

'And,' replied Arthur, 'if we must have rocks and perils on the sea, I say Heaven bless the men who have given us the warning light, and have taught men how to steer out of danger's way.'

'I often wonder,' interrupted Edwin, 'why there are rocks, and quicksands, and whirlpools, and fierce winds. Why can't we make our journey without the possibility of meeting with these dangers? Why—oh, why is life such a struggle?'

'You might add,' said Arthur, 'why are there passions in the human heart that have to be met, and strong temptations to be conquered; why are there enemies within and without, the presence of whom can only be known to the man who is struggling to overcome them? Much of this temptation is undoubtedly of man's own making; we weave the net ourselves by which we are caught; we sharpen the sword which is to cut us down and leave us helpless on the battlefield.'

'You only speak half the truth, Arthur. Man is the creature of his own surroundings; what he is in physique or moral training is often what his parents or his grandparents have bestowed upon him. The drunkard, the thief, the liar, are often so, because such defects have been stamped upon him at birth, or have grown upon him by force of example, which he instinctively imitates.'

'That such is not always the case is shown by the fact that some of the noblest characters in history have reached the pinnacle of their fame by killing the evil tendencies in their own hearts, by seeking that divine help which has made them superior to their environment; they are as gold out of the hard rock, as the diamond transformed from the coal. Gough, the drunkard, becomes the world's greatest champion against intemperance; Stephenson was superior to all the hindrances of ignorance, and poverty, and rose from the cowherd at twopence a day to be one of the world's greatest engineers, and a man whom kings delighted to honor.'

So they talked, and their conversation might have continued for a much longer period had not the wind become suddenly colder, and forced them to beat a retreat to the cabin.

It was Sunday night, and Arthur's thoughts had constantly gone back to the little mission hall where he worked. He could not help feeling a little ashamed that the day should have passed without any public recognition of the Lord's Day; but he little anticipated what was in store for him in the cabin.

The cabin for second-class passengers was not a very enticing apartment. At the best of times, there was little light and not much air; the dingy appearance of the place did not give one an appetite for the rough meals served at irregular hours. Besides, it was the public bar for the forepart of the vessel, and was more of a public-house than a cabin. But perhaps all this might have been patiently endured had there been any desire to preserve order and common decency on the sacred day.

On this occasion a number of young fellows had taken possession of the place, and, as one of them expressed himself, they were determined to 'enjoy themselves.'

One of these bright lights brought an English concertina, and another a pair of bones, and with the sounds put forth by these not over-musical instruments, the revelry of the evening was led. Several of the revellers were quite intoxicated; others had certainly passed the bounds of sobriety; not a thought was expressed on that Sunday evening in harmony with the feelings that filled Arthur's heart.

He stood aghast as he listened to the songs, many of them with indecent double meanings, and to the coarse ribaldry with which these young fellows polluted their lips. He could only imagine such scenes possible in the tap-room of the lowest pot-house at a Saturday free-and-easy.

Edwin had very little respect for Sunday, but he turned away in disgust, and the two friends mounted the deck once more.

'What do you think now, "mon ami"?' asked Arthur. 'You have seen these young fellows in the cabin; they have all the advantages that you think men ought to enjoy, to foster goodness in the character of men. They have comfortable homes, good clothing, they are fairly well educated, and surely here they have plenty of fresh air?'

'I must admit, of course, all that you say, Arthur,' answered Edwin a little crestfallen.

'I am ashamed that these fellows seem to have no souls above the brutes; they seem to be incapable of appreciating any of the works of nature around them. What can be done to turn them to brighter and more ennobling thoughts?'

'There is only one possible suggestion, Edwin,' replied his friend. 'We must teach these young fellows that the enjoyments of life do not consist in the drinking of intoxicating liquors. I ask you to tell me frankly that such scenes could occur if the bar were closed. Is not the drink the chief, if not the sole, cause of all this riot?'

'Well, if you put it in that plain way, I must answer yes. No doubt these men have never had, or have lost, the eyes that see beauty in a flower or majesty in a star. Perhaps if they had not had such a love for alcohol, they might have cultivated a better taste.'

'There is no "perhaps" in the matter, Edwin, and you know it well. We may give educational advantages; we may improve the status of men; but it will be of no avail while they cherish the love of alcohol. The only safe way is total abstinence.'

Edwin would not admit it. He never would admit anything in favor of total abstinence, but when he went back to the cabin at ten o'clock, and had to spend two hours in the riot before he could close his eyes, he became convinced that, for some people at least, total abstinence was an absolute necessity.—'Temperance Record.'

### War on the Cigarette.

'Drop that cigarette, Mr. Gould,' exclaimed E. H. Harriman, chairman of the executive meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railway a few days ago. He was speaking to George J. Gould, director of the company.

Mr. Gould looked astounded. He glanced out of the window of the company's office to see if the world had come to an end.

'I mean it,' said Mr. Harriman, severely, 'I have just issued an order prohibiting cigarette smoking by any employee of the Union Pacific Railway. You are an employee of the company—you get \$10 every time you come here. So kindly put away that cigarette.'

Millionaire Gould recovered from the state of daze into which he had been thrown. Then he slowly dropped his cigarette.

Then Mr. Harriman, who objects to smoking of any kind, announced that he thought men should not be directors in companies and make rules for others if they cannot obey those rules themselves.

Just then millionaire Jacob H. Schiff, another director, came puffing at a big cigar.

Mr. Harriman made him throw it away. 'No smoking on Union Pacific premises,' he said, 'by employees of the company.'

'Who's an employee of the company?' Mr. Schiff demanded.

'You are,' Director Harriman said. 'Don't you get \$10 every time you attend a meeting?'

The meeting was completed without tobacco. Each director as he came in was ordered to drop his cigar, if he had one. The directors took the order good-naturedly, and promised to obey it faithfully at all future gatherings.

The anti-cigarette rule affects thousands of men. It has been found necessary by the Union Pacific Railway because cigarette users in its employ become 'dopey' and worthless. Director Harriman said recently that the company might just as well go to the county lunatic asylum for its employees as to retain cigarette smokers in its employ at big salaries.

What do the young fellows who puff cigars and cigarettes, or smoke filthy pipes, think of the evidence furnished by the authorities of this great railway system? They are far removed from sentiment and mere prejudice. They are against the deadly weed because it is against the health, reliability, and usefulness of their employees.—'Epworth Herald.'

Drink, like death, makes all men equal. The most brilliant scientist and scholar is one with the drunken beggar, when the drink habit has fastened its claws upon him.

An English inspector of poor-houses for twenty-two years, is quoted by the Hon. T. N. Russell, M.P., saying that during all his experience he has never met with a teetotaler in an English workhouse.

## Correspondence

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, the Laidlaw Mission. I live on James st., and you have to go up two or three flights of steps to get to our place. It is up high, but you can see the mountain and everything so nice. I guess I will close now. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, Nov. 26.

ETHEL R. (Aged 14).

Amherst, N. S.

Dear Editor,—Our school has closed for holidays. We have seven weeks' holidays. I led the room from the first grade into the second and got the prize. The prize was a nice book. I have no pets living; I had a kitten, but it is dead. I have three sisters and one brother. My birthday is on March 8.

MILDRED H. (Aged 8).

Lawrence Sta.

Dear Editor,—Not seeing any letters from this way I thought I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' at Sabbath-school every Sunday, and like it very well, especially the Little Folks' Page and the Correspondence. I go to school just about every day when there is school. I am in the second reader. My day school teacher's name is Mr. Chapman, and my Sabbath-school teacher's name is Miss McLachlin. The school is about three miles from here so we have a pony to drive. We leave her at the village. For pets, I have two cats, called 'Kitty' and 'Minto,' and a dog called 'Jeff.' I will be nine years old on Nov. 4. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine.

JEAN.

Mapleton, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have tried to write to the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers, their names are Lew and Stevie. I have one pet kitty. My birthday comes on the same day of the month as S. H. C.'s does, May 11. Our minister's name is Mr. Whitman. I live near the brook and often go fishing. I have a muskrat trap and go trapping.

W. R. B. (Aged 10).

Westchester Station, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have not taken the 'Messenger' quite a year, but I like it very much and I like to read the Correspondence best of all. My father is a minister, and I live two or three steps from the church. I go to Sunday-school every day when I am well. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on Feb. 26. I saw a letter in the 'Messenger' last week from this place. I go to school every day when we have school.

WINIFRED A.

Brandon, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm but I have no pets. I live three-quarters of a mile from the school. My teacher's name is Miss Minaker. I am in the fourth reader. I go to Sunday-school and my teacher's name is Miss Bell. We have about a hundred acres of wheat. I have two grandmas, one aged 84, and the other aged 67. I have also a great-grandma, aged 89. I have one brother, called Willie, he is six years old.

ETHEL B. (Aged 10).

Three Lakes.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. We have a little deer and he has lots of spots on him, and we call him Spottie. We have three calves, their names are Rosy, Tilly and Ettie; one horse, and his name is Jim; four cattle, their names are Bulley, Nellie, Dandy and Bobs. I am eleven years old. My birthday is Jan. 11.

EMMA R. P.

Cherrywood.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, twelve years old. I have not seen any letters from Cherrywood, only my sister's letter. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' three years and like it very much. I have two sisters and two brothers; their names are Leonard, Willmot, Vernah, and Emily. My sister Vernah and my two brothers go to school. My little sister, Emily, goes to Sunday-school with me. My little sister has a kitten; she calls it Tiny. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Taylor.

DELLA G. (Aged 12).