

SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

**B**e honest my boy, be honest, I say;  
Be honest at work, be honest at play;  
The same in the dark as when in the light;  
Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.

The next thing you need is knowledge, my boy;  
These virtues, indeed, your time should employ;  
Let knowledge display integrity, too,  
And you'll seldom say, "I've nothing to do."

But work calls for action muscle, and will,  
Boys must "get up and get" their station to fill;  
And boys should be active as ever they can—  
A dull, stupid boy grows up dull, stupid man.

But simple activity will not suffice;  
Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise,  
They mark all the moves the industrious do,  
But don't care a fig to push business through.

The next thing in order—avoiding display—  
Boys should be careful to hear and obey,  
Not even presuming to make a reply,  
Nor muttering say, "I'll go by and by."  
But promptly obey with a hearty good will,  
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill.

Again. Be not fitful, but stick to your work;  
Never let it be said that you are a shirk;  
But when any task is fairly begun,  
Keep "pegging away" until it is done.

Be honest, be wise, and industrious too,  
Be active, obedient, obliging, and true;  
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can,  
Polite in your manners, and you'll be a man.

OFFERO THE PEASANT.

BY SILAS FARMER.

**A**MONG the old Greek legends there is one of a peasant, named Offero, who determined to seek the strongest King and serve him forever. He found a King so powerful that he was called the Great King. He entered his service, and remained in it contentedly until one day he saw the King tremble at the name of Satan. Offero asked, "Why do you tremble?" and was answered, "Because I fear the Evil One; he is a King stronger than I."

Offero at once set out to search for the Court of Satan. He found the Evil One himself flying over desert sands and breathing flames of fire.

He told him of his desire to serve him, and was speedily made welcome.

All went well until one day they sought the shade of some palm trees, and found a cross near by. It was now Satan's turn to tremble, and Offero learned that he feared Jesus, who was crucified.

Immediately Offero exclaimed, "I will be your servant no longer. The strongest only will I serve, and I will seek until I find him."

After many a weary mile he discovered a hermit at the foot of a great river, who told him how he might serve the greatest King, and employed him to help pilgrims over the stream. One day a child came and asked to be carried. Offero took him on his shoulder, but before they had reached the middle of the stream the child grew so heavy that he could hardly carry him. When the other side was reached the child revealed himself as Jesus, the greatest King, who, though in the form of a child, was all-powerful. Offero gladly continued in his service, and found no one that excelled him.

There are many persons who want only to serve the strongest, and because custom so largely sanctions, and fashion so constantly favours, and politicians so greatly fear the liquor traffic, they have come to believe that liquor

is the strongest King; and on many of the signs in our streets may be seen the picture of Gambrinus, the God of Beer, holding aloft the foaming mug. His worshippers glory in his seeming strength, and say we exaggerate the blessings of water, and neglect the better gifts of whiskey, beer, and wine.

There is, however, a stronger King. He figures everywhere, and there is life and strength in him; King Water is his name. It is well to consider his power, and compare it with that of beer.

The liquor statistics of America and the world have been spread before us again and again, yet scarce a word has been said of the "water-power" that almost keeps the universe in motion.

God has shown his appreciation of water by putting it everywhere.

A few miles from the southern coast of Cuba, and in other places, freshwater springs bubble up from the midst of the blue and briny ocean.

From the time we enter the world until the toll of the bell tells of our departure, water is essential to our comfort and existence. It is so common here, that we seldom feel thankful for it.

In parts of Syria, however, water is so scarce, that Mr. Porter, author of the "Giant Cities of Bashan," had no chance to wash his hands for fully six weeks of time. If we had had this experience, we should appreciate our supply much more.

Without water no business of any kind could thrive; goods could neither be made, bought, nor sold; and all foliage and flowers would entirely pass away.

Surely water is stronger than intoxicants. Let us give our service to King Water.

A CONSECRATED COBBLER.



**W**E write not of the sainted Carey, to whom these words were first applied by the famous, we might almost say infamous, Sydney Smith; but of old John Pounds, who, though less widely known on earth, is doubtless well enough known in heaven.

Dr. Guthrie has been commonly regarded as the great apostle of the Ragged School movement in Great Britain; but it is profoundly interesting and instructive to hear him tell how his enthusiasm in this direction was originally aroused. He says: "The interest I have been led to take in this cause is an example of how, in Providence, a man's destiny—his course of life, like that of a sinner—may be determined and affected by very trivial circumstances. It is rather curious, at least it is interesting to me to remember, that it was by a picture. I was first led to take an interest in ragged schools, by a picture in an old, obscure, decaying burgh, that stands on the shores of the Frith of Forth, the birth place of Thomas Chalmers. I went to see this place many years ago; and going into an inn for refreshment, I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses, with their crooks, and sailors in holiday attire, not particularly interesting. But above the chimney-piece, there was a large print more respectable than

its neighbours, which represented a cobbler's room. The cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, and an old shoe between his knees—the massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character, and beneath his bushy eye-brows, benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor ragged boys and girls, who stood at their lessons round the busy cobbler. My curiosity was awakened; and in the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children, left by ministers and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen, to go to ruin on the streets—how, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts—how he had trained them to God and the world, and how, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery, and saved to society, not less than five hundred of these children. I felt ashamed of myself. I felt reproved for the little I had done. My feelings were touched. I was astonished at this man's achievements, and I well remember, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saying to my companion, (and I have seen in my cooler and calmer moments, no reason for unsaying the saying), 'that man is an honour to humanity, and deserves the tallest monument ever raised upon the shores of Britain.' I took up the man's history, and found it animated by the spirit of Him who had compassion on the multitude.

"John Pounds was a clever man, besides; and like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy in any other way, he won him by art. He would be seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and compelling him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman, but by the power of a hot potato. He knew the love an Irishman had for a potato; and John Pounds might be seen running, holding under the boy's nose a potato, like an Irishman, very hot, and with a coat as ragged as himself. When the day comes when honour will be done to whom honour is due, I can fancy the crowd, of whose fame poets have sung, and to whose memory monuments have been raised, dividing like the wave, and passing the great, and the noble, and the mighty of the land, this poor, obscure old man stepping forward, and securing the especial notice of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it also unto me."

Oh, for the uprising of a multitude of men like dear old John Pounds, to beam with tenderness upon the poor children, pinched with poverty, begrimed with dirt, and early schooled in the ways of sin. All our great cities are teeming with them.

They are now the children of the "suffering classes;" they will presently be developed into the stalwart leaders of the "dangerous classes," and if we do not now take them by the hand, they will some day take us by the throat. And if they throttle us, we shall only get our deserts.

THE *Sunday-school World* tells of a Sunday-school Convention held in Kansas at which the chief attraction, for the boys at least, was a brass band. and one little fellow, in describing it afterward, said the band sung, "Shall we gather at the river," but did not speak the words very plain.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOYS.

**A**N exchange says, a boy will travel forty-seven miles in one day on a rabbit hunt, and be limber in the evening. when, if you ask him to go across the street and borrow Jones' two inch auger, he will be as stiff as a meat block. Of course he will! And he will go swimming all day, and stay in the water three hours at a time, and splash at it like a piddle and puff, and next morning he will feel that an unmeasured insult has been offered him when he is told by his mother to wash his face carefully, so as not to leave the score of the ebb and flow so plain as to be seen under the gills. And he'll wander around a dry creek bed all the afternoon piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die off when his big sister wants him to please pick up a basket of chips for the parlour stove; and he'll spend the biggest part of the day trying to corner a stray mule or a bare back horse for a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled when it comes time to drive the cows home; and he'll turn a ten acre lot upside-down for ten inches of angle worms, and wish for the voiceless tomb when the garden demands his attention. But all the same, when you want a friend who will stand by you and sympathize with you, and be true to you in all kinds of weather, enlist one of the small boys."

EASTER LILIES.

**N**OT as we bring our garlands to a tomb  
To breathe the heart-fragrance o'er a lost one's rest,  
Bring we this wreath of sweetness and of bloom  
To crown this day, of all our days the best.  
But, as if love and gratitude and prayer,  
Dying in grave dark that enwrapped His face,  
Had seen His smile break forth with wondrous grace  
And sudden blossomed into beauty there,  
As if, along the way that felt His tread,  
Life burst from Death and flowers from the soil,  
As new love springs to meet the heart of God  
In joyful praise that Christ no more is dead.  
—Mary Louise Dickinson.

WAS IT A MISTAKE?

**A**N excellent Christian man, with whom, not a great while ago, we were conversing on the changes made in the management of children within his recollection, related how, when he was a boy, he was obliged every week to commit two verses of a hymn, and ten verses of Scripture, to be recited on Sunday to his Sunday school teacher; and when Sunday-school was over, he was marched with the other scholars into the main room of the church, to listen to the pastor's sermon.

Looking back upon this old-fashioned and heroic method of dealing with children, the dear good man who was telling us his experience expressed a doubt as to whether that was just the wisest way. And yet this man, whose boyhood was trained in that method, is a stalwart Christian, of the noblest type—an honoured deacon of one of the foremost churches in America. In spite of the deacon's doubt, we have a notion that he was brought up about right, and that we should have more men like him, if we had more boys brought up like him.