

Harry Holmes, on the other hand, having triumphed over the enemy, was never tempted in that way again; and having continued at the Sabbath School, was early converted to Christ—was elected a teacher, and soon gathered around him one of the most interesting classes in the school—grew up to be respected and beloved—and at the present time, although yet a very young man, occupies a very important and responsible position with a large and increasing income.

Boys, beware of the *beginnings* of evil! “Only once” is the syren voice that has led many a boy and girl astray from the path of virtue and peace. It was “only once” that Adam and Eve tasted the fruit of the forbidden tree, but by that sin came death, and all the sorrows that afflict the human family. It is *the first* cigar that leads to the evil habit of smoking; the *first glass* that kindles the appetite for drink; the *first oath* that leads to profanity; the *first game* that makes a man a gambler; and the *first act of pilfering* that makes a boy a thief!

We must guard against these beginnings of evil if we would keep ourselves pure. Temptation is like a spark that may be trampled out by the foot of a child when first it falls, but which, if left to burn, may kindle such a conflagration as that which has recently devastated Quebec. But *the will*, the *watchfulness*, the *power*, to trample out that spark, whenever it falls into our hearts, is something that we haven’t got by nature. *That* we must obtain by application to the Lord Jesus Christ, who will sprinkle us with His blood, and renew our hearts by His gracious Spirit. In that way only can we overcome the wicked one, or enter into the kingdom of God. W.

WAKE UP, SOLOMON!

“Sol, wake up! It’s time to get up,” shouted young Harry to his sluggish brother, one fine July morning, as he began dressing himself.

“What time is it?” yawned Solomon.

“Nearly six,” said his brother, “and mind, Sol, we start at seven.”

“It’s too early to get up yet,” said Solomon; “I’ll snooze till quarter to seven.”

So the lazy fellow turned round and was soon fast asleep again. When he awoke his room looked very full of sunshine. The house was very quiet, too, and rubbing his eyes, he muttered,

“I wonder if it is seven o’clock yet?”

Crawling out of bed, he dressed himself and went down stairs. There was nobody in the parlor, nobody in the dining room.

“What can be the matter?” thought Solomon.

“Where are they all?” he asked the servant.

“Gone to the city,” she replied; they started two hours ago.”

“Why, what time is it?”

“Nine o’clock.”

“But why didn’t they call me?”

“You were called at six o’clock, and would not get up. Your father would’nt have you called again. He said he would teach you a lesson.”

“It’s too bad!” cried Solomon, dropping his head upon the table and bursting into tears.

It was too bad that the lazy boy did not learn the lesson of that morning, so as to turn over a new leaf in the book of life. I am sorry to say that he did