

and Calvin tried to quiet his conscience by thinking to himself that probably Mr. Carless would not be there at any rate, and that even if he were, he would have nothing new to tell them. He did not reflect how much of his teacher's dullness and lack of interest was caused by his own indifference and inattention, and that of his class-mates, for a dull scholar is sure to make a drowsy teacher.

Harry, however, was not so easily led away. He loved the Sabbath School, and was never happier than when there, singing his favourite hymn,

The Sunday School, that blessed place,  
Oh! I had rather stay  
Within its walls, a child of grace,  
Than spend any hours in play.  
'Tis there I learn that Jesus died  
For sinners such as I;  
Oh what has all the world beside,  
That I should prize so high!

He had been carefully brought up by a christian mother, and taught the guilt and danger of such a course as that to which Calvin was urging him; and averse in the Bible which she had taught him at her knee, when he was a very little boy, instantly occurred to him—may we not rather say, was brought to his recollection by the good Spirit,—“My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” And so, secretly looking upward for help, he resolved to do what he knew would please God and gratify his mother, and replied to Calvin's repeated invitation with a firm but kindly “No!”

Calvin did his best to persuade him to go, for guilt likes company. “Just this once, Harry, your mother will never know.” But Harry thought of One who would know, of the record that He keeps of our most secret actions, and of the books that shall be opened at the judgment, when not only his dear mother would know, but when this three-headed sin, if committed, would be published before the whole world, and fill him with remorse and shame! And so, fleeing from further temptation, he hastily turned away from his wicked companion, and went into school.

Calvin did not enjoy his walk that afternoon as he thought he should. The sky was clear and beautiful, and the birds were singing their sweetest songs in the branches of the trees which lined the banks of the river; but Calvin was ill at ease and sullen, and many a time was half inclined to retrace his steps, and return to the Sunday School. But it was now too late for him to enter without awakening a suspicion of what he had been doing—he, at least, thought everybody would know—and thus, having allowed himself to be led captive at first, Satan had wound his coil around him more and more tightly till he was bound hand and foot.

That hour was the *turning-point* in the history, and, we have reason to fear, in the eternal destiny of those two boys.

Calvin Sharpe's course was rapidly downward. The tie that held him to the Sunday School was gone. The temptation that had proved so successful was frequently renewed, and as frequently yielded to, and he soon forsook the school altogether. Next he abandoned the House of God, and spent the day of rest in the company of Sabbath-breakers like himself. And then, having trampled upon conscience and the word of God in these respects, he grew bold in sin—learned to smoke and drink—robbed, and well nigh ruined his widowed mother—was thrown into prison, and on the expiry of his sentence, had money given him to go away from home, on condition of his never returning!