



A Temperance Song.

By Alex. Hume, of Edinburgh. Born 1811. Died 1859.)
(The League Journal.)

Mr. Hume was a gifted son of song, and a musical genius of no common order. He was the author of several excellent songs which have long been favorites both at home and abroad. Such songs as 'The Scottish Emigrant's Fareweel,' and 'My Ain Dear Nell.' He also composed the music for such songs, and having a fine voice could render them with great effect. Mr. Hume also composed the music for many other songs and duets, among these, notably, being the well-known music for Burns' exquisite song, 'Afton Water.' Our Scottish Psalmody was also indebted to him for some of its compositions, and perhaps his greatest triumph as a musician was his editorship of the volumes of the now celebrated 'Lyric Gems of Scotland,' a work which will endure as a lasting memorial of his genius and ability as a musician.

Born in humble circumstances, Mr. Hume followed the occupation of a cabinet and chair-maker in Edinburgh. The social customs and habits of the times, however, could not but prove hazardous to one possessed of his musical talents, as he was apt to be drawn into company where the drinking system prevailed. From this he no doubt suffered, as many others have done in similar circumstances; but he had a warm side to the Temperance movement, and wrote a number of excellent songs on its behalf.

Between fifty and sixty years ago the writer hereof knew him intimately, and had much pleasure in welcoming him as a total abstainer, and hearing him sing with pathos and vigor some of his own Temperance songs. These, with their choruses, were always received with great eclat at the meetings.

The following was one of his Temperance songs, and was always a favorite. It would seem to give the results of his own practical experience in regard to the drinking system, and was always well received.

'BETTER LATE THRIVE THAN NEVER DO WEEL.'

Air—'The Laird o' Cockpen.'

Come here my auld cronie and listen to me,
Leave your brandy and gin, and your
famed barely-bree;
There's an auld proverb—true as the guid-tempered steel—
'Better late thrive than never do weel.'

Chorus.

Better late thrive than never do weel,
Better late thrive than never do weel;
Come awa', tak' the pledge wi' the true
and the leal,
And you're sure to do weel, you're sure
to do weel.

How sad 'tis to think, though the hale
week you've toiled,
O' your wife gaun in rags, and your bairns
rinnin' wild
Through the cauld, slushy streets, with
their bare hacket feet,
And wi' toom hungry stamacks, and nae-
thing to eat.

But better late thrive, etc.

Let them brag o' their tap-rooms an' tav-
erns sae braw,
Wi' their fine gilded mirrors stuck up
roon' the wa';

Keep awa' frae sic howffs, or richt soon
you will feel
That you're dune wi' a' guid, an' you'll
never do weel.

Then better late thrive, etc.

Ye puir, weary wights, o'er the gill-stoup
an' pot,
Believe me, ye'll ne'er mak' your bawbee
a groat;
But come o'er to oor side—resolve to ab-
stain,
An' soon peace and plenty will cheer ye
again.

Then better late thrive, etc.

Far better you'd be in your ain house at
e'en,
Wi' your wife an' your bairns, sae cosie
an' clean;
O'er a cup o' guid coffee, or heart-cheerin'
tea.
If you doubt what I tell you—just try't
an' you'll see.

Then better late thrive, etc.

Come now, let us join wi' a hearty good
will,
With three cheers for the Pledge, an' a
groan for the Gill;
May we aye lend a hand to ilk guid-
hearted chiel
Wha has seen through his folly, an' meass
to de weel.

Then better late thrive, etc.

[For the Messenger.]

A Drink Tragedy.

Out on the wind-swept prairie,
Under the star-gemmed sky,
Wandered a lonely stranger,
Far from his home to die;
Keen was the breath of winter
Out on the snow-clad plain;
Wrapped in its icy mantle,
Lost was his sense of pain.

Back to the scenes of childhood
Wandered his clouded mind,
Dreaming of home and loved ones
Left evermore behind.
Drink was the fiend that led him
On to his hopeless end;
Far in an unknown country,
Dying without a friend.

'Frozen to death—a stranger,'
Such the report we read;
Ah! but I saw the frost-king
Slaking his hoary head,
Saying, 'I did but touch him,
When drink had laid him low,
Stung by the cruel serpent
Coiled in the wine-cup's glow.'

Place the blame where it should be,
On him—the demon drink;
Thousands of souls' he causer
In awful woe to sink
Down to a swift destruction,
Dragged with relentless hand;
And yet he stalks unhindered,
A curse throughout our land.

—ELSIE M. GRAHAM.

A physicist could experiment with gun-
powder, and prove that it is easily oxidized
and gives rise to a large amount of heat and
energy. From this it might be argued that
gunpowder is a most useful kind of fuel for
cook-stoves. Such a conclusion would be
hardly less logical than the conclusions that
have been drawn from these experiments
with alcohol, and which regard it as a useful
food for the body. Gunpowder is a very un-
safe fuel because of its secondary effects,
and in the same way the food value of alco-
hol cannot be determined by its power of be-
ing oxidized, but must include the considera-
tion of its secondary effects as well.—Prof.
H. W. Conn, associate of Prof. Atwater in
his experiments on the food value of alcohol.

Correspondence

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor and friends,—I am a girl 13
years old. I go to school nearly every day;
I am in the fourth grade. I live on a
farm of two hundred acres. For pets I
have two cats and a dog named 'Hover'.
I have three sisters and three brothers and
a brother-in-law. I am very fond of
music and although I have never taken
any lessons I play the organ and harmon-
ica. My birthday is on June 6, and I am
the youngest. I take the 'Messenger' and
like to read the stories. This is my first
letter.
EVA S.

Norland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister and I get the
'Messenger' at Sunday-school and we like
to read the letters. Our Sunday-school
teacher is Miss Adair. I have three bro-
thers and two sisters. We live on a farm
about five minutes walk from the village.
We have thirty-three head of cattle, eight
horses, fourteen sheep and twelve pigs, be-
sides thirty white Pekin ducks and
twelve geese. For pets I have four dogs,
one of them draws me on a sleigh in the
winter time; her name is 'Lassie'. This
is a very pretty country. Big gangs of
sportsmen from the towns and cities spend
the fall in a fine hunting country about
ten miles north of here. My two older
brothers Ted and Fred are going hunting
this season with a gang from here. They
always get two deer each. My sister Pearl
is visiting auntie now. I go to school.
Our preacher, Mr. Cragg, is a nice man.
Norland is a little temperance village on
the Gull river. There are two large stores,
a post-office, two blacksmith shops, three
carpenter shops, a saw-mill, shingle mill
and lath mill, a Methodist church, a Sal-
vation Army barracks, but no hotel. I
was nine years old on Sept. 25.

ALDWIN L. C.

Belvidere, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven
years old, and I live on a farm. We have
ten cows, twenty-seven lambs, four calves
and four pigs. I had a little black dog
named 'Kruger,' but he ran away last
month and I have not seen him since. I
go to school and I am in the third reader;
my teacher's name is Miss L. Beane; I
have not missed a day of school this term.
We live just three miles from the city of
Sherbrooke, and three miles from Lennox-
ville. I have a pretty grey colt three years
old; his name is 'Diamond'; my papa is
going to break him this winter, then I
will learn to drive him myself. I had two
little black and white kittens; their names
were 'Smut' and 'Spot,' but they both
fell sick and died. We have meeting and
Sunday-school in our school-house on Sun-
day; the Rev. J. R. Cooper is our minis-
ter and we all like him very much.

FRANK A. C.

South Tilley, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. My
mamma and papa have no children of
their own, but they take care of two others
beside me. We all go to school now. We
are no relation to each other. I read in
the fourth reader and study British and
Canadian history, grammar, geography,
health reader and arithmetic. I was four-
teen the 22nd of last July. LIZZIE DeM.

Dawn Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger'
some time ago, but as I have not seen it in
print, have concluded it was not interest-
ing enough to publish. We have taken the
'Messenger' for fifteen years and could not
do without it. We have 35 cattle, 7 horses,
25 pigs, 125 hens, and 30 turkeys. I have
seven brothers and four sisters and two
little sisters in heaven. I wonder if any
other reader has so many brothers and sis-
ters. My pets are three cats called 'Brin-
dle,' 'Speckle' and 'General White.' I also
have a dog named 'Rover.' My birthday
is on May 7; I am 12 years old. I like
very much to read; my favorite books are:
'Poor and Proud,' 'In His Steps' and 'The
Twentieth Door.' If any of the readers