

very little some one put tobacco into his mouth; he came to like it, and then to crave it, until, at the time I first saw him, when he might have been, perhaps, twelve years old, his tongue was constantly rolling a quid, and the corners of his mouth were stained with tobacco juice; his eyes were dim and watery, and he seemed to think of nothing clean or pure. His first salutation on meeting any one whom he suspected of using tobacco was, 'Give us a chaw, won't you?'

Sandy went to school, but what was the use? His mind was as dwarfed as his body; perhaps nature had done her part well; he might have been a bright pupil had it not been for the tobacco poison, but it was no unusual sight to see him lying by the roadside, or on the playground, in a stupor, even in winter. I recollect one time in particular—it was a bitter, cold, blustering time—when Sandy was found on the playground, and we thought at first that he was dead; he was carried home, and came out of his stupor only to call for 'another chaw.'

So it went on; he seemed to care for no one but his mother, and none else cared for him. The girls all feared him, the boys jeered at him, and the old folks shook their heads and said, 'There was no good in him.' And yet, there might have been, if some kind spirit could have induced him to lay aside the ever present quid. But there came a time when the quid was laid aside forever.

One day late in winter Sandy started for the woods where some men and boys were at work. He had gone about half the distance when he was seized with one of his 'fits,' and fell by the roadside. No one was near to help him, and no one saw him till the morning, when his poor little frozen body was found from which the life had gone out. An inquest was held, and the verdict rendered—'Died from exposure.' Yet all the people said, 'It was tobacco fits that killed him.'—'Union Signal.'

Eloquent Figures.

'The liquor traffic of Ohio pays into the state treasury alone the handsome sum of \$1,000,000 a year. In addition it pays to the various local treasuries \$2,500,000. These figures are eloquent and speak for themselves.'—'Wine and Spirit News.'

Yes, they are eloquent, but they only tell one side of the story. They don't tell how much the liquor traffic costs the state of Ohio. One of its governors tells the story, however. He says it costs the state \$70,000,000 annually. 'These figures are also eloquent and speak for themselves.' But even that doesn't tell half the story. The eloquence of the tears of thousands of heart-broken wives and children over the wreck and ruin of husbands and fathers and desolate homes is kept in the background. The wreck and ruin of manhood and the destruction of life, as well as property, caused by the 'liquor traffic' of Ohio is also eloquent, and appeals to the manhood of its citizens to destroy it as they would a venomous serpent, or would stamp out a deadly plague.—'California Voice.'

Look at the men staggering in our streets, or drunk on our sidewalks, steps, and alleys. Do you wish to follow in their footsteps to poverty and ruin? If not, let beer, wine, and whiskey alone. The average duration of adult human lives is shortened about one-third by their use. Look at the thin, half-developed boys and young men, unnaturally short in stature, narrow-chested, lacking in lung capacity, in strength for athletic games or active mental or physical work, with even the breath smelling of tobacco, who pollute the very atmosphere which others are compelled to breathe. What clean, worthy young woman would prefer such a young man for a husband, when she could have a noble, well-developed young man of clean habits? Stop and think of the consequences before you commence this deplorable habit. Look at the irritable, moody, nervous systems, and at the brain, heart, and stomach failures, and even the cancerous diseases of the mouth and throat which result from the use of tobacco. Boys and young men, do you want to pay your money to the saloon keeper and tobacconist to make them rich, and impoverish yourselves for such a chance and prospect?—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Talking With Jesus.

When the golden wings of morning,
Usher in a new born day,
And the sun again is shining
Over an untrodden way,
And you've risen from your slumber
Rested for the toil of life,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus
Ere you enter for the strife.

When the noonday sun is o'er you,
And the burdens heavy bear,
And the cares are pressing sorely
(Though a smiling face you wear),
And perplexities are rising,
Like the waves upon the sea,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus,
He can calm your Ga'ilee.

When the golden sun is setting
In the radiant western sky,
And the day of toil is closing,
And the night is drawing nigh,
And your fevered brow is cooling,
Kissed by soothing twilight dew,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus,
Evening blessing waits for you.

When you seek your needed slumber,
And relax the tired brain,
And the night has drawn her curtain,
Shutting out the noise and strain,
And the weary eyes are closing,
Slowly closing into sleep,
Don't forget to talk with Jesus,
Take your rest at His dear feet.
—'S.S. Messenger.'

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I have a brother, Arthur, out in Manitoba. I saw one girl who had the same name as I have. I enclose one dollar for the India Famine Relief.
EFFIE H. H. (aged 10.)

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible, and am very much pleased with it. I got it for getting three new subscribers. I thank you for it, and will try to get more next year.
RALPH D. GRIMMON.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers. We have a dog; his name is 'Carlo.' My birthday comes Nov. 8. I wonder if any one has a name like mine.
DELLA (aged 12.)

Dear Editor,—I am reading the New Testament through; I am over to the Philip-pians. My sister and I want our names added to the Honor Roll. We have had a revival meeting at our church, the M. E. North. The M. E. South at our place had a meeting this winter; they had about 50 conversions. We feel, and thank God, that he has been in our midst.
STELLA C.

To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger':—I live on the prairie. The prairie is covered with flowers and grass in the summer, and snow in the winter. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and like it very much. I start at the front, and read to the back.
J.H.S.

Dear Editor,—West Bay is a very pretty little village on Cape Breton Island, but I suppose I would think it pretty anyway, because it is my home. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books, of which my favorites are 'Black Beauty,' 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,' and 'Child's History of England.' I was in Montreal some years ago, but as I didn't know where your paper was printed, I didn't see you.
JOSIE McD.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Baptist Sunday School. Our pastor recommended it to the scholars as one of the best papers for boys and girls

there was, and I think he was quite right. Some of the boys and girls, including myself, are saving the 'Messengers' to send to India. I wish other children would save papers for the poor little children in India, where they have nothing to eat on account of the famine.

NEVILLE C. (aged 13.)

Moose Jaw.

Dear Editor,—My youngest brother and I go to school every day, three miles away. Our neighbor takes his children, and he calls for us and others in the way. We have a piano, and I take music lessons.

ANNIE T.

McDonald's Corners.

Dear Editor,—I saw my name where you printed the names of girls and boys whose letters you had not time to print. I will write another, and tell about my little kitty. It is grey and white, and I call it 'Dot.' I liked the story in your paper about 'The Stiff-necked Kittens.' Like 'Florence M.' we have a nice organ. Our prettiest house plant is the 'Sultana,' or 'Table Rose.' It has leaves like the rose, and is just crowded with shining scarlet blossoms. My two brothers and four sisters, my pa and ma, and I, all like the 'Messenger.' The texts for every day, are nice. It is a long one to-day.
HESTER HELENA.

Gunter.

Dear Editor,—I saw in your premium list a Bible for two new subscribers, and I thought I would try to get it. I sent the two new subscribers' names, and received a lovely little Bible. I now send you many thanks for it, for I don't see how you can send such a nice paper and a Bible, too, for so little money. I am only seven years old, and I am going to learn the texts in the Find-the-place-Almanac.

R.P.W. (aged 7.)

Alberni, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small village called Alberni. It is a very pretty place in the summer time, but it is kind of wet in winter. We have lots of fun here playing cricket, and swimming in the summer, and football and snowballs in the winter. Sometimes we play against the neighboring villages. I am fourteen years old, and have just left school. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and am trying to get some more subscribers to it, as I got about ten already. I was very pleased with the premium I received.
ROBERT E.

Courtice, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have no mother, but a kind and loving father. I have two sisters, but no brother living. One sister is living in London, Ont., with my aunt and uncle. My other sister and I keep house for our father.
ETHEL.

West Templeton, Que.

Dear Editor,—As my last letter was not published, I thought I would write again. I live on a farm about two miles from the Ottawa river, and like it very much. We live at the foot of a hill, and have good fun sliding in the winter.
GEORGE F. (aged 9.)

West Paris, Me.

Dear Editor,—In my nice paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' I have noticed many letters from correspondents. I enjoy reading about the different kinds of pets. I think my favorite is a pony. The name of mine is 'Sally.' She is a beauty, with long, heavy mane, and tail, which I have to braid when it is muddy. She is about thirteen years old, and weighs nearly eight hundred pounds. I have had several cats and three tame white rats, but they all ran off together. I guess they went off for a picnic, and the cats eat the rats. My father is a M.E. minister, and we take fifteen copies of your beautiful little paper for our Sunday-school.
ROBBIE LEARD (aged 13.)

Morrowville, Kans.

Dear Sir,—I received the Bible as a premium for 'Northern Messenger' subscriber, and am much pleased with it, and thank you kindly for the same. We are all very much in love with the 'Northern Messenger,' and also 'The Black Rock.'

MAGGIE CREIGHTON.