

the snares of a female companion. It was his fatal moment. In a few weeks from that time he had committed murder, and followed the deed with instantaneous self-destruction.

A young man had appointed to meet some friends to go to one of the public gardens in London on Sunday evening. While waiting at the place assigned for rendezvous in one of the streets, a Christian friend, a lady, passed by, and asked him where he was going. He was ashamed to confess his intention, and readily yielded to her invitation to go with her to church. It was the turning-point with him. He was arrested by divine truth, was brought under a sense of sin, became a Christian—a faithful missionary, a devoted and exalted hero, an apostle of Christ—and died a martyr on the shores of Erromango, a victim to heathen rage, but a sacrifice of love to his Redeemer. It was John Williams the missionary.

A young man went to visit his friends on New Year's day, according to the custom of New York. He had abandoned the intoxicating cup. He had suffered from its evils, and was a sworn total abstinent. He uniformly refused to taste or handle, until he called upon a young lady, who, finding her invitations all declined, began to banter him with a want of manhood, and plied her ridicule so far that he at last yielded. It was the setting of the switch. He was taken home in a state of intoxication, and a few months afterwards he died, uttering terrible curses upon the tempter who had been the cause of his ruin.

A young man who had been prayerfully trained came to the city to enter a place of business. His fellow-clerks invited him to join in their pleasures and pastimes. For a time he resisted, but at length he thought he would go to the theatre *only once*, just to please his friends, and see what a theatre was. The devil was the switch-tender that night, and the course of that young man subsequently lay through the paths of extravagance, gambling, shame, and the grave.

Two young men were walking along one evening towards a prayer meeting, when they were accosted by several acquaintances, who were on their way to a place of usual resort. They entreated

them to join them, but they refused. Finally one of them consented, and turned aside, *only once more*, for an evening of worldly pleasure, and let his friend go to the prayer meeting alone. One found peace with God; but his companion became hardened, and in three months, while his associate on that eventful night was honouring his Master by his faithful and consistent life, he was the inmate of a prison, awaiting the penalty of the law.

Our life is full of these turning-points of fortune and of ill, of peace and of woe, of life eternal, or of despair and death. The track we travel has a switch at almost every step. We need to have them well guarded. The eye must be kept open. The hand must be steady. The arm must be strong. The soul should be well armed, so that it may be prepared for every attack, or for every expedient of the enemy. Life, honour, virtue, success, and immortality, are before us. Little things, at first unaccounted of, may lead to the other extreme!—*Dr. Haven.*

A CHILD'S BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

Birdie was only four years old, but she had already been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her. One day there was a very heavy thunderstorm, and Birdie's sisters and mamma even laid by their sewing, and drew their chairs into the middle of the room, pale and trembling with fear. But Birdie stood close by the window, watching the storm with bright eyes.

"O mamma! ain't that bu'ful?" she cried, clapping her hands with delight, as a vivid flash of lightning burst from the black clouds, and the thunder pealed and rattled over their heads.

"It is God's voice, Birdie," said mamma, and her own voice trembled.

"He talks very loud, don't he mamma? S'pose it's so as deaf Betsy can hear, and the uver deaf folks."

"O Birdie! dear, come straight away from that window," said one of her sisters, whose cheeks were blanched with fear.

"What for?" asked Birdie.

"Oh! because the lightning is so sharp, and it thunders so loud."