

time, I did not like the army, and deserted. I was apprehended and flogged. I deserted again. I was betrayed by a companion, apprehended, and am now sentenced to die. When I came to this loathsome place, I was as dark and as ignorant of God as it was possible for any sinner to be. I meditated vengeance against the person who had informed on me and against my judges; and I thought that I would be amply revenged, if I could but escape from my place of imprisonment; but, when left alone to my own reflections, I thought of the Sunday school at Nottingham, and, all at once, the instructions which I received there flashed upon my mind. I wept—I prayed—my heart was broken—and I found my way to that Saviour who had so often been named in the school to which I refer; and, blessed be God,” said he, “he has manifested his love to my heart, and saved me from the fear of death.”

The time came when he was led forth to be shot. When we arrived at the place of execution, his conversation, and the whole of his proceedings, told the tranquillity of his mind. He knelt upon his coffin—prayed for himself, for his regiment, for his mother, if still alive—and expressed himself in terms of confidence and hope. The commanding officer appeared deeply affected, and evidently, felt much reluctance in performing his painful duty. At length, however, in a tremulous voice, he said, “Make ready! present! fire!” and, in a moment, that interesting soldier lay a bleeding and lifeless corpse.

Now here was bread sown after many days. That Sunday School teacher at Nottingham had no idea that he had done any good to this young man; when he left the school, he had no hope concerning him; and yet the seed, which had been scattered in Nottingham, produced glorious fruit in a West India dungeon. The conversion of a child seems to be but a little matter in the estimation of this world; yet he who succeeds in converting a child, performs a greater work than he who saves

a city from the plague, and a country from an invading foe. Yes, he gives a moral impulse to society, which may be felt, in a few years, at the very antipodes, and, at last, appear in ten thousand happy spirits before the throne of God.—*Teacher's Offering.*

JANE L.—

Jane L.—was beloved by all her associates in the Sunday school, she was so kind and gentle in her manner; and, though a scholar, yet involuntarily she taught as well as learnt; and one of the first lessons she taught was *punctuality*. She was never known to be too late at school, but uniformly, as we one by one took our accustomed seats, we found Jane in her place before us, quietly studying her Bible. Another lesson which Jane taught her school-fellows by example, was *diligence*.—Jane loved the Scriptures, and she used to search them as a mine where hidden treasure was to be found; nor did she search in vain: “They that seek me early,” saith the Lord, “shall find me.” And this blessed promise Jane realized; she found the pearl of great price, and, in other words, she knew and loved the Saviour; and one blessed result of this knowledge was love for the souls of others. Jane had pre-eminently a *missionary spirit*.

There was an incident in Jane's connection with the Sabbath scholars which made a deeper impression on their minds than perhaps any other lesson which her example set forth. Two or three of the girls had met one Saturday at Jane's home to enjoy a pleasant chat together, and so it was that the conversation turned on what young people often like to talk about—their hopes and plans for the future: “How I wish I were fifteen!” said one of the little group “for then I shall have much more time to do what I like than I have now.” The others expressed wishes of a somewhat similar kind; but Jane remained silent and thoughtful, till at last one of the party exclaimed, “And