

I cannot dwell on the details ; but step by step the poor fellow rose from the condition of a beast to the heart and bearing of man. Being at length put in charge of a signal station on Mount Pitt, the highest point on the island, Anderson's delight was extreme. He, who had been chained like some wild monster to a lonely sea-rock, felt himself a man again ; and, dressed in sailor's costume, he soon regained the bearing of a man-of-war's man. A desperado once, now tamed, subdued, "clothed and in his right mind," he was to be seen cultivating flowers in his patch of garden, where the best potatoes on the island were grown, and whence many a freshly-dug basketful was, in token of gratitude, carried to Captain Maconochie's house. "What smart little man may that be?" asked Sir George Gipps, pointing, as they drove through the beautiful scenery, to a man who was tripping along in trim sailor dress, full of importance, with a telescope under his arm. "Who do you suppose?" replied the Captain ; "that is the man who was chained to the rock in Sydney Harbor." "Bless my soul, you do not mean to say so!" was the astonished rejoinder. It was Anderson.

One can fancy they can hear God saying, as he bends over him, "This my son was dead, and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found ;" and adding, as He points us to this noble triumph of wisdom and Christian kindness—to the wanderer brought home, the lost one saved—"Go thou and do likewise." The soul of the lowest criminal is as precious and immortal as our own. It was bought at the same price, and redeemed on the same cross ; and as God instructed the Israelites to be kind to strangers, because they themselves had been strangers in the land of Egypt, besides humbling our pride, it should awaken our sympathy on behalf of "convicts," to reflect that we all are convicts by the law, and in the sight of God. "Judgment"—I quote the words of inspiration—"has come on all men to condemnation"—"death has passed on all men, for that all have sinned." The long-suffering and mercy we ask God to extend to us, it surely becomes us to show to others. Only to hang, banish, and imprison convicts ill-becomes those who have sinned more against God's laws and love than the worst convicts have sinned against theirs. The best of us are monuments of long-suffering mercy ; and other grounds of hope have none but these : "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth ; who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

### Throw dat Coat away.

In his precious work called "None but Christ," Dr. Boyd recalls the following instructive anecdote :

A poor negro slave in the West Indies was led, under the preaching of the gospel, to feel himself a lost, undone sinner. He had been a very wicked man, drinking and swearing, and giving vent to his wild passions ; yet the same night in which he was convicted of sin, he believed in Jesus, and at once found peace. His master was awakened under the same sermon ; but as he had lived outwardly what men regard as a very good, moral life, his proud heart rejected the finished work of Christ, and set about trying to save himself. This went on for about a month, and the poor Phari-see was becoming more wretched, when he resolved to have a conversation with the happy negro, and the following accordingly took place :

"Sam, you are happy!"

"Yes, Massa, I be," he said with a face beaming with joy.

"Well, Sam, said the master, "I have come here this morning to find out what it is that makes you happy. You know, Sam, you and I first began to think about God the same night, more than a month ago ; and you, though you were such a bad fellow before, seemed to find peace at once, while I, who have always been what the world calls a good man, have been going on in darkness and sorrow ever since, and it seems to me I only grow worse. It is a great mystery, Sam, and I don't understand it."

"O, Massa!" said the poor slave, "it ain't no mystery at all to me, 'cause you see dat's the berry reason. Sam was such a bad fellow, and hab on such a dirty, ragged blanket, that when God called him he knew it wasn't fit to go 'fore God in, so he trow it right away, and den God put on him the robe of Christ's righteousness ; and den, of course, when Sam had dat on, he couldn't help being glad and full of peace. But massa hab on a real good coat and he did not like to throw dat away, for he thought if it was fixed up a little it would do to go 'fore God ; so when he sees a dirty spot he says, 'O, I'll wash dat !' and when he see a hole he says, 'O, I'll patch dat !' and so he goes on, trying to make his old coat do ; but it nebber will, for God wou't receive massa in dat coat, no matter how much he fix it up. But if massa will only trow dat coat away, and let God put on the robe of Christ's righteousness on him, den massa can go in 'fore God and not be 'fraid, but be happy like poor bad Sam."

The slave paused and looked at his master, as if to see the effects of his bold language. A smile broke over the master.