

go to the State Prison, and stay there as long as he lived. But he was so sick that he could not be removed to the prison.

Poor fellow! once he could play in the green fields, down by the cool 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 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, he felt very wretched.

Said he, "I shall never be able to go 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 times about his father; and when I spoke of his mother, then his lip 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. 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 short sentence—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 me for being in that dark and gloomy jail;—"I did not obey my parents."
—*Sunday School Advocate.*

GAMBLING.

Do you know what gambling means? I will tell you. Among men, it is playing cards, chess, checkers, and other kind of games, that the one who plays the best may get the other one's money. It is very wicked, and none but bad men do it.

But you say, "I shall never be a gambler." Perhaps you are one now. I have seen boys who would gamble as well as men. I do not mean for money; because they do not often have money to gamble for.

Did you ever see two boys play pins, that the one that could knock them across each other first, might have them both?

Did you ever see two boys playing marbles—"plump to keep," as they call it?

Did you ever see two boys throw up coppers, to guess which side would fall up, that the one that guessed right might have it? Such things are gambling.

All such plays are wrong, and no boy should ever play any game that he may get the pins, marbles, or money, or any thing that belongs to another.

I will tell you what a little boy said about this a few days ago.—There was a man in this place by the name of Green. He had been a great gambler, and won a great deal of money. But he knew it