

The sea, that is what I love. I have studied and brooded over your splendid article in your column signed "Industria." What good humane faces Mr Andrew and Mr Montague Allan have! How I wish I could see them, speak to them, tell them my ambitions, my tastes. They look so good, I am sure they would not refuse to take me on board their "floating palaces" in order to help me to begin a career I long so much to try.

I have already travelled in the Gulf, and am not a lazy looker-on, when hard service is in request, but my parents would never allow me to engage as a simple sailor. They would let me go if I had a chance to find a place as officer on deck, the last degree to begin with. That would content them.

Perhaps I may arrive, through the mediation of your journal, to be welcomed and protected by one of the great masters of the Allan Line. I am ready to go to any part of the world, and promise to be useful, to do my duty to the satisfaction of all.

Hoping that you will give me a pushing hint in your next number.

I remain,

Dear friend,

Yours truly,

M. A. F.

MY DEAR MARCUS,—I am delighted to hear from you, and will do all I can for you. Surely between us we can arrange what you want. So soon as navigation opens, which is about the first of May, our action will commence.

From Rimouski you will see the first steamer passing up, and if you are then still minded to go on the "floating palaces," you will be ready to start for Montreal.

All our ocean steamers have need of a great many men all through the summer to help them in a thousand ways. They need sailors for the ship, stewards for the saloon, cooks for the galley, bakers for the bake-house, and officers for the bridge; besides a host of different kinds of men on the wharves to load and unload. If a steamer comes in a little late, and has a large cargo to put off, and another large one to put on, the men must work day and night, and a busy scene it is.

But if your parents agree to your becoming a sailor, they should want you to become a good sailor, and to rise rapidly to higher and higher positions. This you could never do by beginning, as you say, at the last degree, or as an officer on the bridge.

Suppose you did. Suppose you should come up to any of our steamship lines, and they should dress you in navy blue with gold buttons, and say, "Marcus, we leave Montreal to-morrow morning at daybreak. See that everything is right, and then take us down the Gulf, across the ocean, and in to the Mersey in less than eight days."

I am sure that you would wish yourself back at Rimouski, and far enough from the "floating palace." There is not a captain on one of our big steamers but has *made himself captain*. His father did not do it. The Company did not do it. He did it himself, and nobody but himself could do it, and here's how he did it.

He began as you are now. He loved the sea. Then he did what you have done, he determined to work hard. Then he may have done as you have done; he may have written to a friend, and the friend may have done what I have done, given kind and good advice.

And the rest,—who did it? The friend could not. The Steamship Company could not. Nobody but himself could. He went on board as a lad, to do—what? He may not have known very well what, but he did what he was bidden, and he did it so well that the mate or the boatswain gave him more to do. It is a good sign when a boy gets more to do.

Then he did more and more, and did it with all his might, so that when there was an opening a step up the ladder, he got it, because the boatswain knew he would do it well. He would say, "there's George, he's the

boy for you." When the next boy came on board for the first time, the boatswain would say to him, "now sir, look at George; see how he does his work, copy his example, do what he tells you."

By and bye, a new mate is needed. George is on hand. He knows well the work lower down, and so he is able for the work above. George is mate. Higher and higher he goes, creeping up step by step on the ladder, until some day a junior officer is required. The captain has been having his eye on George. He has his eye on everybody, even when they do not know it. The Company write to ask him if he can recommend to them a man for the post. He says "yes, gentlemen, I can. We have the very thing; a young fellow who came on board knowing nothing about floating palaces, but in these few years he has shown himself made of the right stuff."

So the Company calls George to their office. He brushes himself up and goes in like a true sailor, cap in hand, and comes out *fourth officer* of his ship.

Now, my dear Marcus, suppose that at this stage I should write to the captain or to the Company, or go down to speak to him about a little friend of mine who loves the sea, and who would like to be made officer instead of George. I need not tell you the answer I would get,—you know it yourself. If you were in George's place you would smile at my little friend.

So you see what is to be done. You would feel so foolish as an officer that knew nothing, that even if the Company could take you, you would never forgive your own foolishness. It takes long years sometimes to get what we want, and what we deserve. But when we begin we are on the way.

Let me put the name Marcus instead of that of George. From fourth officer to third, and from third to second, and second to first, depends not upon the captain or upon the Company, but on yourself. The final step of the ladder, up to captain, depends upon the same all-important individual, and then from captain to captain, for in our best lines there is always a promotion to the better ships.

But you need not stop even at captain of the floating palace. Why not go on to be partner in the Company, and then head of the Company.

By and bye, all the people will know you. They will have heard about how well you have done everything you had to do. They want a Member of Parliament in Ottawa, and they will come and ask you to be elected by them. Then Sir John will have his eye on you. You may be sure of that. He has eyes all round his head for the kind of people who can do what he wants them to do. So some day he will say, "my honourable friend the member for Rimouski is the man I want," and you will have to go into the Cabinet, the "Hon. Marcus Fiset," and you will be a great man. The newspapers will all be writing about you, though they won't always say pleasant things. But never mind that. Act up to your own high standard of life, and leave the newspapers to be satisfied with theirs.

One day you will be called over to England to our good Queen, and come back

SIR MARCUS AURELIUS FISET.

Why do you smile? It is true, all true, and happens every day. It is not a romance, but the real life that is stranger and more fascinating than romance.

Let all our young people learn it by heart.

Set out with a definite aim. Keep that aim clearly and always before you. Make all your work tend in that direction. Never grow wearied. Always take fresh courage. Go on. Work. Work. Work. And the reward is yours,—waiting for you.—ED. P. B.