

mischievous part of his life began. Part of the time the little fellow had been really helpful. Lizzie had found his toy basket in dire confusion, and he and she had put it in perfect order.

Then the Hollister twins had been very interesting to Lizzie. She had found book which they could understand, and read them a story, while Laurie was sleeping, and they were as quiet as mice.

But when Nannie inquired how she liked the book she told her of, Lizzie confessed that there had been no time to look at it.

While the two girls were both cuddled into Nannie's mother's armchair, talking over the day, Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Hollister were also talking it over.

'I haven't had so restful a day in a long time,' said Mrs. Prescott. 'There is a great contrast between Nannie and her friend. Nannie waits until Laurie gets into mischief, and then goes and picks him out; but Lizzie keeps him so busy and happy that he forgets all about mischief.'

'Yes, and did you notice how nicely she put the playroom in order? It hasn't looked so pleasant there since Norah left. Everything is in its place, and neatly dusted. She is bright, too; she kept both Laurie and the little girls at work helping her, and made it into play for them. I like the child very much. If it were she, instead of Nannie, who were engaged for Laurie, I should feel like adding fifty cents a week to her wages because she reads so nicely to my little girls when he is sleeping.'

'Nannie is only engaged for a week, on trial,' said Mrs. Prescott, 'and after seeing Lizzie Potter I think I may safely say that Nannie doesn't suit. She does exactly what she is directed to, and never by chance anything else. I saw her walk around a newspaper on the floor a dozen times without a thought of picking it up. Such help as that never amounts to much. Besides the child has a book in her hand every chance she can get.'

Said Mrs. Hollister: 'The trouble with Nannie is that she is thinking of herself and of nobody else.'

At the end of the week Nannie was astonished and dismayed to be told that she need not come any more, as she was not quite the sort of help that was needed.

But when she found that Lizzie Potter was engaged in her place, and was to be paid fifty cents a week more, she was angry.

'If I had known,' she said to Lizzie, 'that you would be mean enough to steal my place away I shouldn't have let you go there at all.'

As for Mrs. Hollister's 'two twins,' they were delighted.

### In the Tower.

(The Rev. F. G. McCauley, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.'

Some time ago I passed a few hours in a railroad tower waiting for a train. It was night. The tower was at the crossing of two important railroads. In it were five noisy telegraph instruments chattering their message, and a row of twenty-four levers controlling interlocking switches. The tower-man had to give his attention to all of these and to manage some half dozen semaphores.

Upon his faithfulness and clear-headedness depended at times the safety of thousands of dollars' worth of property and scores of lives.

At times there would come out of the darkness the shrill whistle of an approaching train. Then the tower-man would be all alert. A semaphore would drop, and levers be flung back. Soon a glare of light would tunnel the darkness, then a roar, and then a limited train running at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour would rush past and disappear with its freight of sleeping passengers.

Then the semaphore arm would swing back and the levers would be reversed, waiting for further orders.

I said to the young man: 'If you should pull the wrong lever or give the wrong signal, what would happen then?'

'There would be a wrecked train, perhaps, and valuable property and many lives would be destroyed.'

'Do you ever drink intoxicating liquors?'

'No, sir; I do not know what they taste like. I do not know what a saloon looks

like, except as I see it from the street. I was once led into a place where I thought, "How ashamed I would be if my sister found me here," but I quit that. I tell you, a young man cannot afford to indulge in such things.'

'No,' I said, 'and the day is coming, and not far distant, when the man who drinks or debauches himself cannot find employment except of the humblest kind requiring no skill. In this busy life, with its urgent demands and nerve-wearing labor, strong bodies and clear brains are demanded. The man who discounts himself by any kind of debauchery will soon find his occupation gone.'

The person who drinks intoxicating liquor or smokes cigarettes or wastes his strength in riotous living, pulls the wrong lever and wrecks, may be, the interests of his employer, but surely his own character and soul. 'Keep thyself pure.'

### Rules for Letter Writing.

Have you unkind thoughts?  
Do not write them down.  
Write no words that giveth pain;  
Written words may long remain.

Have you heard some idle tale?  
Do not write it down.  
Gossips may repeat it o'er,  
Adding to its bitter store.

Have you any careless sorrow?  
Bury it, let it rest;  
It may wound some loving breast.  
Words of love and tenderness,  
Words of truth and kindness,  
Words of comfort for the sad,  
Words of counsel for the bad  
Wisely write them down.

Words, though small, are mighty things,  
Pause before you write them;  
Little words may grow and bloom  
With bitter breath or sweet perfume,  
Pray before you write them.

'Pansy.'

### How Tom Hurt His Eyes.

Tom Benton was just getting well from an attack of the measles. He wanted to get up and play with the other boys, and the doctor had said that he must lie still in a dark room for another day or two.

'Much he knows about how a fellow feels!' grumbled Tom to himself. 'A little light won't hurt anybody, and I am going to read my new book if I can't do anything else.'

Tom pushed open the blinds and read until Nora came in with his supper. 'To-morrow I shall get up and have a good time,' he thought, 'I'm not going to lie here forever.'

That night Tom woke up with a sharp pain in his eyes. They had never ached so before, and he screamed for his mother.

She bathed them in cold water, but they still hurt so much that the doctor had to be sent for.

'You'll know enough to obey orders next time, won't you, young man?' he asked, when he heard what Tom had been doing. 'You'll have to keep those eyes of yours bandaged for several days yet, if you want to get rid of that pain. It's lucky for you you don't use tobacco, or your eyes would be a great deal worse than they are now. Have you heard about Burt Carter, down at the Mills?'

'No; what is the matter with him?' asked Tom.

'I am afraid he's going to lose his eyesight entirely,' said the doctor. 'He's been smoking cigarettes pretty steadily and drinking beer every day, and now his eyes are paying the penalty. They are going to take him to the city oculist to-morrow, but I am afraid no one can help him.'

'Why, his eyes used to be as strong as anything,' said Tom. 'He could look right up at the sun, when all the rest of us had to use smoked glass, and he says he always reads on the cars; I can't, because it makes me dizzy.'

'Well, I'm thinking he never will again,' said the doctor. 'He has abused his eyes once too often, and now it looks as if he were going to be blind for the rest of his life.'

Tom looked pretty sober. 'Miss Gray told us all these things in the physiology class,' he said, presently, 'but we boys thought she

was trying to scare us; maybe she wasn't, though.'

'No, indeed,' said the doctor, 'she was telling you the truth, and you'd better be thankful you've found it out in time. If I'd known as much at your age about the care of my eyes, I shouldn't be wearing spectacles, I can tell you. You just tell the boys that.'

When Tom went back to school the physiology class was having a review lesson on the eyes, and his hand was the first to come up when Miss Gray asked who could tell some of the ways in which the eyes may be hurt:

1. It hurts the eyes to look at the sun or at any bright light, or to try to see in a poor light.

2. It strains the eyes to read when one is lying down, or riding in the cars or a wagon.

3. It is bad for the eyes to use them much when one is sick or not feeling well.

4. Tobacco hurts the eyes, and sometimes makes people lose their eyesight.

5. Any liquor which contains alcohol may make the eyes red and hurt them in other ways.—School Physiology Journal.

### Whose Place Will You Take?

You are looking for a place. You may make a place for yourself. By some invention or enterprise, or wise management, you may originate some work which is all your own. But in most cases boys, as they grow up, take the places which other men occupied, and do work which other men have done. It is quite important, therefore, for boys to consider what places they will take when they grow up.

'I read,' says one writer, 'of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge, and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then one said, "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets." Every boy should be preparing himself for the place he is to fill. The boy who is studious, honest, noble and true is fitting for a good place. The boy who runs the streets nights, who lies, swears, drinks and keeps bad company—what kind of a place will he fill?—The Little Christian.'

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