

live about four miles from Caledonia. It has a post-office, four stores, two butcher-shops and a number of private houses. I live about three-quarters of a mile from school, so I go regularly. We have a very pretty school-house and school-yard. In front of the school there is a picket fence, painted. The other three sides are wire. Inside the fence, around the school-yard, there are very green trees, which look very pretty.

GLADYS H. (age 11).

(Very neat.—Ed.)

Petitcodiac, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at the Baptist Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I like the 'Little Folks' and 'Correspondence' pages the best. On seeing the letters from boys and girls of different places, and not seeing one from here, I thought I would write. There was a girl (aged 12) from Langside, Ont., who signed her name 'Puss,' and wanted the scholars to guess her real name. I thought perhaps it was 'Kitty.' But perhaps I am mistaken. Perhaps when she writes again she will tell me if I was right. I also tried to guess the riddle sent by 'Annie Irwin, Relessey, Ont.' I thought it was 'the whale that swallowed Jonah.' I would like her to write to the 'Messenger' and tell me if I guessed it right. I signed the Temperance Pledge in the 'Messenger.' Next time, I will try to write more interestingly.

ELVA S. (age 13).

Back Bay, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have begun to take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like reading the correspondence so well that I thought I would write one too. Our school opened on Jan. 6th, and our teacher's name is Mr. Reed. We live close to the water; the steamboat runs here three times a week; I have a large doll, she was two years old Christmas. 'Maud S., Union Grove, Ont.,' said she would like to know if any other little girl had a birthday on the same day as her's, July 22nd. My sister has. My birthday is Jan 22nd.

WINNIE M. C. (age 12).

(You write neatly and prettily, Winnie.—Ed.)

Elmhedge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would enjoy writing to your paper. I go to St. John's Sunday-school, and we get the 'Messenger.' I like to read it; I think it is a nice paper to read. I live on a farm. We work three hundred and fifty acres. I have seven brothers and no sisters, and for pets I have a little kitten and two dolls. I call my kitten Lioness. I am writing with my brother, whose name is Ernest. I go to school in the summertime, but I cannot go in the winter, as it is too cold for me. I was twelve years old on Dec. 25th. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same. Good-bye, Editor.

MAY L. B. N.

Harrisville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister took the 'Messenger' twenty years ago. We live about three miles from Moncton. I go to Sunday-school, and I like my teacher ever so much. Her name is Miss Hopper. I live on a farm. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. Our last teacher's name was Miss MacNaughton. I am going to send a few names of friends that I know would like a sample copy of the 'Messenger.'

JOSIE M. V.

(Neatly written.—Ed.)

Thedford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer, and we live about a mile from the village of Thedford. I have two sisters, one is ten years old and the other is two months old. I was born in Manitoba, Portage La Prairie, close to the Assiniboia river, and we came to Ontario when I was two years old. I had a great grandmother who was born in Ireland, and came to this country when about sixty years of age. She died two years ago, living to the age of one hundred and three. My grandfather, who lived quite near us, went to Kelowna, B.C., a few months ago to live. I go to

school every day, and walk about three miles. My sister and I take music lessons every week.

MELROSE B. R. (age 13).

(Neatly written.—Ed.)

Siruvallier, Madras, India.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here, I thought I would write and tell you how much I enjoy reading the 'Messenger,' which I receive every Sunday from some unknown and kind friend, whom I sincerely thank for the same. I think the 'Messenger' a very lively and interesting paper, but I like the correspondence page. I am the eldest of a family of seven children, two brothers and five sisters. I attend the Presbyterian Convent College, B. Town, Madras, but I belong to the Church of England.

JANE A. P.

(We are glad to hear from India.—Ed.)

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. I attend school, and am in the fourth book. I also attend Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' Vancouver's population is about thirty thousand. We have a fine zoological garden, containing many rare specimens of beasts, birds, etc., from many parts of the globe. The drive around the park is exceptionally grand, the distance is about nine miles over a magnificent road, constructed of sea-shells, which is always in good condition, neither muddy nor dusty. The road is through the gigantic Douglas firs for which this province is noted; some of these trees measure over fifty feet in circumference. At the entrance to the park is our bathing beach, the Cony Island of the West. The view of the Cascade mountains to the north is extremely beautiful, they remain snow-capped the year round, and look very refreshing on a hot day in August, but just at present (in January) they have the opposite effect. To the west we have the broad Pacific, with Vancouver Island; looming up faintly across the Gulf of Georgia, with perhaps one of the Empresses, we can see the Royal Mail steamers on their long voyage to the Orient. I think Vancouver is destined to become a very large city, and in time will rival the Queen City because of the latter's lack of seaboard. I am very proud of our city and its rapid growth.

LIBBIE H. (age 13).

(Very nicely written and interesting.—Ed.)

Holland's Mills, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for the past four years, and enjoy reading the children's letters. I live in Portland, five miles north-west of the Du-lievre river, and thirty-five miles north of the city of Ottawa, by a rough and hilly road at the foot of the mountain where the High Rock phosphate mine was worked some years ago, about five miles from the famous high falls, which are about 180 feet in height. It is a beautiful sight to see the water foaming over the rocks. We often have excursions there in summertime, and I love to go. Many people who have seen it say it is as beautiful a sight as the Niagara Falls. The country around here is very hilly and mountainous, but still very beautiful and healthy. So many people from the city come here to spend the summer. I attend the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school every Sunday. Our superintendent's name is Mr. Mason, and we all like him very much and feel sorry that he is going to leave us. I wonder if any little girl's birthday who takes this 'Messenger' is on the same day as mine, the 12th of July.

JESSIE B. R. (age 12).

(A nice little letter.—Ed.)

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

HOUSEHOLD.

Food or Poison.

(Pres. Review.)

In this matter of educating the youth there is much to be done that our schools do not accomplish, and that our homes are not doing. The immortal 'Topsy' condensed her development in mental and moral strength into the epigram, 'Spect I growed!' That describes the moral growth of most of the youths and maidens we meet. With moral faculties practically starved they go out early into life, and these faculties greedily feed upon what is first offered them. Thus we see the boys gathered about the stationers' windows, learning their A. B. C. in morals from the vile pictures displayed there. Half a dozen of them club together and buy a book, whose every page reeks with filth. Ill weeds grow fast, and six months in this school is sufficient to make the rest of life one long painful effort to put out what should never have been allowed to enter.

Ask any man of middle life what has hindered him most in life, and what he has to fight most strenuously now, and he will tell you of one day in his boyhood when the poison that has embittered the rest of his life was introduced. Perhaps it was the description of some sinful act, perhaps it was the sipping of what remained in the glass set down by one he loved, perhaps it was a page of a book that his immature mind could not receive, but the poison entered, and ever since has been doing its deadly work. Had there been such care exercised over the life of that child that the thousand and one enquiries were satisfied, that even its insatiate craving had been met by food calculated to give strength, there would have been no room for the entrance of the poison. How much more would that life have meant, how much more would it not have accomplished.

To satisfy with food that will strengthen is infinitely better than to forbid to take that food which looks pleasant and tastes good, but that brings only bitterness after it has been eaten. Is it not strange that we will not learn this lesson, though it was one of the first taught to our race? The prohibition failed then, in the best possible circumstances for its success and it is doomed to failure ever since. Meet evil with good, but forestall the approach of the evil, and garrison the life with the good. Let it be the place of the parent, to whose care God has entrusted the little life, to give time to this supreme duty, and so fortify the mind of the child that when, at length, the lists must be entered and life's battle taken up by that child, whether in childhood still, or grown to manhood or womanhood, there is not the handicap of a moral nature that has never been developed. Let each go out from the home well equipped, with the moral life well developed by exercise, and every part of the moral life guarded with a clean, straight thought.

The Blessing of a Couch.

(The Family Doctor.)

A room without a couch of some sort is only half finished. Life is full of ups and downs, and all that saves the sanity of the mentally jaded and physically exhausted fortune fighter, is the periodical good cry and momentary loss of consciousness on the upstairs lounge or the old sofa in the sitting room. There are times when so many of the things that distract us could be straightened out and the way made clear if only one had a long, comfortable couch on whose soft bosom he could throw himself, boots and brains, stretch his weary frame, unmindful of tidies and tapestry, close his tired eyes, relax the tension of his muscles, and give his harassed mind a chance. Ten minutes of this soothing narcotic, when the head throbs, the soul yearns for endless, dreamless rest, would make the vision clear, the nerves steady, the heart light, and the star of hope shine again. There