

# Temperance

## Christine's Speech ;

AND HOW IT HELPED OUR UNION.

(Temperance Record.)

No girl in Burton is a greater favorite than Christine Anderson, the doctor's daughter. Always bright and pleasant, clever but never cynical, rich and not proud, she makes friends everywhere, and has a happy, helpful influence on all. It was for this reason that when I became secretary of our local Young Abstiners' Union I tried hard to get her to belong. She came to the meetings sometimes; she nearly always said afterwards they were most interesting; she persuaded her mother to let us have a garden-party in their pretty grounds; she even offered to take round invitations when she met me toiling along on a warm day with a big pile of them to deliver; but sign the pledge and become a member—no!

'It is all nonsense,' she would say when questioned. 'Teetotalism is just a fad. We don't drink wine at home; mother does not like us to, but when I go out I don't care to be singular.'

It is not like Christine to mind what people say. Sometimes she can be singular enough. For instance, her greatest friend is Dora Douglas, an utter contrast to her in every way. Cold, reserved, almost defiant in her manner, she is regarded with general dislike; no one can understand why Christine clings to her, but whatever the attraction it is very great and they are constantly together. Christine waits outside the preparatory school at which Dora is a daily governess almost every afternoon. She walks home with her to her rooms, often stays to tea, and in the evening they attend meetings and classes together. Inseparable quite!—to the amazement of most and to the disgust of some of Christine's great admirers.

People sometimes say it is an easy thing to be a secretary. I expect they never tried. At any rate, I do not find it a bed of roses. So many people to be pleasant to; a committee that needs to be consulted but scarcely ever works; every month a drawing-room to be obtained to hold our meeting in, and then, an audience to fill it must be worked for. The speaker is another difficulty, not to speak of music and singing and all the rest.

One night last winter I declared I would resign. I said so to myself as I trudged gloomily through a horrid fog to 'The Hollies,' where our meeting was going to be held. My best singer had a cold; the speaker had sent a telegram of apology; I had nothing on the programme but two recitations, some violin solos, and a notice about a sale of work to read.

'However, there won't be many there,' I thought, as I went in at the gate. We must just have some games or something, and go home early.'

But the room was fuller than I expected, and, to my surprise, Christine and Dora were both there. The hostess came to my relief at once when I poured forth all my tale of woe.

'I have my mother staying with me for a night or two,' she said. 'She often speaks on temperance; we will make her take the chair and give us an address.'

And so she did. How we enjoyed watching her beautiful old face and listening to her sweet clear voice. The room was very still as she spoke to us on influence; she seemed to make us feel the value of our lives. I had given her the number of a hymn to close the meeting with, but before she gave it out, she said:

'I think there is some one else amongst us who ought to make a speech. She is going to join your society to-night—I wish she would tell you why.'

To our amazement, she smiled at Christine who looked very much dismayed. However, she got up at once, and said quite simply:

'I don't mind if I do. I always thought

until a week or two ago that teetotalism was rather an affectation on the part of some of you. It did not seem to me to really matter if we took a little wine or not. I always connected drunkenness with working men. Now I don't—that's all. I know it might attack anyone of us, that we girls even may fall into a habit very difficult to conquer. I don't want to do that, do you? I am going to sign the pledge,—will you?'

How we clapped when she sat down. It was just like Christine to talk as if she had found herself inclined to drink too much, although I don't believe any one thought for a moment that she really had been tempted. As I took her name afterwards, I said:

'Oh, Christine, I am glad. You will make others follow your example I am sure. And here is one already.'

It was Dora Douglas ready to sign the roll as well. As they went off together, I heard Dora whisper,

'You are good to help me out like this.'

And Christine answered—'Doing it to-night, no one will suspect.'

Only to-day I understood that last remark. I met Mrs. Earl, the owner of the school at which Dora works so hard. She asked me if I still continued my 'good work,' and added:

'I'm very glad you do. I nearly lost one of my best teachers a year ago because she had acquired the habit of secret drinking. Fortunately a friend stood by her and she is completely cured.'

Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., the Queen's physician, says: 'Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these agents. Health is always in some way or other injured by it; benefited by it—never.'

## Correspondence

Poltimore, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Poltimore, so I thought I would write one. We live on a farm of 100 acres, and also keep the post-office. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same date as mine, July 5. For pets, I have two kittens; their names are Kitty and Minnie. My sister gets the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I go to school, and I am in the second book. My teacher's name is Mrs. Ball, and I like her very much.

HARRIET E. B. (Aged 8).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother and sister get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like to read the letters in it. I have four brothers and two sisters, and one pet, a big black cat. I go to school and I am in the second book. My birthday is on July 11, and I am nine years old.

WILLIE I.

Dear Editor,—I have only written once before, and, then, I did not see my letter in print, so I thought I would write again. I have nine pets, a cat and seven kittens and a dog. I go to school and I am in the fourth reader. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. One man here had over seven thousand bushels of wheat. We have ten horses and about eighteen cattle. My school is three miles away, and, so, of course, I drive. I have one sister, her name is Gladys and two brothers.

M. D. (Aged 12).

Carbonear, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—In looking over the Correspondence in the 'Messenger,' I came across a letter from Old Perlican, which I read with interest. Perhaps you might publish this one from Carbonear. As this is my first time taking the 'Messenger,' I would like to express my appreciation of your admirable and interesting little paper. It has been in the house eight months, my brothers and sisters like reading it. The paper should be into every home. I will look with pleasure for the publication of this letter.

ROBT. M.

[We should like to get a description of Carbonear, similar to the interesting one of Old Perlican. Ed.]

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I hope this letter will not find its way to the waste basket. I have a dear little sister, three months old; her name is 'Fern.' I am sending a poem, called the 'Eagle's Rock,' I wish you would print it, if it is not too long. Yours truly,

VIOLET MERRICK, (Aged 14).

P.S.—'Janet F.' of Orillia, might write, too.

[There is much promise shown in the lines you sent us. But there are several errors which make it impossible for us to print it. Try a shorter poem next time. Ed.]

[For the 'Messenger.'

MY DESIRE.

I would know more of Thee,  
And I would ever be  
Found at Thy feet,  
Learning more of Thee.

Lord, draw me nearer to Thee,  
Teach me Thy holy will,  
Loving Father  
Keep, O keep me still.

Lord, wilt Thou dwell supreme  
In this poor heart of mine,  
And keep me safe  
Till the end of time?

And when time is over,  
Take me to dwell with Thee  
In the land of  
The blessed and free.

JESSIE BUCHANAN. (Aged 13).

Ravenna, Ont.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

OPENING OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Again in Sabbath-school, we meet  
Our friends and teachers dear,  
Sabbath—best day of all the week,  
God's holy day of prayer.

Bless every little band, O Lord,  
Which gathers round, to hear  
Thy word; and by Thy loving hands  
Guide them, with tender care.

May every word bespeak Thy love;  
And each face wear Thy smile;  
May words be told of God above;  
To keep our tongues from guile.

Lord, we remember, Thou hast said,  
Let little children come,  
And laid Thy hands upon each head,  
And promised them a home.

Written by Esther J. Malloch, secretary of North Road Sabbath-school, Campo Bello N. B.

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*John Douglas*