

The following extract, from the Harrisburg Telegraph, refers to young PHARES MAINE, formerly of Kelly Tp., Union Co. Pa., whose death we copied a few weeks since.

A Happy Case in Camp Curtin.

The subject of this communication belonged to one of the drafted companies. He was a young man of delicate health, and not by any means suited to the fatigues and exposures of camp life. Yet he considered it his duty to make the experiment, and do what he could to vindicate the authority and honor of our Government. With patriotic zeal, therefore, he left his home, with all the endearing ties of kindred and friends, and entered upon the duties of a soldier. These duties, and the exposures consequent, however, proved too much for his strength. His health gave way. He contracted a cold, which threw him into a fever. At this time I became acquainted with him in one of the hospitals. His father and mother, together with his wife, who had an infant child, were watching over him with the deepest and most tender solicitude. O! how closely their affections entwined around him, and how keenly did they sympathize in his sufferings. The parents were uniting in their efforts to make him comfortable. The young wife wept bitterly. They had an intense desire to see him quickened by the Spirit of God, that he might die a happy and triumphant death.

His mother said to me, "Now you talk faithfully to him. When he saw you conversing with some of the men in the other part of the room, he requested us to ask you to come and talk with him. Do all you can to help him, for we do not know how it will go with him."

I asked the young man if he had any interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. He said he had been a professor of religion three years, but that he had no satisfactory evidence that he was a child of God. I said to him, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—that will relieve you." The mother responded, "Yes, Christ is all—you must trust in him, my son." The father responded also, "Yes, my son, Jesus only can save you." "Oh," said the mother, "as no one but a mother can say, 'I want to see him blessed before he dies.' The tears flowed freely, as the water from a fountain poured full. "My God," she said, "bless my soul, and I believe he will bless my son also." Then she said, with a strong voice, "O! I sometimes feel as though I could kneel right down here and pray aloud for all these poor sick men, that they may be blessed of God. God has blessed my soul, and why will he not bless them also? I have sometimes felt so happy that I could jump that high!"—at the same time holding her right hand about two feet from the floor.

The flame kindled up in his heart. We ran into a free and happy conversation on the experience of God's love on the soul. The father, mother and myself unconsciously raised our voices, when the young man was too weak to bear so much excitement. The mother's feelings were too strong to confine them to the words of the ward master, "I want him to talk to my son; he is my boy, and I love him better than any other child can. I wish him to do all in his power for him. I am not afraid his conversation will do him any harm." We gave heed, however, to the admonition, but not before we had some evidence that there was a great and favorable change in the feelings of the young man. No doubt God blessed his soul at that time.

Was not this the result we might expect? There was a father and a mother united in the desire and in the prayer that their son might receive the full salvation of Jesus Christ. Their hearts were full of interest in their duty.

The eye was full of tears, the countenance bright with feeling, pleading as Jacob did that God would bless and save their son. Every expression of these parents indicated a firm and sweet reliance on the goodness and mercy of God. I never was in a happier place in my life. I could say with Jacob, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I know it not."

The young man gradually failed, and in a few days he died. He died a happy death. One man said to me, "I never saw a happier person, and a few hours before his death he sang,

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