

regulating centres of the brain by alcohol leaves the body powerless to resist the sun's rays. Yet this fact is not very widely recognised, and every summer the record of such cases becomes more prominent. Dr. Norton, in the New York Medical Journal, reports 50 cases of sunstroke brought into the Presbyterian Hospital, with the following comment:—'The use of alcohol seemed to have a direct unfavourable influence. The habit was marked in 32 percent, moderate in 46 percent, denied in 10 percent, in the remaining 12 percent, no history could be obtained. Eight persons were markedly alcoholic on admission, and of these four died.'—Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.

Your Own.

What if your own were starving,
Fainting with famine pain,
And you should know,
Where golden grow
Rich fruit and golden grain;
Would you hear their wail
As a thrice-told tale,
And turn to your feasting again?

What if your own were thirsting,
And never a drop could gain,
And could you tell
Where a sparkling well,
Poured forth melodious rain;
Would you turn aside
While they gasped and died,
And leave them to their pain?

What if your own were darkened
Without one cheering ray,
And you alone

Could show where shone
The pure sweet light of day;
Would you leave them there
In their dark despair,
And sing on your sunlit way?

What if your own were prisoned
Far in a hostile land,
And the only key
To set them free.

Was held in your command;
Would you breathe free air
While they stifled there,
And wait and hold your hand?

Yet, what else are we doing,
Dear ones, by Christ made free,
If we will not tell

What we know so well
To those across the sea
Who have never heard
One tender word
Of the Lamb of Calvary?

'They are not our own,' you answer?
'They are neither kith nor kin,'?

They are God's own,—
His love alone
Can save them from their sin;
They are Christ's own,—
He left his throne
And died, their souls to win,
—Author Unknown.

Haste to the Rescue.

Hark! what cry arrests mine ear;
Hark! what accents of despair;
'Tis the drunkard's earnest prayer,
Friends of Jesus, hear.

'Godly men, to you we cry;
Rests on you our anxious eye;
Help us, Christians, or we die
In dark despair.'

Hasten, Christians! haste to save
Brothers from the drunkard's grave,
Difficulties boldly brave,
Hark! for help they call.

'Haste then to the rescue!' haste!
See! the souls by drink laid waste;
See! the work of God defaced
In Satan's deadliest thrall.

Go, then, in the Saviour's name,
Snatch those firebrands from the flame;
Deck his royal diadem
With their ransomed souls.

Work, oh! 'Work while yet 'tis day,
Look to him to show the way!
Naught must tempt you to delay,
In rescuing captive souls
—Waif

Correspondence

Agincourt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister, Maude five years old. I have only gone to school a few weeks as I am not very strong.

CLAUDE G. S. (aged 8.)

Melita, Man.

Dear Editor,—A kind friend in Ontario has sent my mother the 'Messenger' for three years. I was one year and a half old when we left Ontario. My mother thought she knew a little boy named Willie who wrote from Valetta. My father and mother came from Scotland, where the broom and the heather grow so pretty.

KATIE HELEN S.

Glen, Eden.

Dear Editor,—I live near a river, and will be glad when it comes summer, so as I can go fishing. My father is a postmaster, and we get mails every day. EDNA (aged 12.)

Minesing.

Dear Editor,—I live in the little village of Minesing, situated in the County of Simcoe. It is not a very large village, but it has five churches, and two stores, and a school-house. I never saw any paper I liked as well as this paper. My father has taken the 'Witness' for about twenty years, and my grandmother has taken it for about thirty years. My father built a new brick house this summer, and we are living in it now.

MARY O. (aged 13.)

Port Elgin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I feel quite well acquainted with you, but I suppose you have never heard of me before. I live on a farm where there are plenty of apples and small fruits and where I can get lots of rides on the hay-rack through the fields. My way to school is very pleasant in nice weather for an excellent view of the blue waters of Lake Huron, with its white caps, may be had. One showery morning when the lake looked green a beautiful rain-bow appeared over it. The light-house on the island at Southampton can be seen plainly too, although it is about ten miles away. I have a canary named Beauty, which is fifteen years old. I enjoyed some of the letters from the North-West and Nova Scotia, which told about the country and their occupations there.

EVA MAY B. (aged 9.)

Laurier.

Dear Editor,—We live twelve miles from the railway. We have a mill, and my papa makes flour, chops stuff and saws logs.

ELLEN P. (aged 8.)

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a member of the Mission Band. My father keeps the post-office. I go to school, we have a lovely teacher.

NETTIE V. (aged 13.)

Collina, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have a black cat, and a white horse named Sandy. I belong to the Mission Band. MAGGIE T. (aged 10.)

Vandeleur.

Dear Editor,—I have an Aunt Kate, in California. I can play on the organ. I go to school and have lots of fun. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much. We live on a farm. I go to Sunday-school and say verses. MAGGIE L. D. (aged 9.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the beautiful city of London. We have a pretty little summer resort about four miles from this city, and often in the summer we go there on the electric cars, and have a good time. I look forward to getting the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy the stories very much. I have six sisters, and one brother, and we have a merry time when we all get together. GERTRUDE (aged 11.)

Pender Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We have a very nice time in the summer holidays at the beach. The Indians here are not savage. They come every fall, and shoot grouse and deer. Last year I found a grouse nest with two hens eggs in it, and one grouse egg. We have grouse, quail, partridge, pheasants and deer for game. JOHN (aged 10.)

Sutton Junc.

Dear Editor,—I live in the Province of Quebec. We have two ponies named Tommy and Dolly, my sister Minnie and I ride them to the Band of Hope in the summer time. We have quite a large Band, and can get up fine entertainments. I go to school every day and like my teacher very much, the school-house is within sixty rods of our house. MABEL S. (aged 13.)

Rydal Bank.

Dear Editor,—We live about a mile from the school. Our teacher's name is Mr. McClure. We like him very much.

D. F. B. (aged 11.)

Rosanna, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter from Louis Henry that interested me, because I live four miles east of Tilsonburg. I have a bird named Dick. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much.

MYRTLE W. (aged 9.)

Glen Morris, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a pretty village on the Grand River. There are hills on each side of the river, and most of the village is in the valley. I live on a hillside and have a beautiful view both up and down the river. We have a nice school in the village with about forty-two scholars. We have a lady teacher, and we all like her very much. My little sister and I have just one pet, a playful little kitten. We call it Toodles because when it was a little thing it was always toddling about in our way.

ANNIE C. (aged 11.)

Walters Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet pig which I call mine. It comes to me twice a day for its feed, and when it eats its feed it goes back into its pen. I like going to school very much.

STANLEY (aged 13.)

Dugald, Man.

Dear Editor,—We had a very severe winter in Manitoba last year. Pa has a skating rink. My three oldest brothers and I go and skate Tuesday and Saturday nights. It is opened at seven, and stops at 10 o'clock. The men play hockey. There is a Literary Society here and they meet every Wednesday evening in the school. We go and we think it is very nice. SARAH (aged 12.)

Aramanth, Laurel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is situated about two miles and a half from Laurel. We live on a farm, a very pretty place in summer. I go to Sabbath-school every Sunday. It is the largest school I know of. I go to school every day and like it very much. If I get along well, I intend to be a school teacher. I had a very pleasant trip this summer, the first time I was on a train. I went to a fair. It was a lovely day, and I enjoyed it very much. STELLA L. (aged 12.)

Tregarva, N. W. T.

Dear Editor,—We have no school in the winter; we had a lady teacher for the summer months. We have a baby 14 months old, she was walking before she was 10 months old, her name is Ruby Bethesda Isabell. My brother Joe is 4 years old. Our papa died last September, we miss him very much for he always was so good to us.

ALLIE (aged 8.)

Russell.

Dear Editor,—I have seven sisters and one brother. I think my brother is the best boy that ever wore a hat.

ANNIE B. (aged 13.)

Bonaventure River.

Dear Editor,—We go fishing in summer. Sportmen comes here every year to fish salmon. My oldest brother is a farmer in Minnesota. He has been away eleven years. He was home to spend the winter of '96, with us. We live about eleven miles from church, but our minister comes to visit us once a month. I went to school last winter, about thirty miles from home. I stayed with my aunt. One of my brothers is working in a lumber camp on the Grand Cascapedia. A party of us go about five miles up the river in canoes every year to celebrate Dominion day at the sportmen's cottage, and have fire works and sail down about eleven o'clock at night. CLARA T. (aged 10.)