

The Children's Bitter Cry

Babes and sucklings doomed to slaughten In the homes of Bethlehem! Who, with infant son or daughter, Thinks without a sigh of them?

Deem we less than diabolic, Sacrifice of pagan sire, Who his offspring yieds to Moloch-Yields as fuel for the fire?

Yet before, behind, around us, Drink has reared its bloody shrine; Herod's bloody sword has found us; Moloch cries, "The babes are mine!"

Claims in each young generation, Early on the altar laid, Britain's recognized oblation To the all-devouring 'Trade.'

Mark ye how that pale young lisper Stops to sip the foaming can? Hear ye how the demons whisper-'In the child we mould the man?'

Help, ye powers! from hell's devices
Disenthrall the helpless young;
Stifie not the children's voices,
Else the stones may find a tongue.

Heed their cry, ere cursed fetters
Link their lives to hopeless graves;
Write for them in golden letters—
'Britons never shall be slaves.'
—'League Journal.'

National Woes.

But wine breeds national woes. It has besotted thousands of our soldiers. Like some huge pagan idol, it demands an annual oblation of one hundred thousand of our citizens. This nation of the free makes that putteth the bottle to his netishbor's lips and maketh him drunken also.' Then woe betide the nation that engages in the same wickedness. Have not England and America put the bottle to the lips of Africa? Then woe to England and America. It did not take the United States army long to put But wine breeds national woes. America put the bottle to the lips of Africa? Then were to England and America. It did not take the United States army long to put the bottle to the lips of Cuba and the Philippines, but it will take the church long years to take that bottle away. Shame upon thee, America. Thy brother's blood cries unto thee from the ground. Forbid it, God, that America should do more to make Cuba drunken than she did to make her free. It is said that Tamerlane called for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls, that he might build a pyramid to his own honor. That one ghastly pile of bleaching bones satisfied him. The grim god Bacchus calls for the same. My beloved land, lay thy lips to the dust while God's angel records thy shame. Within the past decade thou has given to Bacchus for his horrid monument one million human skulls. Wee be unto us if some day we must change our sweet, old national day we must change our sweet, old national hymn to this, but save us, God:

My country, 'tis for thee,

Drunk land of anarchy,

For thee I sigh!
Land where my fathers died,
Land once the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Thy children cry!

-'Michigan Advocate.'

A Commercial Octopus.

The money spent yearly upon drink in the United States furnishes 286,066 men with the chance to earn a living; whereas, if the same sum was spent upon the necessaries of life, it would give work to 1,649,596 men. In other words if the manufacture and sale of liquor were prohibited in the United States and the money diverted to other channels 1,363,530 more men would be given employment to than the drink traffic did.

ON TRIAL TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

From date.

'Weekly Witness,' 'World Wide.'

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Both papers to any address in Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) or the United States,

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, - - Montreal, Canada

Correspondence

Fairlight, Assa, N.W.T

Pairlight, Assa, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible and I think it pretty. I did not think I would get such a good one. The type is very clear and nice. I think every little girl and boy who wants a Bible should earn one. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I enjoy reading the stories and letters. Some day I should like to write a letter if you could find room for it.

EFFIE C.

Middle River

Dear Editor,—I am a poor cripple confined to bed all the time, but we must submit to the Lord's will be it ever so hard, and especially does pain lead our thoughts beyond this miserable world, to that glorious land where there shall be no more pain; when all disease shall be ended, and when immortality shall be put on; when in the perfect equilibrium of the immortal state the bodies of our humiliation shall be made like unto the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ. I would like to correspond with some kind friends if they will write first, as I am lonesome here in bed all the time. But the 'Messenger' is a companion to me, and I am writing this letter in bed, and so I will send my full address in case some one will write to me and I will answer it by return mail.

P. M. McLENNAN,

Upper Middle River, C.B.

Hamilton, Ont. Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you again to tell you that I was pleased to see my letter in the correspondence. When I write to you last I told you that my father was very sick in the hospital. Well, he died on Sunday, March 16, and I am in the hospital with my ear. I went under an operation for it on May 2, and it is very sore yet. Even when I am in here I love to rear your lovely paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' for I think it is a very nice paper and should have a lot of subscribers. I will be thirteen years old on June 23.

N.S.

Shallow Lake, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am just getting over preumonia, and find the time hangs heavily Dear Editor,—I am just getting over preumonia, and find the time hangs heavily on my hands, so I will write a letter to the Correspondence Column of the 'Messenger' while I wait for my dinner to be brought to me. I will first describe the village in which I live. Shallow Lake, of 800 inhabitants, is nine miles from Owen Sound. My father was about the first one to live here. We have been here twelve years, and I would not like to move away for anything. There are six general stores, two blacksmiths, one hardware, one baker shop, one drup store, one confectioner's and the post-office; also an hotel and a public library. There are two churches, a Presbyterian and a Methodist. We are Presbyterians. There is also a large public school, with two rooms. Mr. Day is principal. The main feature here is the large cement works. This is the principal thing that keeps the village up. Then there is a publey and sash and door factory, owned by my father. I think that is all to tell about Shallow Lake. Mr. Day's son, Mr. Bertrand Day, went to the war, but he was killed in the battle of Hart's River, March 31. Great sorrow was felt here and in Owen Sound, for he was a very popular young man. I have one sister, Bernice, and one Sound, for he was a very popular young man. I have one sister, Bernice, and one

brother, Clyde. They both attend the colle-giate in Owen Sound. I am going to try the entrance examination this year. If I pass I will go to the collegiate too. HAZEL R. (aged 13).

Sprucedale.

Sprucedale.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl of twelve years of age. I go to Sunday-school and day-school. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like to read the 'Messenger' very much, especially the correspondence. For pets I have two cats and a dog, their names are Darky, Tiny, and Jacko. We have a little baby, whose mother died, and we took him, he is very pretty. He is seven months old, his birthday is on October 11. I hope to see other letters from Sprucedale soon. FLORA D.

Zephyr, Ont.

Zephyr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters from other places, but have never seen any from Zephyr. Zephyr is a small village, and has a blacksmith shop, a grist mill, a saw mill, two stores, one hotel, a post-office, two implement shops, two butcher shops, a town hall, two churches, one Methodist, one Presbyterian. I attend the Presbyterian Sunday-school and church. Cur pastor's name is Mr. Reid. I am not going to school just now. I am in the fourth book. I have often thought that it would be nice to form a League or Club.

ANNIE A. (aged 12).

Eden, Manitoba.

Dear Editor and little Friends—Some time ago I wrote to the 'Messenger,' asking for the words of the song entitled 'The School Room.' I was very much pleased to see my letter in print. The song has very kindly been sent to me by Sylvia B. Beckley, New Cumberland, Pa.; Mr. H. Morgan Moyer, Toronto; Isabella Robertson, Morley, Ont.; Tena Tunks, Rodney, Ont.; and Florence S. Foster, Bridgetown, Anapolis Co., N.S. Many thanks to you all for being so kind to me. And now I cannot say any more, except that I am very grateful to you all. not say any more, es grateful to you all.

ETHEL GROVER.
[Many thanks, Ethel, for the pretty rose-bud you enclosed in your letter.—Editor.]

Mail Bag.

Boston, June 30, 1902.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

Montreal.

Gentlemen,—The Women's Mission Circle of our church are going to send copies of your paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' to India, through the Post Office Crusade. What would the postage be on ten copies for a year. Please state, and the money will be forwarded. Yours truly,

ADA M. SPIDELL.

Ans.—The postage on the ten copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' one year, mailed weekly in a single package will cost \$3.64. The subscription for the ten copies, \$2.00, making a total of \$5.64.—Ed. 'Nor. Mess.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single-copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.