

penitent, in order that he might impose upon the generosity of the people. And after he had been helped again and again, the patience of this gentleman gave way, and this night he came to him very roughly and ordered him to leave the room.

'Colonel,' he said, 'I am out of patience with you; you are a miserable fraud, and you know it, and I want you to get right out of here and never come back;' and taking hold of him he put him out into the darkness.

As he turned back into the room the thought came to him that he had not been manifesting the spirit of Jesus, and he went back to the door and looked to see if he could see the colonel; but the old man had gone out of sight. He went up stairs with a sore heart, realizing that he had been untrue to his Master.

He was not able to pray at the family altar that night, and eagerly waited for the next evening, that he might see the colonel and ask his forgiveness for the rude way in which he had treated him. But neither the next evening nor the next, nor for three weeks did he see the colonel again. And all this time his own heart had been growing very heavy, and his one prayer had been that God would send the old man back to the mission.

At the end of the three weeks he attended a meeting of earnest Christian workers in that city and told them how he felt, and asked them if they would not pray with him that God would let the colonel come back under his influence again. They spent a large portion of the hour in joining in this prayer, and when my friend went back to his mission that afternoon there sat the colonel. He went up to him, and said,

'Oh, colonel, I am real glad to see you! I would rather see you than any one else on earth.'

'Why,' said the colonel, 'you don't mean that! You don't mean that!'

'Yes,' he said, 'I do, and I am going to treat you just the best I know how.'

So he led the old man into another room, and took off his clothes and bathed him with his own hands. And he said that upon his body there was not a spot where you could put your hand that was not covered with sores or vermin. And then he clothed him in soft raiment and took him to the barber to get his beard shaved off and his hair cut. And when the old colonel saw himself in the mirror he said: 'Who is that man?' and could scarcely believe that he was the same person. That night he came and knelt at the mercy-seat in the mission and rose up a new man, and has since been a faithful follower of Christ.—Bombay 'Guardian.'

The Dawning.

Oh! what a dawning there would be
If Prohibition gained the day,
With breaks of this new century,
Came forth and flung the portals wide
Revealed a world where sin had fled
And everything was bright and fair,
With drinking—crimes and evil—dead,
While good men ruled this land of ours.

And Janus, with his two heads stood,
One sad face gazing in the past,
The other smiling on the good,
And beautiful world in its dawn.
How dark, how very dark and black
Has been the world in which we lived,
He thinks, when turning to look back
On all the crimes and sin of old.

But as He sees the brighter day,
He scarcely can believe His sight,
So much of sorrow washed away,
And mankind is so happy now.
Why have men left the world so long,
To live its selfish, evil way,
When, if they had been brave and strong,
They might have hastened glory here.

O, brothers, sisters, one and all,
Let the next century dawn right,
Let each one hear the Father's call
And do his duty for the world!
Lift it from Satan's clutching hands,
Into the Heavenly Father's arms,
Oh! shatter all the evil bands,
That keeps it from a world of love.
MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT,
Moorestown, N. J.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—Some of you have written asking if you are to send me the texts of the Find-the-Place Almanac every week. I just meant you to study them for yourselves, I think it would be a good plan if you would get a blank book or scribbler and write the texts in every week, then you would have something to show for your work at the end of the year.

I wonder what most of you do with your 'Messengers' after you have read them? One of you wrote to ask me for the address of some one in India who would like the 'Messenger.' This is the address of a Missionary lady who would be glad of any children's papers or bright text cards, Miss Ellen Todd, 3 South Road, Allahabad, India. You had better ask at your post office how many stamps you will need to put on a packet for India.

If you have written lately to the 'Messenger,' see if your name is in the list. Sometimes some of you write and say, 'please print my letter this week,' forgetting that there are at least a hundred letters in before yours, each waiting its time. And though we are very pleased to hear from you all, we may not have room for all the letters. I want to thank each one of you for your kind words about the 'Messenger' and your appreciation of the Correspondence Column.

Your friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Cross Point.
Dear Editor,—I am learning the verses in the Find-the-place Almanac, and intend to do so during the year. Would like my name added to the 'Messenger' Honor Role of Bible Searchers. I like the 'Messenger' better every year, and we are all delighted with 'Black Rock.'

Your little friend,
ANNIE C. HARPER.

Nova Scotia.
Dear Editor,—I am learning the verse every day in your Find-the-Place Almanac. I have learned them ever since the year began.
SAIDEE G. (aged 10.)

Oxbow.
Dear Editor,—I live on the prairie about eight miles from the nearest village. The prairies are covered with snow now, but in the summer time there are large patches covered with poplars. I have two sisters, five brothers and two half brothers.
EDITH D.

Cheapside.
Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and one brother and one niece a year old. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Saunders. I like her very much. I go to the Union Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like it fine.
LEAH MAY F. (aged 12.)

Chatham, Ont.
Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at the St. Andrew's Sunday-school. And we have a club called Sunshine. And we are making a quilt to send to the missionary in India. Our club consists of ten girls. We meet every Saturday from two till four.
NONA J. (aged 9.)

Dear Editor,—I promised when I wrote last year, that I would write again, and I am keeping my word. We have a Sunday-school, but no Little People's Christian Endeavor. I am an associate member of the Y.P.S.C.E. I just love when consecration night comes. When you come to New Brunswick come down to the beautiful Miramichi where lives your seven year old reader,
A. A. W.
(How very pretty the pansies were you enclosed! Ed.)

Galt.
Dear Editor—I got my mamma to write this letter for me. It was raining this morning and I had to go to Sunday-school. I don't go all by myself. I go with my teacher. Her name is Miss Owens, and she always gives me the 'Messenger.' My ma reads the letters, and I do like to hear them, and asked my ma, if I told her how to do it, would she write a little letter for me, and she said yes. I am only about six and I can only tell you my letter. I can't write yet, but I go to school. Miss Peene is my teacher, and I like her. She can make nice things out of paper, things that look like pink ducks and birds. I just have my ma and pa to live with. I don't know any more to tell you now, only my pa took me for a long long walk to-day, far past the C.P.R. and my ma had no tea ready when we got back. She was sleeping. I only spend a cent a week for candy. Is that very much?
BURNS DUNCAN.

Westford.
Dear Editor,—I live in the county of Bruce, Ont. I go to the country school, and have a mile and a half to go. I am 10 years old and am in the Senior third class. There are thirty scholars usually at our school. Our town is Teeswater. There are three hotels, three flour-mills and three or four factories.

MAURICE S.
Plymouth, N.S.
Dear Editor,—I live on the Turket river, seven miles from Yarmouth town. My papa is a carpenter, and works in Yarmouth. I have four brothers and a baby sister. My three oldest brothers and I go to school. The only pet I have is a little gray and white kitten. I take the 'Messenger' and papa takes the 'Witness.' I like to read the letters and stories in the 'Messenger.'
MARGARET S. (aged 7.)

Leamington, N.S.
Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a nice paper. I like to read the Correspondence best, and see what other little girls and boys have written. My papa keeps the post office and we get the 'Messenger' every Tuesday night when the mail comes in. My papa is a farmer. We keep a horse, two cows and three head of young cattle. We also have a pig and about thirty hens. The only pet I have is a very pretty kitty. I call it Daisy. I only have one sister.
ANNIE G. (aged 10.)

LETTERS RECEIVED FROM

Wm. Howard D., Daisy Collic, Rose Collic, Elva M. Crozman, Vera Tinline, Lizzie Ann, Michael M., Roy, Winnie, Ezra Snow, Pearl L. Mattress, Lily Dooks, E. A. W., Grace A. B., Gertrude A. M., George M. M., Ada M. Beer, Orville, Edna M., Eldon, Josie Macdonald, Laura Stillwell, Ethel A. Ward, Gertrude M. Tully, Freddie Sharpin, Ethel C. L., Lavenna Wark, Ralph H., Maggie Rose, Winnie Brown, W. S. G., Neil G. Rae, Mary H. Rae, Greta G. Gaskin, Kathleen Wilson, P. M. McLennan, Della, Alex McEwen, C. Roy McEwan, Katie Bogart, Samuel Buchanan, Viola M. Patterson, Harry M. Ackerly, Thomas J. A., Arthur Hamilton, Hattie Campbell, B. D. Moulton, Sarah A. A., Luella Z., Ada L. H., Nellie M. Hill, Jessie H., Roy Musgrove, Eva Allen, Pearl G., R. H. C., Archie R. Wellon, N. M. S., Edna F. Baird, Annie M. R., Pearl Snyder, Fred Elliot, Kenneth R. F., Marie S., Lucy D., N. E. Williams, Ralph Thomas, Jennie A. Robson, Rose E. Tibbitts, Jessie L. Herrett, Lois S., R. T. Motherwell, Ida E. Harold G., Emma H., D. H., A. F., Willie Spry, Elis B. Roop, Etta Griffin, Carrie Potter, Nancy, Edd, Lizzie Lawlor, Victoria Laura Sinclair, Graham, Lily A. Robinson, Flossie R., Pearle R. S. Percival Sherk, Bertie Taylor, Johnnie Allan, Percy L. R., Ollie P. Freeman, Forest L., Lottie Brown, Arabella Gould, Edna W., Loyde P., Earl E. Smith, Royce G., Fred A. Shore, Mary Falconer, Annie C. Harper, Fanny Bain, Mary B. Smith, Mary M. Wilson, Norman Angus, Fells a Witse, Guy Chester McCrum, Mary McCarty, Ella, Jeannetta E., Rosilla L., Howard, Jennie Burpee, Earl H., Annie, A. P., Lillian Killins, Lena, Excelsior, Martha Kirkpatrick, Hugh McLean, W. D. McLean, Jeanie Logan, Ethelyn C. M., John W.