



Save the Boys!

BY JULIA NEELY FINCH.

Save the boys. They are the muscle and bone,  
The sinew and thew of our country's good;  
With their sturdy limbs and active hands,  
And their brave, young hearts, and eager eyes,  
Their earnest brows where thought is shown;  
Their boyish aims, half understood.  
Oh! that mothers in all the lands  
Could see where their highest duty lies.  
To save these dear and innocent ones;  
To hold as sacred that spotless page  
That God hath lent us to write upon;  
To mould aright the immortal clay,  
The hearts and lives of our dear sons,  
While in the yielding, plastic age,  
Each boy we save is something done  
That helps the world live God's own way.  
Pray for them and with them; above  
All, let no angry word or taunt  
Estrange, or turn from you your boys,  
Rough speech many a home destroys!  
Save the body as well as the soul,  
Keep it fair, as an indwelling place  
For the spirit, that immortal part;  
Pray with them and for them, day by day;  
Show them the signals that vice unfurls,  
That lie in the path of each human,  
The curse of gold, the poison of drink,  
The lusts that are the devil's sure gain;  
Save the boys! Soon, too soon, will they stray  
Out of your arms, from under your roof,  
And your heart will be hungry, and long  
For their rollicking shout and call.  
—Union Signal.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.  
LESSON XII.—MARCH 22.

FAITHFUL AND UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

Luke 12. 37-48. Memory verses, 37, 38.  
GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5. 18.

Time.—Shortly after last lesson.  
Place.—Probably somewhere in Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.

After teaching the disciples to pray Jesus uttered one of his severe discourses against the Pharisees, following which he warned his disciples against hypocrisy. By the parable of the rich fool he taught his people against undue anxiety about the things of this life showed that God, who fed his fowls, would not starve his children. To-day's lesson belongs to the same section.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the whole story of faithful and unfaithful servants (Luke 12. 35-48). Prepare to tell in your own words the last lesson and this.

Tuesday.—Read why we need to watch

(Matt. 24. 42-51). Fix in your mind Time, Place, and Connecting Links.

Wednesday.—Read how a wedding feast was missed (Matt. 25. 1-13). Learn the Golden Text.

Thursday.—Read a message from heaven (Rev. 3. 1-6). Learn the Memory Verses.

Friday.—Read the safe course (Eph. 5. 6-21). Answer the Questions.

Saturday.—Read a talk with children (Eph. 6. 1-9). Study Teachings of the Lesson.

Sunday.—Read the best rewards (Isa. 33. 13-17).

QUESTIONS.

1. Faithful Servants, verses 37-44.—37. Against what are we to watch? To what did Jesus compare the favour he would show to faithful servants? 38. How did Jews and Romans divide the night? 39. What two points did Jesus convey by comparing his coming to that of a thief? Why might the sides of a house be broken through? 40. How can we be always ready? 42. What question did Jesus ask about a wise servant? Over what was he made ruler? To whom does this parable refer? Why does God make one greater than another? 43.

A PRINCE OF THE BLOOD.

"I say, Martin, stop that, now! How's a fellow going to drink with Niagara Falls coming down on him?"

Louis Ray, or "Rufus," as the boys called him, rose up angrily, with a face as red as his head.

"All right," said Martin Stone, laughing! "Go ahead and drink; I'll pump easy for you."

Louis bent over again, and put his thirsty lips to the spout. This time his tormentor moved the pump handle about as fast as the hour hand of a watch, and about three drops trickled out.

"Pump, will you?" cried Louis.

"O yes! I will," roared the other, and that instant Louis was sputtering in a perfect rush of the bright water, while the group of boys exploded with laughter.

This was too much for Louis' fiery temper, and he sprang at Martin, shaking his wet head like a Newfoundland dog, and grappling him fiercely. But after all it was a friendly tussle. Louis had far too much sense to take the rough joke seriously, and by the time he and Martin had rolled about on the grass awhile, each trying to get the other under; by the time they had thumped one another

mark on examination, so I gave each a composition to write last night and I am now going to read them to the English class, without the name of the course, and let the class award the prize.

There was great excitement among the boys, much shuffling of feet, and embarrassed coughing, conscious grinning while Louis got his paper and stood waiting to march up to the desk with Martin.

But where was Martin's paper? You and I know that it was being trampled under dusty hoofs, but Martin was perfectly sure that it was in his algebra book. No. Well, then, in his History of the United States; and so he went through every book in his desk, of course without finding it, while Major Price's brow grew darker every minute.

Now the major, having received a military education, thought carelessness a much more serious matter than stupidity, and perhaps he was right. At any rate he was patient with dullness, but carelessness always met with prompt punishment.

"Well, well," he said, shortly, "where are the papers?"

"I have lost mine, sir," said poor Martin, wishing that boys were allowed to cry like girls.

"Then there will be less trouble about awarding the prize," said the angry teacher. "Louis, where is yours?"

There was an instant of silence in the schoolroom; everybody in the class held his breath. Louis turned red and then pale; then, with a quiet air of determination, he tore his paper slowly across the middle, and said in a respectful tone:

"I have none to hand in, sir."

Instantly the class broke into irrepressible applause.

"Silence!" thundered the major, and Louis braced himself against the desk behind him. These boys were tolerably afraid of the major, and if he took this as an indication of insubordination he would be severe. For some reason the teacher did not speak for a minute, and then he said, in a tone they had never heard him use before:

"Boys, I would rather see a generous thing like that among you than to have a prince of the blood in my school! That is what I call loving your neighbour as yourself, and you know who gave us that command and set us the great example."

You may be sure that the boys applauded long and loud after that.—Morning Star.



IN LIQUOR ALLEY.

How did the servant show his wisdom? 44. What would be his reward?

2. Wicked Servants, verses 45-48.—45. What will an evil servant say to himself? When does doubt begin? What effect would this doubt have on his conduct? What sins are most common in rulers? 46. Will doubt hinder Christ's coming? What punishment will come on evil servants? 47. What will determine the amount of punishment? 48. When is ignorance a sin?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Jesus is certainly coming again. If we really expect him any minute we will try to get ourselves and others ready for his coming. He will come when not expected. We are to work while we watch. We should be kind in our treatment of others. We should live each day as if we knew it would be our last. Eternity may hang on an instant. The greater one's light the greater the punishment if it be neglected. God will weigh well all that can lessen or increase guilt.

a time or two, in boyish fashion, the bell rang, and they all went back into the schoolroom as good friends as ever.

But something had happened in that sham battle, unknown to anybody except Bustle, the pug, and even he did not know much about it. Martin's bag strap gave way in the scuffle, his books tumbled out on the ground, and a closely written sheet of paper, caught by a breeze in search of a playfellow, began to play hopscotch over the grass. Bustle gave chase at first, but soon came to the conclusion that the thing had no wings, and went back to bark his interest and applause at the wrestling match. Away went the paper, across the school's tennis court, through the iron fence railings out into the road, there to be trampled deep into an early grave by a great drove of cattle passing that way.

Meantime the school routine went on, and presently the teacher said: "Put up your books, boys; I am going to let you decide now who shall get the English prize for the quarter. Martin and Louis—as some of you knew—got the same

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