

O Lord, my God, while here I live,  
Till I am called away,  
Let day by day my actions prove  
My love to Thee, I pray.

### THE TURNING POINT.

It was at the beginning of the holidays, when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father, came to see us, and he asked my parents to let me go home with him. They consented; and I was much pleased with the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful and when we reached Mr. Davis's house everything looked as if I was going to have a fine time. Fred Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand, and all the family soon seemed like old friends. "This is going to be a holiday worth having," I said to myself several times during the evening, as we all played games, told riddles, and laughed and chatted as merrily as could be.

At last Mrs. Davis said it was bed-time. Then I expected family prayers, but we were very soon directed to our rooms. How strange it seemed to me, for I had never before been in a household without the family altar. "Come," said Fred, "Mother says you and I are going to be bedfellows," and I followed him up two flights of stairs, to a nice little chamber which he called his room, and he opened a drawer and showed me a box, and a boat, and knives, and a powder-horn, and all his treasures, and told me a world of new things about what the boys did there. He undressed first and jumped into bed. I was much longer about it, for a new set of thoughts began to rise in my mind.

When my mother put my portmanteau into my hand just before the coach started, she said tenderly and in a low tone, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant, and I now had just come to a point of time when her words were to be minded. At home I was taught the duties of a Christian child; abroad I must not neglect them; and one of these was evening prayer. From a very little boy I have been in the habit of kneeling, and asking forgiveness of God for Jesus's sake, acknowledging his mercies, and seeking his protection and blessing.

"Why don't you come to bed, Robert?" cried Fred.

"What are you sitting there for? Can't you undress?"

Yes, yes, I could undress; but ah, boys, I was *afraid to pray* and *afraid not to pray*. It seemed to me that I could not kneel down and pray before Fred. What would he say? Would he