

The moonlight streams through prison bars,
And rests upon a pinched, sad face,
Where drink, and every sort of crime
With suff'ring, too, have left their trace.



The sleeper dreams of childhood days—
While wardens their stern vigil keep.
'Mother,' he whispers, and he smiles,
Speak lovingly, her boy's asleep.

A darkened room, a still, cold voice,
Whose days of grace have all gone by,
Who heard the dreaded summons, 'Come!'
And left us—unprepared to die.



Few follow to that lonely grave,
None stand beside its brink to weep,
Unmarked by even a little flower,
The spot where mother's boy's asleep.

Ah! ye who serve your Master, Christ,
Who love the souls He died to win,
Who have been spared the bitter cup
Of seeing loved ones die in sin,
Fight on, and never cease your toil
Till death's long shadows round you
creep,
For close beside you, day by day,
Some mother's boy is fast asleep.
—Minnie Pike, in 'The Young Soldier.'

A Little Victim of Ignorance.

Dr. Roubinovitch, chief clinicist of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, narrates the following story in a pamphlet which he recently published:—A workman's child was sent out to be reared by a nurse. From the age of twelve months wine was given her at each meal. After three years from the time of her birth she followed the same regimen as her parents, to whom she had returned. When nine years of age she began to suffer from a series of attacks of sickness. She was very little, hardly as tall as a child of five years; her stomach had grown enormously, and the doctor observed that, owing to the wine, the liver had become diseased. Her intelligence did not develop; the girl was almost an idiot, could not count to ten or find her way through the streets, and was often lost. She went to the hospital, and was there interrogated and examined. They understood that her illness was due to a bad regimen, and gave her nothing but milk and water. Gradually her intelligence began to develop and her body grow; the water with which her stomach was filled disappeared under the influence of the change of diet, and at length she became like another being, thanks, as I said, to milk and water. Parents should never give wine or beer to children, and of course not spirits.'

Correspondence

Vanessa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to school every day and we all like our teacher. I have one sister and she wrote to the 'Messenger,' too. I spent the 24th of May at the house of one of my friends; we had a good time. I have a cat named Orange and three little kittens.

CARRIE M. (Aged 8.)

Petrolea, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and think it a nice paper. A little boy said in his letter that his birthday was on St. Patrick's Day, or March 17, Papa's is, too, and mine is on Jan. 17. I go to school every day and also to Sunday-school. A little girl named Georgie E. E. told a story about some swallows and asked some other little girl to tell one also. Well, two or three years ago, some swallows came and built their nests in our barn. One day I went to see the nestlings and they picked my finger.

I remain, your little reader,
PEARLIE C. (Aged 12.)

Oak River, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen a letter from Manitoba, so I thought I would write one. I live on a farm, and we have eleven horses and about twenty-two head of cattle. I have one sister and two brothers. We drive to school three miles away. I wonder if any little girl's or boy's birthday is in May. I like the 'Messenger' very much. Yours, etc.,

MILLIE McD. (Aged 11.)

Brooklyn, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger.' I always read the Little Folks' page first. I go to Sunday-school in summer but not in winter. I have two brothers. My father keeps the post-office. We have a dog and a cat. I am in the fifth reader. We have two horses, a mare and a filly. Their names are Bert, Frank, Pony, and Doll. Yours truly,

S. A. C. (Aged 10.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much; it has such nice stories in it. I have two pet cats, a large and a small one. I have two sisters; they are smaller than myself. I will be fourteen years old on Aug. 16. I attend C. E.

DELLA L.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time; I like reading the stories in it. I have two brothers and two sisters. I had a little dog but it was killed, so I have only a cat left now. I will close with best wishes to the readers of this paper.

ALMA P.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and I enjoy reading the stories. I live in the country. My father is a farmer. I had a pet calf, its name was 'Blossom.' My big brother took it to Calgary with 300 others. I hope the Sunday-school will continue to take the 'Messenger.'

EDITH P. (Aged 8.)

Vanessa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm fourteen miles from the city of Brantford. I have one sister but no brothers. I go to school every day and have a nice teacher whose name is Mr. Paynes. I am in the fourth class, and three of my class are going to try the entrance this summer at Simcoe. I have a cat named Blossom and one pig named Laura. It is as smart as a little cricket. My mother was in the General Hospital at Toronto for six months, three years ago. She is home now and is quite well. Last Christmas my father bought me a present of a pair of skates. I took them to school with me and had a fine time skating. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. My birthday is on April 20.

M. McN. (Aged 11.)

Tintern, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I promised to write to the Correspondence, I thought I would fulfil my promise. I am going to school till the end of June, and am in the fourth reader. I have about three-quarters of a mile to go to school. I have two sisters and one brother. I am thirteen years old. I like the 'Messenger' and I generally get it on Thursday or Friday. I read it as soon as I get it. I often wish it would come semi-weekly as I can hardly wait till it comes from one time to another. But I suppose you are too busy to print it twice a week.

We have four churches in less than two miles from here—they are Methodist, Evangelist, Disciple, and Menonite. Please tell me what premiums I can get for two subscribers for the 'Messenger' as I would like to know, and I have a chum that would like to get another, and I think I can get it very quickly. I think I will close, as I cannot think of anything much. Yours,

EFFIE E.

Dear Editor,—I have some hens. I go to school. We have three cows, and three horses. I like my Sunday-school teacher very much, and it is a mile to go to school. We have a dog.

ETTA. (Aged 10.)

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' PAID.

When I was a child, if someone had taught me the duty of systematic giving it would have been so easy for me to do so. I had a private income, the interest of a settled amount placed to my credit when it drew a large percent. I spent every copper on my own dear self, and more, too.

When I married, my husband unasked, said, 'The rent, fuel, water, house and table are provided for. Take \$1.00 every day, do what you please with it and bank what you have to spare.' How easy it would have been for me to put the ten percent of that aside. I never did so. I piled up all I could in the bank. It's one thing to spend your father's money and another to save your husband's.

One day my pocket was converted through cold type. My husband laughingly called me 'The Lord's Bookkeeper,' and gave me as much as several thousand dollars at a time of notes to collect and tithe. He was busy and he trusted me to see that those notes were either renewed or collected. Thus I got a share of business training. In the giving of the tenth I always considered his inclinations, although there were many people or places that I would have gladly remembered.

One day I wanted especially to help some phase of woman's work and I did wish that I could do so without consulting anyone.

The 'Northern Messenger' brought a message that solved the problem. On Sundays I generally read aloud to the rest. On one occasion the 'Northern Messenger' contained 'The Deacon's Tenth,' a bright story, and I read it aloud to my husband. He thought it capital, and highly approved of the Deacon's method of giving his wife one-half the tenth. Then and there (unasked) he decided to adopt the plan. So from that day to this I send my share of the tenth when I choose. Many a time I have blessed the 'Northern Messenger's' message by the Deacon and his tenth.

I have taught my children to give one cent out of every ten to Christian work. It is quite natural to them now. Although not much, it is their very own. As soon as they got a dress allowance they began to want to make their own garments, (that is, the girls), and they have learned to do so many useful things. Even the baby has her duties and her three little barrels: one to save up in, one for the tenth, and one for her capital. I have never worried about their conversion. Once you get children truly interested in Christian work their hearts almost naturally are given to Christ. I send on this message to young mothers. Begin now. Give the little ones a stated amount, even if it is only one or two cents a week. Teach them to save until they get ten cents and then put one sacred cent aside. It is best to let them earn all they get. If any little boy or girl reads this true account, perhaps they will try the same plan. In your little letter to the Correspondence corner you might let us know if you have.

AUNT KATHARINE.