

five years he has touched nothing, and fie! to think of his breaking out now! And poor Mrs. Daly laid her head in her hands, and sobbed.

'Yes, and to think he would have had no consideration for you and those poor children!' said the Job's comforter. 'Get a little more spirit into you before he returns, and show him how wicked he has been—the reprobate!' cried Mrs. Jones, slamming the door after her.

But Mrs. Daly did not heed her words. 'It has been my doing,' she said sadly. 'I thought he was safe, and I left off praying, and I never asked that he might be kept steadfast, and I also never thanked Almighty God enough for these five years quiet.'

And her tears fell on a deep bruise on her poor hand, which her husband had given her five years ago, just before he took the pledge and joined the village club.

Quite late that night, when the children were all put to bed, Daly slunk in; he came through the back-kitchen, looking very shamefaced and was not quite sober, but he was sober enough to know what he had done.

'It was the lads, Mary, the lads; they laughed—' and then he began a feeble laugh, and fell into the big chair near the kitchen fire.

'Yes,' said his wife sadly.

'But no one saw. I just drank the Captain's health in a thimbleful, a mere shingleful—' and he dropped his head as if he were going to sleep.

'Someone saw,' said his wife gently. 'Almighty God and the angels saw.'

'But it'll be overlooked, a mere shingle—' and his head dropped further.

'Mr. Jones and the club met you, but you would not speak to them,' his wife said, still in the same gentle way.

But this time her low voice roused him like a bugle's call; his face turned white with a terror, his voice shook.

'Mr. Jones!' he repeated, 'Mr. Jones! Oh, no, no! It's a story, a fabrication, it's a—'

'It is a truth,' said his wife, 'and you know well enough what that means.' And she sat down and sobbed, as she realized the disgrace of his being turned out of the village club. It was a club in which temperance was one of its chief rules; and any member of it being seen drunk was to be expelled. Daly had been secretary to it for four years, and had been a most perfect example of sobriety till to-day, when he had been tempted to take this thimbleful, and the sad craving for drink came over him.

The next day the club committee formally expelled Daly from his post. Four years afterwards the secretary and the committee of the club all went in a body to Daly's cottage to ask him to rejoin. 'For,' said they, 'we know no man so careful, so humble about himself, and yet so firm as John Daly.'

For a minute Daly could not answer them, and then he said: 'I could not join you, my friends, for it was the saddest but the best day in my life when you gave me the shunt. It's the memory of it has kept me straight, and the grief it gave me will, please God, keep me always what I have never tired, a total abstainer. And I can bless God now for the tight rule which turned me out, and showed me what I had done.'—The Adviser.

Chicago Children.

Dr. Leslie E. Keeley says: 'It is more difficult to cure a confirmed cigarette smoker than a confirmed drunkard.' The growth of the habit has been so great among school boys the past five years that the age when the habit is acquired has been lowered until now statistics show it to be from five to ten years. A Chicago principal recently asked a child puffing a cigarette how old he was, and received the reply, 'I'm almost six.' Chicago has just passed an ordinance requiring all dealers in cigarettes to take out a one hundred dollar license and prohibiting the sale within two hundred feet of school-houses, as a result of local agitation. It is reported that in the McCosh school alone, nine hundred pupils smoked. We are glad to report that through the influence of the principal, Mrs. Mary Darrow Olson, and the teachers, all but thirteen have taken the anti-cigarette pledge.

Correspondence

Ada, Michigan.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I live on a fruit farm, about fifteen miles from Grand Rapids. I have two brothers, one is seventeen and the other is nine. There is a great deal of fruit raised in this part of the country, but there is not much this year, because the winter was so cold it killed most of the trees and all of the fruit. We have an organ and I take music lessons.

JENNIE H. (aged 13.)

Sterling, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the letters in the 'Messenger' and I like them very much. We take the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.' Uncle George seds it to us. I go to school every day and to Sunday-school and Junior League. Sterling is a pretty town on the Arkansas river. We have a nice college, 'Cooper Memorial,' a high school, two other schools, and ten churches. I wonder if any one else has a birthday the same as mine. I was ten years old on the fourth of August, 1899.

ERNIE C.

Elgin, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger.' I go to school and am in the fourth book. I like to read the stories in the 'Messenger.'

IMOGENE M. J. (aged 10.)

(Many thanks to Imogene for the pretty pressed ferns enclosed in her letter. Ed.)

Taylor, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss Anderson. I like her very much. I live a mile from the school-house. I go to Sunday-school. I have one little sister Maudie, two years old. I am going to my grandmother's to spend Christmas and meet my cousin there.

LOTTIE M. S. (aged 7.)

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school and like it very much. Our pastor's name is Mr. Bennett. I have one sister and three brothers. My father keeps a store.

LIZZIE B.

Bridgeburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have four brothers, one of them is a baby a year old. I have three sisters and papa calls me his baby girl. I do not like it very much to be called baby, but I know papa likes me. He is an engineer. He is sometimes out at night. I would not like it very much, but I hope the Lord will guide him through, and bring my papa back to me safely.

EDITH F. (aged 10.)

Fergus, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was eleven years old in September. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was here one week. There was quite a procession to meet him, headed by the band. The school got a half-holiday to hear him speak.

HARRY S. A.

Gay's River Road.

Dear Editor,—I take great interest in reading the letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' and would be sorry to do without it now. I go to school and I have two brothers to go with me. One is my own age and the other younger. My teacher's name is Miss McDonald.

JANET A. E. (aged 12.)

Ayr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister wrote one once describing a temperance lecture. My teacher's name is Miss M. Cameron. We have a sewing class at school every Friday afternoon. We sew for the orphanage at Berlin and the Shelter for girls at Toronto.

M. M. J. (aged 11.)

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—My father is a blacksmith and carpenter. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday-school. I go to day school. Our teacher's name is Miss E. Sprat. One of our men went to South Africa to the war. I have a brother and sister.

HERBERT L. M.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I read the 'Messenger' and enjoy it very much. I wish to tell you that I go to the United Presbyterian Church. Our minister's name is Dr. King. I attend the Sabbath-school. My teacher's name is Mrs. McKenzie. She is a very nice lady. I have three brothers and one sister and we all go to Sabbath-School.

H. A. McCaig.
M. C. K.

Falkirk, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has read the 'Messenger' for years before I was born. It comes to our Sunday-school. I like the Correspondence and Little Folks' page the best. Papa has a saw-mill, a farm and about twenty-five hives of bees.

Bessie M. W. (aged 11.)

Williamsford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little brother called Rae. We lived in Stratford before we moved here. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. My father is a doctor. I have a nice bicycle. There is a river here called the Sauble, and two mills. I made two pies and a pudding Saturday. I am making a patch cushion.

MAYSIE Y.

London.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for six or seven years. I like reading the Correspondence and the Little Folks' page. I saw a girl's birthday on the same day as mine, October 29.

JEANETTE P. (aged 12.)

Greeley, Colo., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—Mrs. Reed, in Denver, subscribed for the 'Messenger' for us as a present when we came to Greeley. When our time was up mamma subscribed for it. I have one sister. I have a cute little calf. I named it Kitty, its mother's name is Puss. She is a very gentle old thing. We can ride cow back. I can play on the organ, and I am learning to play the guitar.

CLARA R.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is a large busy town. There are two very large elevators in this town. My grandpa sends the 'Messenger' to me every week. He lives in Lanark County. We have a dog called Beauty and a cat called Puss.

PHOEBE I. (aged 9.)

Burwell Road P.O.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet kitten and she seems to know me when I am around. I have four sisters and one baby brother.

ALMA A. F. (aged 11.)

St. Eustache, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three years. My grandma gave it to me as a New Year's present. When I was too small to read, my mamma read it to me. I have only one little sister. Her name is Bertha. She is four years old.

ETHEL K. C. C. (aged 7.)

Memel, A. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Pa has two horses, one is called Ned, and the other Major. We have seven cows and four calves. We have a dog called Fle. She always goes to help get the cows.

CLYDE E. N. (aged 7.)

Saintfield, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the township of Reach. My father is a farmer. I go to Sunday-school, and I get the 'Messenger.' I like reading the letters very much. I have a dog named Collie and a cat called Bob. Have any of the boys and girls the same birthday as mine, 23rd of March?

Ray (aged 9.)

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence in the 'Messenger' and wish some little girl would write to me. My birthday is March 10th, and I am nine years old. I have two brothers, but I haven't a sister. I wish I had. One brother is older than I, and the other is a dear, cunning baby two years old. His name is Harold. In the summer vacation we went to N.S., to see my grandma and grandpa, and we had a lovely time. I have a lot of cousins in N.S. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school. My father is pastor of the church.

HARRIET MAUD R.