

### The Knight.

No longer on the battlefield,  
In glancing helm, and sword and shield,  
And panoplied array,  
I charge the paynim Saracen,  
And write my name with the blood of men,  
In many a mortal fray.

No longer 'mid the tournament,  
With sparkling eyes upon me bent,  
And loving smiles to greet,  
I flaunt the claims of my Lady Fair;  
And the spoils of the best and the bravest  
there  
I lay them at her feet.

No longer thro' the land I rove:  
An errant knight, to prove my love,  
And succor the distrest;  
No more o'er mountain moor and vale,  
I ride in search of the Holy Grail  
That I see in vision blest:

Yet tho' my helm is rusted o'er,  
And tho' I charge the foe no more,  
Encased in armor bright,  
Within my soul the fire still glows,  
Nor rest my wandering spirit knows  
For still I am a knight.

Still, in the fight I hold aloft,  
My Lady's favor, silken soft.  
And still the glamorous light  
That gleams in eyes of darkest hue,  
To love and honor keeps me true  
A pure and stainless knight.

So living, live I, that when I  
Forsake this scene and upward fly  
To the eternal light.  
The Master shall pronounce my name  
And heaven's heralds shall proclaim  
Behold a gentle knight!

—U. U.

### Never Put Off.

(The Rev. J. Arthur Alderson, in the 'Young Man'.)

'Never put off till to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.'

Sound, excellent advice, and a sure remedy for the cure of idle, lazy habits.

It is strange what a propensity there is, especially amongst young people, to put off the performance of any duty, and to make excuses for delay, when there is really no occasion. If there are lessons to be learnt, instead of learning them overnight, they are often put off and learnt on the way to school in the morning. If told to perform some little matter at home, fifty reasons are generally ready for putting off; and when presently reminded that it is not done, 'I haven't had time yet,' or 'I am just going to do it,' are offered as excuses, which, however, if enquired into, it would be difficult to support by satisfactory evidence.

Very much of this arises, perhaps, from thoughtlessness and carelessness; but the habit is bad, and should be guarded against, for if it becomes confirmed, it may stamp your character and blight your prospects.

Arthur Doubleday, one of my school-fellows, was a high-spirited, intelligent boy, but sadly addicted to putting off everything for present enjoyment. As a consequence, he could seldom repeat his lessons correctly, made but little progress at school, and when he left, though he was a sharp lad, was certainly not a good scholar.

An opportunity offered for getting him into a London warehouse, and, furnished with a strong letter of recommendation, he went to town, with instructions to present the letter immediately on his arrival; but, delighted at the wonders of the great city, he thought there could be no hurry for a day or two. He should like to see a little before he settled down to business. So he put off his application till some four days after his arrival, and then learnt that the place had been filled up the previous day.

Another, but inferior, situation was obtained for him, but here he was constantly behind with his work, doing to-day what ought to have been done yesterday, until one day, having been sent with some money for the immediate payment of a bill, he met a friend and stayed talking so long, that the time he ought to have returned being past, he put off paying the bill till next day, and without any dis-

honest intention, kept the money in his pocket. But the next day and the next, some other excuse was found for putting it off, and, in the meanwhile, the party to whom the money was owing applied to his master for it. This, of course, caused enquiries to be made, and, though Arthur at once handed the money over, and tried to explain why he had not paid it, his master dismissed him on the spot, and refused to give him a character.

In despair, he enlisted for a soldier, got into evil company, and went to the bad. His lot might have been very different if, in early life, he had learnt that he should 'never put off until to-morrow what he ought to do to-day.'

You will find it greatly advantageous to get into the habit of letting each day do its own work.

There are some occasions when young people are willing enough to carry out the principle of the proverb. If opportunity occurs for a game of cricket, or there is an interesting book to read, or a party to go to, then they are quite ready to cry, 'Never put off till to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.' But when you do this, you must take care to ascertain that these are the things that ought to be done to-day. There are times and seasons for all things. If to-day you ought to work, then work cheerfully; but, if to-day you feel honestly that you can and ought to seek recreation, then I would heartily recommend you to go in for it.

I remember to have read somewhere that on an ancient sun-dial was inscribed these words:—

'Take time in time, while time lasts;  
All time's no time, when time's past.'

This is an important truth in a few words. To-day is yours, use it—

'Seize the minutes as they fly';

for, once past, they cannot be recalled, and to-day will never be yours again.

Let, then, each day have its appointed duties, whether those duties appertain to in-

struction, to recreation, or to work; whether they relate to your welfare in this world, or to your eternal welfare in the next.

'Never put off till to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.'

### The Boy Who 'Holds On.'

(By H. Margaret Fairlie.)

'Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard arm, if he lets go he'll drown,' said a ship's passenger to Rudyard Kipling's father, twenty-five years ago. But his father, who knew his son, was not alarmed. 'Yes, if he lets go, he'll drown,' he said, 'but he won't let go.'

Rudyard Kipling 'held on,' even when a boy, to the things that were hardest, and when other boys were deep in the tales of pirates bold, he was holding to his Chaucer or Shakespeare. He 'held on' long enough in India, when friends urged him back to greater things in London, to write 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and no boy but will agree that if these stirring stories were the result, it was worth while holding on.

The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, but for the boy who has determination to 'hold on' when the climb is hardest, the ladder will soon be scaled, even if the top is hidden in the cloud.

The boy who is looking out for a 'soft spot,' or the one who was born under a 'lucky star,' are mostly the boys who sit later on at the foot of the ladder, while the boys who have found their way into history, are those who have worked their way there.

Difficulties are to test the metal you are made of, and the result will only ring true if you know no such thing as fear, or the inclination to 'let go.'—Selected.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them; but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.—Lubbock.

MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED!

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