

ber who annually die from the effects of tobacco?

A.—An accurate estimate by physicians shows that twenty thousand in America die yearly from this poison.

Hide Me From Papa.

'Please take me home with you and hide me so papa can't find me.'

The speaker was a little child just two years of age. She was endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness, both of person and disposition.

We had been visiting her mother, and on leaving had taken the dear little one to ride a short distance.

We said, 'Now, Mary, kiss us good-bye; it is too cold to take you any further.' The little darling looked up with the most piteous expression, and clinging to me, said, in her baby words, 'O Lenny, please take me home with you, and hide me so papa can't find me!'

O darling, precious Mary, how my heart ached for you as I pressed you to my bosom! What visions of sorrow and cruelty your words called up. How terrible it seemed that one so young and innocent should know so much of fear!

As I rode homeward the thought would again and again recur to me. Oh that all who have helped in any way to make her father a drunkard could have heard that piteous appeal, could have seen those baby hands raised in entreaty, and her lips quivering with suppressed emotion! Surely the heart of the most hardened whiskey-dealer would have been reached, and his slumbering conscience would have been awakened to a true sense of the terrible amount of wretchedness caused by the use of ardent spirits. Oh, think of it, bar-keeper, and whiskey-sellers of every grade!—think of your sad, sad work.

Here was a man who, when sober, was a kind and devoted parent, yet from the use of this curse of our land, had become so cruel and unkind as to inspire abject fear in his orly child.

May all who have encouraged the use of ardent spirits in any way, be warned in time, lest in the last day many women and little children shall say to them, 'To you we owe the untold wretchedness and agony of our lives; our blood be upon your skirts.'—'Richmond Advocate.'

The Mocker Fatal in its Mockery.

Some twelve years ago nine young men started together from the North of Ireland to enter upon a university course of study in the collegiate town of Galway. When they arrived there, only two of the nine were sober. One of the seven who were under the influence of drink when they arrived in Galway was so drunk that when he entered the examination hall the following morning he felt so drowsy after his debauch that he could only lay his head upon his arms and fall asleep. Yet such a clever scholar was he that, in spite of all, he took a scholarship that day. But, alas, he became a confirmed drunkard, and died a crossing-sweeper in the city of Chicago a few years after. Not one of those seven who went to Galway drunk is alive to-day.

A young man, whose parents were dead, was educated by an uncle, and, ultimately, through his own perseverance, and assistance of the latter, was enabled to enter a university in this country. The lad took to drink, and, through his intemperate habits, failed in his examination, and had to return to his uncle. He lived with the uncle for a year, kept off the drink, and altogether seemed a reformed character. Then one day his uncle promised to send him back to college, and told him to come to him on a certain night, and that he would have the money ready for him to pay his coming term at the university. That day, being a fair day, the student fell in with company, and came home intoxicated. When he found that his uncle would not give him the money to send him back to college he seized an axe, and killed the old man on the spot. Afterwards, when he came to realize to a certain extent what he had done, the young student went and drowned himself in a well. Truly wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and he that is deceived thereby (oh, what fatal deceit!) is not wise.—'Temperance Monthly.'

Correspondence

Agincourt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am an English girl; I came to Canada in 1897; the steamer was called 'Labrador, and it took us ten days to come over. We had a very nice voyage, except one night when the ship went to one side, and we thought we were going over. Every morning the captain came to see us, and he would say, 'Hurry up; and come to breakfast; fresh bread and coffee.' We did not trouble for anything to eat. We were so sea-sick.

When we were passing through the river St. Lawrence we saw such a lot of little houses, and a church, and a light house in the middle of the water. We got off on Saturday evening, and we went on another boat for about another hour, and we got off and went on a train, staying in the train all night, and part of the next day. We passed one place, where all the shops were opened and selling things on Sunday.

It is very nice in Canada; the people about here are very nice and kind and busy; they are very willing to make friends. Our church is called 'Knox.' Our minister's name is Mr. Brown, and he is a very nice gentleman. It is much warmer in Canada during the summer than it is in England, and it is much colder in winter than it is in England. From ANNIE L.

Feverisham.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I would not like to be without it. I like to read the Boys' and Girls' Page. I have two brothers and one sister. I have three dolls and a cat. I go to school every day and like it well. I am in the senior second book. I am going to try for another book next June.

FRANCY (Aged 9.)

Carleton Place.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper in Sunday-school and like it very much. I have seen only three letters from here. I have a dear little kitten called Tootsey. I am learning to play on the organ and am in the Fourth Book. I am very fond of reading.

DOLLIE (Aged 11.)

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was interested in your 'Children's Correspondence Corner,' I thought I would try to tell you about my home. I live in the town of Collingwood. It is a very pretty place. In the summer time we go bathing by the lake shore. I go to school and am in the High' fourth book. My teacher's name is Mr. Ward. He is very kind, and has been teaching school for thirty years. I tried for the High School last year, but I failed by twenty-three marks. I go to the Sunday-school every Sabbath, and belong to the Presbyterian Church. I am a member of the Band of Hope and Band of Mercy. The former is against strong drink, tobacco and improper language. The latter is against the cruel usage of dumb animals. I think those are very useful for a town, and I intend to belong to those always. The Band of Mercy is a branch of the Royal Humane Society. It is through the Band of Hope that I get my 'Messenger.' A kind lady, Miss Campbell, vice-president of the Band of Hope, gives each member a paper each week.

We had a cantata in the opera house last Easter. We were all dressed in white, and twelve girls went through the 'lily drill.' It was all very pretty. I wish Mina Myers, of Brantford, Ont., would write to me, as I would like to write to her. I shall close now, as this is getting rather long; but I hope it will appear in print, and not in the waste basket. Good-bye.

ETHEL BOURE (aged 13).

Orillia.

Dear Editor,—We save the 'Messenger' from one end of the year to the other, and then bind them together with twine and send them to Parry Sound district to my brother, who takes the mission at Arnstein, about forty miles from Trout Creek. We send the 'Witness' to a friend at Collin's Inlet on the North Channel, to give them to the shantymen.

We attend the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school. In the infant room there are generally one hundred pupils. In the Bible class there are between forty and fifty, and in the middle part of the Sabbath-

school from three hundred and fifty to four hundred pupils, with about forty-five teachers. The Superintendent is one of our elders, Mr. H. Cooke, druggist. Our Pastor is the Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., who is at present at the Sanatorium at Clifton Springs, New York.

We have a Christian Endeavor in connection with the church, which has about twenty-five active members and about fifteen associate members. Miss R. Chase arrived home last week from Indore, India, from foreign mission work, on account of ill-health. Orillia has three public schools and one high school.

JANET E. F.

Nappan.

Dear Editor,—I started to take the 'Northern Messenger' some time ago. I live on a farm. We have a little colt. I have three sisters and no brother. I love to read the children's letters.

WILLIAM WALTER S. (aged 12).

Mount Pleasant, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day, and we have Sunday-school close to where I live. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I enjoy reading the letters very much.

MAGGIE E.

Chelmsford, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much, especially the correspondence. I have an aunt who lives in Sherbrooke, P.Q., who sends me the paper. I couldn't have it only for her. I hope she will come this summer to see me. I live on a farm near Lowell, Mass. I have three sisters. We have some little chickens and a cat.

RUBY (aged 10).

Sand Bluffs, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write again, as I did not see my last letter in print. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and look to the Correspondence first when it comes. I enjoy reading letters by L.S. every month, they are very interesting. I am very fond of flowers. I had a few house plants, but they got frozen in the winter—it is so cold here. But it is very warm in the summer. The only pets I have are a very pretty canary and a cat which I am very fond of.

PEARLE E.

Cullister, Shetland, Scotland.

Dear Editor,—We live in a small village called Cullister, about fifteen miles from the town of Lerwick. We have a small farm, and we keep five cows, one mare named Maggie, and some sheep and poultry. The chief work of the people here is the fishing and the Shetland hosiery. This is a very busy place during the fishing season, there being three fishing stations within half-a-mile of our house. We have a regatta here every year carried on by the Sandwick boating and swimming club. We belong to the Free Church, and have a very nice Sunday-school, of which grandfather is superintendent. Our minister's name is Mr. Aitken, who has been in Africa for seven years, so you see he has a good deal to tell us. I have three sisters and four brothers. A kind friend in Vancouver has sent us the 'Messenger' for a great many years, and we all enjoy it very much. I have read 'In His Steps,' 'The Crucifixion of Philip Strong,' 'Malcolm Kirk,' and 'Robert Hardy's Seven Days.' I hope this may be interesting to your readers, and I wish the 'Messenger' every success.

KATIE S.

Drysdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many little boys' and girls' letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one too, as I have never written one before, neither saw any from around here. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and like it well. I live a mile and three quarters east of Lake Huron and in the summer, after harvest, we and a number of other families go down to it and have a picnic. Drysdale is a small village a half-mile from Lake Huron. There are in it a store, a blacksmith's, an 'rn and a number of houses. They are building a new blacksmith's shop in it now. I go to school, and am in the fourth reader. I live a half-mile from the school, and like my teacher well. I have only two pets, one is a cat, which I call Kitty, and the other is a sheep which I call Petty, because she will let me pet her. My brother has a pet calf called Jimmy. I have two sisters and seven brothers. I have five brothers younger than myself.

ELLA J. (aged 12).