



Women and Temperance

(By Helen L. Bullock, in 'Union Signal.')

Webster says 'a philanthropist is one who seeks to promote the good of others.' We are justly proud of our various hospitals, free dispensaries and magnificent charitable institutions for the relief of physical suffering and poverty, but let us not forget that it is a greater good to mankind to prevent as far as possible the evils which cause the poverty and suffering.

During a recent visit to the Home for Incurables in West Virginia I was told by the president that all except two of the inmates in that large and elegant institution, according to the testimony of the examining physicians, were there because of intemperance. Some had been maimed for life by drunken fathers or mothers, some had inherited diseases produced by alcoholism, and others were suffering from the results of this poison in their own bodies because of their appetites for strong drink. While in Atlanta, Ga., a few years ago the matron of the Home for Friendless Children stated that of the ninety-two children in their institution, ninety were there because of an intemperate father or mother, or both. Thus we see that the more we can lessen the drink evil the less we shall need the great and varied charities now demanded in all our cities.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has over forty different branches of philanthropic work. It has the free reading rooms, circulating libraries on board our ships, in the lumber camps, and mining camps; coffee houses, noon-day prayer meetings and gospel missions, prison-gate missions, newsboys' and bootblacks' missions, sailors' rests, rescue homes for erring women and girls, free kindergartens, sewing schools, kitchen gardens, college settlements and training schools, day nurseries for the children of working women, a national temperance hospital and many others. These are all doing good, and there is an imperative need for them, yet I believe the educational and preventive phases of our work are a greater benefit to humanity by hindering the spread of the crowning evils of our day, intemperance and impurity.

Look at the wonderful results of the curfew law for which we are working from Maine to California. The universal testimony of our mayors and chiefs of police is that it has lessened crime among children from fifty to eighty per cent. May God hasten the day when the curfew shall be heard from ocean to ocean in every town and city!

Through raising the 'age of consent' laws and securing police matrons at police stations, pails and railway stations, thousands of innocent young girls have been saved from the snares set by the enemies of virtue and integrity. We can never overestimate the benefit to be derived from securing the law for scientific temperance instruction in the public schools of our land, and we now have it in every state except South Carolina and Utah. These states will soon fall in line, for our faithful white-ribboners there will never know defeat. Already 16,000,000 children in our public schools are being taught the effects of alcohol and narcotics upon the human system, and thus fortified against the evils which confront them on every side. We have also 300,000 boys and girls in our Loyal Temperance Legion with pledge in hand, with reason in head and conviction in heart, going forth singing their temperance songs, and repeating with emphasis their motto, 'Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up.'

Maggie's One Blessing,

'Teacher said in mission school we'd oughter be thankful to-day 'cause it's Thanksgivin'; but I dunno what to be thankful for. I can't be thankful for this cellar to live in, for it's 'most always wet as sop; nor for breakfast, for there wasn't any; nor for a father and mother, for

they're dead; nor for 'Liza, for she's mos' generally off an' beats me when she's here; nor for clothes, for there ain't enough of 'em to keep me warm; nor for feelin' well, for my hips ache so hard—it 'most always aches hard now; nor for a fire, 'cause there ain't a bit; but I'm glad the sun shines to-day, it's so much nicer when the sun—there! the sunshine! That's a blessin', an I mos' forgot it. O I am thankful for the sunshine to-day!'

Speech of the Old Apple Tree.

I am an old apple tree,
Dying, you see,
Though the best in the orchard
I used to be.
I have borne many apples
For Farmer Brown.
To store in his cellar or
Sell in the town.
He has eaten my apples,
Both green and dry,
When stewed and when roasted,
In pudding and pie.
Thus used, they were good, giving
Pleasure and health,
Increasing his comforts,
His strength and wealth.
And his laughter and mirth;
For it was from me
He was furnished the fruit for
The paring bee.
Thus it was in times past, and
Would be still,
Had no apples been sent to
The cider mill.
Now Brown's children are ragged
His wife is sad,
And the farmer himself has
Gone to the bad;
For drinking his cider
Led on to worse,
And that sent as a blessing
He made a curse.
And this is the moral: 'Tis
Foolish in man
To try to improve on
The Almighty's plan.
What he gives us for food
You'll find, I think,
Does harm and no good, if
Made into drink.
—'Temperance Record.'

Correspondence

Craighurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—On seeing no letters in the 'Messenger' from Craighurst I thought I would like to write one. I am an orphan boy from Dr. Barnardo's Homes. I was sent to Canada in April, 1899, with a hundred and five more boys, and I came to Toronto for a day and then went to Essex County for some time. Then I came to Craighurst. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath-school and a kind lady gives me the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm of two hundred acres. I have often read 'Bubbles,' edited by Dr. Barnardo, which is very nice. Dr. Barnardo has nearly five thousand children under his care. I was in the Home four years and a half in England, and I got tired of it and I thought I would try Canada for a change. I have two brothers and five sisters in London, England, and one brother in Australia. I am sixteen years old. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am going to send it to my sisters in England every week. This is all I have to say this time. Wishing you and the 'Messenger' much success.

GEORGE ALFRED M.

Erle, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I am nine years of age, and live on a farm. I have quite a few pets. I live quite near a church, post-office, and a school. I go to the school in the summer, but do not go in the winter.

ARCHIE T.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on Wilson street, and go to the Wentworth Baptist Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger.' Mamma always reads the little letters to us. We always like to hear them. I go to the Wentworth Kindergarten. I have two nice grandmothers. They both live in the country.

GEORGE S. (Aged 7.)

Wood's Harbor.

Dear Editor,—I have two pet cats, Little Queenie and Little Dumplin. I live near the seashore. I have half a mile to go to school. I have four sisters and two brothers. I got two subscribers. I read the life of the Queen and think it very interesting. I had lots of fun coasting this winter. I am very fond of reading. I have read 'The Man of the House,' 'Household Puzzles,' and 'Only Me,' also 'Whiter Than Snow,' 'Under the Lilacs,' and 'Four Girls at Chautauqua,' and now I am reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

HILDA F. L. (Aged 11.)

Lamash, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a kitty named Sweetheart, she hunts all over for me in the mornings and makes a great fuss till I come downstairs. I go to school in the summer time but it is too far for me in the winter time. I go to Sunday-school and church. I wonder if anybody's birthday is on the same day as mine, Feb. 26.

MAMIE B. (Aged 6.)

Strathadam, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote you a letter once before and I never saw it printed. We take the 'Messenger' and we like it very much. I go to school. I have two sisters and two brothers. There is an Indian village near us, and I think there are about fifty Indians in it. They belong to the Miemac tribe, they often come around to our houses. They have a school and a chapel, and some of them have farms.

NEIL G. R. (Aged 10.)

Clarksburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country; we call our farm 'Cherry Grove.' I go to school in summer; it is too far to go in winter. I have four pets—three cats and a chicken. Father has a large orchard and keeps bees, and stuffs birds and deer's heads. Father's name is Idle, but he is not lazy.

NELLIE I. (Aged 10.)

Strathavon, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and would not like to be without it. I got three new subscribers this year, they are my schoolmates. I go to school. We have a new teacher, we all like him well. His name is Mr. Chatam. I have one little brother, but no sisters. We have a dog named Jack. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school in summer. My birthday is on Aug. 5.

JOHNNIE D. S. (Aged 7.)

Upper Middleboro, N. S.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very much. I have a little sister nine months' old. She is very sweet and we think a lot of her. For pets we have a dog and a cat and pig-con. I have two miles to go to school. I go in fine weather. My birthday is on Christmas day.

LIZZIE M. M. (Aged 12.)

Smithville.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' from our Sunday-school. I have two sisters and one brother. We have one cow and her name is Black because she is black. We have four little pigs and they are all black, too. I am nine years old. I will be ten next June. We have one dog and his name is Guess, he is nearly twelve years old.

G. W. W.

Lindsay, N. B.

Dear Editor,—As my brother takes the 'Northern Messenger' I thought I would like to write a letter. As I have seen so many nice ones from other little girls. I have two brothers and two sisters. I live in the country. My father is a farmer. I go to school every day. I live just a little way from the school house.

DOVE T. (Aged 9.)

Lindsay, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country eight miles from the town of Woodstock. We have two churches, a school house and a blacksmith shop. My father is a farmer. I go to Sunday-school and to day school. I take music lessons. My brother takes the 'Northern Messenger' and I read the stories and like them very much. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine—July 21.

FERN T. (Aged 11.)