



Hot Milk Cure for Inebriety.

It was my good fortune to see at one time the successful treatment of a severe case of delirium tremens by the simple use of hot milk. The man was so sodden with liquor as to be in danger of death and a physician whom he consulted told him that nothing could prolong his life more than a few months, except a complete change in his habit of drinking. The man was by no means ready to die. He at once hired a policeman, at five dollars a day, to keep liquor from him and him from liquor, with the further proviso that payment be forfeited in case of failure. The battle began.

Day after day and night after night the struggle went on. Not a morsel of food could be retained and, with the raging fever, the sick man was at last brought close to death. The attending physician did not expect him to last through the night. In their despair they consulted a W. C. T. U. woman who suggested hot milk. The doctor said he had heard of that but had never seen it tried. However it could do no harm and so some milk was speedily heated and carried to the sufferer. The very first sip seemed to put new life into him and he greedily took all he was allowed. He made a most excellent recovery and the craving for alcohol seemed wholly conquered.

So much was he impressed with the cure that, as soon as he was able to travel, he purchased a bottle, a tin cup and a lamp, and these, with the quart of milk, renewed morning and night, went with him for months, in all his journeyings, and I do not know but he carries them yet.—Mrs. Maria A. Croly, in 'Union Signal.'

One Thousand Tons for South Africa.

A British steamer recently carried 1,000 tons of spirits from Hamburg for South Africa. Speaking of this shipment, 'New Africa' says: 'The liquor traffic is a curse. It is an appalling sin—the degradation of Africa. It is no exaggeration to say that there exists no greater enemy to Africa and her peoples than this debasing and deteriorating evil. There is no greater obstacle to the progress of civilization in Africa than the increasing importation of spirituous liquors. It is spreading greater desolation and ruin than any other evil, and is worse than African superstition and barbarism. Thousands are daily sinking to depths of sin and shame by this virulent poison, which unprincipled merchants are constantly importing in enormous quantities to destroy manhood and arrest the development of the continent.'

Drink is the

- Destroyer of the constitution.—Proverbs xxiii. 28-32.
- Robber of the pocket.—Proverbs xx. 21.
- Unerring pathway to a premature grave.—Nahum i. 10.
- Never-failing producer of misery.—Isaiah 7-12.
- Kindler of strife.—James iv. 1.
- Assassinator of the human race.—Proverbs vii. 25-27.
- Reproach of the character.—I. Corinthians v. 11.
- Destroyer of the soul.—I. Corinthians vi. 9-10.

Alcohol and apples are a real antidote to each other. I have never forgotten the first Band of Hope lesson I heard as a lad of eleven. The speaker told the children that all the people he had known, who loved drinking beer, had destroyed their relish for fruit, so that they could no longer enjoy eating an orange or an apple, and that the same loss was incurred by excessive smokers of tobacco, the fine glands of the palate being coarsened and deadened. Years afterwards, one of the most popular of provincial preachers confessed to me that he was un-

able, through the same habit of constant smoking, to distinguish the flavor of an apple from that of a pear. On the other hand, if a drinker is determined to attempt in earnest to cure himself of the relish for strong drink, he cannot secure any better natural aid than he will get by taking to apples as a solid part of his food. The malic acid tells wonderfully on the liver and other secreting organs. It soon acts as a powerful antagonist to alcohol. One is an antidote to the other. A certain lady in London has made it a practice to offer apples to men who are in the habit of tipping, with the result very often that a man who would eat an apple did not care at the time to go on drinking. Apples and alcohol will not agree.—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Okotoks, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' and I think it is a very nice paper. I wrote a letter about four years ago when we were in Kingsville, but did not write since. We moved to Kincardine. We did not take the 'Messenger' for a year there, but thought we would take it again. We came out here in March. Our ranch is five miles from Okotoks, it is forty-five miles from the Rockies and one mile from Sheep Creek. I have three brothers and two sisters living and one dear little sister in heaven. My oldest brother is seventeen, and my youngest sister is four. I like reading books or papers. Among the books I have read are, 'Melbourne House,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Black Beauty,' and 'John G. Paton in the New Hebrides.' Okotoks is only a little village. When you go out on the prairie about the first thing you see is little gopher heads popping up here and there, and some will sit right up to look at you. When Mr. Gopher sits up he looks like an old man with a sun-bonnet on, and he is very stupid and easily caught. Some gophers when thrown at will sit up and squeal at the person throwing at them. There are also coyotes, which are very bold and will come to the farm-house and steal poultry. Coyotes will carry away young cattle. When the older cattle see the coyotes after the calves, they all run after the coyote until it is chased away. There have been some timber wolves seen not many miles from here; they come down from the foot hills. We are very fortunate to have a school near our ranch. There are lots of mountain trout, which come down from the mountains in June when much snow melts and fills the rivers in this country. There are lots of wild ducks and geese and prairie chickens in this country. We had a snow-storm which lasted four days. It is said to be the worst experienced for years. Many young cattle fresh from Ontario died in the storm from exposure. Many young friends speak of their pets, our faithful old dog jumped off the train after we had gone only twenty miles. He was afterward found dead near our old place. We called him Punch. We were very sorry to have to part with him. Central Alberta is called the best grazing country of the West. The lumbermen of this country go up in the mountains in the winter and cut their logs and drive them down the rivers in June. Men and boys get \$2 a day for driving logs down the rivers. There are many settlers coming to this country this spring. We hear complaints about scarcity of carpenters. Most vegetables do well here, but large fruits have to be shipped in from other countries. Groceries and clothing are a great deal dearer here than in Ontario. Butter and eggs bring a good price, but beef is cheaper here than in Ontario. Well, there are many more things I could speak of in this new country, but my hand is tired of writing, so I will close my letter, wishing you all happiness,

ELIZABETH H. (aged 12).

[This is a most interesting letter. We hope to hear from Elizabeth again.—Editor.]

Crumlin, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The English Church Mission Sunday-school get copies of the 'Mes-

senger,' and every week I read the children's letters 'from all parts' with great interest. I would like to tell them about our Sunday-school and hear in return something of theirs and the lessons they learn. Ours was organized about fourteen years ago and some who attended from the first are still with us. We have three classes, but at present one teacher is absent. We use the Church Hymnal, and now they can sing almost any hymn you propose. The first hymns we sung and kept to for a long time were 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' two beautiful hymns. Miss Clark is organist for the Sunday-school, also teacher of the junior class, who are all so attached to her; she is capable of amusing and instructing at the same time such very little ones. Last winter as I was walking home, I spoke of the lesson we had that day, and a little girl named Beulah Bailey, aged six, gave in her own little way quite a graphic description of the child Moses. My class are nearly all grown up, and a very nice gathering of young people they are, who take a great interest in the lesson, and I trust are daily striving to mould their characters after his likeness of whom the lesson teaches so much. One thing we have tried to impress is reverence during that hour. We have an evening service here, and very good singing. Miss Bessie Short is organist for the church and merits the appreciation of all, for faithfulness displayed by one so young. Some time ago a little girl here wrote a very clear description of this place, so now I think the readers of the 'Messenger' and ourselves need be no longer strangers. I was walking through the woods the other day. I think all our woods are similar, some more cleared than others, flowers springing up on all sides, the same little lilac flowers I gathered as a child, sweet reminders of happy childhood days, which memory hallows though that time has long since passed away. Some months ago there was a beautiful letter from a little girl, who signed herself Regina M., Central Kemp, Yarmouth Co., N.S. I would like to see another letter from her. She said she was trying to live like her Master, and was going to work for him. I trust that many little girls like her 'in our schools' may learn to love their Saviour in the days of their youth. Our lesson 'Gentiles received into the Church' taught us that God is impartial. It would make our lessons more interesting if all children would read the lesson at home. With kind regards to all the young people. Theirs sincerely,

M. E.

Farlary Hills.

Dear Editor,—We call our farm 'Farlary Hills' because the people who lived here first came from Farlary, in Scotland, and as the farm is quite hilly we call it 'Farlary Hills.' We have a large sugar-bush, so make maple sugar every year, and I enjoy that time very much. We have quite a few apple trees, and very nearly all of them are covered with blossoms. There was a wind storm lately, which blew down quite a few trees, some of which were apple and plum trees. My brother and I go to school every day, the school being a mile and a half away. We also go to Sunday-school very Sunday, where we get the 'Messenger.' I intend trying the Entrance this year, so go to school before nine o'clock and stay after four at night, and sometimes go on Saturday. There are many different kinds of flowers in our woods in spring, the Mayflowers being the most common.

HELYN V. M.

NOTICE

Will 'Mary L. M. E., of Lammermoor, Ont.,' whose letter was in the 'Messenger' of April 25, send her full address to Mrs. Eliza Bentley, 11 Fermanagh Ave., Parkdale, Toronto.

Mrs. Bentley would like to send her a book.

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.