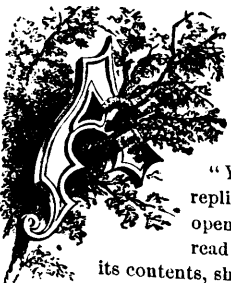


Sunday-School Advocate.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1863.

THE GIRL WHO HAD "NOTHING TO WEAR."



NOTE for you, Ad," said Edward Payton, tossing a pretty little billet into his sister's lap; "I guess it's from your friend, Bella Corson. At any rate, Mr. Corson's boy brought it."

"Yes, that's Isabella's writing," replied Adelaide Payton as she tore open the envelope and proceeded to read the note. Having glanced over its contents, she looked up and said:

"It's an invitation to take tea at Isabella's next Tuesday. You are invited too."

"That's capital!" rejoined Edward; "I like to go to Bella Corson's house. They always have lots of good things to eat and plenty of fun. I'll go and have a good time."

"I shall not go," said Adelaide stiffly.

"Not go!" exclaimed Edward, with as much surprise as he might have felt if he had suddenly fallen into the adjacent mill-pond. "Not go! Why, what in the world has got into your head, Ad?"

"Nothing; only I sha'n't go, that's poz," replied Adelaide firmly.

"But why not, Ad? Can't you give a fellow a reason for such a strange resolution?"

"I can't go because I've nothing to wear," said Adelaide, putting on a very blank, disconsolate look.

"Nothing to wear! Phoo-o-o-o! Isn't that rich! Nothing to wear, eh? Why, you have on one of the prettiest frocks in Ferndale, and then there's—"

"Do you think I'd wear a muslin frock to a party?" asked Adelaide, breaking in on her brother's remark, and putting on the air of Innocence in a pet.

"I should think you wouldn't mind what a dress is made of if it looks well. I'll bet you look better in that muslin than Nelly Lofly does in her silk. But you have the new silk father bought for you last New Year's. Isn't that something to wear?"

"That silk! Pshaw! Do you think I'd wear that cheap thing to a party?" said Adelaide with a flash of anger in her large black eyes.

"Cheap, eh?" rejoined Edward; "I heard pa say it cost over twenty-five dollars. If you call that cheap I should like to know what you call dear."

"Well, I do call it cheap. It's as common as dirt alongside of Isabella's splendid pink, which cost twice as much. It's too bad I can't have things like other girls!"

Here Adelaide brought her little foot to the ground with violence, while tears of proud vexation hung pendant from her long eyelashes.

"You beat all the girls in Ferndale, I do believe," said Edward. "You have calico dresses, gauze dresses, de-laine dresses, silk dresses, and I don't know how many other sorts of dresses. Your clothes-press is full of dresses. Yet, if one could hear you talk without seeing you, he would think you were some poor Fiji girl without a single dress to cover your body. I don't understand it. I'm glad I ain't a girl, anyhow; and as for you, Ad, I'd advise you to ask Mr. Yardstick to put you in the place of that dummy he keeps in his window. He puts a different dress on her every day, you know. Get into its place, and then, you see, you'd have plenty to wear, ha, ha, ha!"

"Go away, you teasing fellow!" said Adelaide; but Edward was already gone. He was in the street muttering as he went:

"If that Ad has one dress she has twenty, and yet she says she has nothing to wear. What a queer girl she is! I wonder if all the girls talk so?"

If I had been near Edward I should have replied, "Not all of them; though I fear too many of them are just like your sister."

Girls, what do you think of Adelaide? She had not twenty but, at least, ten very nice dresses. Three of them were silk, the others of very nice materials. Not one girl in a million was as well supplied. Yet she said she had "nothing to wear." Was not that an untruth? Perhaps she meant nothing *fit* to wear. But wasn't that an untruth too? Isn't a silk dress worth twenty-five dollars good enough for any girl in the land—or for a princess even—

to wear? Alas for Adelaide! She was vain, proud, discontented, thoughtless, and wicked. She was ready to drain her father's pocket of its last cent to indulge her vanity. She vexed her parents with her complaints. She made herself miserable. What do you think of her, my girls?

If girls were wise they would prefer dresses simply made and of moderate cost. They would seek most of all for robes of righteousness with which to clothe and adorn their souls. These robes would attract the admiration of Jesus. Now I think it is better to be admired by Jesus than by all the people in the world. If you think and feel so, then you must see to it that, however poor your outside clothing may be, your souls are dressed in robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

OUR COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

CORPORAL, you look blithely to-day. Be seated next to our common friend, Forrester. How are you?

"Fresh as a June rose, vigorous as a healthy sapling, as full of sweetness as the sap vessels of a sugar-maple," replies the corporal with a smile which it does me good to see—in a mirror!

You are quite *botanical* in your allusions to-day, corporal. Been in the country, eh?

"I've been reading a book called 'Leaves and Flowers; or, Object-Lessons in Botany,*' by Alphonso Wood. I'm delighted with the book. It simplifies the beautiful science of Botany so that any bright child can study it. I wish each of your million readers owned a copy."

So do I, corporal. Botany is a beautiful study for the home or the school. I hope thousands of my readers will take it up. For beginners there is no better work on the subject than Professor Wood's *Leaves and Flowers*, and his larger work is just the thing for advanced students—but the budget; what's in the budget to-day?

"Over a hundred letters. I admit lots of recruits, and will read you a few of the letters. Here is a letter from Troy which was written to Rev. Dr. Wentworth, the pastor of the young converts who wrote it. He sends it with a plea in favor of the writers, who say:

"DR. WENTWORTH.—We young converts wish you to write to Rev. Daniel Wise for us, asking our admission in the Try Company, as we wish to join it, and mention about our little prayer-meetings, and inclose the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That we, the undersigned, do join the Try Company, praying to God to help us to obey its rules and regulations.

"Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves that whenever the giant 'I Can't' makes his appearance we leave him entirely to himself, and have 'I WILL TRY' in his stead.

"There is a Presbyterian and a Baptist boy who come to our prayer-meeting and would like to join the Try Company with us. We would like to know whether it would make any difference whether they are Presbyterian or Baptist to belong to the Try Company?

"This is signed by LYMAN P. WOOD and nine others. What say you, Mr. Editor, to these applicants?"

I advise their admission, Mr. Corporal, by all means. With regard to the Presbyterian and Baptist, I have only to say that if they love and serve Jesus and will keep your pledge they are as welcome as their Methodist companions. Is that your mind, corporal?

"Exactly, Mr. Editor. I regard Christian Churches as I do the corps which make up a great army. They are all under one great Chief—Jesus; all fighting one enemy—sin; all marching to one place—heaven. They are welcome. God bless them!

"L. H. C., once a superintendent, now a patriot soldier, writes a long letter in which he says there is a slave boy near his camp as white as any boy in the land. This good superintendent longs to see his old school again, and I pray the Lord to bless his noble heart; but I don't think you can find room for his letter it is so lengthy."

Right, my corporal; none but short letters can go into a little paper like mine. What next?

"A letter from Mansfield, Ohio, telling that when little BURR READ was dying he said to his father, 'Let me go, pa!'"

A very touching remark, showing that while the dear boy felt his father's affliction to be like strong cords holding him back from Jesus, he also felt the greater power of the Saviour drawing him upward to heaven. What next, corporal?

* Published by Barnes & Burr, 51 and 53 John-street, New York.



"Here is a picture of a stripling who did what the mightiest men in a mighty army dared not try to do. What was the deed? What was the hero's name?

"And here is the answer to the illustrated anagram in our last—David and Abigail. See 1 Sam. xxv.

"EDWARD G., a Pennsylvania boy, says among other things, 'I intend to be a minister and do some good.' What do you think of that?"

I think it is a very good purpose, if God calls him to preach. If Edward loves the Saviour and is a good student the Lord may do so. But he must not run before he is sent. Enter him on your roll, corporal, and proceed.

"A girl who hails from the great state of Illinois says:

"I, like many other little girls, owe a great part of my learning to read to the Advocate. For when I got so that I could read but a little, I did not like to read unless it was something interesting, and the pretty little stories in your Advocate just met my desire, so I can now read pretty well in the Fifth Reader. I must now tell you whether I am a good girl or not. I will not answer the question myself, but you must judge from statements. I never forget to pay tribute to my Saviour every night before I retire to rest. I read and study his glorious works and give myself into his care. I always try to be good to everybody.

"I think that Illinois girl is in the right path, don't you, Mr. Editor?"

Yes, she will do finely if she clings hard to Christ. I am pleased to know that the Advocate helped her up the first steps to the temple of knowledge. May the Lord bless her!

"MARSENA J., of Quincy, Ill., says:

"We have had a revival of religion here and about twenty-five of our scholars have been converted. Our minister is superintendent of the school. We all like him very much, he takes so much interest in us all. My brother, two years older than I, joined the Church about two weeks ago, and now I would like to join your Try Company if the corporal will accept me. I intend to try to be a good boy."

That boy writes good news. I am glad the sons and daughters of the mighty West are giving themselves to Christ. May the star of Bethlehem illuminate the heart of every child in the land!

"IRENA, of Palmyra, says:

"We have no Sunday-school since this wicked rebellion, but we have preaching every two weeks. I love our good Brother Nalor, for he preaches Jesus. I never go to bed at night without praying. I hope to see you all in heaven. Me and my two sisters want to join your Try Company. Will you accept us?"

That I will, my dear child, and hope you will pray every night, and morning too, that this wicked rebellion may cease and your Sunday-school be opened. The rebellion has closed very many Sunday-schools.