



What God Gives a Boy.

(Australian Paper.)

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness, charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, or temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpoluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, brave words, but not to make a smokestack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, and tree, and rill, and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says, or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true—God's fingerprints in the flower, the field, and snowflakes, but not to feast on unclean pictures or the blotches that Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember, and reason, and decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for the chaff, and the rubbish, and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul to receive impressions of good, and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

The Deadly Cigarette.

(The Intelligencer.)

The serious outcry against the cigarette is not mere mist and moonshine, nor talking nonsense, nor is it a wildgoose chase.

Cigarettes are encountering ever-increasing hostility. Both legislatures and city councils have passed numerous anti-cigarette laws in all parts of the land. California, Nebraska, and West Virginia passed laws in 1895. Commissioner Hubbell, of the board of education, formed in New York city schools an anti-cigarette league.

Cigarette smoking is homicide and suicide, an abominable nuisance to him who must inhale the smoker's smoke, and deadly poison to the smoker. His desire becomes a craving as intense as the craving of a confirmed drunkard. It wastes money, strength, incites to passion, and enthrones a weed as the master of the will. It causes a sensitive stomach, headache, dizziness, wild and haggard look, Bright's disease, abnormal action of the heart, and even dropsy may follow in its wake, as in the instance of a young man of twenty-five years. (After his death a vein burst, and the blood therefrom was almost as black as ink.)

Several boys who were candidates for naval cadetship from a district in Michigan were rejected because the examining physician discovered that their hearts were seriously affected by smoking cigarettes. Wise young men do not smoke and foolish boys must not.

How to Use the Brain.

(Dr. F. R. Lees.)

I have already hinted at several habits and conditions which, though serious, are less potent for evil than others. Long hours of work, violent and exhaustive games which strain the heart, night study, fast life, in any form, and, above all, hereditary tendency, operating under the great law of like producing like. And now I come to the greatest of all the causes of premature brain-failure—the constant use of narcotics—such as alcohol, opium, and tobacco—the inevitable ten-

dency of which is thus expressed by the French philosopher, Michelet, in his 'L'Amour': 'We cannot conceal from ourselves that in these latter times the inclinations have undergone profound changes. The causes are numerous. I will state two only—at once mental and physical—which, going straight to the brain, and deadening it, tend to paralyze all our mental faculties. For a century past the increasing invasion of alcoholic liquors and narcotics has been marching irresistibly, with results varying according to the population, here obscuring mind and barbarizing beyond recovery, there penetrating deep into the organic economy, so reaching the race itself, but everywhere tending to isolation, giving him, even in his home, a deplorable preference for selfish enjoyment.'

A Young Banker's Manly Act

(The 'Morning Star'.)

A young banker, a member of the Church of Christ, was called upon to respond to a toast at the State Bankers' Association banquet, in Indianapolis. He was asked to speak on behalf of the rising generation—the younger bankers of Indiana. He did so in a very honest, manly, and straightforward manner. At the close of his speech he proposed to drink a health to the older bankers of the State, whose wise counsel and kindly consideration had so aided the younger men in their efforts; and there in the presence of two hundred guests, the wealthiest and most fashionable of Indiana's people, who had been sipping costly champagne and Rhine wine from thin and delicate glasses, this young business man, in his maiden speech, dared to say: 'I propose that we drink a health to the older bankers of the State, and that we drink it in clear, cold, pure water!' Every glass was raised, and as they drank pure water, every guest felt the force of the object lesson. It took courage to teach that lesson, but it was well taught.

Frightened from the Path of Sin.

(The 'Ram's Horn'.)

At one o'clock a.m. a man awoke from a drunken sleep and found himself in the corner of the bar-room of a hotel just outside the city of London, Ont. An hour before the place was full of cursing, roistering or quarrelsome drinkers. Now all were gone but himself and the bartender. Memory and the Spirit of God flashed before the wretched inebriate a vision of his godly mother and the family altar. Rising, unsteadily, he pointed a shaking finger at the bartender and said solemnly: 'Jim, you and I are going to hell!' 'Jake,' was the startled reply, 'if I thought there was any such place as hell, I wouldn't be in this business an hour longer.' 'Jim, it don't make any difference what you think; there's a hell all right enough, and you and I are going there, hot foot.'

This was the turning point for the drinker. He was saved, so as by fire, and is finishing his earthly career a scarred, marred but redeemed man. He said once to me: 'I about lived in bar-rooms for several years, and I tell you they are the nearest places to hell on earth.'

In the alcoholic ward of Bellevue hospital in New York some months ago lay a young man dying. His father, a rich cotton manufacturer, died four years ago, leaving an enormous fortune and four sons. The eldest died at thirty-six of alcoholism, having made a large hole in the inheritance. His second brother died a year later of the same disease, aged twenty-eight, having done his share towards dissipating his father's earnings. The third son died a year ago, also from drink, at twenty-four, and left only \$40,000 of the fortune to the last brother, which he spent in his turn, and now at twenty-two dies of the same thing in the public ward of a charity hospital, surrounded by 'drunks' of all forms of lowness and degradation. This is a horrible tale, but one true, and it carries its own moral.

Correspondence

Blenheim, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought perhaps you would like to have a description of this place, and so I shall try to describe it. There is one long main ridge running through it, on which are situated all the stores, including restaurants, drug stores, hardware and jewellery stores, and also our town hall, printing offices and school. One printing office, 'The News,' is owned by my father and brother. Our school is new and is a very fine brick one, and our Town Hall, though not as new, is very nice and has in it the post-office, opera house, court-room, fire-hall and fireman's hall. There are many side streets, which are very unimportant. We have seven churches, the newest of which is the Presbyterian. I go to it and am the assistant teacher for the infant class. I did not intend to write such a long letter, but there is much more I could tell about the town, if space permitted. I am going to try the Junior Leaving this year, and hope I shall succeed. I would like to have some correspondents of the 'Messenger' about my own age (15 years). My address is: Annie D. Denholm, Blenheim, Ont.

Blenheim, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father took the 'Messenger' when he was a little boy. When we moved to town I got it from the Sunday school. I would like to see this published. I have a cat and a dog for pets. My father owns a mill. I go to school, and have just passed into the seventh room, or first part of the fourth book. My teacher's name now is Miss Bodwell. We have a large school, which has eight rooms in it. Our principal's name is Mr. J. Arthur Bannister. He has a wife and one child. Any person about the same age as I am (12 years, the 22nd of Feb.), I would like to correspond with. My address is: Henrietta P. Henderson, Blenheim, Ont.

Thames Road, Ont.

Dear Editor.—There are two churches near our place, one a Presbyterian and the other Methodist. We get the 'Messenger' through the Sunday school and I like reading it very much, especially the letters from the boys and girls. We live on a farm. I have two sisters and one brother. I am eight years old and go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Hamilton. Our school had a picnic on the twentieth of June, and we all had a good time. We are having holidays now, so I hope to have lots of fun, then I will be ready to start to work again.

WILLIE A. M.

Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will tell of my experience with a prairie fire in Manitoba, when I was just seven. There was a very high north-west wind, which carries fire at the rate of about ten miles an hour on prairie grass which is long and thick. The fire came up about one o'clock in the afternoon, when all the men folk were away, and mamma and auntie went out and tried to plough and plough to keep the fire off the buildings, but they hadn't accomplished much when papa came and took their place. Then they and my oldest sister commenced fighting it with wet brooms and bags to keep it from the building. Once they thought the house would get burnt, but the wind calmed down and the house was saved. Meanwhile my three sisters and I were on the ploughed ground for our safety. As it grew dark the fire subsided and we four went to the house, and about an hour later the others came home. Thus ended the anniversary of my seventh birthday.

JESSIE R.

Honora, Manitoulin Island.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years. I like the paper all right, lots of good reading in it. I am eighteen years