

see. And in her eagerness she stepped upon that rock, and culled one sweet flower after another, thinking of the beautiful bouquet she would have to carry back as a memento of her pleasant walk. Nearer and yet nearer, lured by the innocent beauty of the little flowers she ventured to the edge, until tempted one step too far, her foot slipped upon the grassy slope,—one vain effort! one wild shriek of agonizing despair! and her frail and beautiful form fell and was dashed upon those rocks one hundred feet below.

“A Youth was passing on that road below at that time; he heard the shriek; he saw the falling form; he hurried to the spot, climbing with difficulty over those fallen rocks, until he found the place where she lay, mangled, bleeding! she gasped a few times, and then expired!

“At the home of her aunt the tea-table was set; the time for the young lady’s return was come:—I wonder how it is she stays so long. Can any thing have befallen her?” The servant is dispatched; nor had she gone very far before she met a crowd, some weeping—and all solemn,—upon a plain board they were bearing a lifeless form—a lady’s—can it be her? It was indeed—the same one who a few short hours before had gone out in all the beauty of youth and health is now brought back a mangled corpse! The joy of that house was turned into the bitterness of grief. And what had occasioned it? the allurements of ‘One flower more.’

From the circumstance we have been led to the reflection, that what occasioned the untimely death of this lovely young lady, had also proved the occasion of the eternal death of thousands.

Sinful pleasures, like wild flowers, grow in tempting beauty upon the dangerous ground which overhangs eternal perdition. Some venture upon it to cull just one pleasure—and yet they see another still sweeter, near the precipice; they gather and reach out the hand for just *that* one pleasure more; but as the hand grasps, the feet slip, and they perish with their sin in their hand.

Or wealth has been the tempting flower. Just one farm more; or one good bargain more: and then will I sit at the feet of Jesus. But while the hand has been reaching out to grasp,—the sentence has gone forth,—“Thou fool this night thy soul shall be required of thee”—and it has proved the fatal flower,—in the gathering of which they have been undone for ever.

Reader, beware of “one flower more”—while you stand on slippery places—over eternal death, and now “flee also youthful lusts.” 2 Tim. ii, 22.