

Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

"NO, NOT FOR ONCE!"

"WHAT shall you do with yourself to-morrow, Harold?" said a dandyfied lad to a less spruce fellow-clerk who was busy brushing his boots one Saturday evening.

Harold was fresh from his country home. He had been admitted only a few days before as a clerk in a large house, and was what his fellow-clerks called "very green." But in my judgment he was not quite so green as they fancied. Looking up from his shining boot, he replied very modestly:

"I shall go to church, Frank."

The youth laughed and replied, "What a greeny! Why, none of our fellows think of going to church. We are going to the fishing-grounds down the bay in a splendid steamer. You had better go. It wont cost much."

"It will cost more than I can afford to spend," rejoined Harold, brushing his boot quite vigorously.

"You are on the poor list, hey?" asked another of the clerks, named Clement, in a sneering tone. "Out of cash, eh?"

"I'm not rich, certainly," rejoined Harold quietly. "Still, I have a few dollars of my own, and expect to have a monthly allowance from home until I begin to receive a salary here."

"You're stingy, then?" queried Clement.

"Not exactly," replied Harold.

"But you said you couldn't afford to go fishing with us to-morrow," said Frank, "when the trip, dinner and all, needn't cost you over a dollar."

"It was not the cost-in money that I meant to say I could not afford," replied Harold.

"What did you mean then? It wont cost anything else," retorted Frank, sharply.

"Yes it would," said Harold very solemnly.

"It would cost me a guilty conscience."

Frank looked surprised at this bold speech, but Clement laughed, and said with a bitter sneer:

"Take care, Frank, you've caught a saint."

"I do not profess to be much of a saint," said Harold, "but I believe it is wrong to break the Sabbath and I wont do it."

"But, Harold," pleaded Frank, "it can't be very wrong to take a trip on the water Sundays, after being shut up in a store all the week. Come, go with us to-morrow, just for once."

"No, not for once," replied Harold. "My pa has often told me that sin is like the camel which asked the cobbler to let him put his nose into his stall. The cobbler gave his consent, and then the camel, after putting in his nose, pushed in his head, and then his foot, and, finally, he walked in and turned the cobbler out. I mean, if I can, to keep out the camel's nose. I wont begin to do wrong."

"Well, you *are* a saint and no mistake," said Clement.

"I guess you wont do for our set."

"I suppose not," replied Harold quietly as the others left the room.

The victory was won. Harold's fellow-clerks saw that his face was set like a flint to do right, and though they laughed at him and called him a saint, they did not again try to persuade him to join their Sunday parties. Had the boy been less firm at first, they would have plied him with arguments and entreaties, and, most likely, have drawn him into their evil net.

Let Harold's good sense and firmness teach every other young Christian to set his foot down firmly against the first temptation. Let him say no to every tempter at once, and he too will save himself from the hands of sinners.

MY LETTER BUDGET.

THIS is the last number of another volume. How swiftly and pleasantly the year has flown! What a happy family mine is! Half a million of readers with merry smiles and happy hearts to sit round my editorial table! May God bless you all, my dear ones, and help you to profit by the good words you find in your paper! Of

course, you all mean to read the next volume. You will, therefore, hunt up your pennies and make ready to hand in your names and money to your teacher. I want you to tell your teachers and elder brothers and sisters that CARLTON & PORTER, of New York, U. S., have just issued the first number of the *Sunday-School Journal* for teachers and young people. Tell them I want them all to take a copy. I mean to make it to them what the Advocate is to you. It will not only tell teachers how to teach you, but it will also teach young people the way to happiness in this life and in the life hereafter. It is to be a monthly at forty cents a year, and for all copies over five, to one address, thirty-five cents. Be sure you tell them about it. I want fifty thousand subscribers for it within three months.

Here is the key to the Bible acrostic in our last:

1. D oeg 1 Sam. xxii, 9, 18, 19.
2. A biathar 1 Sam. xxii, 21.
3. V ial 1 Sam. x, 1.
4. I mage 1 Sam. xix, 13.
5. D aniel 1 Chron. iii, 1.

Here is a beautiful picture representing the scene of a



glorious miracle. You may see in it a tiny stream, a celebrated prophet, and a couple of unclean birds. Find the name of the stream, of the prophet, and of the birds.

Here is a letter from A. J. G., who says:

"About seven years since I kept a dry-goods and grocery store in the village of T. R. One day a bright-eyed little girl of about ten summers came in to buy a pound of butter, and while I was in the back store getting the article, my attention was attracted by a noise. On looking through a crack in the door I saw the little girl pulling a stool up to the counter, on which was a glass case filled with fancy articles. She got up on the stool, surveyed every part of the room save the ceiling, she did not look up, and seeing no one, put her hand in the case and took out two or three little buttons and a thimble and put them in her pocket. Then she got down and pulled the stool silently away. I came out and spoke to the little girl as kindly and pleasantly as I could, asking her at the same time what she had in her pocket. At first she said she had nothing; but I insisted on knowing, and finally she put her hand in her pocket and brought out the buttons and thimble. I asked her where she got them, when she said the buttons came off her little brother's coat and the thimble was her own.

"O I wish I could show all you little folks just how guilty and bad that little girl looked when I made her acknowledge her fault!

"Now the first sin the little girl committed in that act was that she gave way to temptation and took what was not her own without leave. The second sin was one which is almost certain to follow the first. She told a lie to get clear of being detected in her crime. The articles the little girl took were of but little value; but the sin she committed was in the sight of God very great indeed, and her conscience accused her and made her feel very wretched."

That little girl was wicked indeed. I am sure you all feel so disgusted with her conduct that you are saying, "O Lord, save us from the hateful sins of stealing and lying!"

JENNIE C., of V—, says:

"I am an orphan, and am in my fifteenth year. My parents died when I was only four years old. They became Christians about one year before they died, and I know they have gone to that 'beautiful land' we read so much about in the Bible which is called heaven. I go to Sabbath-school and read the 'story of Jesus' over and over, but never get tired. I am trying to be a good girl so that I may some day meet my long-lost parents. Now I would like to join your Try Company if it is not full already."

"Jennie gives such a good account of herself," says the Corporal, "that I think she will make a good Try Company soldier. Enter her name!"

Jennie's name is written, and I hope she will daily tell Jesus all there is in her heart, and beg him to direct all her steps. By so doing she will surely find all the help necessary to guide her to the "promised land" and to her glorified parents.—L. J. F., of Y—, says:

"I am most eleven years old and Tizzy is eight. I want to be good and when I die go to meet my little Brother Havelock, who died last summer. He was six years old, and O I loved him so well, he was so good and funny.

One day he was going down to the well with father, (the well is a good way off, and father sometimes buys old houses when he builds new ones and hauls them home to burn,) and he said, 'Stop, father!' So father stopped and Havey said, 'Father, why don't you buy some old well and have it hauled home?'

"Havey thought father could buy an old well and haul it home just as well as he could an old house."

Havelock is wiser now than Laura. He is learning from the lips of Jesus. I hope L. and Tizzy will one day share both his wisdom and his joy.—ABBY DILLENBECK, of O—, writes:

"A year ago I thought I would write to you, but I couldn't make up my mind to do so; but now I have peace of conscience and the holy fear of the Lord in my heart, I can and will promise to try to be a good girl, and will strive hard to win the victory over Mr. I Can't. I think that he is a miserable old fellow, and I will invite Mr. I Can Try into my humble home, for I think that he is worthy of dwelling with any one who wants to be happy and make her home pleasant. I have a good home, kind and loving parents, two brothers at home and another one that has been in the army, whom I expect to see before long, and four, I trust, in heaven, and I hope to meet them there. I have one sister also. We take your beautiful little paper. I wish it was a great deal larger than it is."

Welcome to my army, Abby. Make yourself the joy-bird of your home; and that you may be so be sure you go to Jesus every day for grace to help you in your hours of need.—

WILLIE, of R—, says:

"I am a little fellow who loves to go to Sunday-school. I attend regularly at the Mount Olive Sunday-school. I have a sister and three brothers who also attend. We have a very nice school, numbering about seventy. Our superintendent takes delight in instructing and interesting the school. We all love him very much. Nearly all the school who can read the Bible have started with the first of the year to read it through in twelve months, and our superintendent asks us questions every Sunday about what we've read during the past week, and it would do you good to hear them answer. I am trying to be a good boy, and would like to join your Try Company."

Hurrah for Willie! He talks right up, and is, I trust, a true Bible boy. May heaven bless him! The Corporal does.—W. F. H., of P—, says:

"Our superintendent asked us one Sunday how many of us would like to join the Try Company, and you ought to have seen us. The whole school, except a few who thought they were too large, arose on their feet."

"Welcome, O my children, to my busy ranks. Remember, you are all pledged to greater effort in doing right than you ever made before. As to those who were too large to join my ranks, I have only to say that I hope they are not too large to try with the best of you to win in the race after excellence." Such is the Corporal's welcome to the P— Try Company.—Three "Buckeyes" say:

"We are appointed a committee to write to you that our Sunday-school is very prosperous, and we have recently formed ourselves into a Try Company and a 'Juvenile Temperance Club.' We would like to join your great army. A large number of us have joined the Church and have been admitted into full connection."

That band of recruits makes a good showing. The Corporal accepts them right cheerfully. Piety, temperance, and hard trying are three powerful helps through this world of temptation.