

now and then. And you know, mother, I would never be a drunkard.'

Mrs. Hynd sat looking into the fire for a few minutes without speaking, and then breathed a deep sigh.

'I will tell you a story, Nettie,' she said, 'a true story.'

'Well, mother,' said Nettie, looking anxiously at her mother's face.

'You have heard me speak of my sister, Nettie.'

'Yes; your sister Ellen; that was so pretty.'

'She was my only sister. She married when I was sixteen, but we could not bear to be parted, and I was almost as much in her house as at home. How proud I was when there came a lovely little baby boy for me to nurse! He was such a good, merry little fellow, and I loved him so much that I never liked to have him out of my arms. When he was half a year old, like our little Annie, there, his mother had a dangerous illness. We all thought she would have died. Nettie, I sometimes afterwards wished that she had.'

'Oh, mother!' Nettie breathed out, trembling.

'When she got better the doctor ordered her two glasses of wine every day. After two or three months I asked her if she was not strong enough to give it up, but she said that she could not do without it; and very soon, Nettie, I began to see that poor Ellen had become so fond of the wine that she did not wish to do without it. In a little time it came that two glasses did not satisfy her, nor three; and, oh, Nettie, it is sad to tell you—but before her baby, Jamie, could walk, my sweet sister was a drunkard.'

'One day when he was just beginning to walk, I brought him from the garden. There had been a visitor, and Ellen was sitting at the table with glasses and decanters beside her. Jamie ran to her knee, and when she did not attend to him, he began to pull at her dress, and the table-cover, and one of the decanters fell with a crash on the floor. She did not know what she was doing, Nettie. She clenched her hand, and with one blow on his little soft forehead, struck him to the ground. He gave one little faint cry, and his bright eyes turned up and closed. I rushed forward and lifted him. His face was white—his lips blue.'

'Oh, mother!' whispered Nettie, pale and trembling, 'was he dead?'

'No; he did not die then; but he was never strong afterwards. Poor Ellen loved him dearly, and when all feeling was not deadened by drink, nursed him tenderly and mourned over his failing health. But she would not give up the sin. He lived to be two years old, and then sank, after a few days' illness. Even on the day he died his poor mother had been endeavoring to forget her sorrow in wine. I had him on my lap, and she saw that the end was near. She began to cry and tried to take him in her arms; but he turned his face quickly away, and moaned, "Auntie, auntie." And there, in my arms, he died, refusing to the end to let his poor mother touch him.'

'And what became of her, mother?' said Nettie, wiping her eyes.

Mrs. Hynd shook her head. 'She only grew worse, Nettie, and very soon the end came. I trust that in the days of sickness that were mercifully given her, she did truly repent and seek pardon through the Saviour; but it is a sad, sad story.'

'Mother, said Nettie, as she rose, after a long silence, to go for her hat and cloak, 'I'll go to the meetings as long as I live. It would be a terrible thing if I turned out a drunkard.'—'League Journal.'

Drink in Disease.

We read in the public press that Dr. Lesser, Surgeon-General of the American National Red Cross, after his return from his first visit to Cuba, strongly condemned the use of alcohol as a medicine as the result of his experience there. He stated that four out of six patients to whom he allowed liquor to be given, as a concession to the popular idea that it was necessary, died; whilst subsequently in treating absolutely without alcohol sixty-three similar cases, the fatality was confined to one, who died upon the day on which he was received at the hospital. Such evidence as this is most valuable.

Correspondence

Lower Millstream, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think I would be lost without the 'Messenger,' I like to go to school, I like it as well as I like my holidays. I like to skate. The 'Messenger' goes into many places where no other paper is that is like it. Near the wood where I live there is a large pond, and it is excellent skating sometimes. At Christmas we have a concert in which we get presents and candy. I wouldn't mind if there was a Christmas every month.

GEORGE H. P., aged 11.

New Glasgow.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and I have milked the cows since I was eight years old. I was in Montreal for my last Christmas holidays, I enjoyed myself very much. I got some nice books as presents, and I read them in the evening to Papa and Mama. We have lots of fruit here in summer, and there are nice lakes. I have only one brother. He is married, and is in British Columbia. I have no sisters. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for several years, and I pay for it out of my own money. I like to read every word of it.

M. MARCIA M., aged 12.

Salmon River.

Dear Editor,—I would like another letter from 'Lily G. S.' She tells us about the place. This is a pretty place, but very rocky. Papa keeps a store. We have a Band of Hope. I am a member, and I am on the entertainment committee. We have nearly always over fourteen pieces to be heard, and then nearly all the time is gone. The Dufferin mines are making this place boom pretty well. People are driving teams, and taking coal and other machinery in. Papa has a wharf, and they landed four four-ton boilers on it.

GRACE W., aged 11.

Middleville.

Dear Editor,—My father is Clerk of Lanark township. My grandmother has taken the 'Witness' for about fifty years, and I like to read the Boys' Page. I live on a farm consisting of about 200 acres. We have a Y. P. S. C. E. in our village.

J. C. R.

Oakland.

Dear Editor,—My papa is captain of a small vessel of forty-nine tons. She sails from Mahone Bay to Halifax, and her name is the 'Bessie L.' I have one brother and one sister. In winter, when there is skating, we have plenty of fun; but I like to go on the ice-boat best. I had a splendid sail on an ice-boat in March.

GORDON L.

Hemmingford, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—The carpenter has been working at our kitchen. We have put up a brick house lately, a two-story house. I live on a lovely farm. My father and mother are living, and my grandpa and grandma, and I have got three brothers and one sister, named Edith. We have got about fifty hens.

CHARLIE M., aged 11.

Head Line, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I fell into the water-box the other day, and got nearly drowned. I go to kirk every Sunday. We got an organ for it last fall.

FRANK, aged 4.

Acton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I used to live in Scotland. I was four years old when I came to this country. Acton is a small place. I live on a hill. We have electric lights here now.

VIDA F.

Burrell Road, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—This is another letter from the little girl on the Thames river, in the township of Caradoc. My sister got some persons to sign for the 'Messenger,' and she tried to get more. We have a pet dog, and he will pull us all over our farm.

ALMA, aged 10.

Grand Arcadie.

Dear Editor,—My aunty takes the 'Messenger,' and has lots of pets. Two little dogs, one, named 'Spider,' is very old. He will be sixteen his next birthday. He cannot hear very well, and is blind in one eye. The other one is a little gray, woolly dog, his name is 'Jack,' he takes care of the kittens. It is quite funny to see them all huddled up together, fast asleep, in a little box.

FRANK, aged 8.

Bedford.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty town of Bedford. My father is a minister. We just have a step to go to our Sunday-school. Papa goes to another place every Sunday, and I go with him when I like. I have ten books to study, and there are twenty-nine scholars in our room.

HAROLD R. W., aged 10.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often go out to my grandpapa's farm, in the country, and see his tame monkey; its name is Jock; and it likes to climb up the house and barn.

H. A., aged 10.

Cross Point.

Dear Editor,—In renewing my subscription to the 'Northern Messenger,' I would like to tell you how much we all like it. My brother took it for several years, and my mama used to have it in her old home, when it was called the 'Canadian Messenger.' My papa takes the 'Weekly Witness,' and my brother takes the 'Sabbath Reading.' I live on a farm, three miles from a post-office. I go to school, and also to Sunday-school. We have a very good library, and this week we are reading 'In His Steps.'

ANNIE, aged 9.

Ayer's Flat.

Dear Editor,—I have never met anybody who has the same birthday as I have, July 7. I like Ella May's and Hazel Rosenia's letters very much, and I hope that they will write again.

UNA, aged 10.

Foxboro, Mass.

Dear Editor,—Papa takes the 'Daily Witness.' I am glad papa came back from the Klondike. He tells me lots of nice stories about the Indians and Huskies. I have a nice teacher and a very nice Sunday-school teacher.

MONA, aged 8.

Matawatchan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters, but no brother. My sisters are both younger than myself, and they are so nice and full of fun, that I don't mind being without a brother. I have a nice little axe and I think that I can cut the kindling wood next summer. I like going to school, all the boys and girls are so nice, and the teacher is nice, too. We all like the 'Messenger' very much, as I think everybody does; and I do like the little letters. Ma reads them for us.

ISAAC ABNER, aged 7.

Woodbridge.

Dear Editor,—Aunt Sarah, in India, wrote to Vera and me for last Christmas, and told us about the monkeys, what comical things they are. They come and peep in the windows when Uncle John is preaching, and make the children laugh. The mother monkeys take their babies in their arms, and the babies put their arms round their mother's necks; just like human beings. We had an entertainment at our Sunday-school on the Tuesday after New Year's, and Vera said a piece she had learned out of the 'Messenger,' called the 'Model Little Girl.' Grandpapa has given us fifty cents each to send to Mr. Dougall, for those people who are coming from Russia, and grandma is sending it with hers. We enjoyed reading the Christmas stories in the 'Witness,' and 'Messenger.' That was a very nice letter you wrote to the little folks in the 'Messenger.'

ETHEL and VERA.

Burlington, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I received your paper the 'Witness' as a premium for new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' I thank you very much for the 'Witness,' and wish the 'Messenger' every success.

L. J. E. (aged 14.)