

had never seen anything to compare with it before, and we each had a nice, soft seat. We had been there but a short time when the iron horse made a snort, and away it went, pulling all the houses with it. Why, our ponies could not run half so fast as it went, and it did not get tired either; and they only fed it with wood and water. It soon stopped at another white man's village, and so on until we arrived at Leavenworth, where there were so many people, and the land so scarce, that there was not room to build their houses without putting one right up on top of another, sometimes two or three houses high.

"We were taken into one of the large houses, which was divided into little houses; and then we were taken into the house above, which was also divided into little houses. The streets were full of people, and the houses were full, but where they all come from I cannot tell. I had no idea

that there were so many white people, or that they had so many villages; but I know they were there, for I saw them with my own eyes. After we were taken through the houses, which were built on top of each other, we were taken into one under it, which was dug in the ground. There was nobody living in this, but there was a large quantity of foolish water there. I noticed that it made white people so foolish to drink that I was afraid to drink, lest I should get foolish, too."

Here the Friend stopped talking, and soon afterward, when one of the other gentlemen called for the bottle, the one who had it, said:

"No; it makes white people so foolish to drink whiskey, that I think we had better stop."

No more was drunk during the balance of the journey.

Maw-way and his companions were sent back to their people in 1869 in charge of a citizen who got intoxicated on the way, when the Indians became disgusted with him, and went on without him to Ft. Sill, and reported themselves to Colonel Grierson as his prisoners, telling him that the man who was in charge of them had drunk some 'foolish water' and lost his senses. The colonel told them they had acted better than the white man, and should no longer be regarded as prisoners, but might go to their people.

Here was an instance of some untutored Indians acting more discreetly and with better judgment than many white people, by refraining from intoxicating drink when offered to them. Nearly all men who do business have liquor offered to them, and if they were to act like these Indians, not to partake of the first glass, there would be no danger of being overcome with strong drink, which the Bible says is raging, and wine a mocker.—'Olive Leaf.'

### The Poppy's Victims.

The chief number of lives sacrificed to the poppy-fiend are not laid down in one heavy sleep. An opium-victim has a proverb: 'If I can gain heaven by one piece, why should you be envious?' In mad defiance of consequences, he indulges his ideal of bliss, and dies by slow degrees. Some Englishmen who in 1894 visited a den in Colombo said the scene would have furnished Dante with a fitting representation of one of the chambers of the Inferno. The room was totally dark, except for the dim light of the opium lamps, and there was no ventilation whatever. Twenty-two men—Tamils, Malays, and a few Singhalese—lay on the mud floor; a few favored ones were furnished with cane mats. They willingly entered into conversation. 'If I had but known,' said one old man, 'what the effect of the drug would be, I would never have touched it; but now it is too late, and I must and will have it, by fair means or foul. If you want us to go raving mad, keep it from us for a few days,' said another. To any promise of hope and help outside themselves, the smokers answered incredulously, 'These things are not for us.' They charged the Englishman repeatedly to save the young of India from the curse that had fallen upon themselves. The one noble desire of these infatuated men is like the last prayer of Dives in torment. It would be impossible to say to what extent the crowd of beggars who infest the East owe their miserable condition to opium. A mis-

sionary catechist described two whom he saw in Bombay. One of them roused a sense of disgust mingled with compassion. He was still young, but his drawn skin, miserable expression, and emaciated form proclaimed him a confirmed opium-smoker. He was recognized as the only son of a rich landowner, and his story soon became known. As a boy, he had contracted the habit of opium-smoking. He had mortgaged his father's property, sold his mother's and his wife's jewels (valued at 5,000 Rs.) and reduced all his family to ruin. He was now not ashamed to beg, nor to cry like an infant over his woes. He was ready to confess that he had brought them on himself by indulging in opium, and to promise, like a whipped child, not to do it again. But this was an old story. His mother, partly blind from a constant flow of tears, bore him company. She was resolved that nothing but death should separate her from this wreck of humanity. Her only desire was to follow him to the grave to which he was hastening.—'The Quiver.'

### Drink Like a Lady.

A pastor, writing to the 'Christian Observer,' says:

Once, when my field of labor in this gospel temperance work was in one of the interior towns of the Middle States, I met on the principal avenue a young woman, a former pupil in the Sunday-school in a distant village. A moment's conversation showed me how the cruel vulture had done its ghoulish work. The spirit of the good Samaritan moved me. I prayed that I might be able to turn her wayward feet. The purity of blessed childhood's days and scenes, associations sweet and sacred, hallowed memories, early playmates—all, all were present in the brilliant color of hope and trust. A mist filled her eyes.

'Come, I'll take you home. In less than a day we'll be there. How glad your parents will be to see you! Surely you do not forget the love of father and mother, and you do want to see them again, don't you, Mary?'

Straightening herself up to her full height, her face white, her form rigid and strained, in a voice whose tone conveyed hate, mingled with utter despair, she answered:

'Yes, I do remember them. They taught me to drink wine at the family board. I was told to drink it like a lady. Easily and quickly enough I learned to like it. I tried to drink it "like a lady." Under its influence the bottle was drained, my brain reeled, the world was torn from under my feet, the sky became all brass. To-day I am eating the ashes of the apples of the Dead Sea. There is nothing left worth living for. I can't fight against the odds much longer. Every hand pushes me nearer the bottom; then comes the end. Some day I must stand at the bar of God, and I tell you I shall be a true witness against those who taught me to "drink wine like a lady."'

## Correspondence

Westville.

Dear Editor,—I am not going to school now, because the school is getting fixed. My aunt took me to Little Harbor and I had a fine time paddling in the water. I got ten copies of your paper, and we all like it very much. I have two brothers. My eldest brother is in the No. 5 Royal Reader, and I am in the No. 3 Royal Reader, and my youngest brother is in the first book. I got a little axe and I chop wood with it. Mamma reads the 'Messenger' to us and she enjoys it very much. The 8th of August was my birthday and mamma gave me a book and I like it very much.

WILLIAM GEO. M., aged 9.

Derby, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I have written you once before, but only my 'nom de plume' appeared in the 'Messenger.' Why can't we have some discussions in the correspondence? There is too much of a sameness to the letters. Here is a question: 'Should alcohol be used as a medicine?' I live on a farm about six miles from Canada line. I attend the M. E. Church and Sunday-school. We have no saloons in our town. Well, perhaps my letter is getting too long, so I will close.

VERMONT FARMER BOY.

Souris, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading some of the letters in the 'Messenger,' and as I have not seen a letter from Souris, I thought I would write to you. It was quite wet all day yesterday, and it is raining now. I have two sisters and two brothers, and a pet cat named 'Minto.' I go to school. I am in the third book. We go bathing every morning before breakfast when the weather is fine. We are going to have our Sunday-school picnic on Thursday. I think the 'Messenger' is a fine paper and I don't know what I would do without it. Well, I think I shall close.

HELEN POLLARD R., aged 7.

Hazel Cliffe, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—My brother Fred. sent for the 'Messenger,' and we like to read it, and the many letters from the boys and girls. I was reading a letter written by a little girl at Metropolitan when my papa said that he went to school with her mother at the same place. I have three brothers and one sister. We go to school for nine months out of the year. I am in the third book. Our teacher's name is Mr. Atkinson, from Newcastle, Ont.; and our minister's name is Mr. Edmiston. We have good times at picnics and concerts. But we have them to have a good time. I like reading the 'Elsie Dinsmore' books, some of 'Sheldon' and 'Pansy,' and more besides. We have 104 books in our library now. We had a very dry summer; but very heavy rains now. We wish it would be fine for the wheat is in stook.

VERDA E. H., aged 10 years.

Leitches Creek.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and five sister, and also a dear little niece. She is four months old. Her birthday is on March 14. I have a brother and he prints the 'Daily Record.' I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. I am very sorry I cannot go to school because I am not well. I am twelve years old, and I weigh 101 lbs.

MARY S., aged 12.

Dunnville.

Dear Editor,—Enclosed you will find a few verses which I hope you will print in the 'Witness.' I am just past my sixteenth year, so if they are not very good you can make allowance.

ROSE E. H.

BY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

(R. E. H.)

As I knelt by my mother's grave  
And bathed the turf with my tears,  
I thought of the golden hours  
We spent in my childhood's years.  
I thought of the sweet caresses,  
And loving counsel she gave;  
And I longed, how I longed for mother,  
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,  
I almost thought I could see  
Myself as I faintly whispered  
My little prayer, at her knee.  
And hear her tell of a Saviour,  
Who came little children to save;  
And I longed, how I longed for mother,  
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,  
Where she lay in peace at rest,  
I thought how oft she had rocked me  
When weary, asleep on her breast.  
I thought how oft she had urged me,  
A little child, to be brave;  
And I longed, how I longed for mother,  
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,  
My heart so heavy and sore  
If that vanished friend were only back  
I thought I would love her more.  
I thought how oft in my trials  
Her loving help I would crave;  
And I longed, how I longed for mother,  
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.

As I knelt by my mother's grave,  
My life was so full of care,  
That I yearned to lie down beside her  
And slumber forever there.  
For troubles were towering o'er me  
In a bitter and surging wave;  
And I longed, how I longed for mother,  
As I knelt by her grass-grown grave.