

When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a spendthrift.

When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser.

When you see a boy willing to taste strong drink, you may suppose that he will become a drunkard.

When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends, it is a sign that he will never be of much account.

When you see a boy looking out for himself, and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man.

When you hear a boy using profane language, you may take it for a sign that he will become a wicked and profligate man.

When you see boys rude to each other, you may know that they will become disagreeable men.

When you see boys pouting and grumbling when told to do anything, and always displeased when they have any work to perform, it is a sign that they will be good-for-nothing men.

But when you see boys that are kind and obliging to each other, obedient and respectful to their parents, attentive to their studies and duties, it is a sign that they will become good and useful men.

When you see a boy that loves his Bible, and is well acquainted with it, it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When you see a boy that stays away from theatres, grog-shops, ball-rooms, and gambling-houses, it is a sign that he will grow up a man in principle, knowledge, and goodness.

When you see a boy practising the virtues of morality and Christianity, you may know that he will become an honour to

himself and family, useful to his country, and the glory of his Maker.

Although great changes sometimes take place in the character, these signs, as a general rule, hold good.—*Selected.*

RATHER OLD.

ONE house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring-cleaning and other like inflictions inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of white-wash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it did ever simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the sucking pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were not taken out till after a sojourn of 1700 years! They had been cooking ever since the 23d of November, A.D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.—*Leisure Hour.*

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