

conscious pain mingled with impatience while he listened, until, as if no longer able to restrain himself, he started to his feet and exclaimed, "I ken it's a' ower true; but, sir, she is my ain mither in the sight of God. She maun be a trouble to somebody, and wha has a better right to bear the burden than her ain bairn?" And he would have done it; but a few days after the poor lad fell from a roof of four stories in height, and was killed on the spot. Hard even to the last was his lonely pillow, and there was none to smooth it; but he needed it not. His remains were borne to their last resting-place, as a mark of their respect, on the shoulders of his fellow-workmen; and, although no kindred were there, many a moistened eye, in men unused to weep, told that the foundling chimney-sweep was missed and mourned when he left us. After the interment my thoughts had absorbed me, when a hand was suddenly laid on my arm, and I became conscious of the presence of a bronzed and haggard woman, in tattered garments, at my side, and a hoarse voice, that breathed strongly the mingled odor of tobacco and cheap whiskey, uttered in the whine of the beggar and maudlin whimper of drunkenness, "O sir, he was my ain laddie, and what's to come o' me!" There it was, a heart in which whisky had quenched every affection—but selfishness!—League Journal.

The Drunkard's Daughter,

(Recitation.)

[These beautiful and touching verses were written by a young lady in reply to a friend who had called her a monomaniac on the subject of temperance.]

Go, feel what I have felt,

Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt;
And the cold, proud world's scorn;
Then struggle on from year to year,
The sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,

O'er a-loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way,
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;

Implore, beseech, and pray:
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,

And see the strong man bow
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard—

The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount has stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he a drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side

And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear.

Mark the dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
Her toil-worn frame, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who foresworn, has yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife—

That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife,
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight—a drunkard's child.
—'Canadian War Cry.'

As many men, so many minds. 'World Wide' reflects the thought of both hemispheres.

Correspondence

Point Wolfe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for over two years. My father is a farmer. I like the new books very much. I had a hen named Baldy, but a raccoon took her, poor thing.
EMMA H. (Aged 10.)

New Annan, Col. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I receive the 'Messenger' regularly every Saturday night and enjoy reading it all day Sunday. Our post-office is a mile and a half away and sometimes when it storms I cannot get my 'Messenger' for a day or two, and I feel lonesome without it. I am very fond of reading stories, and the ones in the 'Messenger' are very interesting, especially one entitled, 'One Perilous Glass.' I am on the temperance side and joined the I. O. G. T. Lodge three years ago. I am of Helen B.'s opinion that wine and other alcoholic drinks should not be used in cooking. Some folks put brandy or cider in mince pies, but my mama never does. I think it is a very wrong thing to do for instead of tempting people to drink intoxicating drinks we ought to do all we could to keep them from it.

I have a deaf and dumb sister at home now. She is a widow and stays at home most of the time. We talk to each other with the manual alphabet, and have great fun sometimes, because those who do not know the manual alphabet cannot tell what we are saying. She is very fond of reading the 'Messenger,' especially the letters of the correspondents, and was wanting me to write one, too. The snow is very deep here now. I like to see great banks of snow, they look so pretty, but they are not very nice for a team to go through. I help my mamma with the work.
LAURA B.

Michigan.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for several years, and like it very much. We live on a farm. This country has not been settled very long. When we first came here there was hardly a house in sight, but now it is thickly settled. We have school seven months in a year. We do not have any in winter. We live a mile and a half from school. We go to church and Sunday-school in summer. We had very poor crops this summer in these parts, there was not any rain all summer.
O. K.

Teeswater.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger.' I have taken it for over a year, now, and I like it very much. I read the letter of Lottie Madeline Lillian, of Chatsworth and she said that she had a brother living in Teeswater. I live near there myself. I go to school regularly and like it very much.
EMMA Mc.

Alburg, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and two brothers. My youngest sister's name is Ruth, four years old. I go to school. The schoolhouse is over two miles from here. My teacher's name is Miss Rockwell. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success.
LOUISA L.

Lochaber, Ont., Spruce Lawn.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Russell and I are twins. We are nine years old. Our birthday is on Dec. 17. Tom has got subscriptions for the 'Messenger' for about eight or nine years. Russell and I went around this year and got twelve names. Ma and pa read the long stories to us, and we can read the short ones. We would not like to do without the 'Messenger.' The stories are all so nice. Ma and pa say the 'Messenger' has come to the house for over twenty years.
CAMERON and RUSSELL LANE.

Vasey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My papa is a farmer. I go to school in summer time, but can't go in winter. I live about two miles from the school and church. I have five sisters and two brothers. I have one pair of twin sisters.
ROY ELMER B. (Aged 10.)

Church Point, N.B.

Dear Editor,—It is over two years since I wrote to the 'Messenger.' I will be twelve years old on the twenty-sixth of next March. I have four sisters and two brothers, the youngest is Wallace, two years old. The mission band had an entertainment the evening before New Year's and got \$11.10.

A wharf is being built here.

LAURA M. A.

Stratford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the city and go to school there. My favorite studies are spelling and geography. We take both the 'Witness' and the 'Messenger,' and enjoy reading them very much. I read the correspondence. I like the temperance part of the 'Messenger.' I have a little sister but no brothers.

LORNE JAMES. (Aged 9.)

New Richmond.

Dear Editor,—There is a brook close by our house, it is full of little fish. I went down one day and I caught three with my hand and brought them home in my hat. I put them in a glass bottle, and the next morning two were dead. We kept the other one a year, and in the winter I forgot it on the table, in the morning the water was frozen all around it. I went and took it and put it on the shelf by the stove and the ice melted. In August I left it on the window and the hot sun killed it. I live by the Bay Chaleurs. My birthday is on March 24.

WILBER G. (Aged 10.)

Rigville, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very well. I sat up and watched the old year die. My father lives on a farm. My birthday is on the last of April.

LILY W. (Aged 13.)

Hillsburg.

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger' is a very nice paper. I have two pets—a bird and a dog. I call my dog Major. I have three sisters and one brother. I saw in your paper one week a letter from a girl in New Salem, her name was Carrie, and her birthday was on March 25. So is my birthday the same as hers, and my name is Carrie.

CARRIE C. (Aged 9.)

Point Wolfe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the correspondence very much. My father works in the mill in summer. I have three brothers and no sisters. I go to school every day. I go to grandma's once a year. She lives in Hammond Vale.

MAUD W. (Aged 12.)

Collingwood, Ont.

Dear Sir,—I am sorry I have not got any more than two new subscribers this time; but I will try to get more next year. I have a black cat, her name is Topsy; and Willie has a grey and white cat named Minto. Sometimes in the morning before we are up he comes half way up the stairs and mews, as if to say, 'You had better get up pretty soon.' And they know the sound of the milk pail as well as anybody. Wishing you the compliments of the season,
B. DUFFERIN M. (Aged 10.)

Appreciates the Premium.

Dear Editor,—I received your precious gift, the 'Bagster Bible,' with thanks. We are well paid for our trouble in getting subscribers. May you be long spared to publish your excellent papers. We all like the reading of the 'Witness,' and the 'Messenger.' Wishing you every prosperity,

Yours faithfully,
MICHAEL MCKIRDY.

Galbraith, Ont.

BILLY BRAY, THE CORNISH
PREACHER.

This wonderfully interesting book (paper cover) gives an anecdotal sketchy life of one of the most effective preachers ever used by God for the salvation of souls. This book free to 'Messenger' subscribers sending two new subscriptions at thirty cents each.