THE LAST DAY.

Think, O my soul! that dreadful day!
When bursting thunder's sound;
And lightnings gleaming through the skies,
Light up the gloom profound.

When from on high, Jehovah speaks,
And sinners stand and gaze,
To view the earth's foundations shake,
With terror and amaze.

None can that awful scene describe,
Nor yet my feeble pen,
Can paint the horrors of that day—
The dire confusion then.

Earthquakes and fire and hail and storm,
Proclaim the end is come,—
So long foretold by ancient seers,
To seal the sinner's doom.

What would he give in that dread day,
To shun his direful fate?
His cries and tears will not be heard,
For then 'twill be too late.

O hasten now, while mercy pleads,
For lo! the time draws near,
When seated on the great white throne,
The Saviour will appear.

S. ELMER.

YIELD A LITTLE!

Yes, young reader, yield a little! Don't be too certain,—you may be mistaken. "Yielding," says the wise man, "pacifieth great offences." It is far better to acknowledge that you may be wrong, or mistaken, now, than by and by to be compelled to give up,—compelled to confess your error.

Many little children are often too confident in their expressions; too much certainty is mixed with their opinions. This shows a lack of respect for the judgment of others. And a great lack too when they contradict those older than themselves.

"Concession in little things," says one, "is the golden rule exemplified." A lack of this sometimes produces unkind feelings which may lead to hard words, and even blows among bad children. Be gentle. Don't state your belief with too great positiveness. If you say, "I know a thing is so and so," perhaps some one is ready to say, "I know better!" Here is a dispute which is very wrong, and especially for those who are trying to overcome and be prepared for Heaven.

Now let this evil be nipped in the bud. Yield a little,—speak softly. "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." Prov. xv, 1. "Pleasant words are as an honey comb."

I have just read a pleasant fable of two neighbors, Self and Will, who attempted to cross a stream from opposite sides, upon a footbridge so narrow as to allow of but a single footman at the same time. They met about midway of the stream, when each insisted that the other should turn back and give the right of way. Each claimed to be first on the bridge, and maintained his ground as a prior right. Neither would yield. Self could not in conscience. Will would not. Their feelings soon broke out in angry words, which led to blows and a struggle to maintain each other's rights, in which both fell together into the stream. Each with much difficulty gained the shore, exhausted and shivering from a cold bath.

Love and Kindness, soon met upon the same bridge, under similar circumstances. It was a pleasing meeting. They exchanged cheerful and happy greetings, and each insisted on yielding the right of way to the other. Each was anxious to be first in the concession, and to carry out each other's principles, both twice crossed the bridge together. Both were ready to yield. Both enjoyed the friendly interview. Their love to each other was increased, while Self and Will parted bitter enemies.

Dear Children, heed the injunction of the Apostle, "Be kindly affectioned one to another." Cultivate the good spirit. Don't be set, rigid, nor unyielding in your feelings or manners. Small concessions are often better than great confessions. Let the seeds of gentleness and kindness be early sown in all of your little hearts, and they will spring up and bear a rich harvest. "You may be happy here, and have eternal life hereafter.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE EACH OTHER.

A child was once asked, why everybody loved her? She artlessly replied, Because I love everybody. And so it is, if you wish others to be kind and obliging to you, the best way is first to set the example by seeking op-
opportunities to do acts of kindness yourself. It is a lovely sight to see children of sweet dispositions, unite in their innocent glee, each trying to make their playmates as happy as themselves; but if selfishness and an angry temper rules, how sad indeed it is. It is not only for your pleasure and benefit that you love one another, but it is pleasing to God and your friends. God notices the little child that has a meek, gentle spirit. Although he is so exalted a being, yet he looks with approbation upon you, if you try to be kind and good. Jesus was once a little child, he was always mild and kind. He was never disobedient. If you cherish in your hearts a principle of love when you are a child, it will grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength, and not leave room for the poisonous weeds of vice and folly to grow in your minds. If you would be loved, be lovely.

R. A. Sperry

A LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Happy indeed am I in being permitted to address you through the columns of the Youth’s Instructor, a name suggestive of itself. I have been instructed, comforted, and blessed in reading this little paper, and feel desirous to cast in my mite into this department of the Lord’s treasury.

The most important subject that presents itself to my mind now is prayer. If it were not for the consolation I derive from pouring out my soul to God, telling him my sorrows, my wants, and casting my care on Him who has promised to care for me, I should be of all mankind most miserable.

I know that God hears and answers prayer. I know also that he is pleased when we put the most implicit faith in his promises, and praised be his name! in that rich mine of truth, the Bible, those that seek for it as for hid treasure, putting their entire trust in the Lord, will always find under any and every circumstance that which is far more precious than silver—namely, knowledge and understanding. “He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous.” “If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not,” and “when wisdom entereth into thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.” There is a price put into our hands to gain wisdom with, and we are responsible to God how we lay it out. Christ has said, “Occupy till I come,” therefore let us take heed that we do not bury our Lord’s money, but make such an investment that at the final reckoning, we may return that which was committed to us with usury.

And to the dear “little ones,” that read this paper,—the tender lambs of the flock who are the especial charge of the tender Shepherd of Israel,—I would say in the name of Him who while upon earth took little children in his arms and blessed them, saying, “Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not”—that if you love this blessed Saviour, with all your hearts—love to pray to him—love to keep the Sabbath of which he is Lord (not Sunday, of which the Pope is lord)—love to keep all of his Father’s Commands which he came to establish, that by and by in his own clime will be gathered together.

Hasten on the happy time, O Lord, and may the writer not fail of having a part in this everlasting inheritance, purchased for us all by the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ.

* * *

SPRING.

SPRINGTIME has come again, and with it all its pleasant associations, such as the music of the birds, gurgling streams, opening buds, refreshing showers, and warm, healthful breezes, which seem to impart new life and vigor to all. And as the winter frosts pass away and the Spring bursts in upon us, what does its thousand cheerful voices say to us? What is seemingly written upon the many varied objects which meet our gaze?

“God is good,” seems impressed upon them all. God is good in bestowing such bounteous blessings. His mercies cannot be reckoned up in order unto him. He is good in sparing our lives, and in protecting us from danger. But this is not all the gentle voices of Spring say to us. They tell us that our seasons are fast revolving away, and that soon the last one will come. Soon these peaceful days will pass and more fearful ones will come in their stead. As the budding trees and shooting leaves tell us that “Summer dawns o’er the land,” so does each returning season show tokens of the return of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

We are admonished to be ready and waiting for this decisive day, to anticipate its near approach, and hope and toil and wait and pray until Jesus appears in his beauty.

Then when the approving words from him go forth, “Come, ye blessed of my Father,” what rapture will fill our souls.

The long winter of life is passed, and its chilling blasts are silenced by the appearing of the Prince of Peace; the Spring of Immortality bursts upon those who have been firm soldiers of the cross, and oh! will our names be

For the Instructor.

Battle Creek, Mich.
found registered in the Lamb's book of life? When the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory is shed upon the righteous, and the final rest for the weary is given to them, when sorrow and sighing flee away, and angels are sent to gather home the redeemed, shall we participate in such blessedness? Shall we have salvation like this? It is possible, and we may attain to it. Then will there be a never-ending season of repose, and eternal, unalloyed bliss.

M. D. BYINGTON.

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

Such children are those who have been taken into families to share the comforts of a paternal home, and to be treated as own children. Generally such are unfortunate ones who at an early age have lost father or mother, or both. Sometimes, however, children of the very poor are taken into the families of those in better circumstances, receiving support and education at the hands of their benefactors.

Perhaps some of the readers of the Instructor may occupy just the position of which I speak. Having been early called to part with your parents, you are left in the hands of those who care for your wants and interests. As you realize that want and suffering might have been your portion, you of course love and respect those who have kindly cared for you. The greater the contrast between your present condition and what it once was, the greater should be your love to those who care for you.

But that of which I was about to speak is the kindness the Lord bestows upon us in adopting us into the family of heaven, and calling us "the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty." The Apostle says, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" You would probably think it a fine thing to be adopted as sons into the family of some great earthly monarch, especially if you had before you the prospect that you would finally become heir of his kingdom.

The Lord has been pleased to introduce a plan by which we may be adopted into his family, and finally become possessors of the kingdom. We should always feel grateful for the love that has been manifested for us. If you would think it a great privilege to be son of an earthly king, I hope you will, like Moses, esteem it "greater riches," to be adopted among the "sons of God." If we are obedient to the Commands which our heavenly Father has placed before us, we shall finally become KINGS as well as king's sons. May this tend to purify the heart.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER in Heaven, thy name we love, Thy name we would adore; Help us with angel throngs above, To praise Thee evermore.

Give us this day our daily bread, From thy rich bounty give; 'Tis by thy hand we must be fed, Oh! feed, that we may live!

Forgive each trespass here below, Teach us the way of truth, Help us true wisdom's paths to know; Oh! guide our early youth!

Oh! keep us from the tempter's wiles, And from the ways of sin, Safe in the sunlight of thy smiles— The glory thine. — Amen.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

DEAR CHILDREN: Three-score years of my life are passed. I have but a little time left to work. Whether Jesus soon comes, or I fall asleep in death, in either case the time is short. I have sometimes resolved I would put a few thoughts on paper and send them to the Instructor, hoping they might do some one a little good.

How important that all the youth and children that read the Instructor are converted, and love and obey the truth. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." I thought when quite young I must be a Christian. At the age of fourteen, and for some four years after that time, I felt that I had a carnal mind that was not subject to the law of God. In the Spring of 1816, when in my eighteenth year, while sitting by the fire side in my father's house in Vermont, I resolved if there was mercy for me, mercy I would seek. We had no Sabbath or Sunday Schools at that time. I began to read my Bible for the express purpose to learn what I must do to be saved. I resolved to pray three times in secret every day, and many times when alone in prayer this thought would come into my mind, Do you believe the Lord will now bless you?

There was a Methodist Camp-meeting that Fall at St. Alban's Point, forty-five miles from our house. I thought I would go to it in hope I might there be converted. There was much noise, and what looked to me like confusion, in the meeting, and I was on the point of getting my horse unknown to any one and leave for home. But I resisted the temptation, went into the praying circle, kneeled down with others, and besought the Lord to pity and save me a poor sinner. And then, for the first time, a degree of freedom and peace was granted to my troubled mind.

JOHN BYINGTON.
IT was a morning lesson—and what do you think it was? It was on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the little village of E—a, Ohio. I was just then passing a fine nice house which lived ungodly. Children are often dreadfully afraid of thunder storms, and especially bad ones: for lightning is an agent God often employs to summon wicked people to their accounts. And then again, a violent thunder storm is a lively type of the judgment day, when the Lord will be revealed from heaven in "flaming fire" and destroy all those who have lived ungodly.

When I was small I used to be very much afraid of thunder and lightning. There was nothing that I dreaded so much as a storm accompanied with lightning and thunder. Many a time when I used to go "hunting the cows," have I left my pocket knife at home, or hid it in a stump or fence for fear the steel would attract the electrical bolt too near. And I find now a great many children have similar fears.

But why do we fear the lightning or dread the wild tornado? These are only the agents which the Lord employs to fulfill his purposes in the world. And we should dread them only as we feel our distance from God. "Perfect love," says the Apostle, "casteth out fear." "If our heart condemn us not," we shall never be afraid of thunder-storms, hurricanes, cholera or plague, or the solemn hour and article of death. "Perfect love" will remove all this fear, and more wonderful yet, it will give us "boldness in the day of judgment!"

Children give your hearts to God, and then in place of a "spirit of fear" you will have the "peace of God which passeth all understanding."
write, perfectly, and rather let our lives be even better than our resolutions, if possible. Then there is the interesting narration of Bro. Bates so full of life and information, and there are William Miller's ideas of the Bible, and original articles and poetry and a pretty piece of music which I hope all will learn to sing.

What makes a child's letter interesting, is to write just as he thinks, without any help from any one. If he gets help in putting the words together, it then becomes somebody's else letter, not the letter of a child. I have read those letters on the 81st page over and over and all of them seem new, and I must read them again, believing that they are from honest hearts, and written with clean hands and stayed up with a spotless life.

Children and youth let us start anew for the kingdom, and let each one of the readers of the Instructor resolve, and carry out the resolution, that the angels shall have a better report to carry to heaven every day, and every month concerning the readers of this little paper, that each one is getting ready to meet the Lord, all are pure in word and deed and thought, that all abhor lying and deceit, all obey their parents, all are faithful in their little labors and studies, informing and improving their minds, all are happy and cheerful and respectful to each other and to all, and may God bless you is my prayer.

Jos. CLARKE.

REST IN HEAVEN.

When clouds and darkness gather over our way, hope that once cheered us fails, and seemingly every earthly joy is crushed by the bitterness of disappointment, we still have the solace left, "There's rest for all in heaven."

When to the weary and heavy laden, life presents but few attractions, the future seems enshrouded with gloom, until despair almost takes the supremacy of hope, it is then the heart realizes more fully that all earthly scenes are transient, and aspires to that more enduring substance in the heavens. When "sickness pales the cheek and dims the eye," until even life to which we cling with such a tenacious grasp, seems scarcely desirable, it is then that we obtain comfort and support in contemplating the rest that awaits the people of God. Though dark and gloomy be our pathway, let us remember that our home will be the brighter when life's burdens cease, and our bark is safely moored, beyond this fading world of sorrow.

Pilgrim in the narrow way, is thy way obscured, and have dark shadows gathered over thy mind? Turn thou away from earthly things, "there's rest for thee in heaven." Has discouragement taken the place of hope, and does how much shall I measure for each man?" "Well, begin with two quarts," This was done, and the Captain's two quarts taken to the cabin. As I was walking the deck about seven o'clock in the evening, the after hatchway being open, I heard Capt. H. in the dark say in a loud whisper, "Lem! you got any water?" (Lemuel T. was a nephew of Capt. H., and messed in the steerage) "Yes sir," "Give me a drink will you?" In a few moments I heard the Captain gurgling the water down out of "Lem's bottle" as though he was very thirsty, and yet it was but twelve hours since his two quarts had been measured out. At the breakfast table next morning, said I, "Capt. Hitch, how did you make out for water last night?" He smiled and acknowledged
were in great fear that the heavy gusts of wind

All the canvas we dared to show was a close reefed

to hurry the ship off before the foaming sea, but

maintopsail and reefed foresail. We needed more

dash us headlong again into the awful gulf below.

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it would rush over our mast-heads, before our heavy

laden ship would rise to receive its towering, foaming
top, and the howling, raging wind above it, strain-

devastating storm in the heavens. The sea had ris-

en to such an awful height, it seemed sometimes that

surface of the sea. In all my experience I had nev-

ful height. The raging elements seemed to set at

defiance every living creature that moved above the

day at midnight the gale had increased to a dread-

this we were sadly disappointed, for by the third

counsel was held—which decided to relieve the ship

of part of her burden by casting the twenty tons of

iron overboard. Ea a few hours this work was ac-
mplished, and the long bars of iron were gliding

swiftly to their resting place some five or nine

miles below us, into what the sailors call "Davy

Jone's Locker."

Twenty tons more were taken on deck. This

change relieved the ship very perceptibly, and ena-
bled her to make better progress. But still the
n Captain was fearful of carrying a press of sail for

fear her leak would increase and carry us all down
to the bottom.

Our stock of provisions getting low we came on a
stated allowance of beef and bread, our small stores
being about exhausted. We all began to feel anx-

iousto get to our destined haven. When the Cap-
tain was asleep we would venture sometimes to
crowd on a little more sail. After a westerly storm
the wind had come round to the east during the

to improve this favorable wind, by the
time the morning watch was called we had all the
reefs out of the top-sails, top-mast and lower stud-
ding sails set with a good top-gallant breeze, but

rather a heavy head-beat sea. Capt. H. came on
deck and looked around a few moments and said,

"Mr. Bates, you had better take in the main top-
gallant-sail. Also the lower and topmast studding
sails. Now we will double and single reef the tops-
sails." This done he concluded the ship would get
along much easier and almost as fast.

At length the winds favored us and we were mak-
ing rapid progress. The last three days the wind
had been increasing from the south east, and ac-
cording to our reckoning if it continued we should
reach New Belfast in three days more, making our
passage in seventy days from Gottenburgh. In
this we were severely disappointed, for by the third
day at midnight the gale had increased to a dread-
ful height. The raging elements seemed to set at
defance every living creature that moved above the
surface of the sea. In all my experience I had nev-
ever witnessed such portentous signs of a dreadful
devastating storm in the heavens. The sea had ris-
en to such an awful height, it seemed sometimes that
it would rush over our mast-heads, before our heavy
laden ship would rise to receive its towering, foaming
top, and the howling, raging wind above it, strain-
ing every stitch of sail we dared to show, and then
dash us headlong again into the awful gulf below.
All the canvas we dared to show was a close reefed
maintopsail and reefed foresail. We needed more
to hurry the ship off before the foaming sea, but
were in great fear that the heavy gusts of wind

would wrench them from the 'bolt-ropes, and leave
us in the power of the next sea to be overwhelmed
and sink with our iron cargo to the bottom of the sea.

We charged the watch that were going below not
to lay off any of their clothing, but be ready at a
moment's warning. We considered ourselves in
the eastern edge of the Gulf stream, one of the most
dreaded places for continual storms on the American
cost, or any other coast in the world. Cross it
somewhere we must to reach our home.

I entered the cabin for a moment to inform Capt.
H. of the increasing storm. He was unwilling to
see it, but said, "Mr. Bates, keep the ship dead be-
fore the sea!" That was our only hope. Our tiller
had been broken off within four feet from the rudder-
head, a short time previous by a violent sea that
struck us on the bow. We had spliced it, and now
with tiller-ropes and relieving tackles it required
four experienced men, with our utmost skill in
"cunning" them, to manage the helm to keep the
ship running directly before the foaming, moun-
tainous seas. Our continual work was something
like the following: "Starboard your helm!"
"Starboard, sir," was the reply. "steady, here
comes another dreadful sea!" "steady," was the
reply. "How do you head now?" "N. W.," was
the reply. "steady, keep her head just so. That
was well done!" If the ship had not answered her
helm as she did, it appeared that that fearful sea
would have rushed over our quarter and swept us
all by the board. "Port your helm! here comes an-
other on the larboard side! steady now, the sea
is square on our stern," &c.

With the dawn of the morning the rain came down
upon us in such torrents that it was with much dif-
ficulty that we could see the shape of the sea until
it was rushing upon us. This rain was ominous of
a change more dreadful (if possible) than our pres-
ent situation. My short experience had taught me
that the Gulf stream* was more dangerous for nav-
gators on this account than any other navigable sea.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, as sud-
den as a moment, the wind struck us from the op-
posite quarter, and our sails were struck against the
mast. The simultaneous cry was uttered, "The
ship's abaft?" "Hard aport your helm!" "Quick!
quick!" It seemed as though I touched the deck
but twice in getting some thirty feet to the main-
mast where the weather forebraces were delayed,
and whirled them from the pins and shouted, "All
hands on deck in a moment!" Descending from
the top of the sea the ship answered her helm; her

* The Gulf stream is composed of a large body of water issuing
from the gulf of Mexico, flowing north-easterly from the S. E.
point of the coast of Florida, in some places passing close in with
the land, widening as it flows onward by our northern coast,
where it branches off towards the banks of Newfoundland, where
it is sometimes found to be several hundred miles in width, nar-
rowing and widening as influenced by the heavy winds. This
current sweeps along our southern coast sometimes at the rate of
three miles per hour. In passing off, or approaching the coast of
the United States, mariners always find the water much warm-
er in this stream than on either side of it. Also changeable,
empestuous, stormy weather, such as is not found elsewhere.
head paid off the N. E. The foresail filled again, or we should inevitably have gone down stern foremost from the overpowering rush of the next sea. The wind came furiously from the west for a few moments, and suddenly died away, leaving us in a dead calm. "Lash your helm to the starboard!" "Call the captain, one of you!" "Clew up the main-topsail!" "Haul up the foresail!" "All hands aloft now, and furl the main-topsail." "Make haste, men, and secure it to the yard as fast as you can!"

The ship was now unmanageable. The sea described above, now on our lee beam, and seemed as though it would either run over our mast-heads or roll us bottom upwards to windward. As the captain came up from the cabin and saw our situation he cried out, "O my grief!" and for a while was silent. The ship was now writhing and wrenching some like a person in perfect agony. Her tumbling in such a tumultuous and violent manner made it very difficult for the men to get aloft. Before they reached the topsail-yard, the wind came rushing upon us like a tornado from the W. S. W. This was what we feared, and why we hurried to save our storm-sails if we could. It was some time before the men could secure the sails. When this was done, and the ship pumped after a manner, the cook knelt down where he could secure himself, the rest of us holding on upon our feet, and prayed most fervently for God to protect and save us from the dreadful, raging storm. This was the first prayer that I ever heard uttered in a storm upon the ocean. Sinners as we were, I believe it was remembered by him whose ear is not closed to the distressed mariner's cry; for the Scriptures testify that "he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses." Ps. cxii, 25-28.

We seemed to be placed in the very position the Psalmist speaks of. After we had done all we could to save our lives from the raging elements of the past night, until our ship was rendered unmanageable, our sails secured and the helm lashed a-lee, then we were at our "wit's end," and prayed to the Lord for help, and secured ourselves to the mizen rigging and quarter deck, there in deep contemplation and utter silence to wait the issue of our case. Capt. H. doubtless felt that he had neglected his duty in commending us to God daily, during our long voyage, and now in this perilous hour, when we were at our "wit's end," his confidence failed him. Himself and the cook were the only professors of religion on board. They both belonged to the Close Communion Baptist church, in New Bedford, Mass. The cook was the only colored man on board. I have always believed that the Lord specially regarded his prayer. Once only during the voyage I heard the captain pray. I had become almost exhausted from extreme labor in some of the storms I have before mentioned, and was losing two hours of my evening watch to get some rest, when I overheard Capt. H. in a dark part of the cabin praying the Lord to raise me to health and strength. In saying this I mean no disrespect to Capt. H., for he was a gentlemanly, good-hearted man, and treated his officers and men with kindness and respect.

After the cook's prayer I secured myself to the weather foremost mizen shroud, to watch the furious, raging storm. Capt. H. was next behind me, the second mate and crew all ranged along the weather side of the quarter deck, waiting in silence the decision of our case. The wind was so unabating in its fury that it would whirl the top of the containing seas over us, and drench us like pouring rain from the clouds. The labor of the ship seemed to be more than she could long endure. The marvel was that she had held together so long. It seemed sometimes when she was rushing from the top of some of those mountain seas, broadside foremost, that she would either turn clear over or rush down with such impetuosity that she never would rise again. After a while the sea became furious from the west, and the two seas would rush together like enemies contending for victory. We had remained in silence about three hours, when I said, "Our ship can stand this but a little longer." "So I think," replied the captain. I said, "It appears to me that our only hope is to loose the wings of the foresail, and drive her between these two seas on a N. E. course." "Let us try it," said Capt. H.

Soon our good old ship was making her way through between these two tumbling mountains, being most severely buffeted, first on the right and then on the left. And when our hearts would almost sink for fear of her being overwhelmed, she would seem to rise again above it all, and shake herself as though some unseen hand was girding her from beneath, and with her two little outstretched wings, filled to overflowing with the howling, raging wind, she would seem to move onward again with more than mortal energy. Thus she wallowed along until midnight between these tumbling seas, wrenching, tumbling, wrenching and groaning with her heavy iron load and precious living souls that she was laboring to preserve in answer to the poor negro sailor's prayer, that had passed from her upper deck, away from amidst the distracting hurricane and dreadful storm to the peaceful mansions of the Governor of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas.
O what a glorious promise is this! What an exceeding great and precious promise, that the righteous shall be rewarded!

Are you striving dear youth for this reward? To secure for yourselves treasures that shall endure, when all else shall fail and pass away? Or are you still engaged in the vain pursuit of the follies and pleasures of this life, thus swiftly pass like a phantom? Are you putting far off the evil day with the thought, “My Lord delayeth his coming?” Are you still seeking enjoyment among the assemblies of the ungodly, and does the society of the unrighteous and gay, afford more happiness than the company of the upright? Does the Sabbath School and school of the saints” no more interest you? Are you cherishing thoughts of a long life of enjoyment here, for a name enrolled among the learned and the great of earth, the ambitious and aspiring?

If this has been your condition in the past, and if at present your aims be for the laurels of earth, be entreated to forbear. Seek no longer then—for the applause or friendship of the world, but follow this noble and heavenly-aspiring. Are not the promises great, the inducements to righteousness many?

Certainly there is a reward for the righteous. Which then will you choose? a life of selfishness and sin with death for your wages, or a “well ordered life,” spent in doing good, with eternal life for your reward? If you desire something substantial, come, partake of those pure, heavenly joys that can only be found in the service of the King of heaven, and drink of the fountain of salvation, that flows to all; loving and obedient to your parents; ever aspiring?

How rich, how full, how sweet the reward! "Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—Dsvm.

THE REWARD.

For the Instructor.

"Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—David.

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O what a glorious promise is this! What an exceeding great and precious promise, that the righteous shall be rewarded!

Are you striving dear youth for this reward? To secure for yourselves treasures that shall endure, when all else shall fail and pass away? Or are you still engaged in the vain pursuit of the follies and pleasures of this life, thus swiftly pass like a phantom? Are you putting far off the evil day with the thought, “My Lord delayeth his coming?” Are you still seeking enjoyment among the assemblies of the ungodly, and does the society of the unrighteous and gay, afford more happiness than the company of the upright? Does the Sabbath School and school of the saints” no more interest you? Are you cherishing thoughts of a long life of enjoyment here, for a name enrolled among the learned and the great of earth, the ambitious and aspiring?

If this has been your condition in the past, and if at present your aims be for the laurels of earth, be entreated to forbear. Seek no longer then—for the applause or friendship of the world, but follow this noble and heavenly-aspiring. Are not the promises great, the inducements to righteousness many?

Certainly there is a reward for the righteous. Which then will you choose? a life of selfishness and sin with death for your wages, or a “well ordered life,” spent in doing good, with eternal life for your reward? If you desire something substantial, come, partake of those pure, heavenly joys that can only be found in the service of the King of heaven, and drink of the fountain of salvation, that flows to all; loving and obedient to your parents; ever aspiring?

How rich, how full, how sweet the reward! "Verily there is a reward for the righteous."—Dsvm.