

smoke-stacks out of one of the great channels of health. If God had intended a man's nose to become a smoke-stack he would have lined it with some other substance than mucus membrane.

The fact that no man has ever reached his best mentally who is addicted to the tobacco habit is a sufficient commentary on the influence and action upon the mind. In the deadly cigarette we have a combination of poisons—tobacco (nicotine), opium, lead, arsenic, and the tonca bean. We condemn the opium habit among the Chinamen, when the facts are, nearly all of the granulated tobacco used contains more deadly poisons than opium alone. Our nation should at once outlaw the cigarette manufacture in every territory, and no man who uses the miserable poison should be able to secure work while he is a slave to so poisonous a habit.

While travelling in California I suffered much from nausea, there being no escape either on chair car or sleeper, and train men say they are helpless as to the use of cigarettes. Every railway should enact a law prohibiting the use of cigarettes on their trains, the same as the general government in the signal service has done.

I am glad to note the progress among various railways and firms that will not employ men who use cigarettes. So far so good.

Leprosy, smallpox and specific poisoning are communicated by the use of the cigar made by persons who have these diseases where saliva is left upon the finished Havana. As a friend to our humanity, I would cry aloud and spare not against this curse.

The Preacher's Experience.

(‘Christian Guardian.’)

I am a local preacher, and at the time of which I write had been smoking tobacco for over twenty-five years, with the usual result, namely, a disordered nervous system, to such an extent that, without my regular pipe, I was unable to steady my hand sufficiently to write.

Late one night I sat alone in my room enjoying a comfortable smoke, and at the same time preparing a sermon for the coming Sabbath, and the text on which I was working was this, ‘What lack I yet?’ and in imagination I pictured the young man earnestly desiring the Christ-life, and yet unable to surrender his will and give up that which the Lord required of him. How common a failing, the desire for Christian perfection, coupled with unwillingness to make Christian sacrifice. Thus far the sermon was getting along very well, but now came a change, and it seemed as if the sermon talked back at the preacher, and a voice, clear, yet not audible, asked, Is there nothing which you are unable to surrender at the Lord's request? And the ready answer was, I have no wealth to give up. But the questioner would not thus be put off, and spake again, asking still more forcibly, If the Lord asked you to give up that pipe, could you do it? This question was too much for me, and opened up the whole tobacco question in a way I had never seen it before, and without a minute's hesitation the answer was given, Yes, Lord, I can, and will. The pipe was set aside, and I thought I saw before me a long season of physical suffering for lack of what had become to me a second nature.

Humbled at the thought of what a slave I had become to my own baser nature, I sought on my knees for grace to enable me to bear whatever suffering there was in store for me, and then retired for the night, and awoke in the morning a free man, with a steady hand and nerve, without the least desire for the weed which had been my constant companion for a quarter of a century.

Fourteen years have passed away since my emancipation from the tobacco habit, and I can confidently say that during that period the desire for the pipe has never once returned, nor have I in the least suffered in any way for the want of it.

The boys need not be afraid of throwing away their cigarettes. The Lord is still mighty to save.—W. D. Bayley.

Correspondence

POEM WANTED.

Miss L. E. Merifield, care of Mrs. Merrill, ‘The Cedars,’ Aylmer, Que., would be very glad if some one would kindly send her the words of a poem called ‘White-waters,’ which was in the ‘Messenger’ some time ago.

315 Besserer St., Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—I have a kitten for a pet, I call her Cosy Topsy. I have no brothers or sisters. I am having my holidays now. I was in the Junior Third Class, and when I go back I will be in the Senior Third Class. My birthday is on Nov. 3.

WILLIE K. (Aged 9).

Meaford.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm and live six miles from Meaford. I go to school. We are having our holidays now. I am in the second book. Our teacher's name is Mr. Mills. We like him very much. He has been our teacher for twenty-three years. We get the ‘Messenger’ from our Sunday-school. My sister reads the correspondence to me, and thinks it very nice. I am 11 years old. My birthday is May 15.

AMY E. W.

Meaford.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. We have a hundred acres of land. We have got ten acres in peas and some barley and some oats. I have three rows of beans thirty rods long. I got vaccinated. I go to school and am in the third class. My teacher's name is Mr. Mills.

OLIVER C. W. (Aged 13).

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very interested in the letters which your interesting paper the ‘Northern Messenger,’ contains. I have two old game bantams and six young ones. I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on Dec. 5. I am at my grandpa's on the farm. He lives about three miles from Smithville and twenty-five miles from Hamilton. He owns a very pretty residence and a large lot with it in Smithville. I go to the St. Paul's Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. My father is superintendent of the Sabbath-school. I am in the Senior Fourth Grade at day school. We are having so much rain this summer that the hay can hardly be got in. My grandmother died on March 14, at the age of seventy-three. My grandfather is seventy-four. They had been married fifty-one years. He has a farm of two hundred acres. His ancestors bought it from the government. They were U. E. Loyalists. It has always belonged to a Lindbury, but my grandpa had no sons, therefore, after his death it will pass out of this name. I am very fond of horses. Grandpa has one horse that is thirty-three years old. I have no brothers or sisters. I wish I had a sister.

HARRY L. SMITH.

St. Ann's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters in the ‘Northern Messenger,’ but none from St. Ann's. I am seventeen years old, and my grandmother went to heaven last March, just a week before my birthday, which is March 21, so I am keeping house for my grandfather. They had been married a little over fifty-one years. I go to Sunday-school about two miles from here, so I have to drive there. I go all summer; but cannot all winter. We go to the Presbyterian Church. My grandfather owns two hundred acres of land; but as he is getting very old, seventy-four years, he has a man to work the place. I milk three cows, and we have three horses; but only one that is much good, and she is a beautiful dapple grey, there are not many horses like her. We live about twenty-five miles from Niagara Falls.

MAY L. L.

Greenville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, but I have no pets like other little girl writers to the ‘Messenger.’ I have only taken this paper two years. I like to read it very much, especially the letters and the stories. I do not live very far from the school-house, so I can go nearly every day. I like my teacher very much.

MAGGIE.

Oak Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, but we are having holidays now. I have three sisters and one brother. He is working in a store. He is 21 years old. I had a little brother but he died in May, 1901. I have two little ducklings for my pets and some little chickens. I am in the fourth book. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I live in the town.

JESSIE L. (Aged 11).

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—My brother Georgie takes the ‘Northern Messenger,’ and mamma and Georgie read all the letters in it to me. I like them so much, and as I never saw any letters from this place, I thought I would write you one. I was eight years old on June 3. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Jessie Miller. I have a papa, a mamma, four brothers and one sister, and a sister-in-law. I have a colt, her name is Dolly; a dog, his name is Toby; a cat, and her name is Bessie. I feed her five times a day. I have lots of uncles and aunts, and grandpa and grandma, and hosts of cousins. (This has been written for me.)

EMMA VICTORIA M.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I love to read the ‘Northern Messenger.’ I like the letters from the little girls best. I am fourteen years old, and I have two cows, one horse, one cat, three brothers and one sister. The horse's name is Belle, and she is very swift. One of my brothers is an usher in the church. We live on a farm in the summer. I am a member of the Busy Bees.

FRANKIE W.

Teteagouche, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the ‘Messenger’ for three years, and I enjoy reading it very much. I have four sisters and one brother. I go to school and to Sunday-school. The Mission Band meets once a month. Mrs. Smith is president. The meeting is held in the Methodist Church. Our entertainments are held on the school grounds. We live quite near the Falls and go quite often to see them in the spring. It is nice to see the logs going over in the spring. My birthday is March 27, and I am eleven years old.

E. S.

Port Kells, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We get the ‘Northern Messenger’ every week. My Uncle James, of Martinvale, P.E.I., made us a present of it, and we enjoy it very much. Also our Sabbath-school takes six copies of the ‘Messenger.’ I go to school every day. We have a very nice teacher. I have four brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is thirteen months old. He is very fond of me. I take him out every day for a walk. I will be ten on Sept. 13. I have a pet white chicken, which I call Polly.

MARGARET ISABEL G.

Port David C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school, and am in the third book. My teacher is Miss Florence Tilker. I like her very much. I have a little kitten named Tabby, and two other cats named Ruffy and Frisky. I have two brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister is in Montreal. We live on a farm. I have not very far to go to school. I have a little pig named Spot.

NETTIE Y. (Aged 9).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought that I would like to write you a letter, but as this is the first it will be short. I live just out of London, and we have a lovely place. I have a sister called Lollypops, but we call her Lolly for short. Mother does not approve of me playing with boys, so the girls and I have tea-parties on the lawn.

CHARLES H.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, with my father and mother. I have two brothers and one sister living, and one brother and sister dead. I go to Sunday-school and get the ‘Northern Messenger,’ and like it very much. I have two pets, a cat and a calf. I live near a river, and go fishing. I wonder if any little girl or boy has the same birthday as I have, April 20? I go to day-school. I have a mile and a half to go. There are a lot of berries up here.

LUCY P. (Aged 12).