

not grow again, let us promptly apply the hot searing-iron of legal prohibition. How effective the measure will prove is shown in the following article contributed to the 'North American Review':

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

'Where were you born?'

'In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor.'

'Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?'

'Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty.'

'What was the effect of prohibition?'

'It shut up all the rum shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe.'

'How long did you live in the village after prohibition?'

'Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age.'

'Then?'

'Then I went to Bangor.'

'Do you drink now?'

'I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life.'

'Why?'

'Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit.'

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

We're Coming, Too.

We're coming to the rescue,
We're girls instead of boys,
But we're learned to ride a 'cycle.'
And outgrown our childish toys.
Just a lot of girls who seek
Nobility to prize,
And so for short our 'Seniors'
Are pleased to call us 'Y's' (wise.)

We are just a little wiser,
And we never shall regret,
That we turn away disgusted
From the filthy cigarette.
Yes, turn our backs upon them,
And those who use them, too,
E'en if they're tall and handsome,
And rich as any Jew.

There's some one else we've banished—
Perhaps you'll think it queer—
'Tis the man who loves his cider,
His wine, and lager beer.
For we know that something stronger
Will surely take its place,
And suffering wife and children
Will share in the disgrace.

So we've planned to keep our freedom,
For be sure we covet not
The place of her who's married
To one who is a sot.
And the man who dares to dabble
With these things in early life,
Is working for a master
That will make him beat his wife.

So you will please remember,
That only pure and clean
Young men need ask to attend us
Where we would wish be seen.
Perhaps you'll think this matter
A most gigantic joke,
So you can live a bachelor,
And be preserved in smoke.

—Mrs. M. P. Kelly, in 'Union Signal.'

'I figured out years ago,' said a prosperous farmer, 'that with very moderate drinking I'd drink an acre of good land every year; so I signed the pledge.' Here is a temperance lecture done up in a small parcel convenient for handling.

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—I am so glad that some of you are sending in money to be sent on to India, where it is so much needed. It is very difficult for us who have always lived in this pleasant country, to realize or even to imagine the depths of poverty in which so many of our fellow creatures live. You have perhaps heard persons make the remark that there is more need for money and workers at home than in any foreign country. It is true that there is great need for Christian work in this country, for the power of evil is strong in every part of the world. If we know of the sin and misery that there is in some parts of our own land, it is difficult to imagine that any place or people could be worse. But missionaries who have worked amongst the most degraded and miserable people in so-called Christian lands say that their condition is in most cases much less terrible than the condition of the heathen in the dark lands.

Dr. Harry Guinness, of London, England, said that he had worked for some time in the lowest slums of East London, and from what he saw there he was sure that that was the most wicked and miserable spot on earth. But when he went to Africa to visit the Congo mission, he found that the heathen natives of that country were unspeakably worse than the slum population of London!

In India there is always a large class of natives who live on the edge of starvation all the time, they never have really enough to eat in the best of times, and so have no strength to stand when famine or illness comes. The famine kills off a great number of these, and it also reduces to their ranks a great many others who had been of a more comfortable class.

These lives are worth saving. The missionaries are doing all in their power to save them, but they can not give food to the starving unless they have money to pay for the food. They can not give the natives work, unless some one gives special money to pay the wages. So you see that all that you can send will be put to good use by the missionaries for the relief of the starving natives of India.

Again thanking you for what you have sent in, and reminding you that prayer enriches and adds to the value of every gift.

Your loving friend,

THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Oakville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa has taken the 'Witness' for years, and he has been taking the 'Messenger' for a year. I have a big pet dog, a pet cat, and her name is Minnie, and I live on a farm, and we call it Lilac Grove; it is a very pretty place in summer time. My mother and father are both living, and an uncle lives with us. I am a lonely little girl. I have no brothers or sisters.
J. M. C. (aged 9.)

Tracadie, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandpa. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like to read the Correspondence very much. My grandpa owns a large farm. We have a large flock of pigeons, and a canary as pets. I will be ten years of age in February.
ADELINE GLADYS Y.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—My mamma is going to write a letter to you for me. I live on Beaconfield Avenue. We take the 'Messenger' and also get it in Sunday-school. My mamma got it in Sunday-school, when she was a little girl too. I have three brothers. Their names are Shields, Harold and Gordon. We have a little dog, and he barks at every thing he sees.
MURIEL (aged 6.)

East Southampton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My brother drives the mail. He goes six miles from home with it. We keep the post office, and carry the mail to the train twice a day. I have four brothers and three sisters, and over one hundred cousins.
FREDDIE N. H.

Mahone Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I liked the letters Ethel and Vera wrote. I have a sister named Vera, she is four years old. Gertie Jones wrote a very nice letter, too, about quilts. I started to make one, but did not get it finished. I thought the story of Dan was very nice, and that one about Nettie's Doubt. I think it is awful that liquor can be sold. I have no pets like the other writers, but some of the birds come down from the trees in our little orchard, to pick up any scraps that might be in sight.

EVA FRIGGENS (aged 9.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I had a birthday present of a kodak, and take pictures of my friends. I do my own developing, and finishing. I had a visit to my grandpa and grandma's last summer in Hartford, Conn.

CUTHBERT A. (aged 11.)

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I'm the youngest of six, four brothers and one sister. I have a dear wee kitten for my pet, and a bird; the boys have a goat. I live four miles from the busy town of Scaforth.
MAMIE S.

Chewelah, Wash.

Dear Editor,—My grandma sent me the 'Messenger.' I did live in Missouri, but last spring we came to Washington. I saw a great many sights on the road out here. The Rocky Mountains, and the mountains in Wyoming, were very pretty. When we came out here, we got acquainted with some Germans. Some of the children had never been to Sunday-school. There was soon one organized in the school-house. So now we have a nice Sunday-school here. It is a small log school-house, the first I ever saw. We live in a pretty little valley about six miles from town.

HATTIE GAINES (aged 12.)

Ceylon.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about a mile and a half from the village of Flesher-ton, and half a mile from a smaller village, called Ceylon in the county of Grey, Ont. The C.P.R. railway runs through our farm, and every day we can see the great iron horse drawing its heavy load of freight to distant parts. I have six brothers and one sister. Her name is Vera. My papa is a farmer and a grain buyer. He goes to his elevator on Monday, and does not return until Saturday evening.

INA McM. (aged 11.)

Wapella, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I live three miles out in the country, and I come to school nearly all the time. My sister drives me in, and comes for me. I have six brothers and four sisters.
MARY B. M. (aged 11.)

Wapella, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. We have good times playing after school. We live right near the church, and I attend every service, and I go to Sunday-school every Sunday.

ISA L. (aged 9.)

Gaspereaux, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My grandma and grandpa are in Manitoba now. My birthday is the 28th of November. I was 11 years old. My sister is 13 years old. Her name is Myrtle Mehetable. We have a Sunday-school here now.
STELLA L. (aged 11.)

Premium Received.

Upper Musquodoboit, Feb. 21, 1900.

Dear Editor,—I write to say I have read the premium 'In His Steps,' and am much pleased with it; accept my hearty thanks for it. I had not read far in it till I came to the conclusion that if there was a newspaper in the Dominion that came near the ideal presented there, it was the Montreal 'Witness,' both in its ads, and throughout the whole paper. It is clean, pure and truthful; God bless the 'Witness.' We have taken it for 25 years, and have induced many to take it, and shall continue to work for it still. You can use my letter if you wish, but no name 'A reader and wellwisher.'