

though she tried hard to assume it. By-and-bye her husband said—

'Well, I needn't bother you with details of the functions to come, but I shall give three immediately. One to our friends and townfolk on the 20th, to be followed by a ball for the bairns on the 21st, and wind up with a real good time for the young folk on the 22nd. Be sure to dress nicely, and remember blue is my favorite color.'

Never was a Mayor so popular, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, all were delighted with him.

'No crotchet or faddist,' said the worthy vicar. 'Such a liberal fellow,' said the Methodist minister. A few advised their young folk not to go to the ball, but they were laughed at as 'old-fashioned and quite illiberal.' Active preparations were made—the town was quite excited; everybody was on the qui vive on the third day of the feast.

Two smart young fellows went amongst the rest, well-educated, well-placed in life, gay, handsome, full of joy. They had been members of the Band of Hope when Mr. Valour was its president, so they felt very much at home with their host, and after the formal reception was over he chatted freely with them on many things. Very beautiful the town hall looked, with its hundreds of fairy lamps, the lovely blossoming plants, and the delicate brightness of the ladies' dresses, to say nothing of sweet young faces full of mirth and pleasure. But it was very warm, and the buffet was eagerly sought for cool lemonade and ices. Our two young friends made their way there, and met their host just draining off a glass of port wine. They looked at each other quickly, and in surprise. Mr. Valour saw the look pass, and laughed uneasily as he said: 'Don't follow my example; remember I am getting an old fellow, and work very hard.'

They laughed too, as one said, with a shrug—

'Of course, just so,' and turned away.

'There, I always told you it was all moonshine to take the pledge; why, bless you, man, I believe they all drink privately.'

'No, they don't; my father and mother do not,' protested the other stoutly.

But he yielded. That night one father wrung his hands in bitter anguish, as he cried, 'Oh, Henry, my son, son; would God I had died for thee,' while his mother prayed, with sobs and tears, for the boy who had been cruelly tripped by a stumbling block placed in his way. That night these men took their first glass of wine. To-night, if you seek them, you must not inquire for them at the solicitor's office, or the market. You must go down to a certain public-house, in a low slum, and there you may see them, swollen of face and limb, careless of dress and speech, singing low songs that would bring the blush to your cheek. Fallen, degraded, drunken. 'Habitual drunkards.' God help those fathers and mothers. God save and pity those young men.

Mr. Valour? Oh, he is still prosperous, and he never visits that part of the town except on election days. He says it is a man's own fault if he makes a beast of himself.—Alliance News.

The Two Streets.

Two streets there are in many towns—

A foul one and a fair;

In one the sweetest peace abounds,

In one a dark despair.

In one the light of love is shed,

In one grief's bitter tear;

The name of one of these is 'Bread,'

The name of one is 'Beer.'

In Bread street there are busy men,

And happy homes and wives;

In Beer street the degraded den,

And sad and broken lives.

In Bread street Plenty sings her song,

And Labor chants his rhyme;

In Beer street want is joined with wrong

And idleness with crime.

O men and mothers! strive to do

The most you can to make

The children shun the ones who brew

But love the ones who bake.

There is a street their feet should tread,

And one their feet should fear—

The name of one of these is 'Bread,'

The name of one is 'Beer.'

—Nixon Waterman, in 'The Voice.'

Correspondence

Mira Gut, C.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on the banks of the Mira River, about a mile from the Mira Bay, and the same distance from the railway station. I have two sisters and one brother. My eldest sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like reading it very much.

FLORENCE N. (Aged 11.)

Knowlesville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old, I have a little sister four years old, and two brothers. Mamma died last June.

ROYCE H.

East Wallace, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for four years. My father died when I was two years old. I have one brother and two half-sisters, named Sadie and Any. Amy's Initials are A. B. C. I live with my uncle and go to school. The school house is on a hill surrounded by trees, except the front, facing the road. It is nice and cool under the trees in the hot weather. The girls go picking gum at noontime. In winter we slide on the lake just across the road from the school house. And coast down the long hills. I live near the school, and in summer I dig clams, pick pretty shells and stones. But I am glad when a holiday comes, so I can go to see mamma. She lives about a mile and a half from here, and I can go to see her quite often. My birthday is on Jan. 25.

JENNIE S., (Aged 13 years.)

Lower Salmon Creek.

Dear Editor,—I have renewed my 'Messenger' subscription for another year, and feel that I would be very lonesome without it for we have taken it so long. I am saving my papers to send to India. The doctor will not let me go to school, as I am not very strong, but I hope to go in another year. I have three sisters and two brothers. My papa works in the lumber woods in the winter, he comes home to see us every two or three weeks. My brother and sister and I are studying the scripture passages for the diplomas given by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

EDNA F. B., (Aged 10.)

Halifax, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Ever since I began to take the 'Northern Messenger,' I have been looking for a letter from Halifax, but I have not seen one, so I am writing one to-day.

I think you must be a very kind man to bother printing our letters. I am nearly eleven years old. My birthday is on March 17. We take the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness,' and father thinks he will take the 'World Wide,' next year, so you see how much we think of your papers.

HELEN McG. D.

Ingersoll, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and lives on a large farm. I have two sisters and no brother. I have a pretty little colt. I call her Bert and I think a great deal of her. I have two kittens, they are great pets, and their names are Minto and Tabby. I go to school every day. My teachers name is Miss Petrie, and we like her very much. We have been taking the 'Messenger' for three years, and would not like to be without it.

ALBERTA P., (Aged 10.)

Kars, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm called Maple Avenue. It is situated on the banks of the Rideau River. I go to Wellington school. The studies I like best are grammar, dictation and literature. My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I enjoy reading it very much.

CORA M. S.

Boissevain, Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much, my grandpa sent it to me as a Christmas box this year. I have five brothers and three sisters. We have had a very nice winter so far.

WILLIE S. P.

Mount Pleasant, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and try to be a good girl. I can read in the Bible a little. I have a dear little baby brother, his name is Willie.

LUCY E.

St. Claude.

Dear Editor,—My papa chopped wood to pay for the 'Messenger' when he was a little boy, and I think I would too if I did not get it. My birthday is on Christmas, and I was baptised with Jordan water, so I ought to be a good boy.

READ B.

Queenstown, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My mother has been taking the 'Northern Messenger' for twenty-five years and it would be like losing one of the family to do without it. I live on a farm along the beautiful St. John River. My father has a steam grist mill. I have one brother and one sister, and I attend school, which is very handy to our place. I go to Sunday-school in the summer, and we attend Baptist and Church of England services. I enjoy skating very much, but there has been very little this winter. I enjoy reading your paper very much, and was very much interested in a story I read in it entitled 'One Perilous Glass.' I have taken the temperance pledge, and joined the W. C. T. U.

MAUD R.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—We have been getting the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school for about two years. We like it very much. Father and Mother always read it, and we hear it spoken of very highly by those who read it, and I can assure you they are not a few. The pastor of our church, we all love so dearly, no doubt you know him, as he was before coming to us pastor of a church in Point St. Charles.

AGNES G., (Aged 10.)

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I am seven years old, I have one brother and two sisters. I go to Sunday-school, and I have got a prize for Regularity and Punctuality. I had three little playmates, but they have moved away to Mission City, I miss them very much.

ELSIE M. D.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I lost my dog. My birthday is on Feb. 27. I have two cats. My aunty lives in the country. I stay with her in summer. I have a doll and a cat. I go to the Baptist Church with my ma and pa. My mother teaches a Sunday-school class.

ALICE GRACE S., (Aged 7.)

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm beside the Red River. I have two miles to go to school. We have lots of fun riding in the boats. I have four brothers and four sisters. I take my little sister Edith with us to Sunday-school. Alice and I are the oldest girls in the family. I have a dog named Bunt and two cats named Tom and Dick. My birthday is on Christmas day. My father has two horses and four cows. My pets are a calf and a dolly. We go to the Baptist church. My grandpa and grandma are living with us. My papa teaches the Bible class. I wonder if any little reader of this paper has the same name as mine.

MARY MABEL S., (Aged 8.)

Cresswell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters but no brothers. I have three pets, a chicken named Polly, a cat named Tim, and a dog named Beecher. We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I like to read the little folks' page and the Correspondence. We have three horses, Nellie, Billie and May.

Evelyn M. T., (Aged 9.)

Dundas, Kent Co.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' every week. I think it is very nice. I live on a farm in Dundas, New Brunswick, I have a pet lamb named Darkey. I am eight years old and my brother is six. We go to school every day.

WILLIE D. B.

Erle, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy nine years old. I live on a farm. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I have two cats, the name of one is Jack, the other is Dannie. I live a mile from the school. I do not go to school in the winter.

ARCHIE T.

Hampton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like reading the Correspondence. I have two little sisters, their names are Gracie and Ethel. My birthday was Feb. 6.

CAROL T., (Aged 11.)