

sin without fearful risk and peril? 'Lay it aside,' says Paul. If it be a struggle, so much the more need of fighting it out until victory is won. If you fail again and again, do not cherish despairing views of yourself or of God. Try again. You want to win. God wants you to win. All best men and women on earth want you to win. All the holy angels want you to win. Only devils want you to fail. But remember it is you who must lay the besetting sin aside. God will not lay it aside for you. Good men and women cannot lay it aside for you. The holy angels cannot lay it aside for you. It is you who must do this if you are to be crowned a victor. You can have help from God, from good men, and angels, still you are to be the fighter and conqueror of the besetting sin. Prayer helps mightily. 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of;' but,

'We rise by things that are under feet,
By what we have conquered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.'

Best of all Jesus stands watching our struggle all the time—stands where we can see him every moment—stands ever before us as the One who was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin. The bruised reed he will not break; the smoking flax he will not quench. Oh, my brother, my sister, tempted almost to the point of despair of yourself, almost to the act of self-destruction, you, you, you, looking unto Jesus, may overcome as he overcame!

Sweet Cider.

(Clara A. Raworth, in 'Union Signal.')

New cider is by nearly all persons called sweet for about three days after the fruit is pressed, by many for a longer period. We know that it contains considerable quantities of alcohol within three days. There is thus a narrow margin for the correct application of the name, and a very broad one, in which it ventures upon the domain of a most deceitful and insidious poison.

Cider undergoes a change so stealthy that ordinary persons do not easily detect it. No one would venture upon drinking a glass of milk which might or might not contain strychnine; it would be well indeed if all would avoid as carefully a drink which may or may not contain a more treacherous enemy.

This indefiniteness in the application of the name is every year mustering to the ranks of drinkers thousands of the best of American manhood. If 'sweet' cider may be drunk at home why not abroad? If there is no danger connected with drinking it from the barrel which stands in father's orchard, surely there is none connected with accepting that which is given or sold abroad? Right here is a special danger from the fact that once you begin to buy cider you are dealing with an entirely unknown quantity.

Few persons deliberately set themselves to learn to love intoxicating drinks. The fruity taste of the cider covers the taste of alcohol but does not protect from its effects. Slowly or rapidly, but surely, the use of 'sweet' cider leads to the desire for stronger drinks, and thousands thus cultivate an appetite for liquor who would never enter a saloon; and Deacon So-and-so who keeps cider made from his own apples is a greater menace to temperance than tippling Mike who lies in the ditch.

He who knows the danger of the first approach of the most terrible of foes, who sees through its thousand masks, who has seen the fall of innocent youth and of strong, glorious manhood, who knows how, little by little, the tyrant fastens its chains and drags its victims down—such a one will set his face steadily against anything which will be the beginning of a brother's ruin.

If your mouth belongs to God, do not put tobacco in it. Every organ and part of the body belongs to God. Use them, therefore, as for him.

Correspondence

A Day of Prayer.

Dear Boys and Girls,—

Have you read the Find-the-Place Almanac? I think you will find it on page 7. I want you to read it, and learn the verses every day, and find their place in the Bible. Every girl and boy who intends finding these places and learning the verses may send his name to the 'Messenger Honor Roll of Bible Searchers.'

The Bible is the most important book in the world, because it teaches us about God, and how we should live, so as to please our Father in Heaven. It tells us of Jesus, our Saviour, the only one who can make us ready to live for ever in peace and joy with God. Therefore we should search the Scriptures, and become familiar with the Word of God. I hope to receive many names to add to this list in the next week or two.

Do not forget to pray for peace. More of our own brave men are going to the war. Hundreds of innocent little Boer children in Africa will be left fatherless after this terrible war. Pray, and remember that God hears the prayers of the youngest who pray in faith. I should like to set a day for prayer, say the last Sunday of this month, Jan. 28, if the war is not over before that time. Will you all remember that day as a special time to pray that the war may cease? Pray that our soldiers may be true to their God as well as to their Queen, that they may be strong men in Christ Jesus. God bless you all.

Your loving friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Messenger Honor Roll of Bible Searchers.

Jean Beddome, Manitoba; May H. Wood, New Brunswick; Winnie Brander, Walter Brander, Nova Scotia; Hester Avery, Willie Avery, Mary and Mabel Avery, Benjamin F. A., Annie A., and M. C. A.

More Letters.

We have lately received letters from Maud S., Annie S., Lewis I. B., George L. Snow, Wilhelmine Margaret, Gordon, Olive Grigley, Lottie Bird, Clifford H. Murray, Mabel M., Lena May, Hiram Lee, Will, Annie Florence Macauley, Ethel Gill, John H. A. Anderson, Dollie, Edna F., Norma Lowick, Elizabeth McKenzie, Anna C. Youngson, G. M. Summers, Jean Grace Elliott, Royce H. Hill, Peter, Myrtle and Clenny, Nora Malcolm, Archie Binnie, Sadie B.

Sable River.

Dear Editor,—We have a Division, and a Band of Hope. My sister and I joined the Band four weeks ago. I wanted to join before; but my mother would not let me until she thought I could understand what it meant to take a pledge. My sister and I learn pieces to recite every Band day. We have no saloons, and I never saw a drunken man. There were about fifty moose killed last winter, and four bears, in the woods, not many miles away from here; but the law will not allow any more moose to be killed now. We had a very short winter. I learned to skate, and I think it fine fun.

KEITH R. D., aged 10.

Red Deer.

Dear Editor,—I go to school from the first of April to the end of November, except during busy times. There are five of us going to school. The school that we go to is named Willowdale, it is not very large, and the most children that come there are twenty-four. The place where the school is built is a nice place, with plenty of bushes on either side, so that the boys in summer can dig them up and plant them around the school-house.

FRED E., aged 13.

South Branch, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and 'Witness,' I like reading all the stories very well; but I like the Correspondence column best. I would like to see another

letter from Clara, her letter about crossing the prairie was very interesting. I live on a farm about four miles from Cornwall, with my grandfather, and mamma is dead, and papa went to Manitoba, and I have not heard from him for six years.

I sometimes go for the cows on horseback in the summer. The only pets I have are a pair of bantams, they will eat out of my hand. There is a creek not far from here. We have fun skating on it in the winter.

EVA F.

Griswold, Man.

Dear Editor,—This village is a great place for winter sports, such as skating, hockey and curling. When the snow is soft we snowball each other, sometimes the boys snowball the girls. In summer we play football or baseball. Every summer we have six weeks of holidays. Through the holidays we go to see our friends; but sometimes we have to work. I went out to our hay-field to rake hay, I thought it lots of fun; but next summer, as I know how to do it very well, I will have to go to it in real earnest. When we came home in the evening, we would play croquet. My brother Norman and I would play against my sister and the hired man; but we usually got beaten, and then we howled.

GEORGE, aged 12.

Vandeleur, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a mule named Minnie, I have a tricycle, and I ride it to school in the summer, a distance of one mile and a half. Papa says that no Sabbath-school superintendent, or anyone, should use tobacco, and I think he is right. I am a temperance boy, and I like to hear my papa read the temperance stories in the 'Messenger.'

FRANK D.

Silver Water.

Dear Editor,—We live about eight miles from an Indian village; but they are civilized. They are just as good as white folks. On Jan. 6 they have a great supper, and dance, and give their babies Indian names.

DOLLIE, aged 11.

Pilot Mound.

Dear Editor,—I think Lulu A., was very right in asking all the boys and girls to sign their first name. I have no pets except a very black cat, which I call Sweep. I have a little brother, three years old, and a little sister, two years old in May.

MAY C., aged 10.

McVillie, Ala.

Dear Editor,—My father is a Baptist preacher. He preaches to four churches. I go to school every day. My teacher is Miss Rosa Chambers, Baby brother's name is Rochester.

DAISY R., aged 10.

Scotstown.

Dear Editor,—My oldest sister attends McGill Normal School, in Montreal; and at the Christmas examinations came first out of fifty-eight. My mother sent the 'Northern Messenger' to one of my cousins in La Camas, Washington, and they liked it so well, that they got it for their Sabbath-school. The scholars of the school here have started a library, and have now fifty books.

MARY, aged 11.

Yarker, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My cousin and her husband, who is a preacher, went to Japan some years ago. They stayed there three years. They lived in the United States after they came back. Then they went to Manitoba, and now live in Kingston.

JENNIE.

Foxboro, Mass.

Dear Editor,—My papa is dead, and I live with my mamma and little sister. My sister will be two years old, on March 22. She is just beginning to talk, and she is just as cunning as she can be. I love to take music lessons. I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. I love to read it, especially the Correspondence. My Aunt took the paper and she told papa about it. She said it was a beautiful paper, and papa said he would like to have me take it. My aunt lives in Swansea. I have two cousins, one of them is a little boy.

BESSIE D., aged 8.