

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

MANHOOD'S MORNING.

Will the young men who weekly read what I have to say permit me in this short article to impress upon them the importance of improving the morning of life? For when the evening of life falls upon you it will be too late to do those things that you ought to have done, or leave undone those things that you should not have done.

A friend of mine is building a new house, and he seems to be devoting all his thought and care at present to the foundation. And he is wise, for without a proper foundation his building will be a failure.

A frivolous youth cannot be expected to grow into an intelligent man. Indeed the weak spots of a young man generally become weaker as he grows in years. What he cannot apply his mind to while in the morning of life he never will, as a rule, be able to master after he has reached mature years.

In the morning of your manhood lay deep the foundations of your future life. So deep that when the wind blows and the storms rage you will feel that you can stand them; being well anchored.

While in the morning of life be sure and learn some way to make an honest living. Do not be afraid to work at any honest, respectable trade or profession. And whatever you attempt, of a business nature, stick to it while it sticks to you. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," my old father often told me, and his advice is as good for you as it was for me.

In the morning of life be careful as regards your health. Many a man walks the streets, suffering unknown pain, because in his youth he paid no attention to the laws of health.

Not long since a gentleman asked me to look at his fingers. They were drawn up into all kinds of shapes, the result of rheumatism brought on by being careless in the days of his boyhood. Once he laughed at

those who warned him; now he feels more like crying from pain.

But it is of the utmost importance that young people should turn their attention in the morning of life to that which pertains to their everlasting peace and happiness.

In Williamburgh lived an old gentleman who looked the picture of happiness. He was a walking sunbeam, happy all the day long. Not only that, but he made everybody with whom he came in contact happy. When he spoke, joy was depicted on the faces of those who listened to him. I asked Brother Woodruff how it came about that he was such a happy man, and his reply was: "In the days of my youth I gave Jesus my heart; and He gave me in return so much sunshine that I cannot keep it all to myself, and do not want to."

At that time he was over eighty years of age, and his silvery locks hung about his head as if for no other purpose than to add beauty to his kindly face. Shortly after the time alluded to he died, but those who knew him did not seem to worry over the fact, for they knew the good old gentleman had gone straight to Heaven. It was in the morning of life that he had prepared himself to be a benediction while he lived and a glorified saint after death.

If you want to have a winning face, good feet that carry you safely in the narrow path, a head that is worth paying attention to, and a heart that feels for the woes of others, get them in the morning of life—the time when these things are given by a good God to those who diligently inquire after them.

Do not defer the matter until the time when the cares of the world shall have swallowed up nearly all desire to love God and keep His commandments.

Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the thief that will steal from you in the morning of life the opportunity of enjoying a peaceful and contented old age.—*George R. Scott, in Sabbath Reading.*