

and grace enough to shine in the atmosphere of home.

I must have fallen into a doze, for I was startled by the sound of a key turning in the lock. I hurried to the door and kissed my husband as he entered. At first I saw nothing wrong, for he was not what we should call drunk. I know not if I would not have preferred that degradation. It might not have had so sharp a sting. He was excited, and I thought it was the music, and the talk, and the motion. But when I spoke to him about the ball, and began to put my little questions, he caught me up sharply and bade me be silent. I could hardly trust my senses. Was it indeed George who spoke to me so? And then the horrid truth flashed upon me. I knew that he had been drinking and had fallen into excess. For though we were not abstainers we seldom had wine on our table, and when we were the guests of others, we indulged with a studied moderation. But this night I know not what had befallen him. During the day he had been worried and out of sorts and had eaten little. The wine he had taken must have found him less prepared to resist its renewed entreaty, and he had drunk more than was his wont. Whether he had said or done aught unworthy among our friends I cannot tell, for if he had, there were none would shame me by the recital. But how he spoke to me, and what terrible things he said! Had they been said by another they must have hurt me, and, coming from him, they pierced me to the heart.

Had he struck me in drunken anger I could have borne it perhaps better, but that he should seem to be in his sober senses, and yet speak to me so was agony. What if this were but a revelation of what he was? What if these were the thoughts his heart cherished, now first finding expression before me? But I drove out the suggestion with a mighty effort. To have given it shelter must have broken my heart or driven me wild. No, that was not the meaning of it. It was not his own kind, pure self that spoke. He was possessed for the time by a devil, malicious and vile. His hand shook no more than mine does often, and he stood steadily enough, but another will than his own controlled voice and speech. How harsh and cold and unlovely it sounded, and what dreadful things he uttered! What he said he does not know, and never shall. Nor am I likely to set down aught of it here. How I blushed at the foul words, only to grow pale again with the horror of it all. How he spoke to me of things which till then had been hidden from my pure heart, or at which I had but guessed in my own worst hours. How he taunted me and reviled me and laughed to scorn all my pretty ways, and then when I sobbed and cried he did but pour contempt on my woman's tears. I saw and knew that it was possession, that the hateful drink devil had done this thing, but that did not make it easy to bear. What a transformation! what a shame!

Gradually the storm quieted, and he lay down to rest, not knowing how he had debased himself and put to shame her he loved, dragging his lily through the mud as if it had been a common weed. Broken and trembling, I crept in by his side, and in the darkness and the silence my stricken heart moaned out its sorrow into the ear of God, crying for the comfort that it yet seemed hopeless to ask. May I never pass such another night. At last I slept, and when I woke it was to see my husband, himself again, with the little one lying in his arms. Had it all been an ugly dream? Alas! imagination could not have painted such a picture, fiction could not have achieved aught so strange and horrible for me. For days I was wearied and anxious, not knowing well what I should do, fearful of some recurrence of the evil. But when the New Year came in, and we made confession together of our imperfection, and took upon us afresh our holy vows, I told him what I could of the sorrows of that Christmas night. I did not, and could not, tell him a tenth of the shameful story, but he gathered something of its horror from my pale face and shuddering form. He promised, as his hand clasped mine; never again to touch the drink which had changed him into so vile a dastard, and we knelt in prayer, asking God to confirm the new resolution. Since then no intoxicating draught has ever passed our lips, and I could almost thank God for the dreadful trial, because it issued in such a sense of security and peace. Yet I would not that any other should pay such a price, and I set

down the story of my bitter sorrow that others may shun the habit behind which there lurks such a possibility of woe. Fain would I help to save some other from seeing the holy and happy time turned into a season of shame.—'League Journal.'

## Correspondence

Agricola North, Alberta, Can.

Dear Editor,—Would you please publish my letter so that all who have been so kind as to write to me and send me such nice reading will see why I do not answer all their letters. I got seventy and as so many would take so much postage, I am very sorry I could not answer all, but please thank them for me. Your little invalid friend,

LOTTIE BELL THOMPSON.

Black Cape, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is a pretty place, especially in fall when the leaves are changing their color from green, to yellow and red, but they have all fallen off. I go to school both summer and winter. I am in the fifth reader. My favorite studies are geography and history. I have over one mile to go to school. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on Jan. 2. I have a cat, I call it Kitty. I have four sisters and two brothers, my youngest sister was born on Aug. 25, 1901. I like the correspondence the best part in the 'Messenger.' I find December and January the best months for skating and sliding.

A. E. LAURA C.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and I think it is one of the best papers for young people. I have no brothers or sisters. I have two pets: a bird and a cat. The bird does not sing much. I go to school every day. I sang with the Royal Chorus to greet the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. It started raining before we sat down on the platform, which made it very uncomfortable. The umbrellas sprouted up like mushrooms all over the platform.

ELMER P. (Aged 11.)

Gibraltar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I had never written to the 'Northern Messenger' before, I thought I would write. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Miss Todd. I have one sister and one brother, both are older than I am. We live on the Blue Mountain, and we live in a beautiful country. It is nice to be at the top of the mountain and to look back and see the beautiful scene of the Georgian Bay and Collingwood town.

AGGIE R. McN.

Black Cape, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger' and we have taken it for about three years. I go to Sunday-school and day school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. McNair, and my day school teacher's name is Miss McRae. We belong to the Presbyterian Church and my father is the superintendent of the Sunday-school. I have a little baby sister, named Marion. Our school begins on Sept 1. I have fourteen cousins and five aunts and four uncles. My sisters went around collecting for the 'Messenger' this year. I have two sisters in New Hampshire and a brother in Maine and one in Montreal. My birthday is on April 14. I am eleven years old.

JENNIE C.

Topeka, Kas.

Dear Editor,—As I am a new subscriber of the 'Messenger' I have not seen any letters from Topeka. My grandma has taken the 'Messenger' for twenty-five years, and she says she cannot get along without it. We have a little pet at home which is neither a cat or dog, but a little girl, two years old, and her name is Meme Dice. Mamma has never had a day's school in this country, but still she reads the 'Messenger' from top to toe, and she is a Christian. My name is Mary, and I go to school every day. I like to study and read. I am in the fourth A grade at school. I have two sisters and one brother. I am eleven years old and my birthday is on Aug. 28.

MARY N.

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Editor,—As you wished the girls and boys to write about the Royal visit to Canada, I thought I would write and tell you about their reception at Moncton, N. B. The I. C. R. station and general offices were attractively decorated for the occasion. The posts were clothed in red, white, and blue. Flags floated in the breeze and bunting was seen everywhere. On Oct. 18, at 3.15 p.m., the first train arrived conveying Lord and Lady Minto and party; at 3.45, the Royal train arrived bearing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The engines were trimmed with flags and bunting, and as the train pulled in, with its beautiful cars, a cheer went up from about six thousand people that had gathered at the station to welcome the Royal visitors, and the band struck up the National Anthem. A few minutes later their Royal Highnesses appeared on the end of the train, they then stepped out on the carpet and were presented with two beautiful bouquets of flowers from two little girls. Her Royal Highness then said 'Thank you, dear.' The train remained about fifteen minutes; the Duke and Duchess appeared on the rear car platform as the train pulled out and were given a grand send off. Two Monctonians each presented the Duchess with a beautiful handkerchief; on one of them, in the four corners, were the crown, the lion, the Union Jack and the beaver, representing royalty, imperialism, loyalty and Canadian industry, entwined with a wreath of maple leaves, emblem of Canada. The second one was of Irish point lace, with national emblems and the Prince of Wales feathers. Thus ended the Royal visit to Moncton. I go to school every day. I get a merit card every month for not being late or absent. I take music lessons on Wednesday. Yours truly,

HARRY C. M. (Aged 12.)

Lower New Cast, N. B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for six years. We live on a farm and we have four cows and a horse. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have two miles to go to school. We cannot go to school in the winter. Our teacher's name is Miss Mary Ryan, from Chatham. My father died six years ago, and my brother, James R. Innis, died five years ago.

BLANCHE H. I. (Aged 14.)

North Rustic, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this country yet, so I thought I would write one. I am a little boy eleven years old, and we have one mare, and I yoke her and drive anywhere. We have one cow, one heifer, and three cats. We keep a store and keep everything in it. I have two brothers and two sisters. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same date as mine, Jan. 15.

HAROLD S.

Cape North, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I have three sisters and one brother. Two of my sisters are in Boston and my brother is in Glace Bay. We live on a farm. We have eight cows and one horse and nineteen sheep and eleven hens. I go to school and I go to Sunday-school. We have two pets: a cat and a dog; the dog named Bobby and the cat named Sully. We get the 'Messenger' and like it.

RACHEL K. M.

Glengarry, N. S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter from Glengarry, I thought I would write one. I go to school and I have a mile to walk. I study reading, writing, drawing, health reader, geography, history of Canada, brief history, composition, grammar, algebra, arithmetic, geometry, botany. Our teacher's name is Miss Dollie Cunningham from Stellarton. I have five brothers and no sister. My brother gets the 'Messenger.' We think it is a very nice paper. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on Feb. 15.

ANNIE McA.

### From Receipt of Subscription

#### To January 1st, 1903.

'Daily Witness' . . . . .	\$3.00
'Weekly Witness' . . . . .	1.00
'World Wide' . . . . .	.75
'Northern Messenger' . . . . .	.30

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,  
Publishers.

Montreal.