

BOYS WHO ARE IN DEMAND.

The boys that are wanted are good boys,

Good from top of their heads to their soles :

Clean in speech, clean in thought,

Clean and pure in their bodies and souls.

The boys that are wanted are brave boys,

Speaking truth, doing right without fear.

Their mothers and sisters can trust them;

The timid feel safe when they're near.

The boys that are wanted are faithful,

All alone where no human eye sees

Their employers, never need watch them;

They are careful the Master to please.

The boys that are wanted are truthful,

You just may believe what they say,

To lie they count mean and unmanly,

They'll deceive, nor in work nor in play.

The boys that are clever and funny

Folks may laugh at and flatter and pet ;

But only the strong, true and honest,

Do wise business men try to get.

The smart boys, the sly boys, the idle,

The boys that do tricks underhand,

Are not wanted, but brave boys and faithful

And true for such there's constant demand.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening

her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks and she replied :

" I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place "

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of a Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before : " This," said she, " is the fountain whence I drink ; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may imagine my joy while we mingled prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.—*Moffat*

WELCOME TO THE CHRIST CHILD.

If every little child could see

Our Saviour's shining face,

I think that each one eagerly

Would run to His embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown or white.

All hearts are just the same ;

Each one is precious in His sight,

Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear, in every land,

With loyal hearts and true,

Will grasp some little Brother's hand,

And lead him onward too,—

Little Helpers.