

How Long a Ladder?

(Edward Augustus Rand, in 'Silver Link.')

How long is your ladder? That means how high do you mean to climb in life?

Let us put it in the form of an object-lesson where we imagine the object. Imagine a row of ladders planted against a high wall. These are of varying lengths. The first may be only two rounds high, and those rounds very near one another. The second is only a couple of feet higher than the first. Then succeed a number of ladders of about the same height, though above that of number one or two. Beyond these are opportunities for climbing decidedly superior to anything previously offered.

'This is a noble chance,' you say of one or another, or, 'This is the finest opportunity of all.'

A lot of young people are about to try these ladders, when their movement is checked. Somebody wants to hang above each ladder an object said to be appropriate to it. Over the first is a wood-saw or a shovel. Over those of greater length may be a carpenter's plane, a plumber's wrench, or a baker's pan. Now we come to the ambitious ladders. Over one is a physician's diploma, a lawyer's parchment, or a clergyman's paper of ordination.

Now, let the climbers start out. Who will take the first ladder? That means that a person shall not aim to have a trade or learn to do any kind of business, but drift along, getting at last a chance to do the wood-sawing of the village, or do the town's dirt-digging in street or alley. But there goes somebody who attacks the carpenter's, or painter's, or mason's ladder. They purpose to learn how to do something well and so earn a comfortable living. Here is a bright boy or girl grasping the rounds of a college-ladder to become lawyer, doctor, or clergyman.

Let us go further,

Imagine a hole dug at the bottom of each ladder. No matter how long or how short the climb proposed, at the foot of each set of ascending rounds is a deep hole.

Now imagine the climbers again starting out; but this time each has a jug in his hand. It may seem strange to fancy a girl climbing who is thus loaded, but girls sometimes are thus encumbered. Now watch the climbers. How they drop one by one, like apples from the boughs shaken by the rough autumn wind, and tumble hopelessly into the deep holes at each ladder's foot!

'A very foolish procedure,' says somebody, 'to go jug-burdened.'

Not at all more foolish, let us add 'wicked,' than what we see in real life. How many acquire a love for intoxicating drink till at last it acquires them, loads them, overpowers them, and down they drop, a failure, a disgrace, the hole becoming their grave!

Boys, girls, look at life thoughtfully, seriously. Pick out your ladder. Don't be afraid of a long one; but do beware of a short one. Set your aim high, to make the most of yourself and do the most you can for others. Take God's help, live as in His sight, and strike for the skies.

Above all things, don't be a jug-bound climber. Keep yourself clean, pure, stainless. Now climb, climb, climb!

Bishop Charles B. Galloway, who has done more to throttle the liquor power in Mississippi than any other man, says: 'Every pulpit in the land should be a throne of thunder against this monstrous iniquity!' Has it ever occurred to the Methodisms, both North and South, that our direful deficits may be the result of our dangerous silence, if not dalliance, with this deadly evil? The army canteen could have been abolished with one stroke of a single Methodist pen, but fearing we might not have a Methodist President for a second term, the churches are as dumb as an oyster, while the canteen, more destructive than miasma or Mauser rifles, goes on with its deadly work!—St. Louis 'Christian Advocate.'

Correspondence

Aylmer, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Papa said he wrote a letter to the 'Witness' when he was a little boy. Mamma says she used to take the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. I am a little girl of eight years old. I have a little sister Bessie, three years old. I get the 'Messenger' every Saturday afternoon. I like to read it very much. I am going to try and get some new subscribers for you. I went to the Old Country last summer with papa and mamma and came back late in the fall. The ocean was very rough and I was sea-sick.

OLIVE C.

Bayham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in a very pretty village situated on a hill, there are four creeks here in which we fish and bathe. My uncle keeps a jewellery shop here. My grandpa and grandma live next door to us.

CLARA C. (aged 10.)

South Middleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 8 years old. I have one brother and one sister. I live in the country on a farm.

ETTA B.

Whitemouth.

Dear Editor,—My father has two mills, one is a saw-mill and the other is a planing mill. Our teacher's name in day-school is Miss Morrison, and in Sunday-school, Miss Campbell. We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school and like it very much.

LOTTIE R. (aged 11.)

Burleigh.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers nearly seven years old, they are twins, and one sister five years old and a little baby sister. Our papa went to the North-West last year, and when he was coming home he got sick, and died before he got home. We live with our grandpa and grandma. My aunt takes the 'Messenger' and I like to hear her read the letters in it.

STELLA H. (aged 9.)

Calais, Maine.

Dear Editor,—My father and mother have taken your paper for a long time and now it comes in my name. Last year I got some new subscribers and got a nice Bible. I am ten years old and go to Sunday-school and like my teacher very much. We have formed a 'School Improvement League' in our school and get certificates of membership signed by the State and City Superintendent and the teacher.

EDNA.

Dromore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the second reader. I like my teacher very much. His name is Mr. John Graham. I don't think there was ever a letter from this part before.

BESSIE W. (aged 8.)

Ste. Marthe.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would tell you how much we like the 'Messenger.' I think it is the nicest paper printed, as soon as it shows itself in the house it is read through without stopping. Mother says it is a real 'Messenger' in the house, and that we could not get along without it. I live on a farm of 300 acres. I am going to take violin lessons this winter. We live about three miles from Ste. Marthe.

M. U. (aged 14.)

Camilla.

Dear Editor,—My papa runs a cheese factory. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a nice teacher.

PERCY F. (aged 9.)

Penhold, Alta.

Dear Editor,—My papa keeps the Post Office. I have five brothers and no sisters. We have not taken the 'Messenger' very long, but we think it is the nicest paper for children we ever saw yet. I just love the children's page.

EMMA F. (aged 11.)

Brook Vale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. Our minister's name is Mr. Perry. He is a lovely man. My grandma is 92 years old, she has been sick in bed for nearly four years. I have one sister and three brothers.

MAGGIE A. B. (aged 12.)

Acadia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and have two miles to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss Carrie James, and we all like her very much. I went to her home last holidays and we had such a good time. We went bathing in the Otter River and watched the cars cross the high bridge near Tilsonburg. I am in the second book now, and hope to go to Tilsonburg High school some day.

NELLIE D. (aged 8.)

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old grandpa says a lively little girl at that. My grandpa has taken the 'Messenger' for a great many years, and is a faithful reader of the 'Witness.' He introduced the 'Messenger' to me, so I sent for it and now would not be without it. I have two sisters, but no brother. My grandpa was out and stayed with us five weeks. I was very lonesome when he left.

BERTHA L. C.

Tavistock.

Dear Editor,—I have four dolls. Their names are Sally, Jane, Topsy and Hazel, but I like Sally the best. I have three sisters older than myself.

ANNIE (aged 9.)

Wanstead.

Dear Editor, I am a little girl, eight years old. I have a mile and a half to go to school. We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I like to read the Children's Letters and Little Folks' page.

MYRTLE L. S. (aged 8.)

Dapsley.

Dear Editor,—My father takes the 'Messenger' and I like reading the stories in it. I live in a small village called Apsley. I have five brothers and four sisters.

MARIA E.

Gaspereau Forks, Queen's County.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and one brother. I go to school. I like the 'Messenger.' I like the Correspondence best.

EFFIE B. B. (aged 11.)

Dear Editor,—I wrote the first of March, but you did not print my letter. Perhaps you did not receive it. I was eight the first of June. This is the second year I have taken the 'Messenger.' My grandma sent for it last year and my grandpa sent this year. I like it better than any other paper I know of. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school regular. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hodgen. I like her very much. Our Sabbath-School is a large one for a country school. Our pastor's name is Mr. Brown. He is a fine man.

MYRTLE G. L.

Glen Fay.

Dear Editor,—My little baby brother is very cross. I would like to nurse him, but mamma will not let me because he is too cross. We take the 'Messenger' and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence. The next time I write I will describe the place in which I live.

EDNA (aged 8.)

Harvey Station.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. I have two grandpas and one grandma, thirteen uncles and fourteen aunts, and fifty-one cousins.

MAUDIE (aged 9.)

Burwell Road P.O.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and a little baby brother. I have no pets except my little baby brother and he is the dearest of all pets. His name is John Wesley. My uncle from Hamilton was here to see me the other day, the one that sends me the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is a grand paper.

MYRTLE SARAH F.

Townsend Centre.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Baptist Sunday-school and I get the 'Messenger' there every Sunday and enjoy reading it very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Hellyer, and we enjoy her teaching very much. I belong to the Mission Band.

ADAH L. S.

Hemmingford.

Dear Editor,—I have moved since I wrote last. I have three brothers, and no sisters. I am nine years old. I go to school. My papa is a minister and I take the 'Messenger.'

HAROLD.