

Correspondence

A Letter From the Editor.

'Witness' Office, Montreal,
December, 1900.

Dear Boys and Girls,—It is now over a year since we promised to send to India any money that you would send us for the relief of the famine sufferers in that stricken land. You will have seen the acknowledgments of all donations to the India Famine Fund in the 'Witness.' Over ten thousand dollars has come in, and been promptly sent on to the different missions designated. Since the death of Mrs. Fuller, the money sent in for the Christian Alliance Mission has been sent to Mrs. Christian Borup, whom we know to be able to use every dollar to advantage. The worst of the famine is over, but its results will be felt for some years yet. Thousands of children have died for the want of food, thousands more have been gathered into homes by the kind missionaries, and yet there are thousands of little children wandering around, motherless, homeless, and hungry with nothing to look forward to but death or slavery. These are large figures, but they are not exaggerated at all.

At this season of the year, when we are remembering that our Lord Jesus came to this earth for our salvation, as a little child, our hearts go out to all little children, specially those who are in trouble. Perhaps we have sometimes thought that if we had lived in Bethlehem at the time that our Saviour was born there, we should have been so glad to carry him some gifts and comforts, some of our toys or treasures of some kind. Our Lord said that he would count all kindnesses done for his sake as done to himself, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Therefore, whatever we shall do for the poor little homeless children of India we shall be doing for the Lord Jesus himself.

Already one Sabbath-school class has offered to send money for the support of one little Indian orphan, and we hope that many others will follow this good example. We will be pleased to receive and send on any offerings you may send us for this purpose. It costs something to feed and clothe and care for a child, no matter how simply it may be done, some missionaries find that they can do it for fifteen dollars a year.

Pundita Ramabai, once a little homeless orphan herself in India, has opened two large homes for the little widows of India; she is doing, and has done for the last twelve years a noble work amongst her countrywomen. We should be glad to send on any money sent to us for her work, or for the Christian Alliance orphanages, or for any other designated mission.

Would it not be good to have a large number of orphans supported by the gifts and prayers of the 'Messenger' readers?

With Christmas greetings,

Forest.

Dear Editor,—We are two little boys; there are twelve in our family. For pets we have an old black mare and a little dog called Cob. We like to read your paper.

M. S. and W. S.

Dominionville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old; papa has taken your paper for fifteen years. We all like it very much, and now he has it come in my name. I have a little brother three years old and a little baby sister. I like them very much.

ELLA MAY G.

Aylwin.

Dear Editor,—I have five sisters and three brothers. I have a cat named Tom and a dog named Beauty. I am a member of St. Andrew's Sunday-school.

OLIVIE O.

New Richmond.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years and like it very much.

My father is a farmer. The Governor-General's house is near ours and my father takes care of it. I go to school every day. I have two brothers and two sisters. My birthday is on the twenty-fourth of March. My grandmother is seventy-eight years of age.

WILLIE G. (Aged 10.)

Langvale, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the Little Folks' page the best and so I read it first. I have one sister and four brothers. I am the youngest of the boys.

EDWARD C. (Aged 10.)

Richmond.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it, especially the children's letters. I have one brother and three sisters. My youngest sister is five years old. Her name is Hazel. We have a pet rabbit called Bunnie.

L. DONALD. (Aged 10.)

Clark's Harbor.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken your paper for a long time and I like it very much. Among all the papers we take, my choice is the 'Northern Messenger.' I have five sisters and three brothers. I go to school.

T. A. N.

Lachine.

Dear Editor,—At the foot of our street is the St. Lawrence river, outside of the canal. In the summer we go to the other side of the canal by a little bridge. We walk a little way up till we come to the shells, then pick them out of the water and put them on a stone in the sun to dry. We make necklaces and bracelets with them. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I got a prize of a beautiful Bible for attending and having perfect lessons for a whole year, and saying the catechism.

EDNAH A. W.

Elmvale.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and one sister. I go to school; our teacher's name is Miss Robertson. I like her very well.

E. M. T. (Aged 12.)

Langman.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and five sisters. I go to school every day. I live just a short distance from the Georgian Bay.

GARROW L. (Aged 8.)

The Old, Old Story.

A correspondent asks for the following poem:—

Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His Glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

(Refrain.)

Tell me the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and His Love.

Tell me the Story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The 'early dew' of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave:
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story:
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'
—Miss Hankey.



Is It Nothing to You.

Will you teach your children's voices
To utter the Saviour's prayer:
'Lead us not into temptation,
And then lead and leave them there?
The path is slippery and treacherous
Which they see you safely pursue;
But they may follow, and perish—
And is this nothing to you?

There are thousands struggling before you
In the dark and fearful wave
Which hurries them on to destruction—
Will you stretch out no hand to save?
Will you turn from the wife's wild anguish,
From the cry of the children, too,
And say, from your place of safety,
That this is nothing to you?

But if, with a generous effort,
A rope to their aid you send,
That help will be unavailing,
If you hold not the other end.
If you'd draw the perishing drunkard
Back to the shore of hope,
Yourselves must give him courage,
And yourselves must hold the rope.

Ye are called with a holy calling,
The lights of the world to be,
To lift up the lamp of the Gospel,
That others the path may see:
But if you bear it onwards,
Leading the feeble astray,
Till they sink in hidden pitfalls,
O, what will your Master say?

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
By the blood of Christ redeemed,
That through you the name of Jesus
Is by the heathen blasphemed;
Because, along with the Gospel,
Your poison draught you bring,
And ruin them soul and body,
With that accursed thing?

Arise, in your Master's honor,
And cleanse your hands from the stain
And let not the shadow of darkness
On that name of light remain.
Away with each false pleasure,
Which makes your lamps burn dim!
He gave his life for your ransom
Will you give up nothing for him?

Up, Christians, up and be doing!
Rise from your base repose:
If you take not the part of your Saviour,
You take the part of His foes.
Fling the bondage of evil custom
And the fetters of self aside,
Nor destroy, with your strength and know ledge,

The souls for whom Jesus died!
—A. L. Westcombe, in 'League Journal.'

Philip Drunk to Philip Sober.

The appeal from Philip Drunk to Philip Sober originated from an incident in the life of Philip II., King of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. One day, when rising flushed from wine, he was called upon to decide a lawsuit, and in his bibulous condition decided it unjustly, whereupon the losing party cried, 'I shall appeal against your judgment.' 'Appeal!' thundered the enraged king; 'and to whom will you appeal?' 'To Philip Sober,' was her reply. The wisdom of the appeal was justified by the result, for when Philip had become sober he discovered his mistake and reversed his judgment.

From the newspapers of San Francisco we learn that one hundred and ninety-five cases of leprosy have been traced by physicians to the smoking of cigarettes that were made by Chinese lepers, and an organ of the tobacco trade admits that 'few things could be more hurtful to boys, growing youths and persons of unformed constitutions, than the use of tobacco in any form.'