

A.—Smoking dries and reddens the lining of the mouth and throat; the hot fumes of the poisonous weed often causing chronic sore throat, and seriously affecting the voice.

15. Q.—Does the use of tobacco change the features?

A.—Yes the countenance is often distorted, and the mouth grows lopsided from carrying the quid, cigar or pipe on one side.

Very often a gap is made in the jaw, when the teeth have been destroyed by the heat of the pipe or cigar.

The nose also grows out of shape when used very long as a snuff box.

16. Q.—As a rule, how can you tell a person who uses tobacco?

A.—By the sharp and fleshless jaw, sallow complexion, watery eye, stunted body, and generally listless and slovenly appearance.

17. Q.—Does tobacco, like rum, affect the soul as well as the body?

A.—Yes; it not only brings many evils and maladies upon the body, but also deadens the moral faculties, thus periling the soul.

18. Q.—Does tobacco affect every person in the same way?

A.—No. It usually seizes upon the weakest part of the body.

One victim may become blind, another deaf, a third may have tumors, a fourth may have heart disease, and a fifth may exhibit no outward sign, for long time, of the injury he has received.

'Be not wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord and depart from evil.'—Proverbs, 3d chapter, 7th verse.

Phoebe Cary.

Phoebe Cary wrote, when only seventeen years of age, perhaps the most beautiful of all her poems, commencing

'One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I am nearer home to-day,
Than I have ever been before.'

And ending

'Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of living faith.'

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, says that once visiting a Chinese gambling-house he found two Americans drinking and gambling there, the older, who was winning all the money, constantly giving utterance to the foulest profanity. While the older was dealing the cards for another game the younger began singing the words of the first verse, but as he sang the older stopped dealing, and, throwing down the cards, said, 'Where did you learn that?' 'In an American Sunday-school,' said the younger.

'Come,' said the elder gambler, getting up; 'come, Harry; here's what I have won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business.'

It gave Miss Cary great happiness to learn of this incident before her death.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

A writer in 'The Interior,' Chicago, gives some interesting and suggestive figures in regard to the liquor traffic. 'Few persons, it is said, have any just conception of the magnitude of the liquor traffic. In 1896, according to the reports of the Internal Revenue Department, there were over 121,000 registered saloon keepers and liquor dealers in the United States. Allowing twenty feet frontage to each saloon—which is a very moderate estimate—if they were placed side by side they would reach in one unbroken line from New York to Chicago. The consumption of spirituous and malt liquors and wines for 1896 was 1,170,379,448 gallons. The consumption of malt liquors alone was 1,080,626,165 gallons. As there are about fifteen glasses of beer in a gallon, that would make over sixteen billions of drinks. Of course these figures are beyond all comprehension. A million is a vast number; few people have any idea how vast it is; and when we talk about sixteen thousand millions of drinks of beer, it is like trying to comprehend the length of the geologic ages, or the nebulae.

And yet that was the amount of malt liquor that passed down American throats in 1896.'—'Christian Work.'

Correspondence

Avonton.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I remember I read in the 'Messenger' that there was a letter written from this county, stating that there was only two letters written from it, so this will be the third letter. I have no pets, but have a waggon, a sleigh, and a wheelbarrow. Papa is a minister, and he has a bicycle. I have two brothers, Herbert, aged 9 years, and Ernest, aged 5 years. My birthday is on April 24. I am in the third book, and am getting along very well at school. Before I close I wish if you know Clara's address, that you would tell her to write again. If she gets the 'Messenger' with my letter in it, she will see my address, which is John E. Graham, Avonton P.O., Ontario.

Christina.

Dear Editor,—I live on lot sixteen on the Longwoods road, in the township of Caradoc. Our farm is called Spring Bank farm. I have two sisters, and one brother. I have a dog and his name is Collie, and he is a good dog to drive cattle. I have a little colt, but I have not named him yet. I have an uncle living in Hamilton, and he sends me the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much.

ROY, (aged 11.)

Drummond.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Drummond, so I will write one. We go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there, and Mr. James Shaw is the superintendent, and the Sunday-school is getting up a picnic for June 17. My father has a farm in Prestonvale; but we are not living on it this summer, he is making cheese. We have sixteen chickens and four lambs and a horse, named Nellie, and two kittens, and an old cat. We go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss M. Mallock. I am in the Second Reader. I have three sisters and one brother. FLORENCE H. (aged 10.)

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen many letters from this place. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school, and I enjoy the correspondence very well. I am eleven years old. I am in the fourth reader. Miss Lea is my school teacher; I go to Centennial School. Last Thursday, there was a fire in Portland, it ruined two hundred houses, and a great many people were left homeless. There was a woman eighty years old, who was burned to death. I have two aunts who live there, and the fire went right past them. The churches were all opened so as to give resting places to the ones who are suffering from fire, and many were left without one thing saved. My papa drills the Boys' brigade of St. Stephen's Church; they have kilts, coats, sporrans, and caps, they drill very prettily. I would like to hear if any little girl's birthday, is the same as mine August 29.

Your friend, VICTORIA R. B.

Amherst Point, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Grandpa sends the 'Messenger' to my cousin who lives with us. I like to read the letters from the girls and boys. My papa has a large farm. There is a pretty little lake just below the house. I often go fishing. It is a pretty place here when the grass is green. We have eighteen lambs. I have one cat, named Jerry. I could not write before I went to school, only two words. I am in the second reader.

R. LOUISE L. (aged 7.)

Grand Pré Ferme.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and have only missed seven days this year. We have only got three and a-half miles to go to school, but I do not mind that, for the prairie is covered with flowers, viz., the anemone, the violet, the wild pea and some others. The anemone is out in full bloom as soon as the snow has melted.

Our teacher is very nice and kind, especially to the little ones. He has just been teaching us for one year and five months. We had fine fun last winter at school, but now all the girls and boys that were jolliest have stayed home. I live ten miles from

Grenfell and two and a-half miles from Belle Prairie post office. I sent a letter to the 'Messenger,' but never saw it in print. I used to live in Uxbridge, and would like to hear from some of my friends through the 'Messenger.' My birthday was last week, and I got a lot of lovely presents. Enclosed please find some prairie flowers for yourself. Your 13-year old reader, EMILY E. SIM.

(Many thanks for the beautiful flowers, which were pressed so nicely.—Ed.)

Ripley.

Dear Editor,—I was very glad to see Morris McLean's letter from Strathlorne, as I was born there. Mamma knew Morris when he was a little baby. I liked reading Dora's letter; she is a great friend of mine. I am going to Lucknow on the 23rd of May. I have a little pony, and I call her Dolly; I can ride her. I also have a little colt, I call her Flossy; she will eat bread and sugar and biscuits from my hand. I have a bicycle, which I like to ride. I would like Morris to write another letter.

MORA McL. (aged 10.)

Ayr.

Dear Editor,—I am very fond of reading, so I think I will write you a letter on a book I read recently. It is a book by Pansy, entitled 'Household Puzzles.' The principal characters in the story are a family by the name of Randolph; it consists of seven members, father, mother and five children. The eldest is Helen, then Ermina, Tom, Grace and Maria. Mrs. Randolph was no housekeeper. So Maria, though only fifteen, was manager and chief cook. She planned and economized and made the dollars last as long as she could. All the family loved the little mother, but one night she is seized with a fatal disease, and dies of it. She is laid away. Life with the Randolphs goes on quietly, till Helen is married to Mr. Horace Monroe, a wealthy though dissipated young man. But their marriage was not a happy one, and very shortly after, Mr. Monroe is killed by an accident when drunk. Tom Randolph, much against his father's will, had taken a situation in a saloon, and he had by his bad habits been causing his friends much anxiety. Meanwhile, Faith Hales, a cousin of the Randolphs, with her little brother Pearly, had come to board with them. One day Faith had Pearly out in his carriage, when she met Tom, who, though not sober, wanted to ride baby, and then, Tom never knew how it happened, but the carriage was upset and baby falling out and striking his head on the pavement, was instantly killed. Then Tom hated himself, but Faith forgave him, so he resolved henceforth to be a temperance man and a Christian. Soon after this Ermina marries a Mr. Harper, and he being a good Christian, their union proves to be a happy one, and so the story closes. My letter is getting very long so I will close, remaining, an interested reader,

E. J. H. (aged 14.)

Eganville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' through our Sunday-school, and mother reads the letters to me, and I like them very much. I was seven years old last month, and began going to school at Easter. I like my teacher very well. I belong to the Mission Band here, and have a mite box, into which I put my money, and give the box into the mission at the end of the year. I get the money by selling old newspapers to the store, where they use them for wrapping up parcels. At the end of the year they send all the money they get away, where it is used to teach the little boys and girls who have no Sunday-school. I have a nice little pussy; it was sick for a long time, and I was afraid it would die, but it is better now, and I am glad.

MARY McN.

Hartney, Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write you and tell you how much I enjoy reading your valuable "Northern Messenger." I got it from Sunday-school for over two years, so I ought to know if it is good or bad. I saw in one of the letters that its writer, a little girl, wanted to know about some of the flowers that grow in the Dominion, so I thought I would like to tell her about them. Well, the first flower around here is the anemone; its stem is green and it has two rows of leaves, one row is green and one is a pale blue. The next flower is the buttercup, the next is the violet, then come marigolds and other flowers. There are other prairie flowers, but I will not mention them now.

JOHN S.