

so fell in their ranks that they lost between them one hundred and twenty-three places.

16. Q.—What did Prof. Black, once principal of the Boys' High School in San Francisco, state?

A.—That he never knew a boy addicted to the use of tobacco to stand at the head of his class.

17. Q.—What will everyone do who wishes to be a follower of Christ?

A.—Every whole-hearted follower of Christ purifieth himself even as he is pure.—1st John, 3rd chapter, 3rd verse.

Soldiers and Drink.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, in a letter to Mr. John Bailey, president Grantham Temperance Society, on April 21, 1881, wrote: 'The cause of Temperance is the cause of social advancement. Temperance means less crime, and more thrift, and more comfort and prosperity for the people. Nearly all the crime in our army can be traced to intoxication, and I have always found that when with any army or body of troops in the field there was no issue of spirits, and where their use was prohibited, the health as well as the conduct was all that could be wished for.'

On another occasion, in 1881, he wrote: 'About 90 percent of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor crime is practically unknown amongst us.'

After he became Lord Wolseley he wrote, in 1894: 'There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom. But the most pressing enemy is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also.'

On another occasion he said: 'The superstitions about grog are only maintained by those who mistake the cravings of habit for those of nature. The experiences of our armies all over the world show that the health, character and efficiency of our men are improved by substituting other beverages for strong drink.' In support of the last quotation given might be used what he said in regard to his experience, which was as follows: 'During the operations I conducted in South Africa, in 1879, my own personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotallers. They had very hard work to do, but grumbling was never heard from them, and a better behaved set of men I was never assisted with, a fact I attribute to their being almost all total abstainers.'

An Indictment.

(By Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

Look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether you live in Washington or New York or Chicago or Cincinnati or Savannah or Boston or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons five years ago and see they are growing far out of population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence and rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The drink fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice. Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit, and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform!

I indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxuricide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a 'cordial.' It is 'bitters.' It is an 'eye-opener.' It is an 'appetizer.' It is a 'digestor.' It is an 'invigorator.' It is a 'settler.' It is a 'nightcap.' Why don't they put on the right labels—'Essence of Perdition,' 'Conscience Stupefier,' 'Five Drams of Heartache,' 'Tears of Orphanage,' 'Blood of Souls,' 'Scabs of an Eternal Leprosy,' 'Venom of the Worm That Never Dies?'

Correspondence

Sutton, Que.

Dear Editor,—There is a brook runs by our house where we can fish in summer and skate in winter. Our papa keeps a tinshop, where we like to go and see the men work. We have got a large collection of stamps. We have seen only one letter from Sutton and that was from Winifred.

EBER (aged 7.)

CLAIR (aged 5.)

Westport, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a little town called Westport; it is a pretty place in summer, but has much fog in winter; the snow falls very deep. There are two steamboats here, one the 'Westport,' one the 'Gem.' Papa is the agent of the J. S. S. Co.; he is also a retail merchant. This place is noted for all kinds of fish—halibut, codfish, pollock, salmon, herring, tommy cods, skates; the man eater has a very large mouth; could swallow a boy if he wished; also there are whales, porpoises. HAROLD P. (aged 11.)

Granl Pre Farm, Grenfell, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I saw that Bertha wished me to write, and Clara said in her part of the country there were but very few trees. This time my letter is about my surroundings. We live on the rolling prairies, that is, it is hilly and bluff with just a few acres between each bluff. There are lots of bluffs in this district, and about four miles west the place is covered with large, green, beautiful bluffs. About three miles from our farm, to the north, is the Qu'Appelle valley, a beautiful place; its south hills are covered with fruit, as plentiful as you could find any place in Ontario. There are saskatoons, pin cherries, choke cherries, cranberries, black and red currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, and dewberries. My brothers, sisters and myself have often gone to the valley to pick these fruits; we took our dinner with us and returned in the cool of the evening. I used to drive the cattle to the Qu'Appelle river, which flows through this valley. I always took my dinner with me, as it was five miles to the river and I used to walk. One time my brother John went down to the valley in our gig, and when he was coming home he saw a bear on the very top of the hills (called a hogback), and after that I was rather afraid to go to the river, for a short while afterwards three bears were shot. This winter my brother Tom was going for our mail, and when he got about one-half of a mile from our house he met a large bear; he turned around and came home, got his gun and started to track it, but the bear had gone so far and its tracks had crossed each other so many times that he soon returned home.

Away up the valley to the east is the Crooked Lake Agency, a place where all the Indians from this district live. My sister is a teacher of the agents' and clerks' children. There are maple trees farther east of our place, and the squaws make maple sugar, but it is not nearly so delicious as the Ontario maple sugar. Grenfell is our nearest station; it is ten miles away.

EMILY E. S.

Guelph, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Guelph is a pretty place. But the fountain has fallen down, and broke some of a man's bones on his shoulder. We have two railways here. We have the river Speed. Two boys got drowned in it last year. The model farm is here. We girls often go out to it.

GEORGIE (aged 8.)

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa, who takes the 'Witness,' and I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. Every Sunday grandpa reads the letters aloud to us and my grandma enjoys them as much as any of us. I have two little curly-headed sisters, but no brothers. One summer when out of town I was out riding on my tricycle and saw Lord and Lady Aberdeen driving through the streets heading a procession. Not long ago a rabbit strayed here, so I made quite a pet of it. It was of a very mischievous turn, so one day the cook determined to put an end to its existence, and accordingly, unknown to me, covered

my pet rabbit into a most appetizing repast. On coming home from school, hungry as usual, I was liberally helped to a second supply of the tempting dish. On account of my hunger I did not notice that no one else partook of the dish. My hunger at last satisfied, I pronounced the dinner 'good and fit for any queen.' Imagine my surprise when I was then told I had eaten more than half of my pet rabbit. Mr. Editor, I assure you my feeling can be better imagined than described.

OLLIE (aged 11.)

Baltimore.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letter for the 'Northern Messenger' from Baltimore, I thought I would write you one, and tell you a story about Bert Powell's trip from London to Montreal. 'On reaching the steamer at Liverpool, I noticed gangs of men busy stowing away into her vast hold merchandise of many kinds, chiefly goods manufactured in the factories and workshops of Britain, and selected to suit the wants of the Canadian people. Other gangs of men were filling her bunkers with hundreds of tons of coal, which were to serve as fuel for the engines. The heavy baggage of passengers was being stowed away in the baggage rooms below decks. Hundreds of post-bags, full of letters and papers, were being carried on board and sent to the mail room. Passengers were coming on board, and mingling with them on the decks and wharves were crowds of friends who had come to say good-bye. Standing on the quays were the spectators, who are always drawn together by the departure of an ocean steamship. All was ready at last, a bell rang, visitors hastened to leave the ship; the gangways were drawn in, the cables which fastened the vessels were loosed, the captain touched a bell, down in the engine room the huge pistons began to move, and then among shouts of good-bye the tears of those sad at parting, the cheers of the light-hearted, and much waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the great vessel glided away on her long voyage. I stood on the deck and looked around me. On my right was Liverpool, on my left was Birkenhead. For miles on either side stretched the long line of docks and quays, crowded with vessels of every description. Great ships passed us coming up the Mersey as we went down. Steamers flying the red, white and black flag of Germany; the blue, white and red tri-color of France; the red and yellow ensign of Spain; the Stars and Stripes of the United States passed us on every side. But oftener than all the others combined, the grand old 'red ensign' with the Union Jack in the corner, which flies at the masthead of every British merchantman, greeted our eyes.

Sailing rapidly onward, we took on the last mails at Derry, and soon the anchors were weighed, and, with full steam ahead, in a few hours we found ourselves out of sight of land upon the broad Atlantic. Sailing for about five days brings us near to the coast of Newfoundland; we sail onwards and pass through the Straits of Belle Isle, and enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, sailing westward past the Island of Anticosti, we found ourselves carried on the breast of one of the largest rivers in the world, known as the St. Lawrence.

Farther up, the scenery grows striking and beautiful till at last we come in sight of that grand old city known as Quebec. A few hours then brought us to Montreal, and we found our journey of two thousand six hundred and ninety-three miles at an end.

ROSA W.

Harriston.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small town on the Maitland river. We like the 'Messenger' very much. My mother took it when she was a little girl, but it was called the 'Canadian Messenger' then. She says she thinks it has done a great deal of good.

BEATRICE MACKENZIE (aged 9.)

Gilbert Plains, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers. The youngest is a dear little fellow, nearly four months old. His name is Alfred. Two of my brothers and I went to school last summer. We had Sunday-school, too, for a while last summer, but only six attended. We had a Christmas tree and entertainment to coax some more to come next summer.

MARY (aged 9.)