

time. Now the patient is brought suddenly face to face with his habits. He has broken a leg perhaps. The surgeon comes in. "Are you a total abstainer?" "Yes, sir." "Cheer up, then, I can save your leg." But suppose the answer is, "No, sir." "What do you drink, beer?" "Yes." "Well, I'll do the best I can for you, but there is no use trying to save the leg." And most likely in the end the life goes too.—'Guthrie's Physiology.'

How does the beer-drinker compare with other inebriates?

He is more generally diseased and more incurable.

Not the Place For My Boy.

(Union Signal.)

Joe Allen always was a good boy to work, especially when he could earn a little money as a result of his efforts. He often saw ways of getting a few pennies that other boys did not see or think of; so he became noted on this account among his brothers and sisters, and it was often said by them that he always had money.

This characteristic was not discouraged, for there were many wants in the little family that could not be supplied from the small income, as the father was dead and his older brother was in college and must be kept there some way, his mother said, making economy a necessity.

Joe went to school, and one day he learned, among other things, that a wholesale grocer at the farther end of the city hired boys to wait upon customers on Saturday, that being his most hurried day of all the week. He was filled with a great desire to be one of those boys, and his mother reluctantly gave her consent.

It was winter, and you can imagine a short, chubby fellow with dark hair, getting up before light, for the boys were expected early, eating a scanty breakfast and going off cheerfully to work all day in the cold store, for such stores are not warmed, you know. For his lunch he could eat anything he wished, as the other boys did, which he thought was an important consideration; to choose from a whole grocery store anything he wanted. But as it was cold and as there was little time allowed them in which to eat, it did not prove very satisfactory, in reality.

Forgetting the unpleasant circumstances he thoroughly enjoyed the day. He liked the hurry and bustle of the work and the rush of business generally. But the getting home at night was best of all; it was in his mind all day. Cold, tired and hungry he knew his mother would be watching for him. The fire would be bright and cheerful and there would be a nice hot supper waiting for him. And then the money he had earned seemed so much to him, though I may as well tell you it was only a dollar; but he had worked for it, it was peculiarly his own. If you have never tried it, you do not know how much more anything is prized that you have worked for, whether it is money or some other thing.

Joe's courage did not fail, and several weeks passed. He was one of the most trusty, reliable boys. Sometimes he was sent to the bank to carry the funds which had accumulated during the day and Mr. Brown gave him more than at first when he paid him at night, so he had a little more money to take home.

But his mother, who was ever watchful over her boy, found out something one night that quite startled her. It was a tiny little bottle that he brought home in his pocket. Mr. Brown had given it to him, and had said 'it was good to keep in the house,' and it was labelled 'Fine whiskey.' She looked at him reproachfully, too much astonished to speak. After supper she had a quiet, sensible talk with him. She found out that in the store liquor was kept for sale; there was a pile of boxes and barrels and behind them a little counter and a small dipper for customers to try the quality of each kind as they desired. 'Joe,' she said, putting her arm around him lovingly, 'that's not the place for my boy.' And Joe drew a long breath and said, 'I knew you would say so, mother.'

There are said to be ten Scottish dukes, five marquises, twenty earls, and five lords—forty in all—who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the drink traffic. In England and Wales the names of no fewer than 172 members of the Upper House appear as owners of one or more licensed places.

Correspondence

Bear Point, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My home is on an island called Bon Portage. I am stopping with my grandparents, and go to school. Bon Portage is an island about one mile from the mainland. My papa is a lighthouse-keeper. It is a pretty place in summer. The steamer 'Express' ran ashore only a few yards from the Light in a very thick fog. The passengers all came ashore here. I have a little brother named Sheldon, three years old. I have two rabbits, but they stay in the woods most of the time. My day-school teacher's name is Miss Morrison.

PEARL.

Petrolia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I lived in St. Thomas, but am visiting my aunt in Petrolia before moving to Winnipeg. I have a pet dog named Sport.

JESSIE (aged 9).

Glenora, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live about half-a-mile from Glenora, and about four miles from Picton. Glenora is situated partly on top of a high hill, and partly below. The machine shops, and flouring mill are below the hill. The machine shop is run by a wheel four inches in diameter, the water being brought from a lake and run down the hill through large iron pipes. There is a Methodist church on top of the hill. There is a good wharf at which steamers call on their way for Montreal, Hamilton, Rochester, Kingston, Belleville and Napanee. They call for flour, water-wheels, etc. Glenora is noted for its scenery.

There is a lake on the mountain which is about one hundred and fifty feet above the Bay of Quinte. It gives power to run a machine shop in which water-wheels are made, and it also runs a flouring mill. The water from the lake runs to the top of the hill, and there it falls down over this steep and high hill. There is a cave in the rock close by the falls. There is a summer resort at Glenora and another summer resort on a little island called Glen Island. Steamers bring excursions to Glen Island and Glenora. You can see yachts pretty nearly every day in the summer sailing up and down the bay. I belong to the Sunday-school and the Junior Epworth League. Our members are to get all the old stamps they can, and our superintendent is going to send them away.

HAROLD E. F. (aged 13).

Wolfville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My pet is a baby sister. She is a year old. I have a step-brother, and he is a soldier. He has been sent with others to Dawson City. We send him papers every little while. I expect I will laugh when I see this in the paper. My papa is a carpenter. A kind friend subscribed for this paper for me.

IDA M. (aged 10).

Wetaskiwin, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Northern Messenger' from the Parsonage, Monte Bella, this last year. My auntie sends it to me. We like it very much. I worked hard to introduce it in our Sabbath-school as Sabbath-school literature for 1899, so our secretary has sent for twenty-five copies for this present year. In our schoolhouse we have Sunday-school every Sunday, and preaching, the Presbyterians one Sunday and the Methodists the next, and so on. Our Sunday-school is union. The schoolhouse is two miles and a half from here, and we have to ride to school winter and summer. I have three brothers, all older than myself; each one has a nice little pony and saddle, so they can go horseback riding. I have not learned to ride horseback yet. Our winters here are very cold. This country is not very well settled yet.

I have collected missionary money for the foreign missions two years, and I got nice prizes. Last year I got the 'Personal life of Queen Victoria.'

TENA W. (aged 10).

Lower Stewiacke, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I always read the correspondence first to see if there are any letters from anyone I know. We saw one from one of my little cousins once. I have only one sister, eleven years old, and a little brother eighteen months. His name is Earle. When it is not too cold we take him out on the handsled, and he likes it very much. The only pets we have are two little kittens, one black and one grey.

EDITH P. (aged 7).

Springhill.

Dear Editor,—Springhill is quite a large town. My father is a farmer and a store keeper; he farms nearly all the time, because it is so healthy. We often go to the country in the summer and have a picnic. One time I went out to my uncle's; they were digging a well, and they put my sister down in a bucket; she was a little frightened.

ELSIE R.

Smithfield.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness,' and enjoy reading them very much. We have a library in our Sunday-school.

CLARA (aged 11).

Sebright.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near Sebright. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. There are two churches and one store in this small village. It is very nice in the summer here, when we can get strawberries.

VICTORIA N. (aged 12).

Park River, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I live near the school, and I go every day. I have a black dog, Carlo. We have a little Jersey calf named Lily.

FRANK (aged 11).

Macinac, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on the bank of the St. John river, about twelve miles from Fredericton. Our schoolhouse is a quarter of a mile away, and I go every day. We have an evergreen Sunday-school, and I attend that too. I had a dog named Gelert, but he got poisoned.

ERVINE H. (aged 8).

Lower Stewiacke, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since July, and enjoy reading it very much. I am saving all the numbers, so that I can get them bound. We live right near the schoolhouse, but we have no school now. I wonder if there are many of your little readers have as many relations as I have. I have one grandpa and two grandmas, thirteen uncles and fourteen aunts and thirty cousins. Some of them I have never seen. A good many of my cousins take the 'Messenger' too, and I hope they will see this letter. My little sister has a doll over two feet long. A gentleman who lives in the United States gave it to her.

MABEL (aged 11).

Hunter, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day. I have a little pet dog named Tasso. I have no brothers, only one sister. We get the 'Messenger' every Monday morning before school-time. My papa is postmaster. I got a sled on Christmas.

ROY McM. (aged 9).

Crofton.

Dear Editor,—My brother William and I look for the 'Northern Messenger' every week, and we would not like to do without it. I have read 'In His Steps, or what would Jesus do?' 'Winnie's Golden Key,' 'Ten Nights in the Bar-room,' 'A peep at Number Five,' 'Paul and his friends,' and a number of other books.

ETHEL Z. (aged 12).

Sutton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have no brothers, but one sister, named Mabel, four years old. My grandma lives with us. I live three miles from the church. I have been to school three years. I got two prizes last year, one from the teacher and one from the Inspector. I am trying to get one this year. I like my teacher. Mabel has been to school three days. I have taught her most of her letters. She likes to go to school.

LIZZIE J. K. (aged 9).

Grafton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of one hundred acres. My grandfather lives across the road from our place. I am a member of the Baptist Church and Christian Endeavor. We have no Sunday-school in winter. I have read 'In His Steps, or what would Jesus do?' and I think it is a fine book. I have read several Pansy books, and also several of both the Endeavor and Sunday-school libraries. I think the 'Messenger' is an ideal Christian paper, and enjoy reading it very much. We take the 'Witness,' and think it is a nice paper. I hope you may live many years to publish your very interesting and useful papers. I am trying to lead a Christian life, and hope I may serve my Saviour better than ever before this year.

SUSIE A. H. (aged 14).