

the white cheek. But mamma did not answer.

She ran over to the man and called loudly, 'Papa! papa!' Still no answer. Then she patted his face. Something red and dreadful came away on her small hands and stained her little white gown. With a loud wail she ran shrieking back into the little bedroom.

Lifted Up.

(From 'Truth.')

Several years ago, one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market-house in Philadelphia, into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather had lain there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered, faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of his usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrid, sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor, which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him just as two young men of his own age halted. 'That is George G——,' said one. 'Five years ago he was a promising lawyer in P——. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead.'

'What did it?' 'Trying to live in a fashionable set first, then brandy.'

'You have not had breakfast yet, my friend,' said one of them. 'Come, let us go together and find some.'

George C—— muttered something about 'a trifle' and 'tavern.'

But his friend drew his arm within his own and hurried him, trembling and resisting, down the street to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot savory meal. It was surrounded with men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously. When he had finished his eye was almost clear and his step steady. As he came up to his new friend he said:

'Thanks! You have helped me.' 'Let me help you farther. Sit down and listen to some music.'

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on the organ and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer God. The tears stood in George C——'s eyes. He listened while a few words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

'I was once a man like you,' he said, holding out his hand. 'I believe in Christ; but it is too late now.'

'It is not too late,' cried his friend. It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts. He succeeded at last.

George C—— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set his followers upon that day.

What 'Bobs' Never Does.

Never smokes. Never has patience with those who drink to excess. Never uses an oath. Never parades his piety. Never forces it on those around him. Never forgets a name or face. Never passes a comrade. Never forgets to thank those who serve him. Never omits to return a salute, and never, by any chance, neglects to give praise where praise is due.—'Westminster.'

Correspondence

Oliver, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I have one little sister; her name is Hazel. I have one little kitten and two big ones. I have a dog named Rough. I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Caroline Ives. She boards with us and we like her very much.

BERNICE H. M.

London.

Dear Editor,—I live in the outskirts of the city. I had two pet rabbits, and, the other night, the dogs came and killed one. We have a lot of chickens. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. A week ago last Sunday I fell and hurt myself so I could not go. I was in bed all day Sunday. I have a little sister whose name is Carrie. I like to read the letters. Our home is called 'Eden Rest.'

LOTTIE C. (Aged 10).

New Rockland, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to your paper. We get the 'Northern Messenger' every Friday. I like reading it very much. I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Miss Jones and I am in the third book. I have a little kitten; it likes to play very much. I go to Sunday-school; my teacher's name is Mrs. Martyn. I have three sisters; their names are Myrtle, Mary and Alberta. My birthday is on March 18.

SARAH MARGARET McL. (Aged 9).

Roane's Mill, N. C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have two sisters, one brother. My papa is dead. Sister Florence takes the 'Messenger.' I am not going to school. I have four pets: a calf, a lamb, a kitten and a doll.

EMMA L. R.

Galesburg, Ill.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I have one brother but no sisters. I go to school and my teacher's name is Miss Lind. I go to Sunday-school too, my teacher's name is Mrs. Johnson. My father is the pastor of the church. I am twelve years old and my birthday is on June 18. I wonder if some other little boy or girl has their birthday the same as mine.

HENRY DANA B.

Greenway.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, three miles from Greenway. We have four cows and five calves. We have seven pigs and some hens. I have two pets: a dog and cat. The dog's name is Fido and the cat's name is Tabby. I have three sisters and one brother. We have a month's holidays now. I wonder if any little reader's birthday is on the same day as mine.

ALEX. F. (Aged 10.)

Tryon, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old. I live near the Tryon river. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all like it. My papa is dead, but I have a stepfather. I have three half-brothers, two of them are twins. My stepfather is a sea-captain, and he sails a schooner. My birthday is on Aug. 17.

WILLIAM A. M.

Dear Editor,—I have been sick ever since May, but I am getting a little better. We live on a farm. I have two sisters and six brothers. I am a member of the Baptist Church and the Sunday-school. The Rev. Mr. Carter is the teacher of the class. My little sister is seven years old and she likes to hear the letters read. I stayed at Mr. Carter's all last winter and went to school. My teacher's name is Mrs. White. Ettie Carter went to school with me; they are nice people. I like to stay there very much. The 'Northern Messenger' is great company for me when I am sick. My brothers go to school. Father and mother like the 'Messenger.' Father works on the farm. My father's aunt lives with us. My birthday is on July 3.

MARY G.

Greenway.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' but none from Greenway. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. I live on a farm. I go to school and I am in the

fourth book. We planted flowers at our school this year and now they are lovely.

ANNA F. (Aged 12).

Rosanna.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day and I am in the third book. I live about a mile and three quarters from school. I have three brothers and no sisters, and two of my brothers are married and two are farmers, and one is a machinist. I have a little nephew; his name is Clarence Alvin Stover; he is a month old to-day. Rosanna is not a very large place. It contains a church, a postoffice, a lodge hall, and a fine brick school house and a few houses. Please print this one this time. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, April 23.

MAUDE S. (Aged 12.)

Hawtrey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. We like it very much. We have five miles to go to Sunday-school. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Woodrow. I was ten years old last May. My sister's birthday is in May, too. I wonder if any other boy's or girl's birthdays are in May too. I have two brothers and two sisters. One of my brothers went to Chicago the last day of August. He is going to work for a while.

EMMA P.

Balmoral, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday is on Dec. 18. I have three brothers and one sister. I live on a farm. I go to school and am in the fifth reader. I have a cow, I call her Spotty, and our dog's name is Dash. I like the Boys' and Girls' department of the 'Messenger' very well. We have lots of berries here in the summer months.

MABEL McL.

Old Perlican, Trinity Bay, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—Although we are so far away from you, we always think about you when we receive our little 'Messenger' every fortnight; it is an interesting little paper, and I think every home should have it. You do not hear from us very often. Probably you do not know what kind of people we are here in Old Perlican. We call ourselves Newfoundlanders because we were all born in Newfoundland. We have a large Methodist Church; John Hoskings was the founder of Methodism here; he came all the way from England in 1746 to bring the Gospel here. Old Perlican was not then what it is now; there was no Sunday-school, no Sabbath day kept. Now we have about 200 Sabbath school scholars; our Superintendent's name is Mr. Cram; he owns a large schooner called the 'Lady Ireen.' This is supposed to be one of the healthiest places in Newfoundland. We have lots of visitors for enjoyment in the summer months; there are about one thousand people living here and it is a grand place. There are a few very old people living here; it is nice to listen to them telling about olden times, what their fathers had to do to get along. In their day they did not have such privileges as we have; they had no such books as we enjoy; then it would take a month to hear from you; now we can communicate in fifteen minutes. We have a telegraph office. There is a large peer built here which cost thousands of dollars, built by a company in England, where a ship of 3,000 tons can charge or discharge. We have a very nice lady, here, Mrs. Howel, agent, who has taken the trouble of acting as agent for our papers. There are lots here who say they are going to be one of her subscribers. Our Sunday-school treat went off on Aug. 22; we had a grand time. Our principal sport down here is sailing in the boat. We had some of our friends all the way from Boston with us; they say it is very cold down here. I wish, Dear Editor, you could come down and see us; I am sure you would enjoy a trip to Old Perlican; we are never troubled with flies or mosquitoes as some of the readers of the 'Messenger' are.

MOSE.

A Subject For Letters.

It has been suggested that all the 'Messenger' readers who see the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on their present visit to Canada should tell the Editor, in their next letter, all the attending circumstances—what they saw, where they were placed, the preparations they made for honoring the royal couple, etc.