

They had not been in conversation very long before Old Aaron brought up the subject of Tom Smart.

'I've gotten a bit o' hope,' said Aaron, 'that Tommy Smart's goin' to tak' a toon an' mend.'

'A forlorn hope that, I should think,' said Mr. Hayes, who had repeatedly employed that luckless lover of the pot.

'Varry likely,' said Aaron, earnestly, 'but you mustn't forget that "forlorn hopes" hev been the means o' showin' more courage an' darin', an' o' makin' some o' the grandest captur's an' gainin' some o' the grandest victories that ever was gotten. I isn't going to sneak out o' helpin' poor Tommy Smart because it's a forlorn hope. That's all the mair reason why one should mak' a mair desperate effort. I've nae doot that you'll all come in an' clap your hands if I succeed, and say what a grand thing Christianity is to work sitch wonders! an' yet like t' Pharisees 'at Jesus flogged wi' a wire whip, you niver helped it wi' one o' your fingers. There's a deal o' varry cheap patronage o' Christianity common just noo. But I tell yo', Mr. Hayes, it is a good deal better to do well yourself, then to pat it on the back when it is done, and say, "Well done!"'

'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, who took Aaron's hard hitting in very good part, as he always did. 'I've done a great deal to help the fellow out of the ditch myself, but he lies there still, and will do so to the end of the chapter. That's my opinion.'

'Yes,' said Aaron, rather slowly, 'you hev', as you say, done a good deal for Tommy Smart, boath in givin' him work, an' forgivin' his faults, an' plyin' him wi' good advice. God bless yo' for it, says I; but when you say "a good deal" does that mean all yo' owt to ha' done? Does it mean all yo' could ha' done. When t' woman i' t' gospel lost her bit o' silver she swept an' sowt "until she found it." Tommy Smart's worth a good deal mair than a piece o' silver, Mr. Hayes.'

'Look here, old friend,' said Mr. Hayes, with a courteous gesture and a laugh that had not much ring in it. 'If you use your "wire whip" with such unmerciful muscle, I shall have to run away. I do assure you that I will gladly help you to rescue poor Smart, and I hope he will be a little more set upon helping himself than he has been.'

'I hope he will,' said Aaron, fixing his expressive and undimmed grey eyes upon his companion; 'but I say, my friend, don't you see that that is a "forlorn hope" for him. What chance hez he? Hoo can he contend again the drink-trade patronized by law? His enemies are legion; hoo can he fight 'em. Ha' yo' iver ta'en t' trouble to coont the number o' public hooses i' Netherboro?'

'No,' said Mr. Hayes, 'I can't say I ever did. There are too many, I've no doubt.'

'Then it's tahme yo' did, sir; an' seein' you're a foremost man i' t' toon, it's tahme yo' tried to mak' 'em fewer. Now tick 'em off your ten fingers as I mention, one by one, all the "publics" that are let lowse like lions on this small population of less than two thousand.'

(To be Continued.)

Doing Ten Things at Once.

The Man Who Swears Does Ten Things At Once.

1. He breaks the command of God. 2. He violates the law of the land. 3. He transgresses the rules of good manners. 4. He outrages decency. 5. He insults good people. 6. He profanes sacred things. 7. He shows bad bringing up. 8. He dishonors his parents. 9. He does what he is ashamed of. 10. He does what he will regret.

'It chills my heart to hear the blest Supreme Rudely appealed to, on each trifling theme. Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise, To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise. You would not swear upon a bed of death; Reflect, your Maker now could stop your breath.'

'Because of swearing the land mourneth.' If men would swear less and pray more, they would find themselves better off in many ways.

'SWEAR, NOT AT ALL.'

—American Messenger.

Have You Ballast?

(William Barnes Lower, D.D., in the New York Observer.)

Several years ago a vessel set out from San Francisco with a light cargo for Honolulu. The captain was told repeatedly that he had not sufficient ballast to ride the sea. He laughed at all warnings, not wanting to spend the money and take the time to ballast the ship. Just outside the Golden Gate a squall struck the vessel and she capsized. The cargo was lost and several of the crew.

How many a young man sails magnificently through the Golden Gate of opportunities, but when the broad ocean is reached he is struck by adverse winds, pounded by heavy seas, torn by fierce gales, driven on dangerous reefs and wrecked.

Why are some young men so unfortunate? Because they have no ballast. Good moral progress in this world can only be made by those who have sufficiently spiritual ballast. Thousands of young men make shipwreck of life by not listening to good counsel. They receive warnings from the minister, warnings from mother, warnings from father and warnings from friends, but disregarding all, they are found at last a disabled hulk adrift on a hidden reef.

Good counsel taken is the ballast which will steady any life. Ballast your frail barque, young man, with the truth of God's word, take Jesus Christ for your pilot, let faith fill your sails, and charity direct your way and you will anchor at evening time in the harbor of peace.

Winning the Race.

He was a famous rower. He had won many races in rowing, and he was proud of it. He knew how it was done, too, and one day he was talking with his doctor about it. This doctor thought a little wine would do him good, tone him up for his work, give him some nerve. But he never took it. Not because he was what we call a "temperate man"—for he had never taken the pledge, nor did he attend temperance meetings. He abstained from wine and from all alcoholic drinks because he knew he could do better without them, and he gave this doctor a bit of his experience:

'I once had to row against a man who was as good a rower as I was. He was artistic and well trained. I thought we were just about an even match, and I felt a little anxious, for I was not quite sure that I could beat him. But, to make matters worse, that morning I was not very well, and I felt as if luck was against me. Then he got the best side of the river, and I began to think surely that the race was all up with me, and I might about as well not try.'

'Just then, as my rival was getting into his boat, I saw one of his friends give him a little drink of some alcoholic spirits, and pretty soon another. Then I began to have hope. I said, That is as good for me as if I

had got the best side of the river. I fell a little behind at first, until there came a point where we saw something in the water that looked like a capsized boat. We were both obliged to turn, and I decided at once which way I would go; for my head was clear, and so I lost no time. But he was a little confused—it was the liquor that did that. I came up even with him then, and after that, for a little, we went on side by side.

'It was a beautifully clear day, and the water was as smooth as to be without a ripple, while the boats containing the spectators kept quite out of the way. We were so evenly matched that we kept perfect time, stroke for stroke, his sculls and mine, so that it was really musical. I began to wonder who would beat, for I could not seem to gain an inch. By and by I heard a jingle. It was merely a little irregularity in his stroke. One of his sculls by the merest touch struck the water before the other. Then I said: "That man is not steady; that is another point for me," and I gained a little more. The jingle grew worse and worse, until his oars did not strike at all together. Then I saw, too, that he was confused by what was going on around us, while I remained quiet and self-possessed. It was the liquor made that difference.

'I did not flag at all, but improved as I went on. I let him keep nearer me than I might have done, because I wanted to watch the effect, and, finally, I walked in as easily as I ever did in my life. Those two glasses of liquor turned the scale against my rival that morning, and that is one of the experiences that have decided me never to take anything of the kind when I am training or rowing. They do not help; they always hinder.'

What did his doctor say to this? It was quite an opposition to his prescription and to his own ideas, for he thought a little wine would do him good, make him stronger. Well, he laughed at it quietly, thought it was the rower's fancy; but twenty years afterwards he began to study the action of alcohol on the muscles and on the mind, and he found that the man was perfectly correct. It is a great advantage to young men who are training for rowing or any other feat of skill to know such things, and the school boys of the present day can learn about them in temperance text books. Just make up your mind that you will learn about it in some way, and you will be sure to meet with success.—'National Advocate.'

Salt Money.

Many, many years ago salt was so hard to obtain, but so necessary to have, that Roman soldiers were paid part of their wages in salt. Now the Latin word for salt is 'sal,' and from that word 'salarium,' meaning salt-money. Finally the soldiers were paid only in money, but the term 'salarium' was still used to designate these wages. From this old Latin word comes our English word salary. Do you see, then, why we say of a worthless fellow that he 'is not worth his salt?'

The Price of Success.

'Eternal vigilance the price of success,' is a capital motto to lay away in one's mind. A better one still to act on. For it's as true to-day as it ever was.

And it's true of little things as well as big. We want every one of our Boy Agents to keep that thought in mind in handling the 'Canadian Pictorials.' Watch for the contents of the new issue, as soon as it comes out, or before. Tell your friends about it; pass on the good things you hear said of it; let your customers see you are interested, and you secure their interest for continued sales.

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