

Correspondence

South Bay, Ont.

Dear Editor and 'Messenger' readers,—Can you let another visitor in? I have never written to you before and have come now to make you a little visit. I have been an admiring reader of the 'Northern Messenger' for some time and have especially taken much interest in the correspondence. I live on a farm close by South Bay almost on the shore. We spend very enjoyable times skating in winter, and fishing, swimming, and boat-riding in the summer. I am a member of the Junior Epworth League, which meets every Saturday. We (members) are making a quilt to send away. We have badges for the M. L. C., but I lost mine. I am in the senior fourth class at school. We don't have grades in our school. Our teacher's name is Miss Browne, who is my cousin, but she is going to leave us at Christmas, and then we will have Miss McCullough for our teacher. The highest attendance at school is about forty. Winter is beginning now, although there is little snow. The people are getting up a Christmas tree here. To-morrow is my birthday. Three years ago I was given the 'Messenger' for a birthday present.

INA H. (Age 13.)

Portapique, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy nine years old. I go to school; I am in the sixth grade. I have two brothers and two sisters; my oldest sister is a stenographer in Ashland, Kentucky; my other sister is in Truro, taking music lessons from Prof. E. Stewart; my oldest brother works on the farm, and my other brother is in Great Village going to school. My Grandpa and my Grandma Davison are dead; I have one grandma living, Grandma Knight, she is 80 years old and real smart. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school; our pastor is the Rev. A. L. McKay; we like him very much.

NEWBERN D.

Strathroy, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am living in Strathroy with my aunts. Strathroy is a very pretty place in summer. My father is in a hardware store in Chatham; my father was an agent for the 'Messenger' once. I get the 'Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I like to read the stories in it so much. I am a great reader. I could not tell how many books I have read; I read 'The Sky Pilot,' by Ralph Connor, and liked it very much. I like stories of animals and adventure best, I think. I take music lessons and like them very much, indeed; I just started taking them about two months ago. I am not going to school this term, but I intend to start after Christmas. I have no brothers or sisters, and I like reading better than playing outside; I like writing letters, too. I learned to ride on my auntie's wheel this summer and I like riding very much. I ride quite a bit when I have the wheel. I have two aunts and an uncle and cousins in Jamaica. KATIE F. C. (Age 12.)

Danvers, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near a small town; my father has a steam-mill which he moves from place to place; he now has it near a small town about twenty miles from here; he has had it there about a year; he and my brothers work together, and they have sawed about two million feet of lumber during the year. I love to go and visit them and see them saw, which I do occasionally. I tend the barn and go to school. I have eleven head of cattle to tend, besides a little colt. I cannot brag of pets as some boys and girls can, but I love to tend cattle and horses. My father has three horses; he has them all at the mill hauling lumber. I have two sisters and three brothers; two brothers and one sister are married. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on July 20.

ELIJAH W.

Smith's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live about one mile and half from the village of Smith's Mills;

it is not a very large place; there is one store, two blacksmith shops, a school-house, saw-mill, grist-mill, hotel, station, and the post-office is kept in the store, and there is one church; it is Methodist, and there are services every Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Bradford preaches, and I like him very much. My grandfather came from England over sixty years ago; he has a brother out West and another one here. I have two sisters and no brothers; my sisters are younger than I am; I am fifteen years old, and am five feet and six inches tall; I go to school and am in the fifth grade. We do not have a very large school; there is only one in my class beside myself, and the rest are all small scholars. Our teacher's name is Eva Bridgette; she is a very nice teacher.

BERTHA M. T.

Lower Canard, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old; my birthday is on June 30. I live on a farm, and my father has a gasoline engine and windmill. We live in a valley right between two mountains. A river runs at the foot of my father's farm; it flows into Minas Basin a mile from my home; it is a beautiful place in summer, and we often go in bathing there. We live about ten miles from Cape Blomedon. We had a Sunday-school picnic over there; We had a launching over in Canning, and papa took us all over to see it. It was the first time I had ever been to a launching before; the vessel's name was 'Advance.' The first time they tried it, it did not go; so they got a tug; the tug's name was 'Millie K.' There was another vessel there named 'Rescue.'

EVA M. E.

Church Hill, N.B.

Dear Editor,—The letter Fay Stephenson wrote was indeed an excellent letter for a little girl nine years old. And the drowning of Ward Smith was very sad, as Miss Fay said, about it being a lesson for other boys to keep off rafts. We hope it will be a warning. Churchill is quite a nice place, especially in the summer. There is one church here, the Methodist church. We have Sunday-school only six months; it closed the last of October. Our Sunday-school was very small this year; the young folks are all going away as they grow up, and that makes our school have such a few to attend. But we used to have a large number of scholars. The Rev. Mr. Johnson, who has been on this circuit the past three years, has gone to Florenceville, and the conference sent us the Rev. Mr. Allen in his place. Mr. Allen is an old man, but he is very much liked here, as he is a good preacher. A horse and a dog are my two favorite animals. I have an uncle aged eighty, and anyone to look at him would not think he was any more than sixty-five. He is very smart for an old man. He is a native of Ireland, and, of course, it is no wonder he is smart and healthy, for there is not an Irishman yet ever came over the sea but was tough and hardy. He tells me that the generation of to-day will never be like the old generation. He came from Ireland when he was eighteen and it is a pastime to hear him tell about Ireland; I like to hear him naming the places. My uncle has great times talking to his old friends, natives of Ireland. He has a friend, Mr. Abraham Adair, who is eighty-eight years old, and it is great fun to hear the two old men tell and talk about that far away country. Both my grandmothers and grandfathers were natives of Ireland, and I will say they were good people. The crops were very good here this year, some of the farmers had five hundred bushels of oats, and buckwheat also was a good crop, but most of the farmers here thresh their buckwheat by handfals. There is a mountain called Mount Tom not very far from our home, and when the trees are all leafed out in summer it is a beautiful scene.

E. S. Mc.

(This is a very good letter.—Ed.)

Norman, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought some little boys and girls would like to hear of 'our fire.' On Friday, Nov. 28, at six o'clock we saw it first. It started between three and four in the morning. The hose broke and no-

thing could be done to stop it. When I woke up about six I noticed that the sky was all red and the air was full of smoke and sparks. I thought it was a train, but felt pretty anxious. I woke mother, and told her. Then we went to the south window and from it we had a full view of what was going on. The south and south-east part of the town around the mills was all in a perfect sea of flames. In the forenoon all the lumber-yard was burned. My father and brother and I all went to help the people in that end of the town who were moving. Ten houses also went in the forenoon. After dinner the fire went down and my brother Roy, and I went to the next town, a mile and a half west of us. At five o'clock the fire broke out afresh, burning five or six more houses, so that by midnight about one million dollars' worth of lumber, five steamboats that were upon dry-dock, and fifteen or seventeen houses were burned. A good many families were burned out, but we were spared. Some people had to eat their supper on the streets. It was an awful sight. Now, something about ourselves. I am a little girl aged thirteen; my birthday is on April 10. I have two brothers and three sisters. I do not go to school, but if I did I would be in the fifth book.

LAURA K.

(A most interesting letter.—Ed.)

Relessey, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often thought of writing a letter to the 'Messenger,' but somehow never did it; but, as I was sick a good deal this summer, and the 'Messenger' was my best visitor, I thought I would write when I got better. We have taken the 'Messenger' a good many years. It came in my sister's name till she got married, then I took it. We live in the county of Dufferin in the township of Mono, about thirteen miles from the town of Orangeville. Our post-office is about a mile north of us, and the Methodist church we attend is a concession west of that again, our pastor being the Rev. Mr. Langford, and my Sunday-school teacher is Miss Carrie Anderson. This is a very nice country, although there are some hills around our place, and I like to sit on the top of a big hill under the shade of a tree and take in the beautiful scenery around me. I have three sisters and three brothers; my eldest sister is married and I have a dear little niece called Emily. My eldest brother is in Alberta, so I am always interested in letters from that part. I am not going to school now. I passed the Entrance Exam. this summer and have not gone much since. Two of my school chums have moved away, one to British Columbia and another near Barrie, but I hear from them quite often. We had an entertainment at the school before Christmas, and Miss Lyons, our teacher, had quite a time training us. How is our little friend, Lottie Bell? I had a very nice letter from her some time ago. I send my best wishes to her through the 'Messenger,' and to all the readers. My address is, Annie Bertha Irwin, Relessey,

LETTERS IN BRIEF.

Goldie Bell lives in Stony Creek, Ont. Her father is an evangelist and is away the greater part of the year. She and her sister took part in the school concert.

Edith Bannister lives on a large farm in New Brunswick. She has a brother and seven sisters. She corresponds with Agnes McLeod.

Edwin Hodgson, of Hudson Heights, Que., has been unfortunate enough to break his leg and will have to stay in bed a long time. He has such a nice dog called 'Major,' who visits him as he lies in bed.

Hattie E. B. and Maggie O. write from Poltimore, Que. They both go to school. Maggie's father and mother are dead. Hattie's father keeps the post-office.

Rose E. Tibbits says that when the hotel-keeper of her town, Maine, N.Y., tried recently to get a license there was a majority of 25 votes on the temperance side. She was delighted.

Gertie M. H., of Kedron, N.B., got a lot of names on the pledge roll and was pleased with the picture she received in re-