



A Temperance Song.

'YOUR AIN FIRESIDE.'

Air—Kelvingrove.

(By the late John Anderson. Born 1820.
Died 1890.)

(The 'League Journal')

Mr. Anderson was one of the early Temperance reformers. Born in the town of Musselburgh, he served an apprenticeship as a currier. For many years afterwards he resided in Edinburgh, and was well-known as an active and earnest promoter of total abstinence. He became President of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, and by his tongue and pen rendered great service to the cause. He was afterwards appointed as a travelling lecturer by the Scottish Temperance League, and faithfully and acceptably fulfilled his duties for nine years in all parts of Scotland, and published several volumes of Temperance poems which were much appreciated. He died in his native town, and was interred in the adjoining romantic churchyard of Inveresk.

Would you banish care and gloom
Frae your ain fireside?
Oh! let Temperance bud and bloom
At your ain fireside.
Then your canty wife's smile
Will the cares o' life beguile,
And allay the pains of toil
At your ain fireside.

Oh, how sweet the artless joys
At your ain fireside,
While your gleesome girls and boys
Cheer your ain fireside!
Oh! can blyther sight be seen
As they round your board convene,
Fresh and fair as olives green
By your ain fireside?

Would you madly mar the glee
O' your ain fireside,
And for love o' barley bree
Leave your ain fireside?
Would you join the drinking corps,
And bring misery to your door?
'Tis a step you would deplore
At your ain fireside.

Would you force the bitter tear
At your ain fireside,
Frae the heart you vowed to cheer
At your ain fireside?
Could you see the fading cheek
Still her smothered grief bespeak,
And afar your pleasure seek
Frae your ain fireside?

Would you dread the serpent's fang
At your ain fireside?
Or the deadly adder's stang
At your ain fireside?
Frae the drunkard's drink abstain,
And your sair-won penny gain;
Then shall peace and pleasure reign
At your ain fireside.

No Surrender!

(The Rev. James Learmount, in 'The Examiner'.)

I hope you have all taken the pledge, and that you mean to keep it. Let me tell you a story. A lad, a corporal in the French army, when drunk, struck his superior officer. This was a serious offence. He was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. He was cast into prison to await the execution of the sentence. An effort was made to secure his pardon, but without success. The colonel, however, was much attached to him, and was unremitting in his efforts to procure pardon, which he at length succeeded in doing, on condition that if he was ever

known to be drunk again he should be shot.

The colonel went to the prison to inform the condemned young corporal of his pardon.

'Oh, Colonel!' said the unhappy young man, as the officer entered, 'you see what my folly has brought me to.'

'Suppose,' said the colonel, 'that I should tell you that, on condition that you never in your life drink again, a pardon is extended to you, your life being the forfeit if ever you taste liquor again.'

'Impossible!' said the lad. 'I cannot give and not drink. Must I never drink? Never?' The poor young fellow relapsed into hopelessness. 'Nothing could keep me from it. It would be impossible to keep the condition.'

'I want your word and pledge of honor, as a soldier,' said the colonel, appealing to the lad's high military spirit.

'Then, colonel,' he cried, 'see here and now,' and he lifted his arm toward heaven, 'that never to my dying day will I put liquor to my lips again.'

The lad became commander of the Imperial Guard, whose very name became such a power, and he kept the pledge in the same spirit that characterized his memorable utterance: 'The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders!'

Will you remember that you have taken a pledge; that you are in honor bound to keep it; will you show the same brave spirit that he showed in carrying out his pledge?

Is Drunkenness a Palliation of Crime?

(Cor. Australian 'Spectator'.)

So large a percentage of the crime committed in our State is directly caused by drink, that the above deserves special and earnest consideration. It is a common plea, not only in paltry but also in serious crimes, that, because the delinquent was under the influence of liquor, he is practically guiltless, in fact non compos mentis. If a drunken brute nearly kicks out the little life and energy left in his half-starved and miserable wife, the plea, 'But, oh, he was drunk'; if it does not justify the diabolical treatment meted out to his unfortunate victim, is looked upon with more apathy than would otherwise be the case—indeed just cause and effect. Possibly it is, but we cannot but view with apprehension the pleas made for this class of criminal and accepted as valid by a portion of the community; and, while we cannot but acquiesce that drunkenness is as much of a disease as a crime, when the law is broken under its influence it should be rigorously administered.

Lord Kitchener as Temperance Reformer.

With the aid of Martial Law Lord Kitchener has enforced some drastic rules in regard to the conduct of licensed premises in Johannesburg. Hotels are allowed only four hours a day—at meal times—to sell liquor. A correspondent writing on the subject says:—'The beneficial effects of the change are freely acknowledged, and there is little doubt that after Martial Law is raised many of the rules now enforced will, by common consent, be continued.' And this in a city which, in proportion to its population, is said to have drunk more whiskey than any place in the world! With all its drawbacks, Martial Law, under Lord Kitchener's administration, has shown the way of Temperance reform in South Africa.

The sale of liquor by religious associations in France is causing considerable comment at the present time. It is possible that the force of public opinion will make itself felt in Rome and an end made of the iniquity. The 'Evangelist' quotes M. Clemenceau as stating that 'five religious communities sell wine wholesale; six sell liquor wholesale; two sell alcohol exclusively; four sell liquors retail; seven convents are patented as distilleries, and nine as inns, with billiard playing allowed.'

Correspondence

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—For some time I have thought of writing a letter to the 'Messenger'. There are five in our family who get the 'Messenger' at Cooke's Church Sunday School. After reading mine I give it to my Sunday School teacher to send away. I am writing a 'true story.' Please, when you read it, if you think it will help some one to overcome evil habits will you publish it in the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much.

M. V. M. (Age 15.)

Dawn Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I never wrote to the 'Messenger' before, so I hope to see my letter in print. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for fourteen years, and could not do without it. I always like to read the correspondence page. My father owns five farms, and we live on one near Dawn Mills, which is a small village. He has only rented one farm, so he is busy all summer long. He has 46 sheep, 50 head of cattle, and about 100 hens. We got a new teacher after summer holidays. Her name is Miss Ker. She is an old friend of ours. I think I have written enough for the first time. Will some of the readers kindly send me the songs entitled: 'My Grandfather's clock' and 'Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom.' My address is:

MISS MILDRED V. STINSON,

St. John, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday School, and like it very much. In one copy I saw a letter from E. Tracy, which I thought very nice. I like to read the correspondence. I have three sisters, but no brothers; for pets I have a duck and a bird, and I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Miss Honeywill, who teaches the low fourth books. I am nine years old.

F. W. S.

Hespeler, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Messenger' for three or four months. I get it at the Baptist Sunday School, and our whole class, as far as I know about it, like it very much. In most of the Sunday School papers there are such childish stories in them, so that is the reason I like the 'Messenger' the best, because you get more sense out of the reading matter contained in it.

We have a very fair football team, (jr.) here now, and we intend entering the Junior League of the fall series. We have got a Y. M. C. A. opened up here now. Hespeler is a small but lively little town, with a population of about 2,500. There are two very large woollen mills here, which employ somewhere about eleven hundred people; two good foundries, one shoddy mill, furniture factory, planing and a saw mill. We have a great water power here (river speed), the river gives a great water power, and has a dam above the Canada Woollen Mills, about one-third of a mile wide. I am working for the London Life Insurance Company. I have the agency of Hespeler and Preston. I am doing fairly well at it, although it is a very tiresome job walking about so much. I would like to have some person to write to me from Nova Scotia, and describe that part of the country, as I have always been greatly interested in that part of the Dominion. My address is:

MILTON K. TREMAIN,

(This is a nicely written letter.—Ed.)

Leslie, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper for a long time and enjoy reading it very much. I don't go to school; but go to Sunday-school every Sunday; my sister is a Sunday-school teacher. I have three sisters and one brother. Two of my sisters were in Montreal, but came home a few weeks ago. For pets I have three cats, a lamb, and a chipmunk, but it got away. My birthday is on April 25; I am thirteen