

Temperance

'Poor Mademoiselle,' or an Exchange of Benefits.

(Temperance Record.)

On a sunny June afternoon, three English ladies wandering about Rouen, found their way into the garden of a small hotel in search of strawberries and cream. The first to enter was Miss Adamson, a tall, handsome woman with grey hair and dark eyes; she chose the table and called the waiter, but as he came she turned to a quiet little lady in black and said:

'Now, Mrs. Drew, give the orders, please. No need to ask—there is a "no English" look about that man, and my native tongue is only language I can speak with dignity.'

So Mrs. Drew gave the orders in fluent French, and the man obeyed them with alacrity, whilst the two Misses Adamson and their useful friend chatted about the quaint old town and decided what they would visit next. More than once the waiter was appealed to for information, and always by Mrs. Drew, until Miss Adamson suddenly observed:

'Do you know, Mrs. Drew, there are two things I never can understand about you—your fluent French and your temperance principles. You were educated entirely at Miss Hall's establishment, and I don't know anyone else who learnt to speak French there; and you are the granddaughter of the leading brewer of the town, and yet you have been a rigid teetotaler all your life.'

Mrs. Drew smiled as she answered: 'And the curious thing is that the two facts are not unconnected. It was through my temperance principles that I first really studied French, although I never told anyone the story, nor often thought of it since I grew up.'

'Tell it now,' suggested Miss Adamson. 'I don't mean to stir for half an hour at least.'

'Nor I,' said her sister. 'This shady old garden is too delightful to leave. Do entertain us by a reminiscence of ancient days. I remember old Miss Hall marching her girls into church with a thrill of awe even now. She was a martinet. How glad we were that our parents did not send us there, even although it kept us from knowing you until you became our curate's wife.'

'Yes,' laughed Mrs. Drew, 'and how shy I was of the two learned Miss Adamsons who had been "finished" in Germany.'

'So much so that they cannot speak French,' chimed in one of the learned ladies gaily. 'But go on with the story or our half hour will be up.'

So Mrs. Drew began.

You call Miss Hall a grim old thing, but she was very kindhearted after all. You know my father gave up his connection with the brewery and went into the Church, and we children were trained to look upon total abstinence as a sacred duty to be adhered to in spite of everything. It cost my father the loss of his family's affection as well as his prospects, but he never wanted to go back, and it gave him great influence amongst the poor of the town. Miss Hall knew all about our circumstances, and showed me endless kindness as a child. When there was illness at home I used to stay there, and I can assure you the boarders had a very happy time.'

'I expect you were the pet of the establishment,' said Miss Adamson, 'that is why your recollections are so pleasant.'

'Perhaps I was rather spoiled,' admitted Mrs. Drew. 'I was allowed to sit in the parlor with Miss Hall sometimes, but you might not have esteemed that as a privilege. However, I liked it, and it was because I happened to be there one night that I heard about poor Mademoiselle. You may not remember the little dark French woman who was there for so many years. She was a splendid teacher, but very irritable,

and I am afraid we girls tried her sometimes beyond endurance. I have seen her burst into tears and rush out of the room in the middle of a lesson when we were rather worse than usual. She used to lock herself in her bedroom, and no one would see her again that day.'

'It annoyed Miss Hall, of course, and one evening when Mademoiselle had been invisible all the afternoon, she told me to go up and ask her to come down. I did not care for the errand, but, of course, I went. I hammered away at the door for some time, until, at last, I heard someone move across the room and unlock the door. I gave the message, but Mademoiselle answered in such a queer, thick voice that I ran hastily away.'

'"I am afraid she is ill, Miss Hall," I said, "and she must have spilt some brandy, there is such a strong smell in the room."

'"Indeed!" cried Miss Hall, and went upstairs at once.'

'She came down looking very troubled, and sat down in her arm-chair without remembering me.'

'"What shall I do?" she said. "A girl in that state in my house and not a friend to send her to."

'She looked so miserable that I went up to her and asked:

'"Is she ill, Miss Hall? I am so sorry."

'Miss Hall started.

'"No, child, she is not ill. Do you think your father is at home to-night?"

'"Oh, yes," I said. "I think so. Do you want him?"

'"Yes," said Miss Hall, and she got up and wrote a note.'

'When he came I was sent away, but he stayed a long time with Miss Hall, and afterwards she seemed quite cheerful.'

'"Your father left this note for you, Nellie," she said, and gave me a tiny note. It only asked me to tell Mademoiselle when I saw her that he was anxious I should be a good French scholar, and that he hoped she would be kind enough to make me do my best to learn. I could not quite understand it, and since, like all the rest, I was not fond of Mademoiselle, I was not very pleased. Next morning, after prayers, Miss Hall made a little speech. She said that Mademoiselle would be obliged to have a few days' rest, and gave us severe injunctions as to our future behavior at French lessons.'

'A day or two afterwards I had an opportunity to deliver father's message, as Miss Hall sent me up to have tea with Mademoiselle. At first we were both very shy and proper with each other. Mademoiselle was only twenty-three, but she seemed formidable to me, for I was just thirteen. Suddenly she sprang up, locked the door, and came towards me.'

'"Tell me, little one," she said, "is it true? Did you see me that dreadful night?"

'I stammered and got red. "Yes, Mademoiselle, I could not help it. Miss Hall sent me up to fetch you. She did not know you were ill." I hesitated over the last word, for I remembered the smell of brandy, and guessed the truth.'

'"Ah!" cried Mademoiselle, and began to sob. I tried to comfort her, telling her that none of the other girls should hear about it, and that I would be her friend. When I said that she stopped crying, and asked if I really meant it. I told her that I did, for I felt then that I would do anything I could to help her.'

'We became friends after that, much to father's joy, for he had persuaded her to sign the pledge, the only condition upon which Miss Hall would keep her. Of course I could not do much, but she said I helped her in her struggle against a habit that had grown very rapidly, and when she died some years ago she sent me this ring as a keepsake.'

There was a pause as the story ended, and then Miss Adamson said:

'Poor thing. I am glad you helped her.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Drew, 'but she helped me too, you know. She worked hard to make me speak French well.'

'Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service which thou renderest,' quoted the other Miss Adamson.

'A truth that ought to keep us humble,' brightly concluded Mrs. Drew.

Stop and Think.

Stop and think if you can afford to sacrifice your health, money, influence for good, possibilities of long life, usefulness and happiness by an alliance with tobacco in any form! Investigate the statements herein made, and forswear forever the accursed weed.

A noted man once said: 'I love my pipe, but despise myself for using it.' Another said: 'I love my brandy and drinks. I know my example is bad, but I cannot give them up.'

Do not drink intoxicating liquors, nor use the poisonous tobacco, for so many will know your habits and follow your example.

Said a man of four score years, radiant with vitality: 'I have lived a total abstainer for forty years from the use of ardent spirits and tobacco. I have never been intoxicated in my life. The liquor drinking curse causes more disaster, suffering and crime in the world than all other evils combined.'

'The tobacco habit is unhealthy, expensive, filthy and demoralizing, and no man nor woman, gentleman nor lady, should indulge in it. Let all good people join in crushing out the giant evils of strong drink and tobacco. Let us try to do something while we are in the world to make it better because we have lived in it.'—Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster.

Correspondence

Manotick, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and could not do without it. I live near the village of Manotick, situated on the Rideau River. My favorite studies are geography and history.
H. C. S. (Aged 10.)

Duntroon.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in the country. We go three miles to church. I live with the teacher. I have four sisters and four brothers.
FRED C. (Aged 8.)

Ayer's Flat, Que.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. I go to school every day. I have one brother and four sisters. We live near a lake, and I like very much to go for a boat ride.
MAUDE G. (Aged 9.)

Ayer's Flat, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live at the head of Mississippi Lake. I go to school at Bunker Hill School. There are about twenty-eight scholars. We live on a farm.
LESLIE G. (Aged 11.)

New Salem.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and like it very much. Our teacher's name is Miss Hunter. I have three sisters and one brother. One sister is married. We had a concert in our school to help the soldiers' memorial. I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year and like it very much. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same as mine—March 25?
CARRIE S. (Aged 11.)

Dear Editor,—I think the 'Northern Messenger' is a very nice paper. I have taken it for about two years, and enjoy reading it very much. We live on a farm and keep lots of stock. We have very cold weather here now.
MAGGIE.

Deep Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am an adopted daughter, and like my home very much. I take music lessons, and go to school. I have to walk one and a half mile. I have three cats. My birthday is Jan. 18.
LILLA M. B. (Aged 9.)

Belle Cote, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have two pet cats and a dog. We have three horses and two pigs, many fowls and nine head of cattle. I have one sister and two brothers. One of my brothers is in Truro, going to school, and the other is in the Survey line.
JEPHTHA S. M. (Aged 10.)