

steward told him it was the Doctor's orders, he said, 'send the Doctor to me.' When I came up to his bed side he took my hand in his, and looking me in the face, he said, 'Doctor I have a Saviour whom I trust. He is my stimulant, and He will support me while you are taking off my leg.' I then asked him if he would allow me to give him some brandy, as he had lost much blood, and required something to stimulate him while under the painful operation. Again he looked me in the face saying, 'Doctor my father died a drunkard and when I was three years old my mother knelt by my side every morning, with her arms around my neck, saying, Charlie, I am now praying to Jesus to keep you from ever knowing the taste of strong drink.' I am now more than nineteen years old, and do not know the taste of wine or spirituous liquors. And now, as I am about to go home to Jesus would you have me go with brandy on my stomach doctor?"

"The look the boy gave I shall never forget. At the time I hated Jesus but I respected the boy. and when I saw how he loved and trusted his Saviour to the last, there was something touched my heart, and I did what I never did before for any soldier. I said, 'Charlie, do you want to see your chaplain?' 'Oh! yes, sir,' he answered. I sent for Chaplain R. and when he came he knew the boy. Those Chaplains know all the Christian boys.

"Taking the soldier's hand, the Chaplain asked, 'Well Charlie, how is it?' 'I am all right sir,' he said.

'The doctor wanted to give me chloroform. I declined that. Then he wanted to give me brandy, I declined that too, and now I can go to Jesus with my full senses.' 'You may not die, Charlie,' said the Chaplain, 'but if you do, is there anything I can do for you when you are gone?'

"Taking a small Bible from under his pillow, and handing it to the chaplain

he said, 'Send this Bible to my mother, and tell her I have never missed praying for her every day, and asking God to bless and keep her, on the march, in camp, wherever I might be I have always remembered to pray for my mother.'

"Is there anything else my boy?" said the chaplain. 'Yes, write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sunday School, and tell him that the kind words and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten, the many prayers he has offered in my behalf have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now in my dying moments, I ask God to bless him. That is all. And now doctor, I am ready, I promise you I will not groan, if you will not put me under the influence of chloroform.' I promised, but I had not the courage to take the knife in my hands to cut the boy's leg, I was obliged to go into the next room and take a stimulant to nerve myself to my duty. While I was cutting through the flesh Charlie never groaned, but when I took a saw to separate the bone, he took the corner of the pillow in his mouth, and all I could hear him utter was, 'Oh, Jesus! blessed Jesus!' but he never groaned.

"I passed through the hospital at two o'clock that morning, and Charlie was sleeping sweetly. Five days after he sent for me. I saw 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."

"Oh, how those 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