

and their hearts were raised in a prayer of thankfulness. Then all eyes, even the old captain's, turned in gratitude and admiration toward First Mate Pitman, who walked away as if some one else were the hero, and took a long breath of the fresh, salt air, from which he had been shut away so long.

Sunday.

(Mrs. Christie, in 'The Presbyterian'.)

King Athelstein forbade all merchandizing on the Lord's Day, under very severe penalties.

Henry VI.—'No fair or market shall be held on Good Fridays, or any Sunday, except the four Sundays of Harvest.'

Charles II. — 'No tradesman, artificer, or workman is allowed to do any of their ordinary calling upon the Lord's Day—work of necessity and charity only excepted—on pain that every person of fourteen years so offending, shall forfeit five shillings.'

Blackstone.—With much else about Sunday, Blackstone, who wrote 'Commentaries on the Laws of England,' goes on to say: 'It imprints on the minds of the people that sense of their duty to God so necessary to make them good citizens.'

It is well known that no one can toil week after week, without a break, and not be injured by it. On this account, the Austrian government has been obliged to enact that no work be done on Sunday. The French are trying to get a weekly day's rest for the workmen employed upon the exhibition buildings now going up. Though these days are not by any means like our Sunday, still, it is a step in the right direction, and in time these people may remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. It is one of the marks of a noble mind to keep God's day holy. George Herbert, a sweet poet of the seventeenth century, says:—

'The week were dark but for thy light,
Thy torch doth light the way.'

The words of Sir Matthew Hale, a pious judge of Cromwell's time, have come down to us as household proverbs:—

'A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And joy for the work of the morrow;
While a Sabbath profaned, whatever may be gained,
Is the certain beginning of sorrow.'

The late Baron Pollock had a bible-class in his house on Sunday afternoons, and so had the Countess of Lathom, who met her death so sadly a few weeks ago, and was carried to her grave by four of her sorrowing pupils. I have read that Mr. Gladstone on Saturday nights puts away newspapers and all pamphlets of a secular nature. Would it not be well if you copied the example thus set you, and put away your books and toys of every day, and have only those of a sacred nature for Sunday?

When you are older you will often hear it said: 'Oh, Sunday is not intended to be kept by us, it is only for the Jews.' In this way many, to-day, are trying to do away with the sanctity of Sunday, and even good people in other respects wish to make it a common holiday, rather than a holy day. It is because of this that, young as you are, I hope you may be impressed with a sense of its obligations, and God will bless every effort you make to honor his holy day, for he has said: 'Them that honor me I will honor.'

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love!
But there's a nobler rest above;
To thee our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.'

The Children's Fountain.

Lady Henry Somerset unveiled the other day, an interesting little fountain in the Temple Gardens, the little patch of green on the Embankment, opposite the School Board

offices. This latest addition to the artistic adornments of the Embankment is a simple little tribute from the temperance children of England. They call it the Child's Fountain, and it stands in the gardens close by where John Stuart Mill sits in the majesty of thought. The fountain is of bronze. It is a replica of one which was set up in Chicago by the temperance children of America. It cost not less than one hundred and fifty pounds. The money has been collected by the children, and Miss Hilda Muff, of Bradford, Yorkshire, the little lady who collected more than any other, supported Lady Henry Somerset in the ceremony of unveiling the fountain and handing it over to Mr. J. S. Fletcher on behalf of the London County Council.

Correspondence

Utica, Montana.

Dear Editor,—All the little girls and boys have been writing letters to the 'Messenger,' and mamma said that I ought to write too. I am eleven years old. My birthday, was on Feb. 10. Papa is herding sheep now, and likes it very much; last year when he was herding he could not get a dog that would stay with him, but this year when he started to herd, a little black dog came to our house. We kept her, and called her Susie. She is an excellent sheep dog.

My grandmother lives in Ontario, and sends us the 'Messenger,' and we are glad to see it come. Sister and I go to school at Utica. We have twenty-five pupils in the school, and have four months' school at a time. We have gone to school altogether a year and a half. We have no Sunday-school here, or church service, only once a month. Your Montana friend

LINA.

Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' for our Sunday-school paper, and I like it very much. We get the 'Witness' at our house, and I like the 'Boys' Page' and 'Children's Corner.' I have never been to Montreal, although it is so near Ottawa, but when I do go, I will go and see the 'Messenger' getting printed. I have a good many friends there. It must be a nice place. I go to the Christian Endeavor, and when there was a convention we had a boy from Montreal, and he told me about it, and what a nice place it was; and he said Westmount was a very pretty place. Yours truly,

WILL.

'The Robert Jones Convalescent Home,'

Montreal.

Dear Editor, — I am a little girl twelve years old. I have been sick with rheumatism for five years, but I am getting better now. I stay in a wheeling chair all day. I was in the hospital for a year and a half. I got a lot of presents on Christmas. I have no brothers or sisters. I have read a lot of 'Northern Messengers,' and I like them very much. I am fond of reading. I only went to school for a little while. I used to go to the kindergarten and I liked it very much. Wishing you every success, from your twelve-year-old friend,

FLORENCE.

Grand Pre Farm, Grenfell, Assiniboia.

Dear Editor,—My letter is about one Sunday when my two brothers and I were going to Sunday-school, and we had to go through a prairie fire. My father and brothers were fighting fire, and my mother said it was too bad not to have any of us go to Sunday-school. I said if Fred and Andrew, my little brothers, would go with me, I would go. So we started out, thinking that the fire had gone out. We walked as fast as we

could until we saw a haystack burning, and then we thought the fire must be burning. We had three and one-half miles to go, and we were only three-quarters of a mile then, but when we got one-half of a mile from the school we met the fire. It burned up to us. We turned and ran, but little Fred got tired, so we went on a little slower, and we had to go a mile out of our way. And when we got there, the fire was there, and we had to back fire, that is to set a fire back towards it. If we had not done that the fire might have burned the school. Then coming back we had to go five miles around to get home. And when we were very near home we took off our shoes and stockings, and went home in our bare feet. We had gathered flowers the Sunday before and left them on the trail, and we saw them burning, but of course they were withered. My letter is getting too long, I remain your eleven-year-old reader,

EMILY.

Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—I was very much interested in C. H. L.'s letter, which appeared in one of the February 'Messengers,' as he proves to be my own dear cousin Charlie, and I know all about Robbie and Hazel. But I want to tell you about a Japanese Missionary whom I saw, heard, and had the pleasure of shaking hands with. Mr. Ikehara, said that there were two words very dear to his heart and those were 'Jesus' and 'Japan.' He became a Christian in Japan, and came to this country to be educated. He is spending a month with our Sunday-school superintendent. In the month of June he will attend the World's Sunday-school Convention, held in London, England. Then he will sail for Japan, and work there for Jesus in the Sunday-school.

Mr. Ikehara always wanted to visit Ohio, as he had heard the word (Ohio) ever since he could remember, for that means 'Good-morning,' in Japan. He told about a New England gentleman, who was visiting in his country. One morning he called on a Japanese gentleman, and remembering that good-morning was the name of one of our states, he shook hands with his host and said 'Pennsylvania.'

I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am eight years old. Yours truly,

CLARENCE.

New Albany, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As you wished for more letters on missions, and as I have an uncle a missionary in Southern China, I will tell you about him, and the work there. He has been there five years, was stationed first at Kayinchu, but is now at a place called Mun Kheu Liang, a place inland. The seaport where he landed, and where all his mail goes, is Swatow. There are no post-offices in the interior of China, all mail is carried inland by Chinese messengers. He is having some success in the work of late, up to Nov. 15, 1897, he had baptized fourteen, and was expecting there would be more before the close of the year. The Chinamen do not take very readily to anything introduced by foreigners into their country. They call all foreigners foreign devils, so are very hard to be won. Little boys all wear ear-rings in their ears. That is to keep the evil spirits from taking them off; thinking they will take them for girls. They believe evil spirits do not care for girls. They worship their ancestors, and burn clothes, shoes, and other things that they think they will need upon their graves, believing they will reach them in the smoke. If they are too poor to get real clothes, they will make paper ones, and burn them. In this way they hope to supply their needs, believing that all manner of blessings will be sent to them in return, business prosperity and health. If they have business failure, or other misfortune, it is a sign that their ancestors are displeased with them and must be appeased. I will close for this time, wishing you prosperity. Yours truly,

FRANK.