

'It might be possible. Maybe you could get the night turn at the crossing, and work in the greenhouse a part of each day.'

Tom jumped so eagerly at the idea that he upset his own chair, and almost knocked Katie over as he hugged her for joy. 'Why was I such a dunce as not to think of that? Of course McCafferty would jump at a chance to get the day turn. He's always complaining about the owl's life he leads. But,' he thought aloud further, 'even if the folks consented, what would become of my flower-beds? McCafferty wouldn't look at them, except to squirt tobacco juice their way.'

'I'll keep them just as nice as ever,' declared Katie, 'and I believe I can find out where that greenhouse is, too.'

She did; and it proved to be a new one only half a mile distant; so the arrangements were soon made for Tom to work there half of each day. Half a day was as much as the night men usually slept, anyway. But the question was suggested, after everything was joyfully arranged, would it be right for him to enter upon other employment while a servant of the company? Why must something always rise up to spoil his plans? He resented the interference bitterly, but the question would not down in that way. So he went to Thompson with it.

'None of the company's business,' was Thompson's offhand verdict, 'so long as you do your duty faithfully. I won't report you, and I don't think any one else will be mean enough.'

'But we will report it ourselves, of course,' promptly decided Katie when he took the question to her, as he finally had to. 'We wouldn't be mean enough not to

'I don't believe any one else would, in my position,' argued Tom. 'Other fellows go fishing and to ball-games when they're off duty; why shouldn't I work in a greenhouse?'

'Because you're not a common fellow, you see,' insisted Katie. 'If father could speak, Tom, dear, you know what he would say. His life does speak, if his lips can't. He put faithfulness to his duty before a soft place to jump from his engine.'

That settled Tom, and a letter was written to the superintendent of the road and posted; and Tom lived in fear and trembling for a week.

His hand shook like a leaf when Thompson handed him a company envelope one morning; but he felt easier, though not entirely free from apprehension when he opened it and read:—

'Thomas Nichols, Bridgeton:

There are no complaints against you. Unless you are reported for neglect of duty, we have nothing to do with your case. The company expects closest attention to duty.
J. Jones, Superintendent.'

One night after Tom had been at the greenhouse a year, and so apt a learner that Mr. Knowles, the owner, declared that his assistant knew almost as much as he did, a man appeared at the gate with an order to take Tom Nichols's place. It fell on Tom like a thunderbolt. He was to take the day turn to-morrow. It looked very threatening. He awoke in the morning with a load on him. It ushered in what promised to be one of his blue-as-a-whetstone days. But presently, remembering that Katie would soon make an appearance, he roused up and busied himself about the beds.

They were in glorious shape; but he put into effect some new ideas learned at the greenhouse, which gave a strikingly brilliant tone to their already fine showing. He was so bewitched himself that he hated to stop to lower the gates for the west-bound train. As he stood with his hand upon the crank, waiting, as was his custom, to hear the shrill signal in the engineer's cab for the train to pull out, so that he might raise the gates, the clatter of feet crossing the paved street attracted his attention, and the next moment he raised his eyes to see a well-dressed stranger, who accosted him. 'Ahem! Nichols, I believe.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Tom mechanically, wondering what could be wanted of him.

'I've just a minute to say a word; they are holding the train for me. My name is

Smith, superintendent of stations and grounds for the company. You are to get a substitute here, and meet me at the general offices in the city to-morrow. Here's a pass.' The next moment the man waved his hand to the conductor, ascended the car-steps, and the train began to move swiftly out, leaving Tom in a semi-bewildered condition.

'Some one has complained,' he groaned. 'But, if they mean to dismiss me, why do they go to all this trouble?'

His heart smote him as he thought of the possibility of being thrown out of employment that kept him near his father. Even Katie's unfailing sunshine failed to brighten the little group at home that evening, and it was not in a very reassuring frame of mind that Tom boarded the train next morning for the city. His anxiety robbed him of the novel pleasure of riding for the first time in his life upon a free pass. Timidly he knocked at the door bearing the inscription upon the card which had been handed him. With beating heart he entered the office, and stood face to face with the gentleman who had spoken to him the day before.

'Good morning. Sit down,' was the curt greeting. 'Where did you learn so much about flower-gardening?'

'From books and floral journals,' was the timid answer; 'but I haven't neglected the

'But you must have had some greenhouse experience?'

'Well, yes,' Tom reluctantly admitted, feeling that he was being driven to the wall. 'I've been spending part of the day in Mr. Knowles's greenhouse. You didn't say that you objected.'

'Like it better than gate-tending, eh?' with a smile that seemed cynical.

'Good-by to my job,' thought Tom in desperation. Then he answered aloud. 'It's the one ambition of my life. I had been studying and planning for years before the paralytic stroke came to father. I could be foreman at Knowles's if only father could get along without me; but I'd have to sleep there nights.'

'No, you couldn't,' was the astonishing rejoinder. 'You belong to us first. You're the very man we want. I was almost sure of that the moment I first saw your garden; and now my mind is made up. If you will accept the position of floriculturist for this company, you can begin right away to familiarize yourself with your work, and next month take full charge of the job. Your business will be to superintend the adornment of the stations lawns, and you'll have charge of the company's greenhouses. You can live anywhere on the line you choose.'

For a few moments Tom was too much confounded by this wonderful stroke of good fortune to remember the claims of politeness. But, as he went home, on another free pass, the train seemed to sail through the air, and he was sure his feet never touched the ground once between the station and his house. Thompson set him down as daft when he saw him rush to his flowers and kiss them.

'It's too wonderful to believe!' he exclaimed to Katie, after stammering out his story of good fortune and happiness.

'There isn't anything wonderful about it,' coolly declared Katie, 'only that it didn't happen sooner. I don't see how they could have helped wanting you for the place. I

always told you that you were an uncommon gateman. And I should think the way you made your flowers advertise for a better position proves it.'

'Hush!' said Tom. 'I've an uncommon sister. That's the secret of it.'

Let Yourself Go.

Old as I am, it was only last summer that I became able to float in the water. And after I had done it, it was as easy as lying in bed. Before I knew how, I had gone down like a log every time I attempted it. Sometimes it would be my feet, sometimes my head; sometimes the trouble would be in the water, which seemed too thin. In the course of my operations I swallowed enough of the Atlantic Ocean to produce low tide. And then, one fortunate moment, I got desperate, and said, 'Let yourself go! Let yourself go!' I took a big breath. I threw back my head, I flung my body out straight, and down I went as usual; and then—I slowly rose. Ah, slowly rose. Ah, the delicious sensation, to feel the water beneath me like a liquid swaying couch; to lie out there upon it drifting and bending as I chose; to allow myself to be tossed by the waves, and to feel myself at one with the sea! And to think that it was so easy, after all!

This is the way with the life of faith. We see others living in perfect peace, and we long for their peace. We theorize about it, but our theories don't seem to work out. We say that we will trust ourselves to God, and the first wave of worry knocks us over. We remind ourselves how firm and constant is God's love, and persuade ourselves that it will uphold us in any trouble, and then down into that sea of trouble we go again. And so we flounder on. But some day we really do what we have been thinking about and talking about; we really give ourselves up to God; we really feel underneath us the everlasting arms; we lie down in the bosom of the Almighty. And it is so easy! We never can forget it. We are filled with wonder that we found it so hard, and that we blundered at it so long. All we needed to do was to let ourselves go—to give up; and that we have done at last.—Amos R. Wells.

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