drink it, Lord, for thy dear sake,  
As Thou hast done for me.

I could not ask for ease, and rest,  
While still upon Thy side,  
Marks of the cruel spear are seen,  
Jesus, Thou Crucified!

Thou wilt not ope for me a door,  
 Thy own feet have not trod;  
 Oh! there is such a blessedness  
 In trusting Thee, my God!

And there is majesty in pain,  
 All mystic though it be,  
 A sweetness pleasure cannot bring,  
 Bright, halo-crowned by Thee.

And in its bitterness I prove,  
 —Sore though it seem to me,—  
 The preciousness of that dear love,  
 Which led me, Lord, to Thee!

Is it not beautiful. May you, dear Mrs. Soule, have sweet rest of spirit, and perfect trust in these afflictive hours.

Yours, in Jesus.

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To ———.

The following extract is from a Letter addressed to the writer of this Memorial by the widow of the christian soldier, spoken of in the introduction to the poem in the following chapter, entitled "Only a little while."

"\* \* \* \* Poor Mrs. Soule—another sister in affliction! I hope that she has an Almighty arm to lean upon, now that earth-sorrows press so heavily upon her; and that the bitter cup she is called to drink, is sweetened with the love of Jesus. Ah! it is only a little while—*only a little while*, then we

shall be re-united to the loved who have gone home before us. I have glorious views of that beautiful world, and often catch strains of the sweet music which is wafted by heavenly breezes over the river to me; and I would not wish my dear companion here; but I long to go home, and forever enjoy the presence of my Saviour and my husband. Too true have I found that, 'when death sunders ties, all are ready to speak to us. In a little time they cease to do so.' Thanks be to God! *Jesus* is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. And then *He* understands every circumstance which makes it peculiarly our own great sorrow. He looks down into the sensitive heart, and knows each thrill of anguish; and He alone can give the needed comfort. One after another ties are being severed; and each one makes us think less of earth and more of heaven."

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*To Mrs. Soule.*

South Danvers, Mass., }  
May 14. }

Dear Mrs. Soule:—The beautiful spring comes to us again, in all its loveliness. It brings the same sweet flowers as in childhood's days, and sings the same sweet songs. A thousand precious memories touch the quivering harp-strings. The loving and mournful notes of the turtle dove, seem but the echo of lone hearts, calling to their absent mates. I

know, sister in sorrow, that you sadly miss the dear one from your side. Often I think of your visit to me since your bereavement. It was one of those seasons which leave a pleasant memory. I can see you now, as you looked then, the picture of calm, sweet sadness. My heart was drawn out in sympathy towards you. Yes, dear one, I know it all! Now this season reminds us of that spring-time when the earth seemed draped in mourning, and the sable pall was thrown over our hearts. Ever will our angel ones be missed from the loved circle of home. To you, and to the dear children left in your care, must come many a sad hour, many a heart throb. The heart when deeply wounded slowly heals. Yet kind heaven gives the value of life; the angel one draws near to whisper peace; and God's ministering ones who have not yet ascended, by their holy influence soothe the troubled heart.

Comforting indeed to the little band must be the thought of past years; that God so long had spared the loved one; that so sweet have been the memories of home; so precious his influence in educating for a life on earth and a life in heaven. By his holy life, though dead, "he yet speaketh;" and, oh, how many have listened to his kindly words, winning them from the downward path, up to the brighter and purer joys of heaven. Oh, that many by his example and teaching may find their way to the Better Land. Ever is he to be remembered as the faithful christian, and the ready and loved co-worker in the Sabbath school. May all the

dear children he could so interest, early follow his footsteps, and finally meet him in heaven.

Well might the national flag drape the bier of the noble patriot, who was its faithful defender. True man was he, seeking to maintain right, even at the risk of life; in his official relation manifesting the utmost interest in the physical wants and necessities of those under his charge, and yet having a higher object, and a nobler motive;—realizing their need of a preparation for life or for death, he sought to aid them in both.

O happy one! Earth cannot fully speak thy praise; in heaven is the reward of the faithful. And you, dear friend, have been called to part with one of the noblest and best. So prized in his home; so respected in the church; so loved by the dear children; so honored by his country! Long will the name of Major Soule be cherished by the Regiment over which he was commissioned to preside. One of its members in speaking of his excellence, made this remark,—“If Maj. Soule were to stop over night with his regiment to rest, he would organize a Sabbath school, have a prayer meeting and a temperance meeting.” That remark made a deep impression on my mind; it tells of such real worth and usefulness.

No wonder that our sweet invalid friend, who has so deeply sympathized with our country's noble defenders should so prize the memory of your precious one, who was so true to God, so true to all. No wonder that since he left you, her heart,

ever so tender and full of sympathy, should melt with pity for those he left. May God bless your little band, and that weary sufferer, who as the weeks and months roll on, almost forgets herself in blessing and comforting others. Blessings on all such, who join the angels in administering relief to those who mourn.

I know, dear friend, what a change comes over a home where a loved one is missed,\*—one so worthy of the heart's affections. But our earthly stay, at longest, will soon be ended, and short will be the time to prepare for heaven—the home of the blest. Now we gather the flowers to lay on the grave, the heart breathes its dirge, the wind whispers its requiem; but we can say, "Thy will be done," for we know that all is well.

Ever and truly,

MARIA.

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\* The writer of this letter had laid away in the grave a precious and only child, aged nine years; a child remarkable for the beauty and maturity of her life. Among her sweet sayings is a remark to her loving mother:—"You know mother, in the Spring, how the flowers bloom and the birds sing; I feel just so Jesus has taken my heart, and made it all new."

## XV.

## P O E T I C A L T R I B U T E S .

**A**MONG the many sources of consolation, not the least to the mourner are the tributes of affection which flow from sympathetic hearts. After the death of Major Soule, several poems were received by his friends, which gave them much comfort, and tended to soften their sorrow. The first inserted here is from the pen of Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, widely known as a writer, and whose recent works, "Captain Derby," "Life of Abraham Lincoln," "Field, Gunboat, Hospital and Prison," have been extensively circulated and appreciated.

## MAJOR SOULE.

BY MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

REST, Christian soldier! for the war is o'er,  
 The strife is ended with the victory gained;  
 Thy country needs thy loyal sword no more.  
 The Union hath to Freedom's height attained.

'Tis well that she no more hath need of thee,  
 For thou hast risen far beyond her call,  
 From sin and sorrow thou art truly free,  
 Holding amid the blest, high festival.



We lay our tributes at thy loyal feet,  
 We crown thy head with Fame's immortal bays,  
 We hail thee in those bonds so pure and sweet,  
 Which bind to God through everlasting days.

Soldier and Christian! long shall memory keep  
 Thy words of patriot zeal and holy faith,  
 Till those who listened, share thy last, long sleep,  
 And rise with thee victorious over death.

God shield thy lambs and guide them to his fold,  
 Blessing their spirits, aiding them to bless,  
 And prove His promise—better far than gold,  
 In caring for the lone and fatherless.

And when the silent boatman comes for me,  
 May I, like thee, depart with holy joy,  
 Launch, like thee, fearless, on the unknown sea,  
 And anchor where the bliss hath no alloy!

Till then, I'll cherish in my loyal heart,  
 The memory of thy noble, stainless life,  
 And while regretting thou should'st so soon depart,  
 With all true patriots, joy o'er ended strife.

Farewell, oh Christian soldier! sweetly rest  
 In the dear presence of the Prince of Peace,  
 Waiting until thou shalt be fully blest,  
 As death shall give thy loved ones their release.

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DIRGE.

( *Major A. B. Soule.* )

BY MRS. S. J. SOUTHER.

I.

Solemn and slow the church bells toll,  
 A warrior sleepeth now ;  
 The smile of peace is on his lips,  
 The death-damp on his brow.

## 2.

He's been where bugles sounded wild,  
Where shot and shell flew fast ;  
Where bayonet and flashing sword,  
Were madly o'er him cast.

## 3.

He trod the crimson war-path, bold,  
As eagles cut the air ;  
Nerved by a power omnipotent,  
Freedom or death to share.

## 4.

He girt his battle armor on,  
To wrestle for the right,  
For God, for Freedom, and for Home,  
Or perish in the fight.

## 5.

Solemn and slow the church bells toll,  
We bear him to his rest ;  
No more the tramp of coming foe  
Shall stir his loyal breast.

## 6.

His clear blue eye is closed above  
The light that in it lay ;  
Well may we weep that one so brave,  
So pure, should pass away.

## 7.

His burnished sword is sheathed for aye,  
His helmet cast away,  
His war-horse standeth riderless,  
Impatient of delay.

## 8.

O, these are stirring battle days,  
When brave men fall like rain ;  
When tender hearts must learn to know  
The mystery of pain.

## 9.

The Southern soil is drenched with blood,  
Wrung from our gallant braves,  
And where their dust unhallowed lies  
The tall, rank grass, now waves.

## 10.

For many, not a friend was near  
In death's dark hour to pray ;  
Only the mid-night winds swept by,  
In melancholy lay.

## 11.

O, let us thank the holy God,  
That yet a little while,  
We held *him* to our loving hearts,  
And drank his tender smile ;

## 12.

That he could tread once more the land  
He nobly died to save ;  
And breath his native air ; and sleep  
Where *love* could make his grave.

## 13.

Solemn and slow the church bells toll,  
Hush! there are angels by,  
To catch the perfume of his life  
And waft it to the sky.

## 14.

How well he died we all may know,  
Who marked the path he trod ;  
The narrow stair-way which he took,  
Leading direct to God.

## 15.

Toll out, toll out, the church-bells now,  
Unfurl the bright flag free,  
Until its starry folds shall sweep  
O'er every land and sea !

## 16.

Father, to Thee we lowly bow,  
 O, bid this tumult cease.  
 Until the war-cry sinks in prayer  
 And all is hushed to peace.

*Hingham, Mass.*

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The following beautiful lines are from the pen of a well-known and gifted authoress, whose poems have comforted many in sorrow, and inspired faltering hearts to renewed exertion.

## HIS GRAVE.

*In Memory of Major Soule—who "Died at Home."*

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

Lay him to sleep ;—the skies he loved  
 Guarding his rest ;  
 The green turf of his native hills  
 Above his breast.

Lay him to sleep ; no rebel foot  
 To loiter round,  
 Insulting with its haughty tread,  
 The sacred ground.

O grief be still!—we thank thee, Lord,  
 For boon so sweet,  
 That here, beneath love's shelter, rest  
 His tired feet.

That near his own dear home, the home  
 He died to save,  
 And not beneath a Southern sky  
 He found a grave ;

That love may come, and love may go,  
 At its sweet will,  
 Through summer's heat and Autumn's glow,  
 And winter's chill ;

And deck the spot, and make it bright  
 With holy cheer ;  
 A sacred shrine for pilgrim's feet,  
 The livelong year !

Then lay him down ;—his native turf  
 Above his breast ;  
 The sweet skies of the land be loved  
 Guarding his rest.

*Fitchburg, Mass.*

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MAJOR SOULE.

BY COLATTA.

Rest noble heart, thy work is done,  
 Sleep sweet on Jesus' breast ;  
 Nor clashing arms, nor battle cry,  
 Shall rob thee of thy rest.

When darkness overspread our land,  
 And day was turned to night,  
 Then thou didst stand in Freedom's cause,  
 To battle for the Right.

Thy name with praises then was breathed ;  
 Bright laurels decked thy brow ;  
 But not so sweet, or half so fair  
 As gems thou art wearing now.

Thy robes are of the purest white,  
 A crown of gold is thine ;  
 And in those realms of glory bright,  
 Thou shalt forever shine.

Sleep on, we would not call thee back  
 Though hearts are filled with pain ;  
 We'll be content, to know our loss  
 Is thy eternal gain.

*Manchester, Mass.*

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MEMORIAM.

*To the Bereaved Wife of Major A. B. Soule.*

BY MABELLE.

Poor stricken heart, turn not from one  
 Who brings no healing word ;  
 But let me fold you in weak arms  
 And raise the wounded bird,  
 Whose lonely nest reveals the loss,  
 Where gold was purified from dross  
 While bowing 'neath the heavy cross.

Life's chalice has been wet with tears,  
 Great griefs *my* soul hath known ;  
 The quivering strings that sorrow tuned  
 Still echo back the moan.  
 The ruins lying all around  
 Where idols crumbled to the ground,  
 Still vibrate with a mournful sound.

But from these ashes of the past  
 In beauty yet may rise  
 A glorious form, if we can pierce  
 With vision keen the guise,  
 And see revealed the living spring  
 That yet new life and joy will bring,  
 If once again we poise our wing,

And soar above the storm cloud low  
Whose wild and sweeping blast,  
Was like the Simoon's scorching breath,  
Where ships are anchored fast.  
We heard the billows loudly roar,  
And felt the storm would ne'er be o'er  
When lo! a rainbow spanned the shore.

On these dark waves of mountain height  
Our souls will breast the storm,  
Where Jesus walked alone, we have  
The shelter of His arm.  
How can we then shrink back with dread  
From thorns that pierced his blessed head,  
When by His hand our steps are led?

In grief we lay our offering down,  
Though but a sin-tried heart,  
And take the cross which still is His  
To bear the heaviest part.  
His blessed feet will go before,  
And when we reach the crystal door  
Our crown will be the cross we bore.

Your sainted husband still is near  
By love-cords sweetly thrown,  
He tries the drooping wing to plume  
And change the plaintive moan  
To songs of praise whose echoes ring,  
Where angel hosts their anthems sing,  
And blood-washed throngs, pure incense bring.

On all around, the cold, white hand  
That grasps the nation's life,  
We see, where'er the sunlight falls  
The shadow of this strife.  
God took your all in his great need,  
He knew the strong, brave heart would bleed,  
But he'll not break the bruised reed.

Then raise the garments soiled and worn,  
 Now trailing in the dust;  
 Go whisper hope to hearts bereaved  
 Who've lost their hope and trust.  
 If from their cheeks, you wipe the tear,  
 A glorious harvest waits you here,  
 From seeds you sow around love's bier.

The way seems dark for weary feet,  
 But still life's mission bide;  
 And keep the spirit's vision clear  
 To see your angel guide.  
 O wedded love that brought such bliss  
 And left sweet baby lips to kiss,  
 How much pure joy is merged in this.

He loved the tender little lambs  
 That gather round you yet,  
 They are the glory of your crown,  
 For love these jewels set.  
 Their baby hands may seem too small  
 To save you when your feet would fall,  
 But hold them fast, they're now your all.

*February, 1864.*

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### HOLD THEE STILL.

*Tenderly Inscribed to Mrs. A. B. Soule.*

BY MRS S. J. SOUTHER.

Though the troubled billows roll  
 Wave on wave across thy soul,  
 Jesus can each wave control;  
 Hold thee still.



Learn to know and do His will ;  
To suffer meekly and be still ;  
He thy cup of grief doth fill ;  
Hold thee still.

Though He wound thy spirit sore,  
Cling thou to Him all the more ;  
Learn His wisdom to adore ;  
Hold thee still.

Dark and dreary is the road,  
Yet the thorn-path must be trod.  
E'er the soul can mount to God ;  
Hold thee still.

All thy sorrows He will share,  
Only be thou strong to bear ;  
By the energy of prayer ;  
Hold thee still.

Let thy faith be strong and sure ;  
Strong in all things to endure ;  
While in Christ thou art made pure ;  
Hold thee still.

Hold thee still ; and mayst thou be  
From all touch of sin set free ;  
Jesus glorified in thee ;  
Hold thee still.

O, it is so sweet to lie  
Passive in His arms and cry  
Abba, Father, here am I,  
Holding still.

*Sunny Hill Cottage, March 1866.*

The following poem was forwarded from Eden Home, immediately after hearing of Major Soule's death. It was intended to be sung at the funeral, but did not reach Lewiston in season. It was read however, above his coffin, and touching allusions were made to the circumstances which led to the acquaintance of the deceased with the writer.

### THE CHRISTIAN HERO.

TUNE—*Shining Shore.*

We meet once more in God's dear house,  
Where we are wont to pray,  
And while we weep for one we love,  
His song is praise to-day.

CHORUS. For, oh! he's reached the Heavenly Land  
Where saints and angels sing;  
How feeble there must seem our song,  
The tribute that we bring.

But here no note of grief we raise  
Though great to us the loss;  
For when our Father gave the crown  
He took away the cross.

CHORUS. For, oh! he's reached the Heavenly Land  
Where pain is felt no more,  
Where weary nights are never known,  
Where trials all are o'er.

Then let us strive to follow him  
Whose meekness all could see;  
We shall if in his steps we walk,  
Be more, dear Lord, like Thee.

CHORUS. For oh! he's reached the heavenly land  
Where tears are wiped away;  
And when we pass death's waters cold  
His hand may lead the way.

Then let us consecrate our lives,  
All that we have and are,  
To God anew, whose grace we seek,  
Our heavy cross to bear.

CHORUS. For oh! he waits on yonder shore  
With angel hosts to-day,  
Who watch with eager eyes to see  
If we are on the way.

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“ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.”

The following lines were not addressed to Mrs. Soule; but as they were written by a familiar friend, and afforded consolation in the hour of sorrow, they are inserted here by the request of Mrs. S., with the hope that they will comfort other mourners. They were addressed to Mrs. Crockett, whose precious and heroic husband, Corp. William Crockett, fell on the morning of October 29, 1863, about one o'clock, in the gallant charge of that hour, by Hooker's corps, at the battle of Brown's Ferry, near Lookout Mountain. Mr. Crockett was a disciple whom Jesus loved. Tenderly affectionate and careful, he endeared himself to all, and precious testimonials of his worth, were sent from the battle plain, to her whose heart was crushed by the bitter bereavement. "The look of a christian and a hero beamed from his face," when the morning sun rested upon the faded form, from which the soul had quickly sped to the home of Jesus.

“There beamed a smile  
So fixed, so holy from that saintly brow,  
Death gazed and left it there.”

The reader may be interested in a brief extract from a letter, written to Mrs. Crockett, by Rev. J. S. Cushman, Chaplain of the 33d Mass. Reg. It is dated at Lookout Valley, Tenn., April 5, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. CROCKETT: \* \* \* A personal acquaintance with your dear husband, (for he is yours yet, as well as the Lord's) awaits me on the other shore of the better land. And yet I am acquainted with his character and influence; for such live on, are immortal. Many times have wicked men said to me, "Some of our best men fell on yonder hill; among them was Corp. Crockett. Capt. Johnson was another like him, and fell near him." I refer to the fact, so that your grief may be somewhat assuaged, from the thought that, though dead, or *departed*, (I like *departed* better,) he yet liveth and speaketh. The influence of a professed christian in the army is very great for good or evil. If he possess as well as profess Christ, then he can do far more good than at home. His comrades, even the most vicious, will not only respect, but love him; and will appreciate the kindness of the good man. Such, I think, must have been the position of your husband when with these men: such I know to be the influence he has left behind him. \* \* \* I have stood upon the place where your dear one fell. I have knelt upon the spot where his body sleeps, so soundly as only to be awakened at the reveille in the last morning, and when kneeling there, I did pray for you and your little one, and I

do know that that prayer was heard, and I believe answered. God "will care for your loved ones now." You have done what you could, giving your all; and now, and always, the blessed Master will do just as He has promised; will care for the widow; will be a father to the fatherless. Your husband sleeps his last sleep in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga, about three miles from Look-out Mountain. This regiment has a lot of land where those who have answered their last roll call in time, rest side by side. They will sleep well here, now that 'life's fitful dream is passed.' And though so far from the graves of other dear ones at home, we must say, 'It is well.' \* \* \* Oh, blessed rest! You would not ask that dear one back again, would you? Your loss is his infinite, eternal gain."

The poem to which we have alluded is entitled,

"ONLY A LITTLE WHILE."

BY MABELLE.

"I do not wish you to weep for me; only when you are able,  
*pray.*"

Oh! grief-tried soul—we will not weep  
For him, of thine own life a part,  
But we will pray that God's dear hand  
May comfort now thy breaking heart.

We see thee breast dark waves alone,  
Thy barque far out upon life's sea;  
Where moaning winds and driving storm,  
Have hid all trace of land from thee.

The tide is downward in its course—  
 The waning moon leaves such a dearth,  
 The waves ran high on which He walked  
 Who wore no thornless crown on earth.

The sun seems veiled in darkness deep  
 The wind and billows wildly roar ;  
 The heart so dead !—no power to feel,  
 But waits unshrinking, far from shore.

The earth looks dreary, cold and dark ;—  
 The leafless trees stand grim and still ;  
 The dry leaves rustle o'er the ground,  
 And breathe such cold unearthly chill.

This world seems but a yawning grave,  
 Her children martyrs at the stake !  
 Oh God !—how much the human heart  
 Can feel, and bear, and still not break.

Such is the garb, in which thy soul  
 Is clothed by death, poor suffering one ;  
 But lo ! we hear a pitying voice  
 Whose prayer was once, " Thy will be done."

An arm unseen is round thee, yet,  
 'Tis His who walked o'er Galilee ;  
 Look up, and see the bleeding hands  
 Once nailed on Calvary's cross for thee.

Mark where his saintly feet have trod,  
 And gaze upon the thorn pierced brow,  
 Then think that he, thy life's bright star  
*Is with this blessed Jesus now.*

Dear heart, oh say, why should we weep  
 For thee, though left on earth alone ?  
 Life's pilgrimage is very short,—  
 The goal is just before,—" March on."

The jasper gates will soon unclose,  
 Thy feet are drawing near the shore ;  
 Though round *thee*, wildly beats life's waves  
 They have no power to harm *him* more.

The peaceful rest of which he breathed,  
The calm and ever blessed sleep,  
Is known through glad fruition now,  
Where angel eyes will never weep.

He laid his life on Freedom's shrine  
The gift was sanctified and pure ;  
Thank God, that one so dear to thee  
Was counted worthy to endure.

Gird up thy loins the harvest waits  
For thee to reap through shadows dim ;  
And when thy master calls thee home,  
What glorious sheaves thou'lt have for him.

## XVII.

## THE BROKEN HOME.

**A**ND now the story is told. We have gathered the fragments of a life, that was, seemingly, all too brief, and the tributes that affection and respect dictated. We have followed the man of God as far as the river—the silent river—and there we must leave him. No, not there, we may look across, and catch glimpses of the white robe, and the victor palm. We may almost hear the song of triumph and glory.

Dr. Cheever says, "There is a land Benlah, in the christian pilgrimage, where the faithful soul can sometimes almost see and travel with the white-robed spirits;" and though the remark has reference to the season, when the soul is nearing the eternal city, or is drinking deeply of the fulness there is in Christ, we think it likewise applicable to the time when one goes hand in hand down to the Jordan's brink, with a loved friend. Then faith lifts the curtain, and gives glimpses of the glory revealed to the newly released spirit, and for a time the soul of him who tarries, dwells on the very verge of heaven.

Beautiful indeed is the faith that thus brings



hidden things to view ; that comforts and sustains in an hour that would crush with its weight of agony without it. A faith that covers even the grave with fragrant and fadeless blossoms.

The eye beholds the death-struggle ; the ear catches the farewell ; but faith hears a glad welcome on the other side. The eye gazes on a pale and faded form, but faith sees the ransomed soul, clothed in the garment as white as the light, and standing before the throne, and in the presence of Jesus.

“ One moment,” says a recent volume,\* “ is the sick room, the next, the paradisiacal glory. One moment the sob of parting anguish ; the next, the great deep swell of the angels’ song. Never think, that the dear ones you have seen die, had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think that after they left you they had to traverse a dark, solitary way, along which you would have liked, if it had been possible, to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. You did so if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You did bear them company into God’s very presence if you only staid beside them till they died. The moment they left you they were with Him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the loved one was with his Saviour.”

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\* Recreations of a Country Parson.

The following poem of great beauty and comfort gives expression to the same belief, and cheers the mourning heart with the thought that one brief step only, brings the soul to its Father's house, and the many-mansioned home.

#### HEAVEN.

O Heaven is nearer than mortals think,  
 When they look with a trembling dread  
 At the misty future, that stretches on  
 From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,  
 No brilliant but distant shore,  
 Where the lovely ones who are called away  
 Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the mighty veil  
 Of mortality blinds the eye,  
 That we cannot see the angel bands  
 On the shore of eternity.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought,  
 To the thirsty soul is given,  
 The power to pierce through the mist of sense,  
 To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,  
 And sweet its harpings fall,  
 Till the soul is restless to soar away  
 And longs for the angel-call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,  
 When the veil is rent away;  
 Not long and dark shall the passage be  
 To the realms of endless day.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour  
 Will open the next in bliss;

The welcome will sound in a heavenly world  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends  
To the arms of the loved and lost;  
And those smiling faces will greet us then,  
Which here we have valued most.

With heaven so near, with so many loved ones forever there, it is not strange that the soul sometimes grows restless to soar away, or finds it sweet to be in the border land, waiting for the angel-call.

The sufferer of Eden Home, frequently alluded to in this volume, when in the border land, expecting every hour to pass through the gate of pearl, too weak to hold a pencil, dictated to a loving one at her bedside the following sweet stanzas, which can not but be treasured as a precious token, that the border land is indeed a Beulah, where the waiting spirit may drink of the rivers of infinite pleasure.

#### WAITING.

It is sweet to wait in the Border Land,  
Where the world is so hushed and still;  
With a song of praise and a heart resigned  
To the All-wise, Infinite will.

It is sweet to feel the furnace blast,  
Though the flames may wildly roar,  
If the soul can rest on its tired wings,  
And sing till the pain is o'er.

It is sweet to see the Refiner's face  
As he purgeth the gold from dross;  
And hear His tender, pitiful words,  
"I have borne for you the cross."

It is sweet to go when the Master calls,  
If your work is all well done ;  
It is sweet to rest when the day is past  
If that rest has been fairly won.

It is sweet to stand on the river's brink,  
So close to the other side,  
That you see the loved who are coming down  
To cross with you the tide.

It is sweet to live for the dear ones here,  
Each sorrow and joy to share ;  
It is sweet to think, if the master calls,  
How soon they will join you there.

O, thus would I wait with sandaled feet  
All ready and willing to go ;  
With humble hope through the blood of Christ,  
I shall all this sweetness know.

But our loved ones go from us, and months and even years go by before we hear our summons to join them. These days of waiting, though filled with the comforts and consolations of religion, are often very sorrowful. Paradoxical as it may seem, the heart may rejoice, and yet be so crushed that the world will lose its power to charm, and seem as naught. The light of home is gone out. There is a vacant chair ; a place unfilled. The home is a broken home ; and though the pitying Saviour breathes his words of love, heaven only will satisfy the longing of the heart.

The home from which Major Soule was carried forth to come back no more, was from the hour that he passed out from it, a desolate home ; yet

through heaven-imparted strength, the bleeding heart could rejoice that it was well. The cry was :

“Why should I murmur; for the sorrow  
Thus only longer lived would be;  
Its end may come, and will to-morrow  
When God has done His work in me.  
So I say, trusting, as God will;  
And trusting to the end hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely,  
Afflictions glowing fiery brand;  
And all his heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted by a Master's hand.  
So I say praising—*as God will*,  
And hope in Him and suffer still.”

One source of comfort around that sorrowing hearthstone, was the writing to and receiving letters from the suffering friend of Eden Home whose sympathy had ever been so gratefully received. From letters to her we catch glimpses of the early days of grief. The widow writes :

LEWISTON, March 7, 1864.

My very dear Mrs. ———. I have not until now, ventured to use my pen; but I must to-day talk with you. You may be surprised when I tell you that I am happy. I am called a *widow*. I am a widow. It is stamped on every thing I see.—But to-day I feel that I am the wife of an angel. Yes, my dear husband is an angel, praising his God as he never could in this world. I am sad and truly bereft, I sometimes feel, of all that made life desirable; the sharer of all my joys and sorrows; one

whom I loved, O, how I loved him ! yet I cannot think too much, for he was worthy of all my love. But I fear he was my idol, and I did not love God the most, and so God has broken my idol. God did it in love.

My dear friend I am not used to the yoke, and sometimes I fear my heart will burst with grief. It was a heavy affliction for the first one, and O, for grace and submission ! I am indeed in the furnace but he who prepared it stands ready to temper the heat and regulate the flames. The same dear Saviour who called my dear husband home, stands by with grace and comfort for me. O He has been so kind, so full of pity. I cannot open my bible without finding some fresh comfort. \* \* \*

Monday evening. O my dear friend, you do not know how much I have missed my dear Alfred today. It seems as if my heart would break when I think that year after year will pass, and I shall not see his dear face, or hear his dear voice. O God ! help me to submit. And yet heaven seems nearer, and the Saviour dearer than before. A few years of loneliness here,—ah, what is it compared with the glory of the other world ! \* \* \* O it is so sad to disturb the dear home he has improved for me, and where we have been so happy together. But when we get to the mansion above—the home he now occupies,—there will be no more parting or sighing to dread, and no death to separate. \* \* Cease to mourn, O my soul ; let thy sadness be turned to joy ; for the prospect of heaven should make one to rejoice.”

Again at a later date, she writes :

“ God is kind to allow you to administer such cooling draughts, to check the heat of the furnace. I have reason to say hourly, that God is good ; yet my selfish heart mourns the loss of the dear one, on whom I have so long leaned. One to whom I have clung, as the vine would cling to the oak ; one who was always ready to cheer and encourage. O, Mrs. ——— must I live without him ? Can I ? Hush, my soul, there is strength above. It is given to me ; thank God, and I no longer repine. Let me arise and work for others ; work for my Master, forgetting self and loneliness. Heaven does seem nearer and the Saviour dearer to me than before. He afflicted, and I know, therefore, that he loves me. I am happy. I am happy when sad. Tears will flow ; but they are sacred tears, and the Saviour sympathizes with me ; for He, too, wept.”

Again the pen of the widow records the sorrow of her broken home.

“ I have been absent two weeks, and our little family has been separated. Yesterday we gathered again in our home, but all did not come. O, it seems so sad to see the vacant seat, and to think of the absent one still so dear. Yesterday I went to the place where the dear form sleeps. The willow was stripped of its leaves, and the mound was hardening. It saddened my heart.”

Other gleanings we give from letters that bear traces of the sorrow that time cannot heal: They may find an echo in some sorrowing heart, and give consolation.

“When I *look up*, I see my happy home. That, Mrs. —, is *our* home. There is my Saviour, my sainted Alfred, and many who were dear to me. \* \* \* I fear that was a sad letter; for my heart was then bleeding afresh. But God said, “Let there be light,—and there was light;” light that dispelled the sorrow from my heart. O, Mrs. —, I have so much to thank God for. Eternity will be none too long.”

“I have felt too sad to use the pen; but I will try and not feel so any more, when my dear Alfred is so happy. O I shall see him again! He is with me often—I know he is; and he leads me upward with him. O happy soul. Forever with his God. Angels are his companions; *he* is an angel, and my dear husband still. I shall be with him soon, and with my dear Saviour also. How unworthy I am; but Christ loves me; and has prayed for me, that I might be with him, where he is.”

“God is indeed a Father to the fatherless and a God to the widow. How shall I praise him for his goodness! O Mrs. —, if ever I get to heaven, then can I thank and praise in Heaven’s own language.”



“Henry and Emma are very happy, and have been singing all the evening; but the music seems sad to me, for *one* voice I do not hear. But a voice from heaven seems to say:

“I have found the joy of heaven;  
I am one of the angel band.  
To my head a crown is given,  
And a harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing  
Whom Jesus hath made free;  
And the glorious walls on high still ring,  
With my new-born melody.

Then why should your tears roll down  
And your heart be sorely riven;  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in heaven.”

To a sorrowing family, perhaps no days are so fraught with sadness, as anniversary days. The new year, the birth day, the bridal day, the dying day, as each returns, year after year, the scenes and events of the past are lived over again; and the tears will flow at every fresh memory of the loved and the lost.

As the Christmas, following the death of Major Soule, approached, Mrs. Soule wrote:

“My dear little ones are very happy in thinking of Christmas; and I love to see them so; but they little think how my heart aches, as I think of the

last Christmas, and of the dressing gown I made so secretly to place on the tree for my dear Alfred. Alas! he needed it but a little while; and then changed it for the robe of whiteness."

After the day had passed, Mrs. Soule again wrote to her invalid friend. The remark of her little son, to which she alludes, is touching and beautiful.

"You were very kind in your weakness to think of us at Christmas. For many reasons it was a sad day to me; but my little ones knew not the sorrow of my heart. For this I was glad and with them I was happy. They thought of their sainted father, and after our little prayer meeting, which we have every night, little Henry said, 'I suppose papa is as happy every day, as we are at Christmas. Don't you think that he, and all the angels get nearer to Jesus, Christmas, than other days?'"

The dealings of God are often mysterious. The language of the German poet, is the experience of many a pilgrim:

"He comes and lays my heart all heated,  
On the hard anvil, minded so,  
Into his own fair shape to beat it  
With his great hammer, blow on blow;  
And yet I whisper—*As God Will,*  
And in his mighty hand hold still."

But a few months after the home of Major Soule had been broken and desolated, again the shadows

fell upon the little group. First the father of Mrs. S., then the mother, and then the younger brother of Major Soule were called to the eternal world. Each affliction caused the fresh flow of tears, and served to keep alive the keenness of the first grief. When the father was called higher, Mrs. S. writes:

“ My dear father went to his heavenly home, on the anniversary of the day that my dear husband was restored to my open arms.” And a little later she says: “ I wish to visit the home of my childhood ; but it will seem so sad to go there, and not find my dear father. But he is gone home, and, like my dear Alfred, is with the Saviour. Why should I feel lonely and sad without them. I know they are happy with Christ in glory ; and my loss, though words cannot express it, is as nothing, when I think of their gain. The veil sometimes seems thin that separates us, and we shall not be long divided. By and by we shall be with Jesus, perfectly happy, free from sin. Glorious thought, and true.”

Previous to visiting her early home, Mrs. S. wrote :

“ I leave this afternoon to visit the home that I shall find saddened by the absence of the dear father that I have always loved, but who, when he left us, seemed dearer than ever. How hard he tried when my dear husband died, to make the dear

children and myself, forget our loss, or at least to be resigned to it. O, my angel father, you are with my sainted Alfred now, and I am left to mourn the loss of you both."

When the aged mother heard the angel-call, the bereaved daughter wrote from her lonely home :

"Another tie is broken. I have looked on my dear mother's face for the last time. O, Mrs. —, it was so hard to lay her away ; but I felt she was with the dear Saviour, my dear Alfred, and my father. What have I to live for, but my little ones. Thank God they are spared, otherwise life would be a burden."

When father and mother were gone, the old homestead, passed into the hands of strangers. "I have visited the home of my younger days for the last time," wrote the sorrowing child, "for it is now gone into other hands."

The brother of Major Soule, died in his early manhood. Mrs. Soule says :

"I was called to Lawrence last Tuesday, on account of the sickness and death of my husband's youngest brother. After two days' illness poor Frank was called away. The wound in my heart seemed opened afresh, and the tears would flow. He was a kind, noble fellow ; he loved to be spoken with, when dying, of eternal things. God has taken him, a just God, and this is our consolation."

Major Soule wrote letters of admonition and entreaty to his brothers. One of these we quote here :

LEWISTON, ME., May 20, 1862.

Dear Brother —— : It is sometime since I have written you, or heard from you. We are all enjoying the best of health as usual. Capt. Bisbee was here last Saturday. He says Frank is failing ; he is liable to pass away at any moment. Indeed, this is true of us all. We know not what a day may bring forth ; we only know that death will sometime claim us, whether we are prepared to meet our Judge or not. It is a matter of trifling importance when it claims us, if we are ready. The longer I live the more strange it seems to me, that intelligent and thinking people will neglect the salvation of their immortal souls. My dear brother, are *you* still putting it off? If so let me entreat you to do so no longer. Have you the shadow of an excuse? Pause a moment, and ask yourself if it is an excuse that will avail anything at the Judgment. Is it because you are afraid of what others will say of you? Christ says, "Who-soever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the son of man be ashamed." Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing christians? I confess with shame that my own life has been far from what it ought to have been. Forgive me, if it has had a sad effect on you. I weep over my life, and offer fervent prayers. In my closet do

**I ask my heavenly Father to forgive me. Do not let that excuse keep you back longer. "Every man shall give an account of himself to God."**

**The longer I live the better can I appreciate the sacrifice which Christ made for us. The more beauty can I see in the Gospel which he revealed to us ; and though I have followed him afar off, like Peter, I would not yield the peace and joy I have, or the hopes of a glorious immortality, for the wealth, honor and pleasure of earth.**

**I have faith to believe that you will think seriously of these things. When I bear you on my feeble prayers day after day at the mercy seat, I have had faith to believe that God would answer these prayers.**

**O, —, will you go to your closet and pray for yourself, and your family, and friends ? Will you come to Christ *now*, just as you are, and accept his offered mercy and pardon ? Why delay another moment. Remember your dear children and praying wife ; remember that you desire to meet them all in that land of pure delight, an unbroken family. Would you have those darling ones go to the Saviour ? Then go before them and lead them on. "Now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation." "Turn to the Lord who will have mercy upon you, and to our God who will abundantly pardon."**

**We have had a precious revival here for three weeks past ; beyond any thing I have ever seen. I think it is safe to say that not less than seven**

hundred have found Christ precious to their souls. They are men and women and children, from all classes, and all occupations. We thank God that we have reason to hope that Emma is among the number.

Please write and speak freely on the subject that I may know how you feel. I know you wish to be a christian, and I hope you will write, and tell me that you are one.

Yours truly,

ALFRED.

The revival alluded to in this letter is the same spoken of on the thirtieth page of this memoir. Rev. Edward Payson Hammond, the Evangelist, labored with the people, and his efforts were abundantly rewarded. Many souls were saved who will be as stars in his crown. Major Soule's efforts in the daily meetings held at that time, and his conversations with the converts, were among his last works before he left Lewiston for the army. His heart was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of kindred and friends; and the letter above quoted, came from his heart, then freshly baptized with the Holy Ghost. Before he went to the army, he received a reply to this letter, stating that the brother addressed had erected the altar of prayer in his family, and that he was indulging the hope that his feet were turned heavenward.

To the very close of his life, Major Soule's interest in every good work was manifest. His latest

labors were in behalf of the Freedmen, and when the lips were sealed in death, and the ever ready feet bore him no more among the people, others finished this work that he had begun.

After the death of Major Soule, an incident came to the remembrance of his wife, the memory of which was a ray of light in the broken home.

During his residence in New York city, and before his family removed thither, Mrs. Soule visited her husband.

“It was the first time,” writes Mrs. S., “that I had journeyed in the boat alone. I usually feared danger upon the water, but I thought then, ‘God’s power is not limited, and I am, therefore, secure.’ I was sick most of the way, and required constant attention, and the boat was long delayed by the heavy fog. We were so long in going that I somewhat feared that my dear husband might not meet me. As we neared the landing I looked anxiously at the crowd to catch a glimpse of his dear face; and there he stood, gazing earnestly for me. His large round eye met mine, and as I saw his smile, and the waving of his hand, I need not tell you I was happy.

“My life now is like that night’s journey. I am on life’s rough sea alone! *Alone*, did I say? No. I told Jesus that I could not breast the storms alone, and a blessed voice seemed to say, ‘Lo, I am with you alway.’ And I am constantly looking



toward the shore, and I seem to see my dear Alfred watching for me."

"I have been reading of your journey to New York with tears," writes a friend, "and the tears still freely flow as I think of that joyful meeting. And the eye of faith beholds the *future* meeting on Mount Zion, and I want strength to praise aloud! Yes, my precious friend, he is waiting for you there, and I know your eyes will again meet, when your feet go down to that shore, where my own are now standing."

If the unknown author of the following poem had read the foregoing touching circumstance, the beautiful stanzas could not have been more appropriate. It is dated "Concord, N. H., May 23, 1864."

Were Major Soule permitted to speak to his loved ones, would not his yearning heart find expression in similar words :

#### I'LL WATCH FOR THEE.

I'll watch for thee up there,  
 Within the pearly gate,  
 I'll stand among the seraph band  
 Who at the portals wait.

And as the ransomed throng  
 With palms of victory come,  
 And pass the everlasting doors  
 To gain their heavenly home,

I'll mark with eagle eye  
 The radiant spirits blest,  
 And gladly welcome every saint  
 Into the promised rest.

But when *thy* soul is freed  
 From earthly toil and pain,  
 And wings its flight to enter in,  
 With all the blood-washed train ;

With bounding heart and hand  
 I'll sweep my golden lyre,  
 And rush to greet and welcome thee  
 To heaven's rejoicing choir.

Then will we sing the song  
 With blended voice above,  
 The song we used to sing on earth,  
 Of Jesus' dying love ;

We'll gather round the throne,  
 Our blest Redeemer's seat,  
 And cast the crowns He bought for us,  
 Adoring, at his feet.

And with ten thousand more,  
 All purchased with His blood,  
 We'll swell the echoing anthem strain  
 To Christ, the Lamb of God.

Then wait and suffer on  
 A few more years below ;  
 Sing yet awhile the songs of earth,  
 Though I from earth must go.

In Heaven I'll wait for thee,  
 Whilst thou art toiling here,  
 My heart will still be joined to *thine*,  
 I'll watch for thee up there.

And may we not believe that the "angels of our beloved" not only wait for us "within the pearly gate," but are also in some way permitted to minister to the sorrowing ones below. Our poets cherish the thought in sweetest verse ; our Bible

speaks of the "angels who minister to the heirs of salvation," and our own hearts cling to the thought, and it brings deepest consolation.

Among the poetical selections, designed to console and comfort, that found their way to the broken home of which we write, there was one entitled "The Angel of the Beloved." It was selected from the Religious Monthly, and was written by Mrs. Lincoln, some of whose pieces are gathered into the Hymns of the Ages. The poem is one of rare sweetness and beauty. Hearts that have known the bitterness of bereavement will be touched by it, and will treasure it, as did the family of the subject of this memoir.

#### THE ANGEL OF THE BELOVED.

BY MRS. S. B. LINCOLN.

An angel knocketh at the door,  
The same sweet face I've seen before;  
All busily I sit and sew,  
All fondly group the home ones few;  
Scarcely the faintest breezes move,  
We feel the breath of holy love.

The angel glideth to our side,  
To her pure presence open wide,—  
The inmost souls of all within;  
She sits again where she hath been;  
Do we not know and feel her near,  
The beautiful, the wept, the dear?

Sweet love dispels our sadness now,  
No shadow dims the radiant brow;  
From sunny lands in yonder home,  
To stricken hearts she here hath come:

We listen to the thrilling tone,  
The silence answers—" 'Tis her own."

" Bear up in patient, cheerful faith,"  
The gentle spirit, joyous, saith ;  
" Those ye call dead, love not the tears,  
With which the mourning cloud their years,  
But hovering o'er the grassy sod,  
Point upward to the living God.

Labor, and trust, and plant the flowers,  
Of peace, and hope, o'er life's swift hours,  
Making a link both strong and true,  
Between my new-born life and you ;  
My own immortal, happy state,  
Where, o'er my love, I watch and wait.

Bend humbly at the holy shrine ;  
Drink in a stronger life divine ;  
A consecration high and pure ;  
Love that through ages shall endure ;  
And make my memory evermore  
A life and light within your door."

Lo! oft she sits beside us now,  
And wipes the anguish from our brow,  
And opens sunlight and sweet peace,  
Lets beauty in as tear-drops cease ;  
And fills our cup with hope and joy,  
Which earthly ill can ne'er destroy.

*Hingham, Mass.*

Better far than angel presence is the holy company of Him who folds the stricken ones of earth gently to his bosom. " Lo, I am with you alway," were his words. We are assured that he is with us, and that he will " never leave or forsake." Many a broken home is lighted by his presence.

When most needed he is present. When tears flow, he is near to wipe them away. Earth's most treasured ones cannot always be with us; they may be far distant, or they may go over the river to the "land that no mortal may know." Friends who wipe away our tears to-day, may be wept over, themselves, to-morrow, and have no more the power to soothe our anguish. Melancthon was pierced to his very soul as he wept over the shrouded form of his boy, and remembered that in days gone by, when once the father wept, that the child came and wiped away those tears with his little napkin. Death cannot separate from the Saviour. He abides with his people, and his sympathy is precious.

#### THE SYMPATHY OF JESUS.\*

The sympathy of Jesus! who  
That ever sobbed one sorrowing moan  
On some kind bosom, fondly true,  
Some human bosom like our own,  
And felt how much those lips close pressed,  
That hand close clasped, could calm our fears,  
Can turn to his far tenderer breast  
Without a gush of thankful tears!

The earthly breast on which we lean,  
May have its separate griefs to bear,  
Griefs, though unspoken and unscen,  
Yet rankling all the deeper there;  
Its faltering strength may scarce sustain  
The torture of its own distress;

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\* Author unknown.

And still we add our burdening pain,  
Unconscious how the weight may press.

But He whose human feet have trod  
Earth's hills and valleys,—He who knew  
No sympathy but that of God,  
Though linked with all that craved it too,  
Knows all our yearning, all our need;  
Yet strong to bear our utmost smart,  
He loves to feel the throbbing head  
Close laid against his pitying heart.

To think that on the throne of thrones  
He wears our lowly nature still!  
To think that midst the loftiest tones  
That through the eternal mansion thrill,  
Earth's humblest pleader he will hear,  
Though only tears his anguish tell,  
That sobbing voice falls on his ear  
More sweet than Gabriel's ever fell.

Then sorrowing spirit take the grief  
Thou ne'er to mortal couldst disclose,  
And he will give thee sure relief  
Touched with the feeling of thy woes.  
And thou shalt understand how sweet,  
How filled with more than human bliss,  
How dear, how tender, how complete  
The sympathy of Jesus is.

The mourner has occasion to test the sympathy of the Saviour, and finds it to be exhaustless. Never weary is Christ of binding up the bruised and bleeding heart, and bestowing consolation. He it is that lifts the curtain and shows us the glory of heaven. He it is who brought the glorious tidings of the life to come, that takes away the keen agony of parting, and robs the grave of its sting. His

hand opens wide the gate of the Eternal City, and we gaze in upon its joys. We hear His voice saying, "Blessed are they who enter in through the gates into the city," and our hearts give a glad response, and we wipe away the tears that fall. In that holy place we behold a great and ever increasing company. Friend joins friend, and they walk there hand in hand forever. The mother finds her babe, and will never again see it go from her arms. The child meets its parent, and unceasingly enjoys its smile. No farewells are there in heaven; no broken homes. The wail of the mourner is hushed, and the heart is at peace. Glorious place of re-union. Never can stricken hearts be grateful enough to Him who not only comforts and sustains in this life, but also in the life to come brings together in the unbroken circle, those who are parted here.

When Major Soule was dying he said to his wife: "It will not be long, and we shall be together again, and the children will soon follow." The thought of the future re-union cheered his dying moments, even as it cheered the broken circle he left behind.

It is said of the Adriatic fisherman that as he turns the prow of his boat toward the hazy headland, he pauses now and then on his oar and listens to hear the song of those who at the sunset hour wait for him on the shore. As he catches the echo of those tuneful lips his glad heart gives back a response; and that, in turn, borne back again

to the waiting ones, sends a thrill of pleasure through their souls.

Ye who tarry below, while your loved ones are gone on before, listen to catch the notes that come now and then from the eternal world—and let your spirits give back a glad response. So will you increase the joy of your saints in bliss, as they thus learn that you are coming nearer and nearer to that world, where there are no Broken Homes.



## HE SLEEPETH.

BY MIRA.

We leave thee now, to take thy rest,  
 With folded hands upon the breast;  
 Thy march is o'er, the victory's won,  
 Sweet be thy quiet rest,

Sleep on.

The flowers bud to deck thy bed,  
 The willow droops above thy head;  
 And summer-birds with requiem-song  
 Break not thy slumber deep,

Sleep on.

Sleep on, the long unbroken sleep;  
 The closed eyes no more shall weep  
 O'er fallen hopes and loved ones gone;  
 We joy to see them still,

Sleep on.

No more shall sounds of war and strife  
 Arouse the noble heart to life;  
 Thou didst run well—now duty done,  
 The tired limbs can rest,

Sleep on.

The riven heart that thou hast left  
 Is aching so; but though bereft  
 Of prop and staff, the stricken one  
 Would wake thee not, but sighs,

Sleep on.

Thou art not dead—the Master saith,  
 "He sleepeth"; and with ready faith,  
 We wait the coming of the morn;  
 Friend, soldier, husband,—sleep,

Sleep on.

*Mendon, Mass.*



## A P P E N D I X .

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**I**T is the desire of the family of Major Soule that extracts from the letters received by him in the army from the invalid friend frequently alluded to in the Memoir, should appear in this volume, and selections are therefore made. She who penned them in hours of great weakness and suffering, did much to comfort the soldiers who "counted not their lives dear," if so be they might save their country; and many a patriot yet lives to bless and praise her, and many a martyred soldier remembers her without doubt on the heavenly hills.

### SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS TO MAJOR SOULE.

"Major A. B. Soule :—Your letter came to a sad home. It found many an anxious heart hovering around my bed, where prayer was going up to our Father, that the "cup might pass." God was very merciful; my life was still spared, and I trust, con-

secrated to him who can see the end from the beginning, in a new and everlasting covenant. O, I wish to be wholly His, and have the witness in my soul that He is mine for time and eternity. Dear Jesus! He is precious to me, and all His promises I can claim with a faith that does not waver; a faith that is willing to trust him to lead me, and to have no choice by what path I reach home at last. How I love to think of Christ, not only as *my* Saviour, but as dear to so many who still love to serve him here, and are now doing his work, just where Jesus calls them. And I know, my friend, that *you* belong to that glorious company. It is a thought of joy; my heart is glad every time I think of you, (far away from your dear household treasures though you are,) for I know you are doing God's work; and I doubt not that you will receive an exceeding great reward in the last day. Then you will find that the precious seed sown by the wayside, has been springing up, and bearing fruit for the garner of God. Continue then to sow beside all waters.

Your dear, praying wife,—how my heart turns to her day by day; and I long to take her hand, and thank her in the name of Christ, my Divine Master, for the sacrifice she has so cheerfully made for God and her country. She wrote us a most excellent letter, and I have never yet been able to read it without tears. It is a noble tribute from her heart, which she has rendered to us all, and we are grateful to her for it."

“How little I thought the day that I met your train, that it was bearing away those for whom a life interest would be awakened in my heart. How strange it seems to me now that God should have had such a blessing in store for me. Now I wish to see you, and to feel that I have looked upon your face, and have heard your voice on earth.”

“You are now in a more responsible situation than ever before ; and I hope the grace of God will be sufficient for you. Not only are the lives of the men in your command committed to your sacred keeping, but also their *souls*. Be careful, my christian brother, that not one of them shall say, ‘No man careth for my soul.’ I have no doubt that God has a work for you in the army, that could not be accomplished, if you had remained at home. And now my feeble prayers shall be offered up in your behalf, that God will make you an instrument of great good, to all with whom you associate. Be watchful and careful of the morals of your men ; see to it that you return them to their homes and friends better men than when you accepted the solemn charge. Far better would it be, that they should lay down their lives in their country’s service than live unworthily. The blessing of God be upon you all is my heart’s sincere desire.”

“This trial has not been without its blessing, and I found it sweet to tell Jesus all about it. I was

willing to lay down pencil and paper\* if this was His will ; though the use of them has been a great comfort during my suffering days. When God sends a trial, he has in reserve all the needed strength to bear it. We have only to go to Him and ask, and we receive. How blessed this is. And when we know what a comfort it is to us to bestow a needed gift upon our dear children, in compliance with their request, I think we comprehend in a feeble degree, how Jesus loves to have us ask for all that we want.

“ O 'tis a blessed thing for me  
To need his tenderness.”

“ Rest ! O, what a precious word ! How much it implies ; not only rest from the pains of earth, but from sin and temptation ; from all that can separate us from the love of Christ. How blessed it will be to see His dear face and hear him say,— ‘ Come ye blessed of my Father.’ And if those words are addressed to us, how we shall wish we had never grieved or wounded Him.

I want to be wholly His ; I want to be made like Him ; and if I can be, I will not complain of the way which He takes to do it. But, dear friend, I could not keep back the tears when I read your strong, hopeful words about my *patience*. I am not as patient under suffering and trial as you think

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\* The writer had been suffering from an inflamed hand, and was unable to hold the pencil.

I am ; and if you could see my heart as Jesus can, you would know that grace has a great work to do there yet. True, my dear ones write you that I do not complain, but I fear sometimes the reason is to be found in the exercise of judgment, and not in my entire submission."

"The tired brain and wearied heart  
Have felt alike the fire,  
That God has kindled round me here ;  
And still is growing higher.

But if at length He finds pure gold,  
Where all has seemed but dross,  
His own dear hand will lead me forth  
And take away the cross."

"O, what a precious faith ours is that penetrates the veil, and sees into the future. Blessed land of light and happiness ; blessed home of the redeemed. How sweet it must be to be there, with our garments made white, and pure in Jesus' blood, and a palm of victory in our hands, and hearts attuned to the music of heaven. But we must not wish to lay down our armor till our work is all done, and we are prepared to enjoy the rest that remaineth for the people of God. When our Father has no further use for us here, and we can better serve him above, he will send His blessed angels with the joyful news that we are needed in our promised house on high. Now we must wait, or work, or suffer as His blessed will may be. I have always found it harder to suffer God's will than to do it.

But I have no complaints to make. If I could I would not turn my lips from the cup which my Father has prepared for me with a loving hand."

"I was rejoiced to hear that your underground railroad was in good working order. Remember that every shackle you strike from the fettered slave will bring you an exceeding great reward. It is God's work and now no hand can bid it stay. We, as a people, are not doing our duty in this crisis; we are not willing to give to the colored race the rights that belong to them, and if we do not do it, God will not bless us and restore peace to our nation. I shudder when I think how just God is, and that he will require this strictly at our hand."

"Your tender and touching allusion to our sweet little Lillie was grateful to us all. God bless you for it. Dear little Lillie! She is with Jesus now. She can look at Him when He takes her in His arms to bless her, and she can tell him how well she loves Him, as she used to tell us that she loved us every hour of the day. She had a little loving heart, and manifested her affection in an uncommon degree. How closely she had twined herself about us all, the still bleeding hearts can tell. I long to see her and hear her lisping, "Suffer little children to come unto me!" This was one of her favorite texts, and I often wonder now if there was a feeling in her heart that Jesus would take her home early. Dear lamb of Christ's flock; now so safe with the tender shepherd. I love to think



of her there with my blessed baby Clarence. How rich I feel sometimes as I think of my treasures there, where no rust will dim their beauty, and no thief steal. God be praised,—is the language of my heart every hour of my life, that he has provided for us a home where we can meet and enjoy his presence forever and ever.”

“ God bless you in the parting so soon to take place between you and the men now in your care. It is a solemn thought that the record is soon to be sealed up and met again in eternity. But I know that you have tried faithfully to discharge the solemn obligations resting upon you, and it is with a full heart that I go to God, and beseech him to accept the work of your hands, and give you many of these precious souls as seals of your faithfulness. The sacrifice of all your own wishes, comfort and happiness, was to you I know, a great one ; and the approving smile of God has not been withheld from you or your dear ones.”

The following paragraph is selected from the last letter Major Soule ever read from this friend. One later was sent but he was too near the eternal world to be able to peruse it.

“ I trust the new year has found you with the whole armor of God on, ready for service. Souls are precious ; they are going to judgment, and God grant that their blood be not found upon your garments. The Saviour is precious to you, and his work you love. Keep your face, my dear

brother in Christ, toward the city of our God, and soon your feet will stand upon the shining shore, and you will hear your Father say, 'Come ye blessed!' Joyful hour! Wait for it."

The last letter that reached Lewiston before the death of Major Soule, was directed to Mrs. Soule :

"How anxious we all are about your dear husband; and how precious God's promises are to us. We can leave him with One who loves you all with an everlasting love. The dear Saviour will be very near in all your midnight watches, and will listen to your feeblest cry. We trust that your precious little band will long be an unbroken one; but we will try to pray, 'as God wills.' He knows what we all need, and will choose the only path that will lead us home to glory. How we shall wonder and adore when the light of eternity reveals God's plan. Let us work while the day lasts, for the night is fast approaching."

This letter says, also:—"I am still in the furnace of suffering. When God leads me forth I trust I shall be purified from every stain, ready to do his bidding." All the letters from which extracts have been made, were penciled on a couch of suffering, and days and sometimes weeks elapsed before one was completed. But these fragments will show that the heart and soul were engaged in the service of God and our land. Did the writer of these letters know that these extracts were to be published,

she would shrink from having them appear. But they were written to a soldier, and he read them to other christian soldiers, he re-read them around his own hearthstone. They did good, and they may yet do good by being read by the friends who knew and loved the good man for whose eye alone they were first penned.

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The first letter written by Mrs. Soule after her husband entered the service contained the quotation given below, and elicited the following

I M P R O M P T U .

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. SOULE.

“When this war first commenced I felt very sad for those who were giving up their friends, though in so holy a cause; but in my selfishness I prayed that my quiet, happy home might not be disturbed, for I felt that it was more than I could bear; but God saw that it would not be best for us to answer this according to my wishes, but He has given me strength for the sacrifice: and our Father who careth for the sparrows, will watch over my dear husband, and unite us again in this world, if it is best, if not I know he is prepared by the grace of God for that mansion of blessedness, and there I am hoping to follow him, unworthy as I am.”—*Extract from a letter of Mrs. Soule.*

How oft we go to God in prayer  
 For what we think we need;  
 And not to claim His promised word  
 That He His Lambs will feed.  
 We want to find some easier way,  
 And in our blindness thus we pray.

But if the angels waiting near  
 Should bear this prayer on high,  
 The shining host above would grieve,  
 If God should heed our cry.  
 For though from mortal ken concealed,  
 The end, to them, is all revealed.

To us a mystery here their work,  
 Since he alone can give  
 The grace to meet each coming ill,  
 While here on earth we live.  
 But if we take that loving hand,  
 He'll lead us to the Better Land.

And when we reach the "Shining Shore,"  
 Where we our home can see,  
 The cross we bore—the way we came  
 How plain it all will be!  
 Then praise alone, our theme and song,  
 That God denied us what was wrong.

But now, my friend, your work is here,  
 Our country needs you still;  
 To cheer that brave and loyal heart,  
 Who has his place to fill.  
 And though to hold him was your prayer,  
 Thank God he has been faithful there.

Then be as watchful to your charge,  
 Guard well his dear home fold,  
 From which he turned at duty's call,  
 To cope with traitors bold.  
 While his brave deeds will win him fame;  
 Be this your joy, to bear his name!

God bless, and comfort his sad heart,  
 As on that autumn day,  
 When guardian angels were sent forth  
 To greet him on his way,  
 And breathe a prayer that those so dear  
 Might meet again in safety here.

And if it is our Father's will  
 That precious life to spare,  
 And give him back to wife and babes,  
 Then this shall be my prayer—  
 With hope to clasp him by the hand,  
 When these dear ones beside him stand.

Now, as I turn to his "sweet home,"  
 Where loved ones for him pray,  
 I do not dare upon that shrine,  
 My simple tribute lay!  
 But will you take, dear friend, a part,  
 Though coming from a stranger's heart.

*Lillie's Home, Boston.*

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TO MRS. SOULE.

The crown your blessed husband held,\*  
 Is waiting now for me,  
 But ere he lays it on my brow,  
 What can I do for thee,

To throw one ray of heavenly light  
 Around thy future years;  
 To gild with joy life's weary way  
 Which may be gemmed with tears.

God will direct in His own time,  
 His ways are always just;  
 And when He leaves us in the dark  
 It is to teach us, *trust*.

Take thou His hand, and He will lead:—  
 Though earthly ties are riven,  
 The missing links in love's dear chain  
 Will all be found in heaven.

*Eden Home.*

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\* Reference to a dream.

## THE WINTER WREATH.

*(Lines attached to a Winter Wreath for his grave.)*

Dear mother Earth, upon thy breast,  
 We lay this wreath with gentlest care,  
 To hide from tearful eyes thy face,  
 Which looks so dreary, cold and bare.

We know that Spring will clothe anew  
 This precious grave, with living green ;  
 But we would rob thee of thy gloom  
 Through all the months that come between.

God bless the sorrowing hearts to-day ;  
 And pity those who live to weep ;  
 May each dear one awake with Thee,  
 When they lie down in dreamless sleep.

*Thanksgiving Morning.*

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In reading the letters directed to Major Soule, the compiler of this volume found a poem entitled "The Patriot's Grave ;" and it seems an appropriate ending for this book, which is the memorial of a soldier and a true patriot. The stanzas were written as a tribute to the memory of the young and gallant Hervey Dix, who died bravely, in a victorious conflict with the enemies of our country, at Kirksville, Missouri. He was connected with the Third Iowa Regiment, and his last words were, "The Third Iowa never surrenders." He fell August 19, 1861, aged 23 years.

Major Soule loved these lines, and when they were set to music, he sung them with his family in his own home ; and mention is made of them in one of his letters to the lady who penned them. And

now that he too sleeps in a "Patriot's Grave," we may read them appropriately over his resting place.

### THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

BY MABELLE.

Oh! Autumn dear, we welcome thee here,  
For we want thy beautiful leaves  
To strew on the ground, and cover that mound  
Where the whispering wind now grieves.  
We will come, we will come from our leafy home  
And a bed there so warm we will make,  
While the trees will stand as a sentinel band,  
As our way to another we take.

Oh! moon above, from your home of love,  
We pray thee look lovingly down,  
For the soldier sleeps, and the nation weeps,  
Though he weareth a victor's crown.  
With joy I will shine on so pure a shrine,  
As the faithful soldier's grave,  
And to kiss the bed of your glorified dead  
Is the boon I so tenderly crave.

Oh! stars so bright, in your home of light,  
What part are ye willing to bear?  
Shall your watch be as pure, and strong to endure  
As the soldier's we place in your care.  
We will guard them well, and the angels will tell  
How true we have been to our trust;  
For a holy band will evermore stand  
Where sleepeth such sacred dust.

When the snow flakes white come down so light  
To rest on the earth here again,  
We know they will spread o'er our martyred dead  
Their snow-wrought counterpane.  
We soon shall fall, and will cover all,  
Is the answer we hear from the snow;  
And will weave for your dead, a soft white spread  
That will crown it with green when we go.