

sense, and finally by a gradual process prepared to take a last and generally fatal step in vice, by entering the doors of her whose house is "the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." If from this step of vice, there were ever returns and reformatations, all experience as well as Scripture proved them *very rare*. Human passions were not like those of inferior animals, self-regulated, but to be restrained and governed by law and reason, which once renounced, the youth was thrown out upon a tumultuous sea, becoming more furious every hour, without compass or rudder, and his shipwreck became inevitable. His love of excitement grew by every new gratification, and while he might find an occasional check in the horrors of remorse, his passions would gain the mastery, and what was done at first timidly, by stealth, and in darkness, would finally be perpetrated without fear and without shame. Such had been the fact in the case of the young man Potter, recently executed. Ten years ago he was a pupil in the preacher's Sabbath school at New-Haven, and received from his parents religious instruction. About four years ago, he united with the church in New-Haven, of which the preacher was then pastor. For a time he attended the communion, and gave reason to hope that his profession was sincere; but gradually he fell into delinquencies, for which he was admonished; but to admonition he gave no heed, and in due time was excommunicated. Vicious men became his companions, and by them he was finally led to a house of infamy, from which he at first retreated with disgust, but to which he again returned, and there became transformed as by the cup of the sorceress.

This led to the murder of which he paid the penalty with his life. The young man whom he murdered was his early companion and friend. From him he borrowed a gold watch, which he gave to the base woman he visited, and being requested by the owner to return it, he promised to meet him at a certain place in the evening and do so, but instead of this he met him but to take his life. This was on Sunday evening; and having sunk the body in the stream they were crossing at the time of the murder, he went to church, and thence to the abode of his disgrace and ruin. When the body was discovered with marks of violence, and inquiries excited in the community, a young man presented himself to the police, with the information that at such a time he had seen the murdered youth, and that he had his watch and a note of hand which he had given in payment of a debt. This young man was Potter. The note was proved to be a forgery. Thus the murderer was self-betrayed, and delivered himself into the hands of justice. Finally he made confession of all the circumstances of his crime. Be sure, said the preacher, "your sin will find you out."

One fortnight ago, said the preacher, I kneeled in prayer by the side of this unhappy youth, in company with his parents, brother and sister, who came to see him for the last time. It was an awful scene. One fortnight ago to-morrow, I saw him on the scaffold—heard his warning to young men. It was an awful scene; but not so awful as the sins which led to it, as the murder of his friend for which he died. I asked myself whether I had neglected any duty to this young man while he had been of my congregation; and I then resolved that no other youth who might sit under my ministry should destroy himself without the warnings of my voice.

With such a scene before me, can you wonder that I solemnly warn all young men whom I address, against the wanderings of a licentious imagination—against the beginnings of evil habits and vicious associations—against intemperance—against dangerous books—the theatre, and all other places of evil resort, and against her who hath "cast down many wounded—from whose house those who go, return not again—for the dead are there, and her guests are in the depth of hell."

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

The bell tolled, the cables were loosed, and the boat set sail. We had scarcely cleared the dock, when I saw a man addressing one of the boatmen very earnestly, and I drew near that I might know the cause. The first words that fell upon my ears were these—"Can't you put me ashore? I must go ashore—I will pay you to put me ashore."

"I cannot tell," replied the boatman, "you must go to the Captain."

So the man went to the Captain, and besought him to put him ashore. But the reply was, "No, you had plenty of time to get on shore while the bell was tolling; I cannot delay my

passengers for one person—you must now be content to go with us."

One minute too late, thought I, as I walked away from the scene. There was plenty of time for this man to leave the boat, and the bell tolled to warn him that he must leave, or be carried off; it is surely his own fault. Now he is compelled to go away from home and friends, and they know not where he is, or what has become of him.

While reflecting on the conduct of this man, I could not avoid comparing the case with that of my fellow creatures. All the impenitent are on board a vessel whose frail cords will soon be cut, and they are then launched upon the boundless ocean of eternity. The gospel bell is tolling its solemn notes of warning, but O, how many are one minute too late.

"There is enough time yet," exclaims that giddy young woman, upon whose mind the Spirit of God has long been at work, and who has often been almost persuaded to abandon her folly and devote herself to the service of Jesus. There is time enough yet. It is true, I have passed through many serious thoughts, and have been the subject of many prayers and entreaties; but I am yet quite young, and it is so hard to give up my pleasures. I will put it off a little longer." So saying, she gives herself up to the world. The tender Spirit troubles her no more, and she soon becomes the gayest of the gay. Time speeds its way, and she walks forth the very picture of health. Her society is courted by all who know her, and the palm of beauty is laid at her feet. Wealth has bestowed on her all that heart could wish in this world's goods, and the esteem of a numerous acquaintance has placed her on the pinnacle of earthly bliss.

But she is taken dangerously ill. The physician is called, and he declares she cannot live the day out.

"What, can't you cure me, Doctor?" exclaims the wretched girl, frantic with consternation—"Can't you cure me? You must not let me die. I cannot die. Oh! Doctor, Doctor!" and she clenches her hands round his arm and continues to shriek, "I cannot die—I have grieved the Spirit," and like exclamations, till her exhausted body sinks into the arms of death, and her soul lies down in eternal sorrow.

One minute too late! There was a time when this young woman might have made her peace with God. The kind Spirit strove with her day after day, and month after month, just as he may now be striving with the reader. But she obstinately persisted in grieving the blessed Spirit till it was one minute too late. There was a moment when the Heavenly One spread his bright wings, and took his everlasting flight. This young woman lived years after that, but she was never under convictions again, till the stern messenger of death hurried her away.

Impenitent reader! beware how you trifle with the gracious admonitions and entreaties of the Holy One. Let it not be said that the case above narrated is extreme or uncommon. Such cases are occurring every day. The world of despair is peopled with rejecters of Jesus. If the Son of God exclaimed while on earth, "Woe unto thee Chorazin, and woe unto thee Bethsaida," oh! what would he exclaim concerning you? Your probation is awfully solemn. Your eternal destiny may be settled before yonder sun has set. The good Spirit now tenderly woos you—he tenderly convinces you—he tenderly entreats you to act wisely—he clearly sets before you the folly of seeking your happiness in this world's pleasures, and has unveiled to you a glimpse of his own glory. He entreats you to accept of pardon and Salvation.—*Children's Friend*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Draw me, we will run after thee." Solomon's Song i. 4. Divine Answer: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee. Jer. xxxi. 3.

Many and various are the ways the Almighty takes to bring his children to himself, and to a knowledge of the things of their peace. Sometimes he draws by the silken bands of love; sometimes by the still small voice of his Spirit; sometimes by the knotted cords of pain and sickness; sometimes he drives them by the storm and tempest of his broken law; but most effectually in giving his Son to die for them. Reader, pray always to him to make you sensible of the secret tender drawings of his love, and willing to follow them directly. This praying always is very needful, because we are always in want, and without being instant and earnest we cannot receive much. Therefore it is not a hard command, but a great benefit and privilege; as if God should say, "You are a poor child, always wanting something; but you may always pray to me, and I will always hear, and assist, and draw thee after me."