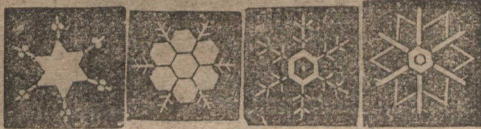


would be more inconvenient, perhaps, not to be able to live on the earth at all; and that is about where we should be if water did not crystallize when it freezes.

It would take a long time to tell what ice and snow do for us, but it is easy to see that they serve as a warm winter covering for the earth. They are cold, it is true, to the touch, but they keep the heat which the earth absorbs from the sun during the summer from escaping into the air, just as our clothes keep the heat in our bodies, and thus they enable the plants and animals beneath them to live through the winter. Now, if water did not crystallize and expand when it freezes, but went on contracting as it gets colder, as most other things do, ice would, of course, be heavier than water, and instead of floating on the surface of lakes and rivers it would sink to the bottom. Then new ice would form at the top and would, in turn, sink to the bottom, until the whole body of water was frozen solid. Then all the plants and animals in the water would die, and no summer would be hot enough or long enough to thaw the ice.

And supposing that snow fell, not in feathery crystals, 'like wool,' as an ancient writer says, but in hard pellets of ice, harder than any ice that we now know, it would make a very poor blanket for the flowers. It may seem like a poor blanket as it is, but as a simple matter of fact no covering of down on a baby's cradle ever rested there more gently and lovingly than does her mantle of snow upon the bosom of the earth. It is warm for the very reason that the down is warm, because of the air entangled in it, and under its protection the roots and bulbs and seeds that are to clothe the earth with beauty during another summer, and give food to man and beast, rest securely, wrapped in their winter sleep.



Seven Minds.

1. Mind your tongue. Never allow it to speak hasty, cruel, unkind, untruthful, or wicked words. It was made for something better.
2. Mind your eyes. Do not permit them to look upon obscene pictures, or things which suggest evil. There are many things the sight of which will be inspirational.
3. Mind your ears. They should never listen to wicked speeches, improper songs, or unholy words. They were made for hearing the harmonies of truth and the sweet voice of God.
4. Mind your lips. Never let anything be foul them, nor strong drink pass them, nor the food of the glutton pass between them. They are for better purposes.
5. Mind your hands. They should never steal nor fight, or be used to write down evil thoughts. Their true use is to lift up the fallen, and hand out blessings to the needy.
6. Mind your feet. They are not to walk in the paths of sin, nor in any of the steps of Satan. They are to carry you on errands of mercy and labors of love.
7. Mind your heart. The love of sin is to be kept out of it, and Satan is not to have any room in it. It is to be consecrated to Jesus, and He is to make it His throne.—'Christian Globe.'

Willing to Shovel.

To be willing to begin at the bottom is the open secret of being able to come out at top. A few years ago a young man came to this country to take a position in a new enterprise in the Southwest. He was well-bred, well educated, and he had the tastes of his birth and education. He reached the scene of his proposed labors, and found, to his dismay, that the enterprise was already bankrupt, and that he was penniless, homeless and friendless in a strange land. He worked his way to New York, and in mid-winter found himself, without money or friends, in the great, busy metropolis. He did not stop to measure the difficulties in his

path; he simply set out to find work. He would have preferred the pen, but he was willing to take the shovel.

Passing down Fourth avenue, on a snowy morning, he found a crowd of men shoveling snow from the sidewalks about a well-known locality; he applied for a position in their ranks, got it, and went to work with a hearty good will, as if shoveling were his vocation. Not long afterward, one of the owners of the property, a multi-millionaire, passed along the street, saw the young man's face, was struck by its intelligence, and wondered what had brought him to such a pass. A day or two later his business took him to the same locality again, and brought him face to face with the same man, still shoveling snow. He stopped, spoke to him, received a prompt and courteous answer, talked a few minutes for the sake of getting a few facts about his history, and then asked the young man to call at his office. That night the shovel era ended, and the next day, at the appointed time, the young man was closeted with the millionaire. In one of the latter's many enterprises there was a vacant place, and the young man who was willing to shovel got it. It was a small place, at a small salary, but he more than filled it; he filled it so well, indeed, that in a few months he was promoted, and at the end of three years he was at the head of the enterprise, at a large salary. He is there to-day, with the certainty that if he lives he will eventually fill a position second in importance to none in the field in which he is working. The story is all told in three words: willing to shovel.—'Christian Union.'

A Modern Hero.

'Oh, how cold!' escaped from my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement.

The mother was out, but her twelve-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other children as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

'Are you not cold, my boy?' I asked. 'No,' said he, 'not very.' Yet I noticed how his pretty pearly teeth chattered. I waited awhile and spoke to him; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, the baby lay, covered with the boy's coat. Talk about the bravery of men who face cannon and who, in the heat of passion, will do anything; but here was a hero, on a bitter day, in his shirt sleeves because he

wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

Men say the age of heroism is past. It is false! So long as the nation raises boys like this one, she has within herself the germs of a boyhood that will keep her forever in the very forefront of the world's history.—'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

An Open Invitation.

A poor fellow in trouble, a stranger in a big city, and sick, and destitute, passed aimlessly along the street, wondering what to do and where to go. Passing an office window, he looked up and caught sight of a man's face. 'I'll go in there and speak to him. He looks so kind,' was the instant resolve. He went, and found a friend in need, whose kindness brought the chance to help himself, which the young man never forgot, and afterwards sought to repay.

'He looks so kind.' Could there be a higher compliment? The man's face was an open invitation to come in and confide and get help.

Without speaking a word, he gave this invitation, which led to so much for the friendless stranger.

But do you suppose that this kind look grew in a night or a day or a week? Can a fine steel engraving be finished in a few hours? It takes line by line, day after day. Things worth while are not of instantaneous accomplishment. Now think of it. When is the best time to begin, if the art of looking pleasant and the possession of a kind face is to be achieved?—The 'Boys' World.'

'Somebody Must do It.'

The late Archdeacon Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving a lecture, when a cry of 'Fire' was raised. Away rushed the pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor, quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river. He was delicate, and looked consumptive.

'What?' cried Mr. Hare, 'you in the water, Sterling; you so liable to take cold!'

'Somebody must be in,' was the noble reply, 'and why not I?'

The spirit of this answer is all that is great and generous.

'Oh, somebody will do it,' and the speaker sits still—he is not the one to do it.

'Somebody must do it, why not I?' and the work gets done.—'Temperance Leader.'

Off With a Fresh Supply.



HAROLD BREWER, N.B.

Our boy readers, who see the 'Canadian Pictorial' each month, (and if they cannot secure a copy for their home, they should ask for it at their Public Library), will know that nearly every month we give the portrait of some boy who has done good work selling that popular monthly. But this is the first time such a picture has appeared in this paper.

Master Harold Brewer is a New Brunswick school boy of only eleven years. He started to sell the 'Pictorial' a year ago last Christmas, since which time he has earned two fountain pens and a camera, probably the one with which this picture was taken. He has already earned his bonus rubber stamp with his name and address on, and looks forward to a steady little income from this pleasant sort of work. Harold's picture is to go in the 'Pictorial' itself shortly. Boys' Page readers should watch for it.

About the first competition for 1908—remember it closes with the March issue, and a lot of boys are working. Even if you start late you still have a good chance by a little extra push. Send a postcard to-day for a package to start on, and full instructions.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Black, Montreal.