



The Anti-Smoking Crusade Among Young Sailors.

With a desire to avoid, as far as possible, ill-effects on the health of young sailors by the excessive use of cheap cigarettes, the Lords of the Admiralty long ago decreed that the cigarette should be barred on all the training ships, and to carry this order out properly each lad on returning to the ship after the half-day's leave which is granted on Sundays and Thursdays, is searched at the gangway.

Some seven years ago, when Captain Cecil Burney (now in command of the battleship 'Empress of India') was in command of the 'Boscawen,' the senior training ship at Portland, he had occasion to make serious complaints of the number of cigarettes the lads tried to bring aboard. The boys were accordingly stopped and brought before the captain and a sentence of a month's leave, with the stoppage of pocket money, was imposed. Smoking ashore, however, went on as usual until at last Captain Burney placed the shops of the district out of bounds. The shopkeepers were immediately up in arms, agitating for a repeal of what they considered a harsh rule. They agitated fruitlessly for years, during which time Captain Burney had gone and Captain Jerram had also come and gone. Then, about a year ago, Captain Tuffnell took over the command, and as a result of the appeals he decided to put the shops in bounds once more. A strict proviso was made, however, that no cigarettes or tobacco should be supplied to the boys.

This proviso was not observed, and once again Portland was declared out of bounds. More agitation on the part of the shopkeepers followed, culminating on Thursday last in an interview between the captain and the clerk of the local council, the result of which was that the shops, except public houses, and those shops which have tobacco licenses were once more placed in bounds, but it was distinctly laid down that another infraction of the rule would mean the departure of the whole of the training ships, which hold 3,000 boys, from Portland.—'London Daily Mail.'

Brewers in Parliament.

The difficulties confronting temperance reformers in England will be still further understood when we consider how many of the 'trade' are in Parliament. In the House of Lords there are 167 peers and in the House of Commons 127 members, besides 880 other titled personages in the realm who are either brewers or stockholders in breweries and draw an income from this source.

The English Parliament lately raised the tax on tea and tobacco, in order to increase the revenue, but no increase was made on beer and alcoholic drinks. The demon of strong drink, who is passing among the fair homes of England and leaving his mark on the doorstep of palace and cottage alike, must not be disturbed in his work of destruction by a vote of Parliament, so long as so large a percentage of the members of its upper and lower house are running breweries.—'National Advocate.'

The Wedding Ring's Story.

(John Rhodes, C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal'.)

(Continued.)

When master came home at night my mistress hurried to the door to greet him, prepared to see him still looking wretched, and eagerly asked, 'How do you feel now? How did you get on through the day?'

'Oh! I'm very seedy,' said he. 'When I got to the office the fellows wondered what was up; and when I told them we had had a lit-

tle dinner party the night before, and I had got a little bit excited, most of them laughed as if they quite understood, and that old curmudgeon Robson said, "Do you mean to say you got drunk at your own dinner table?" I did not trouble to answer him, and good old Girling said, "That's nothing, old man, slip out and get a brandy and soda; that will put you right." And it did for a time.'

He spoke of going to the theatre, but Alice persuaded him to stop at home to lie down on the couch while she read to him, and see if an evening's rest would do him good. He agreed, and my mistress read a short story to him. It might have been about my master and mistress, for it described a wedding party, a honeymoon, dinners and champagne drinking. It had an awful ending, for the man became a drunkard; lost his work, his health, and home. His two children died of starvation, his wife of a broken heart, and the man himself in a fit of drunken madness jumped into the river and was drowned.

'What an awful story!' said Fred, when his wife had finished reading it. 'But there, you know, people make up these stories out of their own imagination to frighten others.'

'Nay,' said Alice, 'don't you remember reading to me that account in the daily paper of a similar case; how it gave the man's name and address, and where his business was; and you said your Girling knew the man and called him "a poor drunken fool?"'

'Yes, I remember now,' replied Fred. 'A man must be a fool who throws his happiness and life away like that.'

'But what about his soul and the hereafter?' asked Alice, 'that is the more important side to look at, and far outweighs any earthly consideration.'

Fred had no answer to that question.

Time went on. Fred would go for weeks together without getting excited; then he would break out again, and Alice found it was always when he had been to dine and spend the evening with Mr. Girling. She also noticed that Fred seemed short of cash at times and carefully studied the racing and betting columns of the daily newspapers.

Once or twice he had been jubilant, and he talked of what Girling and he had netted over such and such a horse. He would have taken Alice out every night to the opera or theatre, but she was filled with an ever-growing anxiety. Fred's relapses grew more and more frequent. He began to look jaded and weary, and his face was flushed and puffy. He was always drinking wine or spirits. He was too tired at night to be read to by Alice, and he scarcely seemed to care about baby, although she was growing into a fine little girl, and shouted with delight, 'Dad! dad!' when ever she saw him.

Then there came a dark time indeed, for one night Fred was brought to the door in a hansom by Girling, who managed to get him up to bed. There he had to stay for a month, the doctor telling him that he had had a very narrow escape from delirium tremens.

During that illness Girling did not once call to see how my master was, but Robson came every other night. He was so nice and friendly to my mistress, comforting her with words of loving counsel, and giving many sustaining thoughts. He sat with Fred, chatted so very brightly to him of different things, that, although Fred at first had not greeted him at all warmly, he felt that indeed here was a real friend, and he contrasted him with Girling, much to the later's disadvantage.

One of the points about Robson that so impressed Fred and Alice was his kindly, sympathetic, unassuming manner. He certainly did not tell them that he was a good man; yet they felt his influence all through the day. One night Alice surprised them by asking suddenly, 'What makes you so good, Mr. Robson?'

He was startled for a moment; then he answered, 'It is not I, but Christ within me.' Then and there he told them the story of his life and conversion. He had a tale to tell of his horror of the drink demon. His own brother had been lost through it.

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of eight years of age. I go to the Congregational Sunday-school and church. I have gone to this church for years, and am now on my fifth. I am in the second class at Sunday-school; I am in the senior first at day-school. We have a fine large yard. So my brother Kenneth asked father if he would let him have a rink. Our father gave his consent, and he said that I could have a toboggan slide, and the carpenter, Mr. R., just started to make it yesterday, and has got along very well. I will now have to say good-bye. Would you kindly write down these temperance verses.

(This little girl, who has forgotten to sign her name, has sent us this good old poem.—Cor. Editor.)

SONG OF THE CORN.

I.

I was made to be eaten,
Not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

II.

I come as a blessing
When put in a mill—
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

III.

Make me up into loaves
And your children are fed;
If into a drink,
I'll starve them instead.

IV.

In bread I'm a servant—
The eater shall rule;
In drink I'm master—
The drinker a fool.

V.

Remember this warning—
My strength I'll employ;
If eaten, to strengthen;
If drunk, to destroy.

Bay View.

Dear Editor,—As I have noticed both of my letters before in print, it has encouraged me to write another. We all enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I think that all who read it enjoy it, too. We live in a very nice place. We have a good view of the bay, and the name suits it. We can see the boats passing. The Indians camp near here about every summer. We like to talk to them. The Indian children cannot all talk like we do; but nearly all of the grown-up ones can. We learn a little of their talk, but it seems very hard to learn, as the words are hard to pronounce. They make a camp, and are settled in it, in a very short time. Some of them make very pretty baskets; even the little children can make little plain baskets. I have read a good many books, the last one being 'Beautiful Joe.' I think it is very nice, as it teaches us to be kind to all dumb animals. We play quite a lot of games at our school, among which are: tag, prisoner's base, sheep's home, hide and seek, mother, buy me a milken can, Sally go around the Sun, baseball, and others. Our favorite is sheep's home. I would like to hear some of the games they play at other schools. My favorite studies are: arithmetic, geography, drawing and literature.

MILDRED N.

Green Oak.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years of age. I live on a farm. We have seven cows and two horses. I go to school every day. I am in the sixth grade. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have to drive about two miles to church. But we have no Sunday-school. I have read two books, 'Little Clara' and 'The Bird's Christmas Carol.' I also read part of 'Little Men.'

BESSIE M. P.