

the close of the service and seek the pardon of his sins alone in the solitude of his chamber. With this purpose he left his pew at the close of the services, and passed with the thronging but grave multitude out of the church.

On the doorsteps he found some gay friends awaiting him. They had planned a scheme of pleasure for an hour or two that night; and they begged him to join them.

"No," said he, faintly, "I think not to-night."

They gazed in his face earnestly, and one of them, detecting an unusual seriousness in his aspect, which was discernable even in the pale moonlight of that beautiful evening, exclaimed in a taunting tone of voice, "What! are you going to be religious too?"

That speaker was his fiend in disguise. In that speech he threw the bauble of human approbation into the whirlpool, and the half-awakened youth plunged in desperately to seize it. Throwing off his gravity he burst into a loud laugh, assured them he was not serious, accepted their invitation, and lost his convictions. Henceforth his sins held him in bondage and in chains. In a few months he died an impenitent sinner!

How fatal was his ONE act of resistance of the Holy Spirit. Had he yielded and taken his place at the altar, the invitation of his sinful friends at the door would have been powerless to attract him. But he resisted once too often. The tinsel crown of human approval led him, like the diver, to a fatal leap, and he perished. Awakened sinners beware! You too may sin once too often!—*Zion's Herald*.

The Better Land.

A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked. Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and

tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles; but the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not! It is better yonder; and you will all soon follow."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm-trees, and regaled themselves on the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "O! how groundless was our fear!" said the children, "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land."

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country conveys to us a still higher meaning. There is appointed for us a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth, on which we dwell, is like an island. The land here is indeed a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of heaven. - The passage hither over the stormy sea is—death;