



How Children May Help.

Dear Editor,—Will you kindly permit me to say a few words with the children. No doubt all the 'Messenger' readers have heard that a vote will be taken on Dec. 4, for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

You cannot vote, but may help the temperance cause by asking those of your friends, who may be careless on the subject, to not only go out and vote, but also to take their teams and bring in others who would not otherwise go to the polls. This is what is done at the general election, and this vote is even more important, for it affects the welfare of the bodies and souls of thousands in our country. A child can often influence a man to vote when older people fail. Respectable families say 'there is no danger of any one belonging to us becoming a drunkard.' But while the liquor trade is licensed it will be always on the lookout for victims. This is what it says:

'Johnson, the drunkard, is dying to-day
With traces of sin on his face;
He will be missed at the club and the bar,
Wanted, a boy in his place.

'Wanted—for every lost servant of mine
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon divine,
Parents—Have you a boy for the place?'

The vilest drunkard was once an innocent child, and it was the licensed saloon that wrecked this life. I was acquainted with a fine young girl, a member of the Methodist Church; she was a general favorite, and married a young man who was always highly respected.

When her health failed the doctors recommended her to take porter, saying it would strengthen her. (If she had taken hot milk it would have been more strengthening, and no bad effects would have resulted). She used the porter, and gradually her appetite craved for stronger liquor, until she became a staggering drunkard, and is the same at present as far as I know. Such cases should rouse us all to fight with tongue and pen this fiendish traffic.

Maxwell, Ont.

Which Will You Take ?

(Forward.)

Entering the office of a well-known merchant I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the brightest and most thrilling Temperance lecture I ever steered myself against in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The inscription read as follows:

WHICH ?

WIFE OR WHISKEY—

THE BABES OR THE BOTTLE ?

HOME OR HELL ?

'Where did you get that, and what did you nail it up there for?' I asked the merchant.

'I wrote that myself and nailed it up there,' was his reply, 'and I will tell you the story of that card: Some time ago I found myself falling into the drinking habit. I would run out once in a while with a visiting customer or at the invitation of a travelling man, or on every slight occasion that offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dulled, and that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing and a constant craving for alcoholic stimu-

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lants becoming dominant. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. One day I sat down at this desk and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there and read it over a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. Now, I have no literary proclivities, and I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle and the third and last from—

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shake of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

I don't think I violate his confidence by repeating the story of that card. In fact, if it should lead to the writing of similar cards to adorn other desks, I think he will be immeasurably gratified.

Correspondence

Empire, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have written to the 'Northern Messenger.' My second cousin sent this paper to my little sister and me, as a present. We like to read the correspondence page and the other stories.

I go to Sunday School every Sunday it is possible to go. My father is superintendent. One Sunday we have church in the morning and the next Sunday at night. Our minister's name is Mr. Ottawell. We like him very well.

I just have three quarters of a mile to go to school. I am in the fifth class. My teacher's name is Miss Kenyon. I like her as well as any teacher I have had yet.

I have five sisters and one brother. I was twelve years old last January 27th. I would like very much to correspond with Reita D., who recently wrote a letter in the 'Messenger.' My address is:

CLARA E. JOHNSTON,
Empire P.O., Ontario.

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather had taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, but he is dead now, and the 'Messenger' still comes in his name, and I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. This is the first letter I have written, so you cannot expect it to be a very good one. We live seven miles from the town of St. George. We only have a little distance to go to school. Our teacher's name is Mr. Clinadin. I am in the fourth grade. Our lessons are geography, spelling, writing, reading, composition, drawing, singing. My father keeps a store and post office. Mamma has a great many house plants, and they are all in bloom. Papa keeps two horses and one cow. I have three sisters and three brothers. My eldest sister and

I both play the organ. We have a phonograph.
BESSIE McG. (Age 9.)

Stellarton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I never saw a letter from Stellarton in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write you one. I get the 'Messenger' in Sunday School, and like it very much, especially the correspondence. I go to school every day and study fifth book, grammar, history, geography, arithmetic. My teacher's name is Mr. Henderson. I like him very much. My father keeps a grocery store, and I often keep store. I will be thirteen years old January 17th. I read a lot of books. My favorite ones are: 'The Wide Wide World,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Thelma,' and 'The Lamplighter.'

SYLVIA K.

Minco, I. T.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I take the 'Messenger.' Some time ago I sent four new subscribers for the 'Messenger' and received a nice Bagster Bible as a premium. It is real nice. Many thanks for it. My papa bought a claim in the new country and we live on it. We have a new school house. Our school will commence on October 1st. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My birthday is on the 19th of March.

MYRTLE DAVIDSON.

Topeka, Kan.

Dear Editor,—I will write my second letter to the 'Messenger,' as I wrote my first one about a year ago. We like the 'Messenger' very much, and have taken it two years January. When I wrote before I told you I had two sisters and one brother, but now I have two brothers and one sister. Mamma has seven children, and my stepfather has seven children. I am going to school when it begins. I will be in the 5A grade. I was twelve years old the 28th of August, and I had a birthday party of ten girls.

MARY N.

(Thank you for the pretty little text you enclosed. You painted it nicely.—Editor.)

Stone Quarry, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for some time and as I have never seen any letters from near Stone Quarry, I thought I would write now, as I have time. I got the 'Messenger' as a birthday present two years ago, and we like it very much. We live two miles from Lake Erie, and we often go there to bathe, near a private summer resort called Bertie Bay, and six miles south-west is a summer resort called Crystal Beach. It is a pretty place; every year we have our Sabbath School picnics there.

We live between four and six miles from four villages: Ridgeway, Stevensville, Fort Erie and Bridgeburg. Fort Erie and Buffalo are at the head of the Niagara River. Our school is a mile away. I have nothing particular to tell you about my ancestors. My great grandfather came from Ireland over