

it only make my load heavier. Oh ! it make me feel so bad ; I see nothing in de Bible for me, but hell and destruction. It said, de wicked are turned into hell, dat dare is no peace to de wicked ; and I know I was wicked. It just pour its curses right on my head. Oh ! I was now so miserable, I thought if de Bible won't make me happy, what will I do ? I go now and wander in de woods, and go on my knees behind de trees and pray ; but it was no praying. I did not want to be where other people was ; I did not like to hear them laugh ; and when dey swear, makes me feel so bad. When my brudders and me were in de field ploughing, I would go to de other side of de field from them. I would plough awhile, and den go into de woods and pray ; but it was no praying. My brudders now thought I was crazy—dat de fall on de tree had turned my head. I keep on dis way a good while. I thought I would die ; I eats little, I sleeps little, I gets so poor as a skeleton ; I still read de Bible. Though it show me hell, and seem to burn me up, I thought I must read it ; I still tried to pray, but it was no praying. One day I thought I must surely die, I feel so very bad. I get de Bible and read and read ; and dare I see Jesus ! I see Jesus standing between me and my sins. My load den was gone—I had joy in my heart. Oh ! I was so happy ; just so happy as miserable before. I could jump wit joy so high as de fence ! Now I loves Jesus I loves my Bible : for whenever I see my sins, I see Jesus standing between me and dem. I loves to pray. I go, too, and tell my brudders dat I found Jesus—dat he had taken away my sins ; but dey again thought I was crazy : for dey had never seen dare sins nor Jesus in de Bible. "Since I found peace I have been happy ; but I have wanted very much to see a preacher, to talk wit me about Jesus."

You may readily suppose, my young friends, continued the old preacher, that I cheerfully talked with him about that precious Saviour whom he had found so strangely. I tried to teach him more fully the way of salvation, and to confirm him in the faith which he had embraced. In the morning I went on my journey with my spirits refreshed, with the blessing of my German friend, and admiring the riches of grace in Christ Jesus our Lord."

MILITARY OFFICERS AND PRAYER-MEETINGS.

Our prayer-meeting was conducted last Sabbath evening by two officers—Mr. Simson, of Stirling Castle, and Major Conran, of the Bengal Artillery.

The place of meeting was crowded to excess ; and in the midst of profound stillness Major Conran delivered a brief and interesting address, in the course of which he observed that as conversions were the great object of these meetings, he would describe one.

About 30 years ago, a youth, after having become a burden and disgrace to his relations and friends by his conduct, till no school could control him, was sent to India.

He landed there, glad to escape restraint, and gave loose to his passions after hardening his heart in infidelity, in spite of repeated warnings through escapes from dangers.

He regarded the natives with supreme contempt, and their conversion as humbug, till one day at a public meeting in Calcutta, he heard a Christian native delighting an audience of the principal inhabitants by his eloquence and Christian reasoning, and becoming also acquainted with him and several like him, who conversed with him regarding his soul's salvation, and, moreover, being deeply afflicted by sickness, he found his infidelity untenable, and one day observing a native preacher addressing the servants of the house, he became acquainted with him, and was so struck by his devotedness in the cause of Christ and his holy life, that he longed to obtain a share in the same blessing. For years he enjoyed his friendship, though a poor catechist supported by his own labours.

His conscience was thoroughly awakened, but he could not find peace nor deliverance from his sins, and in this state he passed years in that land of darkness and crime, often wishing he had never been born, and on the borders of despair, sometimes seeking even from the heathen priests a ground of hope for eternity.

Discovering that amongst his own soldiers there was a little despised band in the habit of meeting every night for prayer, &c. (for in most European regiments they build themselves "the Soldier's Chapel," the crowded barrack being a scene of iniquity unfit for communion with God,) he used to attend it, and,