

gathered round the well to see him throw himself in. He threw himself in, and sustained little or no injury. This was the last action of note done by him prior to his conversion. Such was the man!

There was a chapel on the works, built at the expense of S. M. Feto, Esq. I had a house contiguous to the chapel, and was engaged there as I now am at Doncaster, in supplying the railway men with spiritual instruction. On wet days, when the men were unable to work, they would take shelter in the chapel, and I used to speak to them. It kept them from the public-house. It was the day after the circumstance just alluded to, that G— M— came in with the rest of the men. It was the first time he had been. He looked, as I was speaking to them, exceedingly sorrowful. After having addressed the men for about half an hour, I had some conversation with him alone. I had often conversed with him before. He has said, "I try to do better, Sir, but my inclinations are to many for me." He listened this time as he had not listened before. He wept. He talked freely. He said, "I have lived a strange life. The rest of us I have made I have as often broken. I always do worse after resolving to do better. I don't know what to do." I persuaded him, first of all, to go and get comfortable lodgings, instead of sleeping in the bridge—put on the work, where he had slept for several weeks; and he did so at once. I invited him to attend our night school, and learn to read and write—for he could do neither—and he accepted the invitation, and came. I told him that it was a matter of deep regret to me, that he did not attend a place of worship on the Lord's day, and asked, "Why don't you come?" His answer was, "I should like to come, Sir, but I am disqualified." "Disqualified?" I said; "why so?" "I have no clothes to come in," was the reply. I observed, that he did not mind about fifteen or twenty hundred people, or more, seeing him in the open air, and I could not see why he should mind four or five hundred people seeing him inside a building. He was among the men in the congregation on the following Sabbath. The text preached from was, "Praise ye the Lord." I am not aware of having said any thing specially striking; but God seems to have taken the cause and the sinner into his own hands. After the service he came to me in great distress of mind. "Oh, Sir," said he, "I think my heart will burst." I enquired into the cause of his uneasiness. He said, "I have found out what never came into my mind before, that I am a great sinner, and that I am going to hell." I sat down and entered into conversation with him at some length. The arrow of penitential sorrow was evidently fixed in his soul. In one view, all the black catalogue of sins—sins committed by him since the commencement of his more profligate career—all, all flashed across his mind. Conscience—that representative of heaven—waked up like an armed man. He felt, and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The discovery began just where it ought to begin. I tried to lead him to Jesus. I explained to him God's short way of saving sinners. I prayed with him and I prayed for him. He went away, and carried with him all his load of sorrow.

When left alone I was the subject of hope and fear, with respect to the result of G— M—'s present anxiety of mind. It must be, I thought, the work of God; and the thought dictated the prayer—O Lord, carry on thy work and finish it! Then I could not but entertain the fear—perhaps he may be suffering some temporary punishment for some excess to which he has run, and when that punishment is removed, this penitence, real as it may seem, may pass away like the morning cloud. This, however, was not the case.

On Monday, and every night during the week following, he came to converse with me. He told no one else. He concealed from his associates, with whom he wrought, the cause of his sorrow. They supposed him to be unwell, and some suggested the propriety of calling in medical advice.

"I cannot work," said he, "and I dare not go to sleep, lest I should wake in hell." In this state of indescribable mental anguish he passed ten days. Never have I witnessed a case where the power of conscience was so great. The only tear I entertained, after the first day or two, was, that he would destroy himself. Not a single ray of hope could be got into his mind.

He still came. It was Wednesday night. I shall never forget it. "I fear," said he, "that God does not mean to save me. I must be lost. My sins! my sins! You see, Sir, they are not like other people's sins. My case stands alone. Nobody has been like me. I cannot be saved." I assured him that the penitent, self-condemned, self-distrusting, helpless, and believing soul has no cause to fear acceptance at the hands of God. The self-righteous and boasting Pharisee, who desires to stand before God on the ground of his own merit, and not on the merit of Jesus Christ, may fear but not be penitent. He still feared that his present state of mind was but the prelude to more intense pain in the fires of perdition. Wishing to impress upon his mind that God had thoughts of mercy towards him, I presented to him the case and conversation of Manoah and his wife. "If the Lord had been pleased to kill us, . . . he would not have told us such things as these," I said, "if God had meditated your destruction, he could have accomplished that in a thousand ways, and instantaneously. If he had meant to have destroyed you, he would never have convinced you of sin,—he would never have given you such a view of yourself as he has given you of late. The design of God, in giving you such a view of sin in general, and of your own sin in particular, is, that he may show to you the greatness of his mercy in your salvation from such a depth. There can be no doubt of that at all." He understood what was said, and the Divine Spirit applied it to his heart. He exclaimed—"I see it, Sir! I see it, Sir!" God spake peace to his soul. His fears were all gone. He had the assurance that his sins, which were many, were all forgiven him. He went away rejoicing in a pardoning God. Much had been forgiven him, and he loved much.

He no longer concealed the state of his mind from his fellow-work-men. He told everybody he met with what God had done for his soul. The change produced in his character and conduct became the subject of general talk among the men; and, strange as it may appear, not one of them ever attempted to ridicule him on account of his religion. He now constantly attended the house of prayer on the Sabbath. He was often to be heard singing the songs of Zion. His external appearance rapidly improved. He lived much in prayer. He kindly and modestly offered caution and advice to any of his companions who happened to be doing wrong. He would frequently, in the evening, go out into the fields alone to meditate. He prized very highly "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and "James's Anxious Enquirer;" but above and beyond every other book he valued his Bible, and often have I seen him reading that precious book while the big tear has run down his sun-burnt face. He became a new man. Such was the christian!

The Grace of God can melt and change the hardest and most depraved heart, as well as the blood of Christ can cleanse from the foulest sins. Is anything too hard for that grace? It met this man a drunkard; but it did not leave him a drunkard. It met him a swearer; but it did not leave him a swearer. It met him a Sabbath-breaker and a fighter; but it did not leave him such. It changed his heart, and thus purified and regulated his outward man.

May he long live to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour.—*The Appeal.*

WATERLOO AT NOON, THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were ly-

ing. The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewn with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire arms and broken swords, all the variety of military ornaments; lancers caps and highland bonnets; uniforms in every color, plume and pennon, musical instruments, the apparatus of artillery, drums, and bugles; but! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field!—each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony of the misery of such a battle. . . . Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, and its desolations, for the object of their love. Mothers, wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. . . . In many cases the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, when exposed for hours to the murderous fire of the French battery.

Outside, lance and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen in the bootless essay, by the muskets of the inner files. Farther on you traced the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered: Chasseur and Hussar were intermingled; and the heavy Norman horses of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the grey chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and tiralleur lay side by side together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.

On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead and trodden fetlock deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard, pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been decimated. Here, in the column, that favored corps on which his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen.

In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard, when the middle battalions had been forced back, attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally. Here the British left, which had converged upon the French centre, had come up; and here the bayonet closed the contest.—*Maxwell's Victories of the British Army.*

For the Young.

THE CORN AND THE THISTLE.

"There is a kernel of corn. How hard, and dry, and old it is! I wonder if it is good for anything." "Oh yes, it is good to plant; it looks old and withered, to be sure, but it is alive for all that; put it in the ground and see if it will not sprout; there is some thing living in that hard kernel, enough to make you rich."

"This little kernel make me rich!"

"Yes; plant it, it will come up and bear four years, perhaps; each ear may yield two hundred kernels; plant all these kernels again, and you may have one hundred and thirty hills of corn; what was only one hill the first year will be one hundred and thirty hills the second year, and so on, until in a few more years you will have plenty of corn to eat, enough for your pigs and hens, besides a great deal for the market—so much is snugly wrapped up in the inside of this kernel. A whole field of corn!"

"Why, it is a precious little kernel, a good little kernel! it is worth a great deal."