

religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while and bring home some religion, "and when that is gone," he said, "I take my canoe and go and fetch some more. Now, won't you give us a man all full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

That is what is needed in all the heathen lands, a "man full of religion."

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

A TALK WITH BOYS.

ONLY a boy; well, what of that? A boy will become a man if he lives, and then what great things he will do! Everybody likes a boy, if he is good; but, oh, dear, bad boys, they are awful! How mother's head aches, and mother's temper, I am sorry to say, sometimes is made very bad, and father, when he comes in to dinner or tea, is fearfully provoked, and declares that something must be done with this boy. Oh! what a hard time a boy has! He can't have fun or anything without being scolded, and perhaps sent up stairs to bed, long before bedtime. Do any of my boy readers ever have such a hard time?

Well, never mind, perhaps this same boy will some day become a good, useful man, and then he will laugh at the hard times he had when he was a boy. Perhaps he will be a lawyer, or a doctor, or who knows but that he will be a minister? Several little boys who are my friends tell me they would like to be ministers, but, do you know, I am afraid after a while their fathers will want them to make money, and perhaps they will want to make money themselves, and so they will not be ministers? But I want all my boy readers to be grand, useful men. You can all be useful if you only try.

I am going to tell you something about boys who lived a long time ago, about nineteen centuries or more before our time.

These boys lived in the great city of Rome. They were very much like you, with two hands to get into mischief, and two feet to run and skip, and a tongue to make a noise, only they spoke a different language from ours. They did not dress exactly like our boys, but they got cross, and laughed, and played just the same. The first thing a Roman father did after his boy was born was to take him in his arms and select a name for him, but he could only choose one out of a short list of seventeen. Why, now a father and mother have ever so many names to choose from, and they think about their fathers and

grandfathers, and then sometimes they look through books to find a pretty name which will just suit their boy, for they sometimes don't like to call him Dick, or Bill, or Tom; these are too common. After the Roman father had named his boy a big feast was made and a lot of relatives were invited, just as some people do to-day. Well, now, boys, between ourselves, some fathers and mothers are thinking all the time more of this feast and the nice robe which the baby boy is to wear, and whether he is going to cry or not, than they are thinking of what they are going to promise God for him. Now, that is very wrong. Do you know what your parents promised to God for you? Let me tell you. They promised that "You would renounce the devil and all his works, and believe in God, and serve him." Perhaps they are not acting up to what they promised. Will you ask them?

When a Roman boy was quite young they used to hang about his neck a round plate of metal, or, if he was a poor boy, it would be a piece of leather. What a queer thing! This was to keep away the influence of the evil eye. There was a bad spirit in those days just as now. Your parents promised they would protect you from the evil one, not by hanging a little thing about your neck, which can do you no good, but by praying to God that He would keep you from evil.

When the little Roman boy was seven his education began, and this was intended to make him a good soldier and a good citizen. A Roman was always expected to be a good soldier, and before he could be such he must be a good citizen, loving his country. He was trained to be strong by swimming, riding, throwing the javelin, and in many other ways. He was also taught to be temperate, not to eat or drink too much, and to be modest and well behaved—what a fine little fellow he must have been! Some of our boys do all the talking in a house, and their parents look on and admire their wisdom. When boyhood was over and he reached years of discretion, which was at the age of seventeen, it was not long before he had to think of the army. The Roman was a grand soldier. He was put through a wonderful, but very strict, system of drill and discipline, that could not help making any man a good soldier. Besides, he was taught to love his country, and so great was his patriotism that he became a most obedient and reliable soldier, ready to endure the greatest hardships and march wherever he was ordered. We have no period of mili-

tary service, in one sense, but we all ought to be faithful soldiers fighting for our King, the Lord Jesus Christ. We ought to lay to heart what St. Paul said to Timothy, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." When we are baptized the minister says over us that we are "to fight manfully under his banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers, and servants, unto our lives' end." The Roman boy did not know of Christ. He had not the opportunity of engaging in His glorious service. To serve as a good soldier of Christ is the greatest privilege that a boy or man can enjoy to-day. May all our boys grow up into manhood, strong and true and noble, and never ashamed to follow Christ and fight manfully for His banner until their lives' end!

N. I. P.

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