

under the sign of the Lily, as Aaron did, grow younger and not older, cheerier and not sadder.

Aaron Brigham was on the watch for Jennie Bardsley's return from her walk. Esther was getting ready for their unexpected guest, that woman's specific for all ailments, a good cup of tea. In a little while the young lady was seated in the old-fashioned, spindled arm-chair, which had done good service for Aaron, and for his mother, for a century of years.

'Why, noo, this is grand,' said Aaron, giving her a welcome that could not be surpassed in warmth, 'I thowt the good Lord wad surely bring you oot o' the furnice in His own good tahme. An' noo the tahme's eum or cummin'. He allus said that He had summat special for you to do, an' though He can very well do without us, ivery sarvant of His is immortal till his work be done. Yours, I think, is only just beginnin'.'

Jennie was much impressed by the old man's words, coming as they did so soon after the new consecration of herself to the special mission to which she had set her hand; and coming from such a quarter, they gave emphatic sanction to her purpose.

'Yes, Aaron,' said Jennie, with a quiet smile, 'I am beginning to think so myself. A few days ago, I really did think and feel that my work, if the poor, fitful, and indefinite doings of my life can be called "work," was over; and I confess that I was selfish and thoughtless enough to hope so. God has graciously shown me that I am not my own, and that His servants must not only shirk their duty because of their own trouble, but find, in the trial itself, new fitness and new help for the better filling of their place, and the better doing of the task assigned them.'

'Hey, but that's a good word, Miss Bardsley,' said the old man, rubbing his hands in gladness. 'It's the best news I've heard for a month o' Sundays; better even than your brother Walter's promise to stand fast an' tight the cure o' Netherborough. A woman, you see, can do so much mair, an' do it so much better, than a man. I reckon,' he said, speaking in an undertone, 'that you'll fight the same enemy.'

'Yes, Aaron, and with the same weapons, the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and the sympathy of a heart, bleeding from the strokes of the same dreadful foe.'

'Thank God! Thank God! Wif that Sword an' that force to wield it, you'll be Deborah ower again. May the good Lord go wif yo' all the tahme.'

When Jennie Bardsley left the roof of the aged patriarch she felt much as if she had received, at the hands of one of the Lord's prophets, a sign from heaven.

CHAPTER XV.

I have said that Tom Smart's home was beggarly and bare. It had, however, one rare jewel in it, one dainty piece of furniture that gave a glamor to the place, and might well command the admiration of all who came to know its peculiar beauty. I refer to little Kitty Smart. She was the eldest of the children, and though only just seven years of age, was housekeeper to the establishment, and a loving little mother to the rest of the small family.

Kitty was pale-faced and thin, but healthy enough in constitution, and had she been well-nourished would have been strong and hearty enough. That, however, alas and alas, is a rare experience to a drunkard's child. Despite her poor, torn garments, and the general frowziness of her appearance, Kitty was what the Yorkshire people call a bonny bairn, and a certain winsomeness of mien and manner won for her many a helpful plate of 'morsels,' and many a dearly welcome penny to 'keep house with,' for in that unchildlike fashion it was sure to be applied.

(To be Continued.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

Some Measurements.

Sister measured my grin one day,
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

'Oh, you're a Cheshire cat,' said she.
Father said, 'That's no sin.'
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said, 'Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown.'
—S. S. Messenger.

The Spark Makes a Flame.

One night a man took a little taper out of a drawer and lighted it, and began to ascend a long, winding stair.

'Where are you going?' said the taper.
'Away high up,' said the man; 'higher than the top of the house where we sleep.'

'And what are you going to do up there?' said the taper.

'I am going to show the ship out at sea where the harbor is,' said the man. 'For we stand here at the entrance to the harbor, and some ships far out on the stormy sea may be looking out for our light even now.'

'Alas! no ship could ever see my light,' said the little taper, 'it is so very small.'

'If your light is small,' said the man, 'keep it burning brightly and leave the rest to me.'

Well, when the man got up to the top of the lighthouse, for this was a lighthouse they were in, he took the little taper, and with it lighted the great lamps that stood ready there with their polished reflectors behind them.

You will think your little light of so small account, can you not see what God may do with you? Shine—and leave the rest to Him.
—English Paper.

A Convict's Message to All Young Men.

A popular, happy-go-lucky business man, who has just been sentenced to Joliet penitentiary on an indeterminate sentence, as the result of selling bogus real estate mortgages, gave this warning to other young men who may be tempted to lead a sinful life:

'Remember, young man, "that your sin will find you out." Be sure of it. You cannot escape it. I thought when I first sold a small mortgage of four hundred dollars that I could easily repay this by a lucky strike or a commission on some real estate deal, but when I found that I could not do this, and the person owning the mortgage asked for her money, then I had to sell another larger one to "make good." Then I thought it was so easy that I could keep up the crime forever.

'But, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Boys and young men, don't play poker. Don't

start when you are young, sneaking back of the barn with other small boys and friends and use corn for poker chips and learn to play. Don't, for God's sake, smoke cigarettes. Don't drink your first glass of beer or whiskey. Don't, because you hear of some neighbor making some money at the races, bet on horses. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

'There is the trouble, boys. Your first crime. It leads you on and on until you surely land where I am, and where I will be for the next number of years. Boys, remember this, "Be sure your sin will find you out." There is no getting around it. If one could only get rid of his conscience; but you can't. How many times in the past ten months have I stayed awake and thought and thought and thought. How many nights have I laid awake until two and three o'clock thinking and thinking of the sorrow, poverty and privation I was the means of making. It did not matter whether I was in the Red Sea, Indian Ocean, Australia or the United States, here was still that conscience calling, calling and calling again.

'Boys and young men, if you knew the suffering I have gone through the past ten months you would shun crime, untruthfulness and deceit as you would poison. A person is talking to you now who has gone through the mill. Not one who talks to you from theory or books, but one who has sinned and is getting ready now to pay for that sin, and pay very dearly.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Chinese Finger Nails.

To-day a man came into the hospital, says Dr. Isaac T. Headland, of Peking, who would have made a fair specimen for a side show in America. He had allowed the nails to grow on the two small fingers—third and little fingers—of his left hand since he was seventeen years old, and he is now forty. Dr. Curtiss measured them, and the nail from the point of the finger—not from the root of the nail—measured exactly one foot in length. He had fitted small bambo tubes on the ends of his fingers, as shields for his nails, and had thus protected them for twenty-three years. He seemed to be nothing more nor less than a worthless confidence man who was no use to himself nor to any one else.

Self-control.

Almost everything worth knowing we teach ourselves after leaving school. But the discipline of school is invaluable in teaching the important lesson of self-control. Self-denial and self-control are the necessary postulates of all moral excellence. A man who will take the world easily will never take it grandly. To lie in the lap of luxury may be the highest enjoyment of which a feeble character is capable; but a strong man must have something difficult to do. Moreover, the happiness of the human race does not consist in our being devoid of passions, but in our learning to control them.—Prof. J. S. Blackie.

Far Better Than They Expected.

This seems to be the general opinion in regard to the premiums our boys are securing by selling the 'Canadian Pictorial.' The wonder is that we can afford to give such good premiums for so little work. The letters make pleasant reading, at least we think so, and we want just such letters from every boy reader of this advertisement.

'I am very pleased with the pen. It is a better pen than I thought, and I thank you very much for it.—Harold Campbell, Ontario.'

'I got my pen all right, and I think it is a dandy for so little work. It writes beautifully and I would not part with it for anything.—Harold L. Pickard, P.E.I.'

'The watch which you sent me is a beauty and runs well. Thanks for your kindness in offering such splendid premiums for the work.—Harold McArdie, Quebec.'

'I received your welcome watch and am very much pleased with it. It has gone steadily all the time since I got it, and I wouldn't sell it for twice the price now.—Alfred Halpenny, Manitoba.'

'I received the fountain pen you sent me and am very much pleased with it. I am very thankful for it. It is very useful as well as ornamental.—Thomas Swan, Nova Scotia.'

'Received my watch some time ago and must thank you for it. It keeps good time and I am pleased with it.—Leonard Jackson, New Brunswick.'

'I received the knife. It is a beauty. I carried it to school and showed it to all the boys. I gave six fellows the address and they said they would send for the 'Pictorials.'—William Long, Bonavista.'

Do YOU want the address? It is: John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Write for a package to start on, with full instructions.