

WORDS OF A DYING SOLDIER.

TWO or three times in my life God in His mercy touched my heart. Twice before my conversion I was under deep conviction.

I was a surgeon in the Union army during the war, and after the battle of Gettysburg I had twenty-seven or twenty-eight soldiers in my hospital, who had been wounded in the battle and required amputation—some their legs and some their arms.

Among these was a young man, who refused to have the chloroform administered. When the steward told him it was the doctor's orders, he said: "Send the doctor to me."

When I came up to his bedside 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."

At that hour I hated Jesus, but I respected the boy; and when I saw him loving and trusting his Saviour to the last, there was something touched my heart, and I did what I had never done before for any soldier. I said: "Charley, do you want to see your chaplain?" "O 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, Charley how is it?" "I am all right sir. The doctor wanted to give me chloroform. I declined that. Then he wanted to give me brandy. I de-