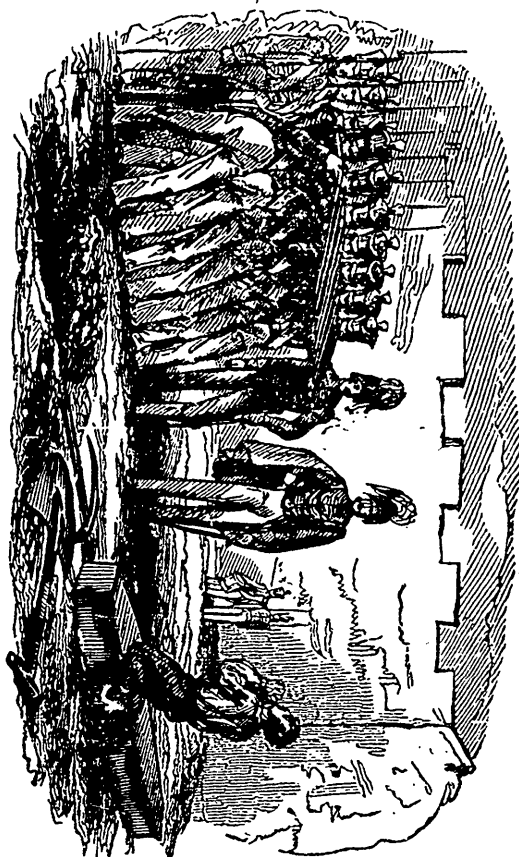


## CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

When I was in the West Indies, writes a missionary, I heard of a poor soldier who had been condemned to die, and I wished to see him in his cell. On applying to the gaoler, he allowed me to do so, on condition that I should be enclosed in the dungeon during the intervals of meals, for some hours. That, in a West Indian dungeon, was not a

very agreeable thing. However, as I had a sincere desire to talk with this man, I submitted to the condition, and was shut up with him. I began to inquire about the state of his mind, and, to my astonishment, he went on to detail, in a most interesting manner, how he had found his way to the Redeemer. Knowing that no pious person had visit-



ed him, I wished to be informed how he had obtained his light; when he gave me the following narrative:—

“Oh, sir,” he said, “I was a scholar in a Sunday school at Nottingham. I was a very bad boy, and was expelled from the school twice, in consequence of my conduct. I cherished evil prin-

ciples in my heart, because I was an exceedingly dissipated young man. In a fit of intoxication, I enlisted as a soldier, and, in a few days, left my native land. Soon afterwards, I was sent out to this country; and I fear my conduct has broken the heart of my widowed mother. After I had been in this country some