

clined ; and now I can go to Jesus with my full senses."

During the time that I was cutting through the flesh Charley never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone, he took the corner of the pillow in his mouth, and all I could hear him utter, was, "O, Jesus ! Blessed Jesus ! Loving Jesus !" but he never groaned.

I handed the leg to the steward, and told him to place two wardmasters beside the bed, and anything Charley wanted to give it to him ; and if he called for me, no matter what time of night, to let me know.

I passed through the hospital at two o'clock that night. Charley was sleeping sweetly.

Five days after he sent for me. I saw that he was going fast. "Doctor," he said, "I am going to my Saviour ; but before I go I want to thank you for your kindness to me. You have been very kind, and now I want you to stay and see me die. You are a Jew, and do not love my Jesus ; but while you were cutting off my leg I prayed to the Lord to convert your soul."

O how these words went to my heart : "While you were cutting off my leg I prayed to the Lord to convert your soul !" But I could not stay to see him die. I had not the courage to stay and see a Christian boy die, rejoicing in the love of Jesus, whom I had been taught to hate. I left him, and Charley died.

I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier ; but last year, while at a prayer meeting, an old lady