

was generous to a fault, and perhaps mixed a thimbleful more than the prescribed proportion of whiskey in the nightly draught. As the headache was a very real fact, Uncle Josiah's conscience did not forbid him to give the remedy a fair trial. His usual time for retiring was ten o'clock. When he was in bed, Aunt Polly carried to him the fragrant, steaming cup.

One night, about two weeks after he began taking the nightly stimulant, Uncle Josiah grew restless at about a quarter to ten o'clock, and said:

'Polly, I feel pretty tired; I think I'll go up now and be ready for my medicine and sleep.'

'Well, Josiah, it's only a quarter to ten; but you do look tired, and I'll prepare it now.'

The next week, one rainy night, as the clock struck nine, Uncle Josiah left his old arm chair, a bright fire, and his cheerful wife. He was 'quite tired out, and would have his nog now.'

'What makes you so tired to-night, Josiah?'

'Well, working about the factory all day, I suppose, Polly; and he drained his nightly remedy and went off to sleep.'

One week later Uncle Josiah's bedding came at a quarter to nine o'clock! He went upstairs, but just before Aunt Polly was ready for him, he called down:

'Polly!'

'Well, Josiah?'

'Don't bring up that stuff! I'm coming down.'

'Coming down? I thought you were ready for bed!'

'So I was, Polly; but I'm coming down to be with you till ten o'clock, and I shall never take another cup of nog.'

He came down fully dressed, and added:

'Polly, do you know why I have been getting so tired early of late? It was just because I was in a hurry for that medicine; and when a man begins to relish whiskey as I have been getting to do, there's a serpent lurking near. We'll both sit up till ten o'clock, and then sleep the sleep of the just. Not another drop shall pass my lips, Polly.'

And he kept his word.—'Canadian Temper.'

### Samuel T. Coleridge on the Opium Habit.

This highly-gifted poet and author acquired the habit of opium eating, and this, unfortunately, obtained so powerful a hold on his physical frame as to render him a perfect victim to its iniquitous sway. He was well aware of his infirmity, and frequently made attempts to overcome it. A personal friend and great admirer of Coleridge, speaking of the efforts of the poet to free himself, says:—'Coleridge did make prodigious efforts to deliver himself from this thralldom; and he went so far at one time in Bristol, to my knowledge, as to hire a man for the express purpose, and armed with the power of resolutely interposing between himself and the door of any druggist's shop.'

The same writer, speaking of the period when the poet first sunk under the dominion of opium, describes his looks thus:—

'His appearance was generally that of a person struggling with pain and overmastering illness. His lips were baked with feverish heat, and often black in color; and in spite of the water which he continued drinking, he often seemed to labor under an almost paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower.'

The following remarkable letter, written in the agony of remorse, to his first publisher and friend (Mr. Cottle), should be sufficient to set at rest for ever all the pleadings for indulgence in dangerous stimulants. Who can dare to consider himself safe in their use, when such a man as Coleridge thus expresses himself as to their effects and his remorse?

Bristol, June 26.

Dear Sir,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused—accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and for your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and

you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

I used to think the text in St. James, that he who offended in one point, offends in all, very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crimes have I not made myself guilty of!—Ingratitude to my Maker, and to my benefactors, injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children—self-contempt—for my repeated breach of promise, nay, too often actual falsehood.

After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example.

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and, in his heart, grateful, S. T. COLERIDGE.

This remarkable literary luminary died at the comparatively early age of sixty-two, and, but for this acquired destructive habit, might have survived to old age. There is a marked similarity betwixt the injurious effects of opium and alcohol, and thousands of educated individuals have succumbed to the alcoholic habit since Coleridge's day. And yet, forsooth, there are many who still insist that education will prevent the alcoholic habit! No greater delusion could be palmed on the human family. It is, alas! too true that there are in Britain at the present day thousands of highly-educated persons, who are as truly slaves to the alcoholic habit as Coleridge was to that of opium.—'League Journal.'

## Correspondence

Foxboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I play and pick Mayflowers. I go to Sunday-school at half-past eight o'clock on Sunday morning. I have a baby sister, seven months old. Sarah lives at our house. She gets the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to look at the pictures. Good-bye. J. EARL S.

Cape North, C. B.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I read the correspondence. I have one pet, a dog, Raynard; he is very playful. I had him in the sled several times and he could haul in the wood for me. He is a nice dog. We have one horse and six cows and eleven sheep and three calves. Yours truly, D. J. (aged 14.)

Cape North, C. B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' I like it very much. I have only one pet, a cat. We had no school this winter. I have three brothers and three sisters. One of my brothers and two of my sisters are away, and one sister and two brothers are at home. We have a very nice minister here. My father takes the 'Presbyterian Record.' I hope I will see my letter in print. Truly yours, R. G. (aged 12.)

Cambridge, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and go to school every day. I have two sisters and one brother, myself being the oldest in the family. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much; the stories are very interesting. We have Sunday-school here every Sunday and meeting every other Sunday. My father has a mill and he hires men every summer. I had lots of fun this winter coasting and skating, but the snow has all gone off now. ELLNORA, (aged 12.)

Siloame, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in summer, but it is too cold in winter. I have two miles to go to school. We had a concert the night before Thanksgiving, it was a grand success. Our teacher gave a taffy pull to us. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school a long time. AYLMEER, B. P. (aged 7.)

Shannon, N. B.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm about a mile from Washadomoak lake. In the winter I go skating. I go to school and like it very much. I live about a mile from the school house. I have a nice teacher; she has taught here three years. I am in the fourth book. I got two prizes for the best attendance: the first I got was a

book containing the story of the Beacon fire. I like the 'Messenger' very much. Grandma gave me the 'Messenger' for a year as a present; I don't think she could have given me a better one. I like reading very much. I have a good many Sunday-school books, and I have read them all. I nearly through, and I am reading the Wide, Wide World. I go to Sunday-school in the summer as they do not have any in the winter. I have signed the pledge never to use tobacco or alcohol. I hope all the 'Messenger' subscribers will sign the pledge. BURPEE A. CRAFT. (aged 10.)

Clanricarde.

Dear Editor,—I think your 'Northern Messenger' is very nice, indeed, I like reading your correspondence. I am visiting my aunt and uncle and cousins just now, and I am having a splendid time. Our school is going, but I have not attended much since summer holidays. I may go this spring. I am a member of the Band of Hope, and I got a doll off the Xmas tree a year ago, and have it yet. I have to see this in print. Yours truly, MAGGIE S. (aged 15.)

Clanricarde, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Messenger' and I like reading the 'correspondence' very much. We live on a farm nine miles from the nearest village, 'Apsley.' My cousin is visiting me now. I have a brother in California and a brother in Rat Portage. My two sisters were in Montreal this winter. I belong to a society, the S. G. S. C. The name of our place is 'Paradise Grove.' We live half a mile from the school-house, and I go every day. I am in the fourth book. We have a black dog, 'Chimo.' We live near a creek. GRACE T. (aged 13.)

Isaac's Harbor, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken your paper some time, and I think the stories are quite nice. I think the letters on the correspondence page are very interesting. I was reading the letter from the little girl in New Brunswick, who told about the wild flowers, where she lives, and wished to know about the flowers in different parts of the Dominion. The first flower that comes here is the May flower, and after that, the white violet, which is very fragrant. The blue violet does not come till some time later; the white violet is very fragrant, but the blue is only valued because of its color and size. The May-flower appears in April, and as there are a good many fine days in that month, we girls go out along a road that runs back into the country, to a deserted field and pick them. I live on the south coast of Nova Scotia, and I go out rowing a good deal in the summer. CLARE G.

Black Cape, P. Q.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm and attend Sunday-school in summer and winter, I have about a mile and a half to go, but I don't mind that. I belong to the 'Band of Hope,' and I like it very much; we have meetings nearly every Friday afternoon. I have three sisters and two brothers. My eldest sister is staying with her cousin in Lower Newcastle. I go to school every day, and I am in the fifth reader. My teacher's name is Miss McRae. We get the 'Northern Messenger' every week and would be lonesome without it, I enjoy reading the correspondence and find it very interesting. The winter here was very long; I did not mind it because I used to have great fun skating. January and February were the best months for skating. I have no pets. I hope to see this letter printed in the 'Northern Messenger.' DAISY C.

Glen Levit, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl going to school, we have a long walk and don't get there every day. We have Sunday-school every Sunday. Mr. Ferguson is superintendent. It has been very stormy all March, but we expect finer weather now. I have four sisters and the oldest gets the 'Messenger.' There are six pupils in our class. I am in the fourth reader. My teacher's name is Miss M. McMillan; we like her very much. I have two pets, a cat named Jessy, and a dog named Frank. ANNIE (aged 11.)