

women, and children, and you will not require to travel to Wales or to Cornwall to find them. *They are everywhere about.* You may find and fight them, if you choose. If you do not conquer them, they will be sure to conquer you. I will tell you about one or two of them.

One is called **BAD TEMPER.** When he gets hold of any boy *he puts him under enchantment.* He alters his face so that he would not know himself in the glass, knits his brows, makes his eyes glare, changes his voice into a bear's gruff growl, or a wolf's howl, makes him feel like to strike every one, and break everything round about, turns all the wholesome blood in his body into vinegar and gall, puts toad's venom on his lips, and tortures him until he feels himself the most miserable little wretch existing.

That is a very bad giant indeed, and a very hard one to get the better off. But you must by all means be sure to conquer him if you hope to have any happiness in this world.

Another is a wicked, two-faced giant called **FALSEHOOD.** The boy who, unfortunately, falls into his power, *loses immediately the proper use of his tongue.* His tongue stammers and hesitates, and tells things all wrong, and upside down, and not as they really are. His description is blurred and twisted, like a bad photograph. No one can trust his story. His cheeks grow red and hot and uncomfortable, and he is in such a flutter of fear that *he is afraid even of his own father and mother.*

Then there is **DISOBEDIENCE.** He is another of the giants you must strive against.

Then there is **SELFISHNESS.** Fight against him.

I could tell you of some more—giants shall we call them again? For instance, I saw a man the other day knocked about and abused by Giant **INTEMPERANCE** in a way to make you shudder. He tossed him from one side of the way to the other, bemired him, tore him, disfigured him, and at last threw him before the wheels of a car and ended him.

I know a giant called **MAMMON**, who keeps a great many poor slaves, chained neck and heel, grubbing all their life long in his dirty mines, till, with the constant glitter of gold and silver, the unhappy creatures lose the power of their eyesight for anything else in this world.

I hope that all your life you will be a brave fighter against *every giant of wrong and evil*, both for your own sake and everybody's, and will help to make the world, and this part of it we live in, a safer and better, and happier place for us all. There is a great deal to do. Some are doing the best they can. I hope you will do better than any, and some day people may say of you,

“This is the noble, valiant man,
That strives for goodness all he can.”

(Selected.)

THE THREE P'S.

WHERE they are:—**Purpose—Pluck—Perseverance.** They are winning letters. They make a boy's spirit strong; for lack of them, many fail to accomplish anything in life. Purpose sees something that ought to be done; Pluck dares to undertake it; Perseverance sticks at it till it is accomplished.

REMEMBER

THAT A

BOY'S

MEETING

IS HELD EVERY

FRIDAY EVENING,

at EIGHT o'clock,

In Parlour “**B**” **SHAFTESBURY HALL.**

ALL BOYS WELCOME.

C O M E .

I would have you...simple concerning evil.—Rom. xvi. 19.