

America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O! sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said, "James, your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but," said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver, [presenting him with the Bible,] and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least, of this book every day; and can you refuse her dying request?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask, [opening the Bible,] so here goes."

He opened the Bible at the words, "Come unto me all ye that are weary, &c., and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "this is very odd. I have opened to the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart, when I was in the Sunday school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange; but who is this me that is mentioned in the verse?"

The pious soldier asked if he did not know. He replied that he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the Gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, that hour he became a changed man, and was as noted for exemplary conduct, as before he had been for his wickedness.

Some time after this conversation, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld under a large spreading oak, the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage, "Come unto me all ye that are weary," etc. Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.

Mr. Dudley said he had frequently held the Bible in his hand; there was no less than fifty pages stained with the blood of poor James. How encouraging, said Mr. Dudley, is this for Sabbath school teachers to persevere; for should there be but one seed sown, it might, as in the case of the widow's son, produce a plentiful harvest. The only verse he ever committed to memory was the means, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, of bringing him out of darkness into marvellous light; and James is now, we trust, joining the song of the redeemed in heaven.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady a few years since lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of