

g. In one of the rooms of the jail was a young man, about twenty-eight years old. He had been found guilty of making and passing bad money, and the Judge said he must go to the State Prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed from prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cooling spring, or under the shady trees around his father's house; or when he was tired he could go home and lay his head upon his mother's knee, and rest himself; or if he was sick, she would sit by his bed and kindly nurse him. But now how different! shut up in a dark, gloomy jail, with no one to care for him, and all around cursing and swearing, and making horrid noises. O, 't felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go to the State Prison, I am so sick. O! if I was only ready to die, it would not matter so much."

"And are you not ready to die?"

"O, no," said he, "I am afraid to die."

"But why are you afraid to die?"

"Because I am such a sinner."

"There is hope, and mercy, and salvation for sinners, for the greatest of sinners, through Jesus Christ."

"I have no hope. You may talk to me about Christ and salvation, but there is none for me, and that makes me afraid to die."

I talked to him some time about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lips trembled, and a single tear stole down his burning cheek.

"Was not your mother a Christian?"

"O yes, sir; and a good woman she was too. Many and many a time she has warned me of this."

"Then you have had good religious instruction, kind Christian parents, who, no doubt, often prayed for you, and taught you to pray?"

"O yes, sir."

"Then why are you here?"

Said the dying man, "I can answer

you all in one word,—I did not obey my parents!"

These were the last words he spoke to me. After saying a few words more to him I came away, reflecting upon his awful condition, and the reason which he gave for being in that dark jail,—*"I did not obey my parents."*—*Selected.*

One Sin Leads to Another.

It was a beautiful day when little Lorenzo's school closed, and the boys were looking forward to a fine time during their long summer vacation.

"Do not go near the pond, Lorenzo," said the fond mother, as he left the parental roof. But Lorenzo did not always remember the command, "Children, obey your parents." This was his first sin. Leaving home, he went down back of the meeting house, to the forbidden spot. This was the second. Finding some boys, among whom was Samuel G——, playing near the pond, he accepted Samuel's invitation to bathe. This was the third.

Soon the rest of the lads ran away to the school house to meet their beloved teacher. Lorenzo climbed upon an old pair of stairs that were floating about the pond, and jumped off. As he did not rise again, Samuel was frightened, ran to the shore, dressed, and hastened to the school.

When Lorenzo's sister went home at noon, her mother said, "Where is your brother?" "I do not know," was the reply; "he has not been at school this morning." The father started at once for the pond. There lay Lorenzo's clothes on the white sand. Wading in until the water was three or four feet deep, he stooped down and raised up the lifeless body of his son.

In sight of the spot, within the sight of Samuel's voice, was a workshop in which were some ten or fifteen men. Why then did he not cry for help as he saw his playmate sink? It was because, if he did this, he would show that he had been to the pond, and dis-