

Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A distinguished author says: 'I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother.' He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course no one thinks of girls as being exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be 'smart,' 'the next thing to swearing,' and 'not so wicked'; but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Keep your mouth free from all impurity and your 'tongue free from evil'; but in order to do this, ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean; for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'—The 'Christian.'

For the Boys.

(By Mrs. M. B. Platt.)

Last year there stood in my yard a valuable young tree. It was straight, thrifty, full of beautiful green leaves, and every one delighted to look at it. It bade fair to become a strong, useful tree.

This year the same tree is in the same place, but it looks not at all as it once did. It is bare, brown, withered, and seems ready to die.

My friends look at it and say, 'What a pity! What ails it?'

I reply, 'An enemy has been at work about its roots, and it is dying.'

Last year I noticed with pleasure a handsome youth who often passed my home. He was tall, strong, bright-eyed, with good, clear complexion, a frank, happy manner, and very attractive to look upon. He bade fair to become a noble, useful man, such as the world needs, and his friends regarded him with pride and high hopes for his future.

This year I see the same youth often, but he is as changed as the poor withered tree in my yard. Friends look at him and say, 'How changed! What a pity! What ails him?'

I will tell you. Enemies have been at work. Idle, evil-minded companions; cigarettes, cigars, tobacco; beer, wine, perhaps even stronger drinks; profane words; reading bad books; unclean pictures; unclean thoughts; all these have been at play upon this young man and the result is a blighted character, a diseased body and a weakened mind. Yes, such ruin is a very great pity.

But if the young man had made up his mind and stuck to it—as boys can—that he would have nothing to do with evil associates, that he would not poison his body with drink and tobacco and his mind with impure books and pictures—in short, had he resolved that he would keep soul and body clean and pure he might be now a stalwart, manly man, instead of the wreck he is.

It is a pity the young tree is dying. It is a thousand times a greater pity the young man is dying, yes, a slow moral and physical death.

Boys, look out for the enemies. Give them no chance to ruin your soul and body.—From 'Picture Leaflet' No. 14-2. Published by Miss Ruby I. Gilbert, the Silversmiths Bldg.

Only Once—Never Twice.

An old man was bidding a lad, who was leaving his country home to attend a distant school, farewell. The old man had seen the world, and felt the hardness of its hand in the days of his youth, yet he had reached the goal towards which in early days he had set his face and had enjoyed the success which comes to the life bravely and truly lived. As he shook the lad's hand, he said: 'I have not much to say in the way of advice, but just remember this, "Never fight if

you can help it, but if you do, see that you never have to fight the same boy twice.'"

In the years that followed more than once he had to do battle to maintain his dignity and assert his rights. He never forgot the old man's advice, and he never met the same antagonist a second time. But he did not stop here, he applied the advice to his temptations and his studies. When he was pressed by the idlers to join them, he said 'No' in such a way that they never asked him again. When he had a book to read or a problem to solve, he did it so thoroughly that he could review them at a glance.

Like the old man, the lad, too, reached the goal, and he will tell you to-day, that all through the years he heard always the words, 'Never twice.'—The 'Presbyterian.'

His Fortune.

A ragged beggar was creeping along the street. He carried an old wallet, and asked every passerby for a few cents. As he was grumbling at his lot he kept wondering why it was that people who had so much were never satisfied, but were always wanting more.

'If I only had enough to eat and wear, I should be satisfied,' said the beggar.

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him:

'Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet, and I will pour this gold into it. But I will pour only on this condition: All that falls upon the ground shall become dust, do you understand?'

'Oh, yes, I understand,' said the beggar.

'Then have a care,' said Fortune. 'Your wallet is old.'

He opened the wallet quickly, and the yellow metal was soon pouring in.

'Is that enough?'

'Not yet,' said the beggar.

'Isn't it cracking?' asked Fortune.

'Never fear. Just a little more,' said the beggar. 'And just another handful.'

Another handful was added, and the wallet burst from end to end.—Selected.

Shine Just Where You Are.

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done;
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.

Just where you are, my brother,
Just where God bids you stand,
Though down in the deepest shadow,
Instead of the sunlit land;
You may carry a brightness with you
That no gloom of darkness can mar,
For the light of a Christlike spirit
Will be shining wherever you are.

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