

Godliness is profitable unto all things.

1 Tim. iv. 8.

A REAL BOY.



A REAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher. He can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews, or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was "I can do more than that; I can *eschew* it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against large boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party in mischief and deceit.

Above all things he is never afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do any thing because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but

meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother will not like it if I do so and so." It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. Every one respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.—*The Outlook*.

A BOY'S POCKET.

BUCKLES, and buttons, and top.
And marbles and pieces of string.
A screw from a rusty old mop,
And straps of a favourite sling.

Slate pencils, and a part of a lock,
Some matches and kernels of corn
The wheels of a discarded clock,
And remains of a mitten, all torn.

A Jack-knife or two, never sharp,
Some pieces of bright-coloured glass,
The rim of an ancient jew's-harp,
Pens, fish-hooks, and pieces of brass.

Old nails, "sweeties," chippings of tin,
With bits of a battered-up locket—
All these, and much more, are within
The depths of a little boy's pocket.

SOMETHING GOD CANNOT SEE.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teacher on one occasion asked her class, "Is there anything impossible with God?" A tiny hand was raised, and a little girl said, "Please, teacher, is it possible for God to see the sin that is washed out in the blood of Christ?" "No my child," replied the teacher, "God says, 'When I see the blood I will pass over.' He will blot out the sins of those who trust in the dear Saviour."

There is no want to them that fear Him.

Psalms xxxiv. 9.