picked him up and whirled him around and struck his head against the marble step, and killed him. He did not intend to do it, but his brain was so deceived by the drink that he could not judge how he ought to handle his own child. Then comes the deceitfulness. The tippler does not think correctly about anything. He calls himself rich when he has not a cent in his pocket. He fancies he is very wise when he is perfectly silly, that he is very agreeable when wholly disgusting, and that he is remarkably eloquent when he is simply spouting nonsense.

The fourth degree is stupidity. The brain is so badly poisoned that it scarcely works at all; and the man is not conscious of what is going on around him. He is at the mercy of all accidents and all enemies. He cannot take care of himself, much less of his wife and children. He injures his brain fearfully, and soon it becomes so bad that it does not work properly any of the time. It is diseased, and he becomes a lunatic. He was crazy at first during a part of his drunkenness, and now he becomes insane all the time. A great many of the patients in the insane asylums have been made lunatics by the drink.

Sometimes he goes into a frenzy with delirium tremens, the drunkard's madness, which is only a step beyond. That is the sixth degree, and makes the man feel as if he were in hell already. All drunkards do not come to that; they die before they reach it, or the drink induces some other disease which carries them off. But one truth is well established; alcohol affects the brain whenever it is taken. It makes the man more or less crazy every time, and if the drinker does not become insane himself, his children often become lunatics or idiots. Doubtless we all suffer more or less because our ancestors have been drinking men.

In some of these many ways the drinker shortens his life. It is believed that no less than 60,000 people die off every year through the effects of the drink. Perhaps some of you that are quick at figures can tell me how many that is in a week, or how many in a day, or in an hour. (If they cannot readily do so, ask them to cipher it out at home, and bring the result the next time.)—American Paper.

Tobacco Habit Among the Young.

Of late years juvenile smoking has been spreading like an epidemic in all countries of the world, and is attacking both the physical and moral health of nations. In France, in Germany, and in this country, efforts have been made to check its further inroads. In some parts of Germany, as also in portions of the United States, laws have been enacted prohibiting persons under the age of eighteen from smoking, and rendering it a punishable offence for any one to give or sell tobacco to children. In France numerous societies have been formed for the suppression of the vice.

In no country has this habit increased with the young to a greater extent than in England. The advent of the cheap cigarette is doubtless chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs. To see boys of seven or eight years old puffing their cigarettes is quite a common occurrence in London, and particularly is this the case in the East End. However, when a packet containing five cigarettes can be bought for two cents, the fact that smoking has become so general can scarcely be wondered at. Sir William Harcourt, in his last speech on the Budget, referred to the large increase of revenue received from tobacco, in these words: 'I believe it is mainly due to the great increase in the consumption of cigarettes, which are especially attractive to our youthful population.' He added, 'I am told of one manufacturer who makes "two million cigarettes a day," who hardly made any a few years ago.'

It has been proposed in Great Britain, as a remedy for the evil, that the members of the medical profession should make a move in the matter, and urge on the managers of schools the importance of special teaching exposing the harmfulness of juvenile smoking, and should also make such representations to Parliament and the Government as might lead to efficient legislation. It is difficult to see in what manner this vice can be checked among children unless by repressive measures.—'Pediatrics.'

Evolution of the Cigarette Smoker.

All forms of nerve stimulus are of the nature of a trick on the nervous system. The pleasurable or satisfying feeling that they may cause is a deception, and each deception renders the future actions of the nervous system less trustworthy. In proportion as this happens, the nervous system becomes degenerate or 'wears out.' The pleasure derived from the use of stimulants is therefore only a semblance of pleasure and is obtained by the destruction of those structures on which the feelings of pleasure and pain depend. In adult life this injury may leave no great traces. In youth any injury to the nervous system causes a permanent deterioration.

There is, as we know, a false notion of manliness current among boys—a notion that manhood lies in vices and dissipations of a man, rather than in the development of a man's strength. By carrying out this idea, in one way or another, the development of true manhood is often rendered impossible.

As a college teacher, my experience with boys who have formed the cigarette habit is somewhat limited. It, however, confirms me in the opinion that such boys are like wormy apples; they drop long before harvest time. Very few of them ever advance far beyond the first year. They rarely make failures in after life, because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins cigarette-smoking before his fifteenth year never enters the life of the world.

When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker.

There is one grim argument to be made for the use of cigarettes by boys. It helps in the survival of the fittest. The manly boy does not take to such things. He has life in him, plays football, hunts ducks—does 'anything' but deaden himself with narcotics.

The cigarette boy does none of these things. He becomes ill when work is laid upon him. His friends are solicitous because he studies so hard and looks so pale. He is withdrawn from school, and after a few years of life with shattered nerves he passes away, leaving the place he might have filled to the 'deep-lunged children of the fatherland.'

But all vice is corrosive and spreads from the rotten to the sound. Every year men whose lives are worth saving are wrecked through foolish notions of manliness caught from youthful associates. It is bad morals and bad economics to permit this waste. No community can afford to 'throw good life after bad' in the way tolerated in San Francisco.—David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University.

The Old Safe Way.

Two boys stopped in front of a saloon, and an old man standing near, listened to what they said.

'Let's go in and take a drink,' said one of them.

'I—I don't think we'd better,' said his companion: 'my father's terribly opposed to saloons. I don't know what he'd say if he knew I had been in one, and drank liquor there.'

'Just for the fun of the thing, you know,' urged his friend; 'of course, we'll stop with one drink. There can't be any harm in that.'

'My boys,' said the old man, coming up to them, 'you don't know what you're talking about. If you go in and take one drink, you're not sure of stopping there. The chances are that you won't, for I tell you—and I know what I'm talking about by a bitter experience — there's a fascination about liquor that it takes a strong will to resist after the first taste of it, sometimes. Take the first drink, and the way of the drunkard is open before you. Only those who let liquor entirely alone are safe. I know, for I've been a drunkard a good many years. I expect to be one till I die. I began by taking a drink just as you propose to—"for fun"—but I didn't stop there, you see. Take the advice of a poor old wreck—and that is, never take the first drink.'—'Anti-Tobacco Gem.'

Correspondence

Birr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a mile and a half to go to school. I am in the second class; our teacher's name is Miss Cater. I like her very much. My birthday is on May 6. I am nine years old. I have three pets; their names are Kitty White foot, and Darkie and Bobs. I have one sister and three brothers.

VIOLET H

Birr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the Correspondence over with so much pleasure that I thought I would write and say so. My brother has taken the 'Messenger' since January last, and as my auntie lends me the 'Witness.' I have a good word for both. I live on a farm about twelve miles north of London, and have one sister and three brothers all younger than myself. A year ago last Xmas, my father got me a pair of skates, which I was delighted with and wished to use at once. I soon learned to skate. My brother (who also had gotten a pair of skates) and I had a fine time skating the first winter, but last winter ice was scarce around here.

EDNA E. H.

Benmillar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the children's letters. I go to school every day, and my brother and I just passed the leaving lately at the age of eleven. We both passed in honors. Our teacher was very glad we did. I have five brothers and three sisters. We live on a farm and have a dog named Rover.

E. M.

Benmiller, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I love to read the 'Messenger' and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness.' I am eleven years old and I am past the public school leaving. Yours truly,

Canso, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My real home is in the country, but my papa died about four months ago, and now I am living with my brother. We live in the town. My brother came last fall, and I like to live in the town. My niece takes the 'Messenger;' it seems funny that my niece is five years older than I. I am in the third book. I will be glad when school begins again. I have no pets; I had a cat and she got sick and we had to drown her; her name was Tabbie.

ALMA S. (Aged 12).

Barrie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school. We take eight different papers but I like the 'Messenger' the best. Before I could read mother used to read all the stories in the 'Messenger' for us and I never used to get tired listening. We have three horses and three cows. I ride on one of our horses. I passed the entrance examination and I now intend to go to the High School. I have one sister and three brothers all younger than myself. Father is going to get me a bicycle next spring. If I see this letter in print I will write again and give you a description of Barrie.

MAGGIE J.

New Glasgow, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have seen a great many letters in the 'Messenger,' but I have never seen any from New Glasgow. So, I thought I would make a start. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have two sisters and one brother. We are having our holidays now. I was in junior three reader when I left school. And when I go back I will be in senior three. I wonder if any little reader has their birthday on the same day as mine, which is on June 5.

SARAH E. (Aged 9).

Townsend Centre, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw some correspondence in the 'Northern Messenger,' and I thought I would write a letter, too, and have it in print. I have one brother who is seven years old, and one sister, who is four. We go to the Baptist Sunday-school every Sunday and get the paper. I would like to sign for it after a while. We have two cats, Tom and Tim, and they are both as black as night. My brother and I go to school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Smith, and we like him very much. WILLIE L.