

when they are burnt in the body they give great warmth.

No intoxicating drink contains the smallest quantity of fat.

Alcohol sends the blood into the skin, and so lets the heat out of the body.

Alcohol prevents the oxygen doing its duty, thus the carbon in the blood is not burnt up in the way it should be.

III. Don't believe that intoxicating drinks will help to digest food.

All food must become soft and liquid like gruel before it can become blood, and so cause the body to grow, and be fit to do its work.

Alcohol softens those substances which are not fit for food, such as gum.

Alcohol hardens those substances which are fit for food; bread, fruit, meat sugar, all become harder when placed in alcohol.

There is no alcohol in any of the foods God sends us, but there is plenty of water. There is no alcohol in any of the liquids which soften the food of the body. The saliva in the mouth, the gastric juice in the stomach, the bile coming from the liver, and the other digestive liquids are nearly all water.

On these three points you may exercise your disbelief. Don't believe that alcohol will make you strong, that it can give you warmth, or that it can help to digest your food. —'The Adviser.'

### Have You Money to Burn?

(By E. B. Nitchie, in 'Christian Work'.)

What a foolish question to ask! Of course you haven't,—nobody has, not even the millionaire. Just suppose you should see a man take a roll of bills—a hundred dollars' worth, let's say—and one by one throw them into a grate fire and watch them shrivel up and away. What a fool he is! you would say, and no one would contradict you. And yet how many men are fools enough to burn up hundreds of dollars every year—in tobacco! Oh, but that's different, you say. Yes, it is different, but only in being even a more crazy and foolish thing than the other. Whether the money itself or the tobacco bought by the money is burned, makes no difference. The difference lies just here: If it is the bills that go up in smoke, therein is the whole loss; if it is the tobacco, the body which God has given you as a holy trust is maltreated and harmed. If it is a foolish thing to burn up money, how much more foolish is it to burn it up and hurt yourself besides!

No, boys, you can't afford it. You can't afford to waste your money, injure your body, and dull your brain. That isn't a manly thing, or noble. Stop it—stop it where you are. You are young yet; your body can recover from the ill effects. If you have never touched the weed but are tempted to—don't. Ask yourself this question: Have I the money to burn to smoke my brain away? Have you?

### For the Boys.

If a boy wishes to be shunned by the more sensible, the better class of girls, let him commence smoking cigarettes, then the common cigar, eventually sinking so low in the scale of humanity that only a filthy pipe will satisfy his morbid craving for the 'vile weed,' his whole nature saturated with the poison nicotine, every breath throwing off a stench worse than that of the skunk, and he will soon find that his presence is not sought by those who are uniformly made sick, ready to vomit, if he approaches them. Will an intelligent and worthy girl wish to wed such an overflowing fountain of filth and sickening stench? (When such girls form a society, with their motto, 'no drunken husbands, no tobacco saturated associates' young men may take the hint, improving their habits.) — Dr. T. K. Hanaford.

### Round Shoulders.

You boys who bend so low over the handle bars of your wheel, stop it! If you are inclining to a bowed back try this—suspend two ropes with ring handles from a doorway, and swing by the arms three minutes at a time three times a day. This will cure round shoulders within three months.—'Christian Work.'

### I'm Thinking.

(Poem written by a young man in Kingston Penitentiary.)

I'm thinking of the day, mother,  
When at your tender side  
You watched the dawning of my youth,  
And kissed me in your pride;  
Then brightly was my heart lit up  
With hopes of future joy,  
With garlands your bright fancies wove  
To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,  
When, oh, with anxious care  
You lifted up your heart to heaven;  
Your hope, your trust, was there.  
Fond memory brings your parting words  
While tears rolled down your cheeks;  
That long, last loving look, told more  
Than loving tongue could speak.

I'm far away from you, mother,  
No friend is near me now,  
To soothe me with a tender word,  
Or cool my burning brow.  
The dearest ties affection wove  
And now all torn from me,  
They left me when my trouble came  
They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now,  
Unpitied and unblest;  
Yet still I would not have thee know  
How sorely I'm distressed.  
I know you would not chide, mother,  
You would not give me blame,  
But soothe me with your tender words  
And bid me hope again.

I would not have thee know, mother,  
How brightest hopes decay;  
The tempter with his baneful cup  
Has dashed them all away,  
And shame has left his demon sting  
To rack with anguish wild;  
Yet still I would not have thee know  
The sorrows of thy child.

Can that one long bitter wail of heart-  
broken anguish, be put in the balance with  
dollars and cents, surely not. Is there a  
home in this land that has not been de-  
solated. Drink, drink, it is the echo of every  
prison wall, the blight of almost every ruined  
life. It has torn from the arms of the  
widowed mother the last human stay that  
was left her.

E. B. L.

## Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Juvenile Temple. I have a black dog. His name is Carlo. I have a pair of skates. I like to skate. Last winter the ice got covered up with snow, and I had to shovel a road to skate on. Papa takes the 'Witness' and I like to read the Boys' Page and the Children's Corner. I think the 'Messenger' is a very good paper. I will write and tell you what presents I got at Christmas.

FRANK C. A. (aged 9.)

Westford.

Dear Editor,—I go to the English church Sunday-school. We get a very nice paper. The name of it is the 'Sabbath Reading.' I would rather have the 'Northern Messenger' for I like reading the Correspondence. I was away for three weeks in the holidays and I had a very nice time. I have three brothers, but no sisters. I live on a farm, and I have a pet cat and dog.

MARY W. (aged 13.)

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother and I are visiting our aunt in the country, and we are having a nice time. My brother is in the third reader and I am in the second. At night we have great fun reading the Correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and Auntie takes it and likes it to.

J. F. S. (aged 8.)

Brome.

Dear Editor,—My sister gave me the 'Messenger' for a birthday present. I like to read the children's letters. I have two brothers and two sisters.

EDWIN K. (aged 8.)

Braemar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a dog named Rock. I have four sisters and four brothers. I take music lessons and the teacher comes every Friday. I live eight miles from Woodstock, which is a beautiful place. They are building a new post office and a new custom house.

MYRTLE (aged 9.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I reside in Hamilton, and think it is a very pretty place with its mountain and bay. I attend the Ryerson school, and like my teacher very much, and I like to go to school. I have never been late or absent since I started. I had a very nice dog, and his name was Colonel, but some person poisoned him, and I was very sorry when he died, for he could sing, or speak for a piece of meat, and do many other tricks. He would bring all the letters from the letter-box.

ROSA E. L. (aged 11.)

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one little girl who has the same name as mine, and she was Martha L. W. I think that the letter which Victoria Buchanan wrote to you was very nice. We go to the same Sunday-school. I am the only child, as my little brother died on the 30th of July. I have been taking music and theory for four years and received a certificate in June, at the Institute for passing the third grade. Mother says there are some very nice recipes in the 'Messenger,' and she is making a scrapbook out of them.

MARTHA C. R.

Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm three miles south of Souris river. We take the 'Northern Messenger.' I like reading the Correspondence and the big print. I go to school, and have two and a half miles to walk. Our teacher's name is Mr. Anderson. I have four brothers and four sisters, and one little sister in heaven. My father and mother were the first settlers in this part of Manitoba.

ANNIE ISABELLA B. (aged 12.)

New Germany, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have two brothers and five sisters. My oldest brother's name is Arthur, and he is in Annapolis Co.

ANNIE S. (aged 8.)

Parry Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and enjoy reading it. I live on a farm near the town of Parry Sound. The town is a beautiful place, situated in a valley. The country and the surrounding districts are very rocky and hilly. Copper and gold and other minerals are found in the rocks. All through the country mines are opened up. The country is very beautiful in summer time with its flowers and fruit. Thousands of tourists from different parts of the world come here and spend their vacation. I have no brother, my brother got drowned three years ago in a river. I feel lonely since he is gone. I go to school with my four sisters. I have to walk a mile to school. I attend the Sabbath-school regularly and enjoy my lessons. I have a nice Sabbath-school teacher. His name is Mr. Haight. He explains to us the bible so plainly.

MANLY W. (aged 8.)

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a mile and three quarters to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss Fraser. I like her very well. I have four sisters and two brothers. I started to take the 'Messenger' the first of last year, and I like reading it very much especially the Correspondence.

CYNTHIA H. (aged 9.)

Beachville.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven years old the 11th of May. I have three brothers and three sisters. My eldest sister lives in Manitoba, my eldest brother went out on the harvest excursion. We have many friends out there. Pa and Ma lived there about twelve years ago. We have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' and I enjoy reading it very much. I go to Sunday-school and I like it. Our teacher is Miss McInnes. My papa is a farmer.

AGGIE E.