

fessed followers of Christ, to do all in our power, both by example as well as precept, to put a stop to such things?"

At this moment Mrs. Ellerston came up. Now, Mrs. Graham, she said smilingly, "I know you are trying to convince Mr. Warren that he ought to be an abstainer, but you cannot make us see these things as you do; and as to people saying that many of these cripples are made so through drink, I simply don't believe it."

As she turned to speak to another guest, Mrs. Graham could not help thinking:

"Ah, if she had a child of her own, and an accident befell him through this curse, she would speak and think differently."

Four years passed away, and during that time Mrs. Ellerston's cup of joy was full to the brim, for she was now the mother of a beautiful baby boy. The christening day had been an eventful one, and friends from afar and near had come to witness the ceremony. Champagne—in fact, wines and spirits of all sorts—were much in evidence; the servants, too, were not forgotten, and a liberal allowance of wine had been allowed them in honor of the event. Alas! the nurse was one of that numerous and increasing class of persons who from inherited tendencies must either be total abstainers or drunkards. Since entering Mrs. Ellerston's service she had not tasted intoxicants, but being unable to withstand the chaffing and teasing of the other servants on this occasion she had yielded. After taking the baby to the nursery she laid it down in its cradle and went quietly to the pantry, ostensibly to get milk for the child, in reality to steal wine for herself. Greedily she drank the insidious alcohol, forgetting all about her little charge, until a cry made her realize that she had not undressed and put him to sleep for the night. Rising hastily, she stumbled, and feeling dizzy she clutched at the cradle, pulling it over, and throwing the baby heavily on the floor. In her excitement, hardly knowing what she did, she took hold of him by his frock, and let him fall from her unsteady hands. This seemed to sober her; she loved the child, and soothed and comforted it to the best of her ability; but never by word or sign did she tell anyone of the fall. Three weeks after, Mrs. Ellerston dismissed her for drunkenness, saying that her child was too precious to leave in the hands of a woman who drank. Did she realize how she was responsible for the "woman who drank?" Not in the least.

Months went by, when one day the new nurse told Mrs. Ellerston that "she felt sure something was wrong with baby; he screams awful when I wash him, and seems tender-like, as though he'd been hurt," she said.

The mother's heart sank as she hurried to the nursery and took upon her knee her fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, the joy of her life. A medical man was sent for, who, after an examination, looked very grave, and hesitatingly said he feared there had been an injury, but he would see what could be done. It is needless to enter into the father's and mother's agony when by degrees they realized that their only child would never be as other children.

Yes, Howard Ellerston, heir to a large property, and only son, was a cripple, through an injury to the spine caused by a fall. There are many sorrowful ones on this earth, but no more sorrowful or more deeply repentant woman than Gertrude Ellerston. From the day she knew how her child's injuries were caused—for the woman, stricken with remorse, came and confessed all—alcohol was banished from her table, and she took up the cause of total abstinence with a burning desire to save others from suffering; but when she sees her boy drawn about in his invalid chair her face contracts with pain, and she murmurs, "Too late, too late for my own child, but God grant it may not be too late to save others!"

—Alliance News.

There is a very weighty thought to be faced by every man's conscience. It is this: The person who offers an intoxicating glass to another—from whatever motive—is responsible for the result of that glass. He is accountable for what comes out of that neighbor's lips—yes, and for what that brain may do under the influence of the inflaming draught. Whenever you, my reader, from a false kindness, are guilty of "treating" another to a glass of intoxicating beverage, I wish that you might see these solemn words cut in with a diamond on that glass:

Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I get a 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday now, and like it very much, and mother reads it and likes it, too. I go to the Parkdale Congregational Sunday-school, and my birthday is on Aug. 14. I will be ten. MINNIE D.

Forest City, Me.

Dear Editor,—I thought as I was renewing my subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' that I would write a letter, too. I live on a farm about a mile from the little village of Forest City. I live only a little way from the schoolhouse, but we are not having school here now. My papa runs a lumber camp this winter, about four miles from here. I wonder if any of the girls and boys who read the 'Messenger' ever lived in a lumber camp. I did the winter of 1896, and I had a lovely time. Wishing you and the 'Messenger' success. BEATRICE G. (Aged 14.)

Port Lorne.

Dear Editor,—I live near the sea shore. My father goes to sea in the summer. We have two cats, one we call Flaunt, and the other Tiger. I go to school a little this winter. I have two sisters and no brothers. My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I like to read it very much.

STANLEY H. (Age 8.)

Grande Pré.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school every day. I like to read the 'Messenger,' especially the correspondence. I have four sisters and one brother.

NORA P.

Point Wolfe, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I think it is a beautiful little paper. I have five brothers and four sisters. I like to study and I like story books to read. I live near the post-office, and I am very glad when my paper comes. My father takes the 'Witness,' and he thinks it an invaluable paper, and he takes 'World Wide,' and I like it. I have a dear little niece named Mamie, and she is very cute. We live near a pond where there is lovely skating. My brothers are away at present.

GRACIE M. H. (Aged 14.)

Lennoxville.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading it very much. Our school closed at Christmas. I am glad to tell you I got a prize, 'Notable Women of Our Own Times.' School begins about the first of May. During the winter I am busy at music and studying part of the time, sewing, skating and helping mother. My pets are hens and a pretty black and white calf named 'Brandy,' a dog named 'Minto,' and a cat named 'Kitty Clover.' Our good Queen is dead, but when we think or speak of her it will always be as the Good Queen Victoria, and I am sure the new King, Edward VII., will also be good. The name of our farm is 'Maple Braes.' I have three brothers and one sister, and I will be ten on May 13.

MABEL M. M.

Warwick.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters, named Grace and Flossie, and one little brother named Alex. Not long ago I had diphtheria. We get the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence. We go to the Methodist Church. I am eight years old, my birthday is on July 24. My father is a farmer.

ALAN W.

Atlanta, N. S.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I like it very much. I have four pets, a cat and two kittens and a sheep; the cat's name is 'Prohibition,' and the kittens' names are 'Rosie' and 'Posie.' The sheep is black, and her name is 'Dinah,' she will eat out of my hand, and I like her very much. I do not go to school, but I am in the third reader. I go to Sunday-school at Canard. I have eight dolls, I got two last Christmas. I have a little cradle that I rock them to sleep in.

SUSIE T. B. (Aged 7.)

Eaton, Colorado.

Dear Editor,—My aunt lives in Canada; she sends me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present. I like it very much. I live about two miles out of town. I have six pets, they are all cats. I have a bicycle and go to school on it when I can. I was very sick with pneumonia, and was not out for over two weeks. Papa is a farmer. I am ten years old. My birthday is on the first of November. ETHEL S.

Prince Edward Co., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' and we all like it very much, especially the Correspondence. I have a pair of canary birds and they know their names. One is a lovely singer, and sings by lamp light. I have an organ; I will take lessons next summer. I go to school every day.

N. C. J. (Aged 11.)

Leamington, N. S.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' My mamma has taken it for many years and we like to read it very much. My papa keeps the post-office. I go to school quite regularly. I have a little kitten named 'Dewey.' I have had great fun coasting this winter as there has been lots of snow for it. We live on a farm in the country, and I like to live here very much. It is a pretty place in summer. I have never seen a letter in your paper from any person who lives nearer than Spring Hill, which is about four miles from here. I only have one sister, who is learning to be a dressmaker. My birthday is on Nov. 28.

ANNIE. (Aged 11.)

Church Point, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and think it is a lovely little paper. I have a pet kitten all black. Her name is 'Mouser.' We have a little dog whose name is Sport. Last summer I had a dear little pet rabbit, but he died. My father fishes for smelts and salmon. I am very, very sorry that our good Queen Victoria is dead.

HULDAH H. J. M.

Taylor's Head, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet cat named 'Beauty.' I taught her to shake hands. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I have no sisters or brothers. I have two hens.

MARY McC. (Aged 11.)

Taylor's Head, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have six brothers and two sisters. My papa is dead. My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read it. I have a pet dog named 'Watch,' he is 14 years old, he is getting deaf. I walk to school almost three miles.

ALLEN S. Mc. (Aged 12.)

Guinea, Ohio.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' My sister has taken this paper for two years and I have taken it for the same length of time. I have no pets. I have some relations over in Canada. I would like to know if any boy or girl has the same birthday as I have. It is on the fourth of May.

CHARLES S. L.

Milton, Queen's Co., N. S.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence in the 'Messenger.' We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school (Congregational), and would not like to give it up. I love to read books. I am on my fourth one this year. I do not go to school, but have a teacher come to the house, she is a lovely teacher, and never gets cross at me.

NORAH K. H. (Aged 12.)

Mt. Denison, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the letters and all the rest of the 'Messenger.' We are all so sorry to hear of the death of our loved Queen. The churches here all had memorial services.

BELLA J. R. (Aged 13.)

AN EXCELLENT PAPER.

Mr. John McTaggart, superintendent of St. Paul's Church Sabbath-school, Prince Albert, Sask., in ordering a club of seventy copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' for the current year, adds the following:—"The 'Messenger' is an excellent paper and very much appreciated by the children."