

blood. On asking the cause he was told that the company had drunk to excess, and begun quarrelling, with the result that they fell to slaughtering one another. From that day his mind was made up, and the mandate went forth from Allah, that no child of the faithful should touch wine, on pain of being shut out from all the joys of paradise, the simple fact of the matter being that Mohammed—wise man that he was—saw there could be no stability in the religion and empire he was building up if the use of alcoholic liquors was permitted to his followers.—'League Journal.'

Noble or Ignoble.

There are several wealthy men in London who are reputed to spend over \$2,500 per year on cigars. This is considered very large over there, but several American millionaires are said to exceed this. One of them is reported as spending \$10,000 annually on cigars. An English nobleman who married an American woman, who brought a bag of money with her, has astonished London with his extravagance in cigars. He pays about \$500 monthly for them and always trades with one dealer, who posts a sign to that effect in order to attract customers. Several prominent Englishmen, among whom is said to be Labouchere, buy cigarettes imported from Turkey at a cost of ten cents each. One of them smokes and gives away 100 in a day, which is probably the record for expensive cigarette-smoking.—'Temperance Advocate.'

I Know a Bank.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

(Frederick Langbridge, M.A.)

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then
That takes deposits from working men;
It has shining mirrors and flaring gas,
And it draws its draughts in a jug or glass.
The customer there for his savings shows
A shaky hand and a flaming nose.
Keep out of its books, for I've come to learn
That Bank's a decidedly queer concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then
That takes deposits from working men;
Its clerks are never too grand or fine
To enter a penny of yours or mine;
And the pence tot up, as I hear folks say,
To a nice little hoard for a rainy day.
Get one of its books, for I've come to learn
The Post Office Bank is a safe concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then
That takes deposits from working men;
A gentle tone and a loving look
Are entered there in an angel's book;
Kind words are its silver, kind deeds its gold,
And its riches ne'er fail, nor its bags wax old.
Oh, think of that Bank, for I've come to learn
To have treasure therein is life's chief concern.
—'Early Days.'

Tit-Bits For Temperance Workers.

With every tick of the clock, £6 15s. worth of beer vanishes down the world's throat, every minute £410 worth disappears.

Stupendous as these figures are, especially when we consider that the world's-beer-bill for a whole year amounts to £216,000,000, sterling, the figures which represent the quantity consumed, are positively appalling, and almost incredible.

It is interesting to note that the money spent on beer for three years, would pay the last farthing of our entire national debt.

To pay the beer bill for only seventeen days, would exhaust all the money spent throughout the United Kingdom every year on charities.

Correspondence

Inwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read very much. One of my latest books is 'The Last Shilling.' It tells of the hardships of a poor widow, 'Mrs. Wright,' and her only daughter, 'Annie,' who lived in a small room, in one of the large houses of London. Annie had very bad health and grew gradually worse; till at last they did not know what to do. But the doctor said she should get the country air.

Then Mrs. Wright agreed that she might go, and she would get the money. That morning Mrs. Wright went to Mrs. Shepherd, and got the money. Annie was delighted, and the next day she went, and soon met with a new companion, Ellen, and had a pleasant time.

Now, the time had come for Annie to return, and she soon reached home, and her mother was sick, from rising too early, and working too late, to pay for Annie's trip. The doctor told Annie to take good care of her mother, or she would not get better. Annie took the best care of her mother, and it pleased the doctor so well, that he gave her a shilling; but she did not tell her mother about it. Soon after, Annie got a letter from Ellen telling her, that she and her father were coming down during the fair time. Annie said to herself that, she would keep the shilling till Ellen came and go out with her, and not spend it on her mother. After Annie had taken Ellen out, Mrs. Shepherd heard how Annie used the shilling, and she took her to her home and told her that she had done wrong, and Annie never did that again.

WILLIE, aged 11.

Bear Point.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for as long as I can remember, and I like it very much. My new subscriber I got was fifty-three years old. She says the 'Messenger' is a nice paper.

ELSIE, S., aged 12.

Ceylon.

Dear Editor,—I live in a very nice village, and I see the train every day. I have a very nice Sabbath-school teacher, her name is Mrs. Dice. It has been a very long, cold winter. I like to read the correspondence very much. There have never been any letters in from this village.

KATHERINE T.

Caledonia, Mich, U.S.

Dear Editor,—I am Beulah M., I am most as big as Ethel. I have a little red calf. I have a baby sister, too. I like the little boys and girls who go to school. I like to play Sunday-school. BEULAH.

Black River Bridge.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm which is situated on the shore of South Bay, near the far-famed Thousand Islands, and in sight of Waupoose, Green, Gull, Timber, Duck, and Amherst Islands.

In summer we have our Sunday-school picnic at the Sandbanks, which are about eighteen miles from here. They are composed of sand, washed up by Lake Ontario, and cover over one hundred acres of land.

We have taken the 'Messenger,' for over sixteen years. I enjoy it very much, especially the Correspondence and the temperance page.

CLARENCE H., aged 13.

Thirlstane, Man.

Dear Editor,—I went to a good many children's parties last winter, and I enjoyed myself very much. I see in the 'Messenger,' that some people say Manitoba is very cold; but I have been in Manitoba for the last nine years; and it is not as cold as people in Ontario think.

GRACE, aged 9.

East Clifton, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live in the south-east corner of the Province of Quebec, in the town of East Clifton. In the winter I have a nice time sliding on the crust. I take the 'Messenger,' and like to read it very much, my father also takes the 'Witness.'

MILDRED, aged 10.

Gaspereaux, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My papa works in the lumber woods, and does not get home very often, as he is thirty miles away. I have a sister and a brother.

STELLA L., aged 10.

Holstein, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa is the superintendent of our Sabbath-school. I am an associate member of the Y. P. S. C. E.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTONE B., aged 9.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I got the book awarded me as a prize for January, 1898, and was well pleased with it. I shall keep it as long as I live. This is a beautiful country in the summer time. The big, open fields on the hill at the back of the town, are white and yellow with daisies and buttercups, and there are patches of white and red clover, and wild rosebushes in bloom. Up there, overlooking the river and the falls, there are beautiful woods. It is there I sometimes go to spend an hour or two, gathering ferns and flowers, and to hunt for strawberries amongst the tall grass. There are steep hills to climb, by the aid of shrubs that grow there.

CHRISTINA G., aged 13.

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a skating rink in our back yard; but I could not go out on the ice, because I had the mumps. I watched the others from the window. I like the Correspondence best, for there are many pretty letters. I live in a double house. My grandmother and three of my aunts live in the next part. One of my aunts teaches school, the other Sunday-school. I like to have them next door. My teacher says at Sunday-school, that if any one turns round or does not pay attention, she will give them a bad mark. If we don't get three bad marks, by the end of the year, she is going to give us a prize. She is a very kind teacher. There is a dog that lives on the next street, that comes to our house every day. To-day he pulled the children around on their skates.

JEAN, aged 9.

Mille Isles.

Dear Editor,—I live in Mille Isles. My father is a merchant, and keeps the post-office. I have a large mastiff dog, I got the carpenter to make a sleigh for him, and he takes Brother Benjamin and me to school. Brother Benjamin is older than me. I am the baby. I like sugar-making very much, especially taffy parties. Gathering the sap is not a very pleasant part of the work.

GARNER, aged 13.

Parkman.

Dear Editor,—My grandpapa was in Montreal attending the General Assembly, last summer, and he was in the 'Witness' Office, and subscribed for the 'Messenger,' and sent it to us. I like it very well, and intend to subscribe for it next year again. One of my sisters is very fond of cats, she puts a shawl around them and rocks them in the cradle, trying to put them to sleep.

M. ETHEL S., aged 11.

Dix, Ill.

Dear Editor,—We raise many kinds of fruits, vegetables, grain, etc., here; but it is not very healthy where we live. I have been having the chills lately. I have been reading 'Evangeline,' 'Tom Brown's School-days,' and other books, this winter, and am at present reading the New Testament. We only had a five months' school this winter.

VERSA, aged 12.

Ridgeville, Man.

Dear Editor,—My uncle, who lives in Ontario, sent the 'Messenger' to me. I am glad he thought of sending it.

I live on a farm in Manitoba. My eldest sister lives in Colorado, and my eldest brother in British Columbia.

We have school and church within a mile of us. We have also a good Sunday-school, and my father is the superintendent.

MINNIE.