



[For the 'Messenger']

The Power of a Drink.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Susie Hunt.)

A very distressing scene was witnessed in the city of B—, a short time ago, when a poor woman was arrested for being drunk and ill-treating her baby.

This woman was very young, and it could plainly be seen that she was used to drinking, for its traces were very definitely stamped on her face. She had walked in from A— early in the morning, and it was about five in the afternoon that she turned her steps homeward. But it seems, however, that before starting she had gone into a hotel and bought some liquor; and she had only gone a few blocks when the drink took bad effect on her, and she upset the baby carriage and fell down by the roadside.

The poor baby began to cry, and she took it up, but it could hardly be called a baby, for it was very small and sickly looking, and its little head was one mass of sores and scabs, and altogether it looked as if it was badly abused and ill-treated. Some kind-hearted woman came and gave the baby some bread and butter and milk, but this woman grabbed it and eat it, showing she was very hungry.

Shortly, a crowd began to collect, and some person sent for a policeman. He soon arrived on the spot, and helped the woman to get up. He found a bottle, partly filled with liquor, on her. She was immediately taken to the police-station, and was locked up until the stupor would have passed away.

The baby was taken care of by one of the women that witnessed the scene. It is not ascertained yet what they will do with the baby, but likely it will be put in the 'Orphans' Home.'

Thus we can see what drink reduces the natural love that God has planted in our hearts to. Why cannot the liquor traffic be blotted out? Simply because people, not only the low, but those also in high positions, will not use just a little self-sacrifice on their part; but no, they will not, even when they see all around them the distress into which liquor is bringing thousands of people.

Surely those calling themselves Christians cannot receive the reward for those who overcome. Is not this one chief and difficult sin to overcome?

Hope for the Drunkard.

(Mrs. Blanch Read in the 'Christian Guardian'.)

There is only one hope for the inebriate—the salvation of the Lord Jesus. Let us bring this hope to his heart. Last year seven thousand men committed suicide in the United States because they were addicted to drink, and were in despair. Though the drunkard may have lost his power of self-control, and his good resolutions are only formed to-day to be broken before nightfall, there is a panacea. John B. Gough found it. John G. Woolley, after being reduced from a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year to addressing envelopes at fifteen cents a thousand, found in Christ a healing for this appetite. Thousands of men have been restored who to-day have happy homes, well-fed, well-clothed, happy little ones, little ones who once fled from their father's footsteps. The gold cure may fail, but the salvation of the Lord Jesus can and does take away the very desire for drink and sin of every kind.

I know something of the struggles of

the poor inebriate. Early in my experience in the rescue and prison work, I dealt personally in one year, in the city of Toronto, with one hundred and forty-four victims of this appetite. Women from all walks in life, from the daughter of the Scottish nobleman, who had lapsed and been sent from her ancestral home in disgrace, to the poor wretch, besotted and bleary-eyed, picked up in a gutter in the fair Queen City of churches, after spending term after term incarcerated behind prison bars. I know this habit is a fearful thralldom; I know it destroys all that is best and sweetest, as well as noblest and strongest in the human character; I know, while under its influence, man forgets his manhood and woman her high estate. I know it weakens and blights and curses. Many a poor convict has poured the story of his struggles and failures into my ears, but there is, thank God, a restoring efficacy in divine grace, and when all human help fails, his blood can make the vilest clean. O Christian! O soldier of the cross! let us bring these poor trembling ones to him who loves them and gave himself for them. This is our duty toward them, do not despise them. Our law-makers have legalized the traffic, have allowed the snare to be set. The boys and, sad truth to say, the girls, at our homes have been entrapped, let us bring in love and sympathy to their hearts the story of him who will save unto the uttermost all who come.

Keep Chains from Being Forged.

(Illustrated Christian Weekly.)

'If I had drunk one glass of whiskey, and you were to put into another glass of whiskey poison that I knew would kill me, if you should go out of the room I would drink that whiskey in spite of everything.' This, in substance, was the utterance of a young man to one who was seeking to lead him from the evil habit of drink which he had formed. The young man had been well brought up; his father was an officer in a church, and mourned over his son's course. But the young man had become enslaved to the fatal habit to the extent indicated in his words above quoted. It was an appalling confession for anyone to make. It shows the strength of a terrible habit. Yet we suppose it but exhibits in a somewhat stronger light than usual what the slavery to intoxicants really is. What is there that can be done for such a case as this? To our view it is hopeless save as the mighty power of divine grace may lay hold upon the heart. Here is the strongest hope for the slave of the intoxicating cup. Other things may help, but nothing else can really cure. The traffic may be regulated by law, but the heart of the drunkard can be changed only by the Spirit of God. But surely much may be done in labors with the children in various ways to forestall such a fearful habit. If the chains are once fastened, it becomes very hard to strike them off. In many sad cases they are never stricken off. The part of Christian wisdom is to do everything possible to keep these awful chains from being forged or fastened.

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Correspondence

Eel River.

Dear Editor,—I go to school, and am in the VIII. grade. My home is in Campbellton, but I am now visiting a friend. We are having a very good time. One of my friends in Campbellton got quite a few signatures for the temperance pledge. I was away on a visit this summer to my grandma's, who lives about three hundred miles from my home; they live on a farm, and we had great fun trying to make hay. I have no pets except a large dog. The friend with whom I am visiting gave him to me when he was about two months old; he had five little brothers, and he was the first one among them that barked.

'ROSEBUD.'

Otonabee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday is on the thirteenth of July. We had a Christmas tree up at the church on Christmas eve. The children of the school all took part in singing and reciting that could. We enjoyed it very much. The tree was well loaded. I got a pocket-book, a testament and a Christmas card. I am in the fourth book at school, and my brother just got into the second book this Christmas. We have to walk two miles to school. When the snow is deep, Pa drives us there. We get 'Pleasant Hours' and 'Dew Drops' in Sunday-school. It is three miles to church.

PEARL B.

Westport.

Dear Editor,—Westport is a small village on the western coast of Nova Scotia; the number of inhabitants is between eight and nine hundred. There are two lights, one situated on the north point, and the other on the western end of the island, near a fog whistle. There are two churches in the place. I attend the Baptist, our preacher's name being Rev. Richard Kemp. I go to school, and am in the ninth grade. My teacher's name is Mr. Harlow. I have four brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is studying for a 'B' certificate and my sister is studying for a 'C.' One of my brothers takes the 'Weekly Witness,' and thinks it an excellent paper. My birthday is on the tenth of December.

INA L. G. (age 13).

Cornhill, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger' from different parts, and seeing none from this part of the country, I thought I would write. We live on a farm. I go to school, and am in the second reader. I have one sister, and she goes to school too. I was ten years old on the ninth of January. The schoolhouse is only about one hundred and fifty rods from our house, so you see I have not far to go. The schoolhouse is at the corner, and there are also one store, two blacksmith shops, one wheelwright shop, and one cheese factory. The church is about one hundred rods from the corner. For pets I have one old cat named Tab; she is eleven years old. I also have one little kitten, whose name is Tim. He will sit on mamma's shoulder while she is eating. I have one white rabbit and three pigeons. We have nine cows, one of them being an old Jersey. She is a great pet, and I always lead her home at night with my arm over her neck. Papa sends his milk to the cheese factory, for everybody here sells their milk. Cornhill made about eighty tons of cheese this summer, besides butter, as they have a butter plant too.

INEZ B.

Glen Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old, and my birthday is on the 30th of April. I am going to tell you about my visit to Merrickville. I visited my uncle Norman's; I only stayed four days, but enjoyed my visit very much. It is seventy-five miles from here, but as they moved to Smith's Falls they live eighty-five miles from here. The Saturday evening that I was there a soldier came home from South Africa. The band played 'The Maple Leaf Forever,' 'God Save the King' and several other pieces. Then they made speeches, and after that they presented the soldier with a gold watch, which he said