

visit. The expense of the journey would be borne by him. They all wanted to see her and Victor and little Isa very much.

Mrs. Kenby had thrown herself on the floor, in an abandon of happy tears. Baby, in soft staccato notes, with authoritative frowns, was, unheeded, tugging anxiously and enquiringly at her mother's sleeve.

Then Mrs. Max read:

'Tell Victor not to fail us, for we expect to have plenty of Christmas moonshine—and—'

But the beautiful, tear-wet face of the restored daughter was suddenly lifted. Over its heart-glow fell a still, white shadow. Mrs. Max was startled by the shadow, and she read the few remaining lines falteringly, while the young woman arose, and with strange calmness seated herself. Soon she was shivering as if wrapped in ice; her hands clenched; her face a beautiful, exquisite agony.

'It is all good—oh, poppy! It is all good, but—but—the—moonshine.'

'What do you mean by "mooshine"?' asked Mrs. Max, bewildered.

A pink wave swept over the face of Mrs. Kenby, a soft wave that deepened and grew still and red like a stain. The elder woman never forgot the midnight in the large, clear eyes as the other answered:

'It is brandy!'

Then the eyes fell and the red stain slowly faded.

'They think no harm in it there.'

The words followed each other slowly; then sitting erect she added with a little sparkle:

'My poppy means only goodness. I know he wants us. Oh, baby!'

She caught up Isa, and as Mrs. Max handed her the letter she thrust it in her bosom, but gave the envelope to the child.

'A letter from poppy! Yes, a letter! Read it, precious. Dah! Dah!'

The joy had conquered. It needed only her husband's remarks to kill the fear. He said with a firm, proud set to his head, as he finished reading the letter at night:

'We will dispense with the moonshine, I think. It is a good thing to let alone. I'll sign the pledge, Mr. Max, before I go.'

Presently he added with a glance at his wife:

'There used to be a right smart sight of illicit distilling going on in the mountains over there, and the distillers got to be called moonshiners because they did their work at night, and, finally their output got to be "moonshine." It was a bad business, but profitable. The old gentleman—my father—was a silent partner in one of them affairs once. He always keeps it by him. He'd feel worse to hear I'd signed the pledge than he did to hear I was married, I reckon. But he never gets drunk, and has no excuse for those who do.'

Later Victor Kenby thought he would wait till he had returned from 'up kentry' before pledging himself to total abstinence. He was hoping for his father's favor, since the 'little inheritance' had somewhat modified his wife's position. But Mr. Kenby, senior, showed no signs of relenting.

They went to the mountains and the moonshine.

In three weeks the Maxes wondered that neither had written. Soon there were ghastly rumors. Then came the tragical facts. While 'unsteady' from liquor two boyish uncles of little Isa tossed her from a hammock in the barn, and the injury proved fatal. Victor accused them of killing the child and driving his wife mad. He was promptly shot, but lingered for several days, a wonder to all who beheld him for fortitude, gentleness, and resignation.

His wife survived him only a few weeks.

All three sleep together in a little churchyard that overlooks the Shenandoah. And the fiery traffic still glitters on the mountains and dazzles in the valleys; and stars and men look coldly down upon the curse.—'National Temperance Advocate.'

Witnesses For Christ.

The home of a Malagasy pastor who had spent twenty years in Christian work was recently burned by armed rebels. His two sons and himself were bound, taken to a camp, and there offered their lives if they would give up Christ. 'We will never deny our Christ, so do what you will,' replied Katsimikotona. The sons suggested a ransom. 'No,' said he, 'we will neither buy our lives nor sell our religion.' So died three witnesses for Christ, and they are not the only three.—'The Chronicle of the L. M. S.'

Patient in Well Doing.

(By Susan Teall Perry.)

She rested her foot on the treadle,

The click of the needle was stayed;

The long seam was finished, and round her,
White garments, like snow-drifts, were laid.

She lifted her face to the window—

A face where deep furrows were shown—
But the tracks were well tilled and wholesome,

For 'twas winter wheat she had sown.

Always working, wearing for others;

Life's burdens her woman's heart knew,

For gleanings were oftentimes scattering,

The kernels so many times few.

For years she had struggled on bravely;

'Twas sacrifice all her life long.

For others she had to be gatherer,

For weak ones she had to be strong.

Now, weary and worn with the striving,

She'd stop for a moment to ask,

If life like hers was worth living,

Worth trying to finish, the task?

The sunbeams came into the window,

And they fell aslant on the Book;

She took it and opened the cover;

Then turned o'er its pages to look.

"To them," so she read—"who by patient

Continuance"—Ah! whispered she,

I've lost heart, grown weary, and surely

These words were not written for me.

"In well doing"—Does that mean, I wonder,

The work I'm trying to do?

I've most times been patient and faithful;

And run up the seams strong and true.

"I'll give glory and honor," the tear drops

Came into her eyes as she read—

'What glory, what honor, can ever

Come into this garret?' she said.

"Not here, but beyond in that city

The King in His beauty will wait,

To crown the well-doer, who, patient

Continues, e'en up to the gate."

Then her foot pressed hard on the treadle;

Her task must be finished, she knew,

And her life was well worth the living,

With such glory and honor in view.

—'Union Signal.'

Correspondence

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I am writing to see if you know of anyone whom you think would like to read the 'Messenger' and 'Children's Record.' I have quite a few, and I don't want to get them all torn as there are so many

nice stories in them; I really enjoy them. We live in a very healthy climate up north, and have many vacant 'lots' to play in. We have 'Teeters,' and every boys' game. We never mind what kind they are. In the winter we take our sleds and go to the hills, and have a gay old time. We have a dog and a bird. I would like to have a parrot best as a pet. Last night I had a long letter written to you, and as I was drying it up over the gas, it caught on fire. Hoping that all my little friends will have a jolly good time this winter. I remain, yours truly,

ELLA R.

[If any of our readers know of anyone who would like to accept Ella's kind offer, they should send us the address, which we will publish in the 'Messenger,' and Ella can then forward her papers. Editor.]

Aberfoyle, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and I am very fond of reading the Correspondence. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a number of books, some of which are the following:—'A Prince of the House of David,' 'Melbourne House,' 'Daisy,' 'Little Women and Good Wives,' 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' 'The Arabian Nights,' 'Swiss Family Robinson,' 'The Pansy Series,' and the 'Elsie Series.' I go to Sunday-school, and we get the 'Sabbath Reading,' and I think it is a beautiful paper. Your interested reader,

DOROTHY.

Wyandot, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very much interested in the Correspondence of this paper, and always look to see if I know any one who writes in it. I spent my vacation in Manitoba, and had a very pleasant trip. I have not attended school since the mid-summer holidays. There are a number of mischievous boys who go to our school. My chum's name is Minnie, and she is a very nice little girl; she is full of fun. We keep a dear little pup, which is very fond of playing; we call him Bruce.

I have two brothers and two sisters. My brother rides a bicycle, and can ride it very swiftly; he can ride it down a steep hill, where we have lots of fun coasting in the winter. I attend Sunday-school very regularly, and try to learn verses out of the bible, to say to my Sunday-school teacher, who is a very nice lady. From your correspondent,

BESSIE G.

Grenfell.

Dear Editor,—I have been herding all my holidays and a few weeks before. We have eighteen cattle, eight horses, two dogs, two cats, fifteen pigs, twelve turkeys, one gobbler, and ever so many hens. Our dogs are named Oscar and Trixy, our cats are Tiger and Esther. Our pigs, chickens and turkey are not named. I remain your eight-year-old reader,

ANDREW S.

Grenfell.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to tell you about our pet duck, and pet kitten. Our little duck's name is Alexander the Great, and kitty's name is Tiger. They played together at first, and slept together. One day when I came home from school I found Alexander dead. We have another duck, and also two dogs. I remain your six-year-old reader,

FREDDIE S.

Grenfell.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you to thank you for my prize, the 'Reprinted Stories.' I think it is so beautiful and interesting. Both my little and big brothers find it to be so. My little brothers, Freddie and Andrew, are writing to the 'Messenger,' Freddie wrote his all by himself, and he would like to see it in print.

EMILY E. S.

Keady, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines. I hope I will see this in the 'Messenger,' I never saw my other letter in it, but I saw my name in the list of names. It is just a few steps from our place to the post-office. I go nearly every Friday night for the 'Messenger.' I come home and read nearly everything. I like the pages eight and nine, as they are big print, and easy to read. I remain your nine-year-old reader,

ADA B.