

extend it without bending, that he might walk ; but he fell back in the effort with a heavy fall that jarred through him like a stab ! He then thought, " I can roll." And over and over, in pain, he rolled in blood, and over dead bodies, until he fell against a dying man, and there he preached Christ, and prayed, At length one of the line officers came up and said :

" Where's the chaplain ? Where's the chaplain ? One of the staff officers is dying."

" Here he is, here he is," cried out the suffering hero.

Well, such an officer is dying, can't you come and see him ?

" I cannot move. I have just rolled up along side of this dying man to talk to him."

If I detail two men to carry you, shall they do it ?"

" Yes."

They took him gently up and carried him. And that livelong night these two men carried him over the battle-field, and laid him down in blood beside bleeding, dying men ; and he preached Christ to them, and prayed. He had to look up then, brethren ; he could look no other way from that position, not even into the face of the dying ; and with God's stars shining down on him, and heaven bending over him, he had to preach Christ and pray.

#### THE SWEARER AND HIS BOY.

A man, in an agricultural district, who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen, not working to suit him, he began to whip them severely, at the same time uttering a volley of most horrid blasphemous oaths. The oxen breaking loose from their burden, ran to the house, while the owner in a passion pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began to whip them again, and to swear as dreadfully as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this, than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, and sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect, that he found no rest to his mind, day nor night, until his sins were forgiven, which took place a few weeks afterwards.—*British Workman.*

#### DR. PAYSON.

A fine illustration of Dr. Payson's tact is recorded. At the instance of the females in the family of a distinguished lawyer, Dr. Payson was invited to tea. The lawyer had pre-determined the utter exclusion of religious conversation and services from his house on that occasion, and as evening passed, rallied all his powers to fence such unwelcome matters out. Dr. Payson saw at once his object, and determined to foil him. He had in part succeeded, when tea was announced—not in the usual form, at a table, but by the appearance of a servant with a waiter to carry the tea round. Quick as thought, the Doctor, turning to the lawyer, interposed the question : " What writer has said the devil invented the fashion of carrying around tea to prevent a blessing being asked ?" " I don't know," replied the baffled lawyer, " what writer ; but if you please we will foil the devil this time—will you ask a blessing, sir ?" The blessing was of course asked, and at the close of the evening, the Scriptures read, and prayer offered—all at the request of the master of the house, who had pre-determined their exclusion.

A man may go to heaven without wealth, without honour, without learning, and without friends ; but he cannot go to heaven without Christ.