

THE DRUMMER BOY AND THE JEWISH SURGEON.

DURING the civil war, I was a surgeon in the United States army; and after the battle of Gettysburg, there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital. Among them were twenty-eight who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once—some whose legs had to be amputated; some, their arms; and others, both their arm and leg.

One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service; and being too young for a soldier had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon and one of my stewards wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him that it was the doctor's orders, he said, "Send the doctor to me."

When I came to his bedside, I said, "Young man, why do you refuse chloroform? When I found you on the battlefield, you were so far gone that I thought it hardly worth while to pick you up; but when you opened those large blue eyes, I thought you had a mother somewhere who might at that moment be thinking of her boy. I did not want you to die on the field, so ordered you to be brought here; but you have lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, therefore you had better let me give you some."

He laid his hand on me, and looking me in the face, said:

"Doctor, one afternoon, in the Sabbath-school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust him then; I have been trusting him ever since, and I can trust Him now; He is my strength and my stimulant; He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy, but this he also refused.

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I

respected that boy's loyalty to his Saviour, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wished to see his chaplain.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the answer.

When Chaplain R— came, he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer-meeting; and taking his hand said:

"Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this condition."

"Oh, I am all right, sir," he answered. "The doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now if my Saviour calls me, I can go to Him in my right mind."

"You may not die, Charlie," said the chaplain, "but if the Lord should call you away, is there anything I can do for you, after you are gone?"

"Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible. In it you will find my mother's address; please send it to her, and write a letter and tell her that since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's Word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital."

"Is there anything else that I can do for you, my lad?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes, please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sabbath-school, Brooklyn, N. Y., and tell him that the kind words, many prayers and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten; they have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now, in my dying hour, I ask my dear Saviour to bless my dear old superintendent; that is all."

Turning toward me, he said, "Now doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg, if you will not offer me chloroform."

I promised, but I had not the courage to