

old acquaintances stood looking after him as he passed down the street.

'What a wreck!' said one. 'And yet, when we all graduated together, it seemed as if he might be anything he chose.'

'So he might have been,' replied the other, 'and he chose—to make his body the grave of his soul!'—'Forward.'

Caught.

It is always bad for a boy to smoke, but it is not often that the small smoker runs himself into difficulties as easily as one who was recently lounging about a railway station. Presently he went up to the ticket office and asked for a 'half return' to a town a little distance up the line.

'What, a small chap like you smoking?' said the clerk, noticing the cigarette. 'Who are you calling a small chap? I'm fourteen,' replied the boy indignantly. 'Very well; full fare, please,' was the clerk's only answer.—'National Advocate.'

A Substitute Needed.

It has been our conviction that the present effort to rid society of the saloon with all its baneful influences will not be permanently successful until the efforts to secure abstinence and prohibition shall be supplemented by the establishment of some legitimate and unarmful substitute for present drinking places. This method of trying to overcome evil with good—of seeking to crowd out wickedness by means of something innocent—can go hand in hand with existing plans.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

No Respector of Persons.

The wife of a wealthy iron manufacturer of Pittsburg was drunk on her streets one day last week. She was taken by a policeman and put in the lockup. When she came before the magistrate she was in great contrast to those usually brought before his honor. She was richly dressed with a diamond buckle in her hat, a diamond sunburst at her throat and her fingers were covered with precious stones. Her jewels would probably have brought \$3,000. And yet she was drunk on the streets the same as any common hag. Whiskey is no respector of person, it puts them on the lowest level. And yet the saloon is tolerated. Oh, for shame!—'Methodist Episcopal Times.'

Why?

A mother and her little son, walking along the streets of Brooklyn, passed one saloon after another, yawning upon the street like mouths of hell. 'Oh, dear, dear!' exclaimed the mother, 'how thick they come, and what terrible harm they do!' To which the boy replied, indignantly: 'Well, what do they have so many for? Aren't there any Christians in Congress?' Gentlemen of our halls of legislation, what answer shall we give to the perplexed boy?—'Evangelical.'

The Dead From Strong Drink

I am to speak to you, perhaps, an hour. In that time a dozen men will die drunk in the United States. One will fall upon his face and smother the fires of his own life; one will tear himself to pieces, howling execrations against his own soul; one will stretch up his trembling hands and cry, 'Mother!' and go out like a burnt match; one, with a rope, will swing off into the blackness of darkness; poison for another, a pistol, a plunge from the bridge, and so on, to the limit of the damnable variety that death and drink can conjure. These men represent citizenship in all its phases, home, marriage, business, politics. Alcohol is the offspring of decay, and it begets its kind. There is decomposition in the very blood and bone and fibre of the Republic.—J. G. Wooley.

Intemperance is the source of much of our crime and misfortune. Thousands of premature graves tell of its ravages. Our workhouses are thronged with victims. Its baleful tyranny is cramming our jails with criminals.—'War Cry.'

Correspondence

Dear Children,

I am afraid that some of you are growing very careless about the way you write your letters for our Correspondence Column.

In the first place, when you are renewing your subscriptions or writing to us on a matter of business, you must address your letter to John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' Montreal. But when you are sending a letter to the Correspondence Column, you should address it to the Correspondence Editor, 'Northern Messenger,' Montreal. You must not send both letters in the same envelope, and, certainly, you must not try and do your business and ordinary correspondence in one and the same letter. This precaution must be observed in order to avoid confusion in our business department which is quite separate from our editorial department.

Secondly, and very important too: Letters to the Correspondence Column must only be written on one side of the page; they must be neat and the separate pages should be pinned together. When writing the name of your post town, you should put the name of the province as well.

Try and remember these injunctions and so help your friend,

The Editor of the Correspondence Column.

FINDING THE TEXTS.

We have received from Mary Patterson of Millville, N. S., a beautifully written list of all the texts in the 'Find-the-Place-Almanac' since last May. She was able to find every one. We most heartily commend Mary's careful and conscientious work.—Editor.

Westbury-on-Severn, near Newnham,
Gloucester.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from England yet in the 'Messenger,' but hope to see this one in. I have three brothers and no sisters. We keep a shop called the 'General Stores,' and my one brother serves in it. I am ten years of age, and I have a cat which we call 'Bobs' after our great South Africa hero, Lord Roberts. My brother has three doves. My dear father died last May, after a long illness. Mrs. Sanderson, of Montreal, has kindly sent me this paper for three years, and we all like it very much. She has been to England twice, and stopped at our house both times. We have a lot of fowls and two horses which we call Violet and Polly.

ARTHUR THOMAS ROBERTS.

Little River, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and we all like it very much. We have three cats and no dogs. We have 18 head of cattle and two horses and 20 sheep. We have 12 hens and three geese and one little pig. I have two sisters and two brothers. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Brown. I went to school last quarter 46 days and a half. My papa is sick and has been sick for over six months and is no better yet. I have a cousin down at Sydney, her name is Susie McLoud.

MILLIE S. F. (Aged 10.)

Rosmere.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters in your paper from Rosmere, so I will write one. I go to Sunday-school and I get the 'Messenger' there. I have two miles and a half to go to school. I go all the time; when it is cold I stay at my grandma's, for her home is close to the school. My teacher's name is Mr. Stirling. I like him very well. I have got one little brother, he is about six years old; he got in front of the linder this summer when papa was cutting the grain and got one of his legs cut nearly off; it is better now, but left a big scar. He has for pets two dogs, named Pete and Dandy, and one pony, named Dobbin. I have for pets one doll, called Rose, one kitty and one little brown hen. I was nine years old on Oct. 17.

ESSIE H.

Sunderland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school. I have one pet, a dog, her name is Jep. We have a horse and a cow and lots of chickens. My papa is a painter and paper-hanger. He is very busy. I have two sisters and a brother. My birthday is on May 12.

LAURA P.

Gibraltar.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the letters in the Correspondence. I am twelve years old. I have one sister and five brothers. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss L. M. Cameron, and all the scholars like her very much. I live in the country on a farm. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 3.

JESSIE McF.

Garafraxa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often thought I would like to write you a letter. My father is a farmer, and we live about three miles from Grand Valley, where we go to church. We are building a nice new church which will soon be finished. I like to read the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' which we get every week at Sunday-school. My brother has a pet pigeon that we call Polly; she comes into our house and is quite at home. I have two sisters and two brothers, and I have a little cousin in British Columbia whose birthday is the same as mine, Dec. 29.

JESSIE F. P. (Aged 11.)

Mosboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter from Mosboro, I thought I would write one. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all like it very much. We had a Sunday-school entertainment and a Christmas tree. I have two miles to walk to school. Our teacher's name is Miss McWilliams. She was a missionary in India. I have two sisters both older than myself. My father keeps the post-office at Mosboro. We have a horse, a dog and a cat. My birthday is on Sept. 17. I am twelve years old.

AGNES F. C.

Acton.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much, and like to read the Correspondence page. I am ten years old. My birthday is on Jan. 4. I have two dolls and two dogs. One is a little black and tan dog whose name is Jip and the other one's name is Spot, and he is a coach dog. We have two canary birds and a horse. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Hynds. I like her very much. My school teacher's name is Miss Howes. I am in the third department.

HAZEL M. M.

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and I enjoy reading it. I am in the senior third book, and I like my teacher very much. His name is Mr. Lunan. I go to school every day. I go to Sunday-school regularly in the summer, but now as the snow is on the ground we cannot go for it is too far. I have two sisters and one brother. My birthday is on March 25, and my youngest sister's birthday is on the same day as King Edward VII's. We have one dog and two cats. One is a kitten and it will play with a string.

MINA I. M. (Aged 10.)

Gladstone, N. B.

Dear Editor,—My grandma has taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and we like it very much. I am seven years old and have one little sister four years old. I had two pet cats one named Tabby and the other one Susie. One was killed the other day by the train. I live on a farm.

E. V. S.

KIND WORDS.

Mrs. Eliza Bentley of 11 Fermanagh Ave., Toronto, kindly writes to us:

'I rejoice greatly over the 'Messenger' and often thank the Lord with tears of gratitude for the cheer it has brought to myself and for the privilege he has given me of sending it into several families. It must do good.'