

Correspondence

MAKES A GOOD PRIZE.

A lady has written to the Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' requiring five copies of that paper to be sent to five boys. She says:—'I thought I could not select a better prize for these boys and girls for punctual and regular attendance at school, than your noble little periodical, the 'Northern Messenger.' This splendid paper is doing much for the boys and girls of our land.

Yours sincerely,
FRANCES M. KINLEY,
Belmont, Man.

McKellar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday-school. I like to read the Little Folks' Page and the Correspondence best of all. My father is a farmer, and we live a mile from the village of McKellar. I have two brothers, and two sisters, and one of my sisters is married. I have two sisters dead. I go to school, and I am in the third class. Our teacher's name is Mr. Lamb. He is a very nice teacher. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on April 13.

ELSIE M. M.

Granton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years now, and my sister has taken it for as many years as I have. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school now, and I would like very much if you would change the name on the copy that comes to me and send it to a little boy out in the North-West. He is a little Indian boy that the W. F. M. S. of our church has got to clothe, and I don't need two 'Messengers.' His address is, 'Peter Ross, Indian Boarding School, Portage la Prairie, Man.' I am in the senior fourth class at school, and in the holidays I work on a farm. I am 11 years old.

JAMES A. S.

[Your request has been attended to.—Ed.]

Hensall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school and as I have not seen any letters from my Hensall friends in print, I thought I would like to write one. I am thirteen years old, and am in the fourth book. My teacher's name is Mr. Mackay. We have three rooms in our school. Hensall is a most beautiful village, it is only twenty-five years old and is now incorporated. My great-uncles named it after their old home in England. My father keeps a pork-packing house, and was the first reeve in Hensall. I have five sisters and one brother, of which I am third youngest. I go to St. Paul's Church. We had our Sunday-school picnic at Bayfield on the tenth of July, our minister's name is the Rev. J. W. Doherty. We just live ten miles from lake Huron.

MAUDE M. P.

North Kemptville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. This is the third year I have taken the 'Messenger.' I am interested in the Correspondence, and I also like to read the stories. Mamma helps me find the texts in Find-the-Place Almanac. I have no sisters, but a dear little baby brother, eight months old. I help mamma take care of him. Now it is vacation. I am in the fourth grade at school. I got the prize last term for good conduct and attendance. I am very fond of reading.

FLORA D. R.

Sparta, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Mrs. Barnam and I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and we like it very much. I live on a farm, and we have three hundred acres. We have seven horses and twelve cows, and eleven calves, but only a few pigs, for we have just sold some. We have three orchards, with apples, pears, peaches, and plums. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same date as mine, Jan. 8.

C. G. R. (Aged 11).

Bertrand, Neb.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Bertrand, but I am visiting at the home of one of your subscribers, Charlie Greenlee. While here I read the 'Messenger,' and when I go home I think I shall subscribe for your paper. I go to Sunday-school and church at the Methodist-Episcopal Church. I am not going to day-school now, but it will begin

in September, and close in the latter part of May. This year I will be in the ninth grade. I will study Latin, algebra, physical geography and bookkeeping. I will be twelve years old on the 5th of next month. I would like to see this letter in print. When you print it will you please note below the cost of the paper a year?

EMMA WILSON (Aged 11).

[One yearly subscription to your home would be 30 cents, free of postage.—Ed.]

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl living in the North-West, and I have nine brothers and six sisters, and they are scattered all over. I have some cousins living east of Toronto.

JESSIE C.

Morrison, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, to which I go nearly every Sunday in summer. I like it very much, especially the 'Little Folks' Page.' I like the Correspondence also. I never saw a letter from Morrison. We do not live very far from the city of Guelph, and it is a very nice part of Ontario. We had our Sunday-school picnic about three weeks ago, and I enjoyed myself very much at it. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Armstrong, and I like him very much. I am in the second reader. I will be ten years old on October 21, next. For pets I have a little grey kitty named Topsy, and a black calf called Flossy.

JESSIE C.

Plaster Rock, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about two months I think it is a very nice paper. I will try and describe the place in which I live. It is just a new settlement, but is building up fast. There is a lumber mill situated here owned by F. H. Hale & Murchie. High cliffs of plaster rock extend along the banks of the Tobique River as far as the eye can see; hence its name. There have been eight new houses put up since spring, besides the school house, which they will have done by next term. I am taking music lessons. The train comes up here every night now. There is a large hotel, also two stores. My father is a clerk in one of them. I was 12 years on July 24. I would like to correspond with Effie E., Trintern, Ont., if she would write first. My full address is,

GENEVA F. SHAW, Plaster Rock, N.B.

Crosshill, Wellesley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for about three years and we all like it very much. I noticed in the correspondence two little girls were the same age, and their birthdays were on the same day. They were 11 years old and their birthday was on July 23. Their names were Nina G. Gray, from Alberton, P.E.I., and Mamie Y., from Adolphustown. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 3.

ANNIE C. C. (Aged 12).

Port Burwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, but we are having holidays now. I have one sister whose name is Nina, and I have no brothers. She is seven years old, and her birthday is Sept. 2. I have a pet cat. Her name is Tabby. I am in the fourth reader. I live near the sea shore, and we have fine times bathing in the summer time; it is so shallow. The train passes just below my grandfather's lot. We have a fine summer resort here, and intend having camp meetings this summer. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' ever since I was three years old, and I think I could not do without it. I attend two Sunday-schools, the Methodist in the morning, and the Baptist in the afternoon. As this is the first time I have written I wish to have it in print. My birthday is April 17.

MARY L. (Aged 10).

Highbury, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy five years old, and live with my grandpa and grandma. For pets I have a dog named Jack and two cats, Tommy and Tiny. My grandpa has a colt named Bonnie.

ARCHIE B.

Plaster Rock, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' She has only taken it a few weeks. I think it is a nice paper. I have two sisters and one brother. I was nine years old on March 23.

HELEN M. S.

rant one evening, when the young man in question came in with a companion, and took the table next to him, sitting down with his back to him, and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his notebook and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin folly of a young man with his brain muddled by drink, and included a number of highly candid details of his daily life—things that when he was sober he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire, as of speaking about to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in with 'what is this, anyhow?' 'It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening,' his friend replied, and gave a brief explanation. 'Did I really talk like that?' he asked faintly, 'I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report,' was the reply. He turned pale and walked out. He never drank another drop. There are many men who would cease not only the sin of drunkenness, but other sins as well, if they could see themselves as other people see them.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Temperance in India.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, writing of his trip abroad, says of an interview with a number of Brahmans:

'The conversation turned on the temperance question, and I was obliged to blush in good earnest for the branch of the Aryan race which I represented before my brothers of another branch. In the most perfect English—pronunciation, inflection, modulation, the best Bostonese—they complained pathetically and bitterly of the evils of intemperance which the government had forced upon them.

'We Brahmans are teetotallers by religion, custom, birth and tradition,' said one: 'But the government under which we live is forcing the liquor curse upon us against our will. Even when we struggle to free ourselves, it is no use. Our rulers think more of revenue than they do of our souls and bodies, and would send us all to perdition for the sake of raising the taxes more easily. We are trying to get a law passed to prohibit the sale of liquor in any district where three-fourths of the people of the district or city ward petition against it. But even that the officials will not allow; and our country will be cursed by liquor, we fear, in spite of all.'

'But what happens,' said I, 'when a Brahman drinks intoxicating liquor?'

'He is excommunicated at once,' was the prompt reply, 'if it is known. No Brahman drinks intoxicants except in a secret and underhanded way.'

'But do you mean to say that no liquors or wines are sold or drunk in your club?' I inquired again.

'That is just what we mean,' they replied. 'No drop of liquor ever has been sold, or ever shall be sold, so long as we are in control. In fact, the question that is agitating the club now is whether bottled lemonade and soda water shall be sold, and after a warm discussion it has been decided by a large majority in the negative. We do not wish to introduce foreign drinks of any kind. Soda is associated with whiskey and brandy, and we will not have the taint of a saloon about our club. Coffee and tea are good enough for us.'

When I said good-by to my hospitable temperance hosts, they asked me to write a sentiment in their club book. My sentiment was, 'I rejoice that there is one club on the face of the earth where liquor is not sold, one club-house that does not reek with the fumes of wine and tobacco.'—'Standard.'

Surround your children with good influences if you would have them grow up a credit to their race and faith. Above all, keep out of your home that most insidious form of temptation, intoxicating liquors of all kinds.—'War Cry.'

Who can see groups of boys of six and eight years of age in our streets smoking cigars, without anticipating such a depreciation of our posterity in health and character as can scarcely be contemplated at this distance without horror?—Dr. Rush.