Correspondence

Bear River, N.S.

Bear River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm; we have a horse and colt, some cattle, sheep and hens and chickens. A river runs through our village, and it is a very pretty place here. We have eight stores, one bank, three or four blacksmith shops, harness shop and carriage shop. In the forests they catch moose and deer. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' about two years, and I think it is a very nice paper. I go to school and I am in the seventh grade; I have reader, geography, history, arithmetic, drawing, writing, English lessons, compositions, and botany lessons. I have two brothers but no sisters. We have four little pups and one cat.

OLIVE A. R.

Hunter River, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,-This is a very pretty village; there are two churches, a hotel, a starch factory, and four stores. I have three sisters and one brother. I am 12 years old. The school-house is just across the street from us and also the two churches. I would like to correspond with Bessie Johnstone. My address is: Sadie Large, Hunter River, P.E.I.

Milton, N.S.

Milton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old; I have three sisters, one is married; she lives in New Germany. We have one pig, twelve hens and three cats. My birthday is on Feb. 5. I have five brothers. I am in the fifth grade; my teacher's name is Miss May Kempton. I am the youngest of the family. I do not have far to walk to school or Sunday-school.

MAGGIE M.

Haysville, Ont.

Haysville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having read so many interesting letters in your paper lately I have come to the conclusion that I will write, too. There are many letters written by the girls, but what is the matter with the boys? Surely they can write as nice letters as the girls. Come along, boys! We do not want an 'old maids' club, but we surely will if you don't come soon. If I am to be an old maid, I will be a goody-goody one, i.e., wear a wig, false teeth, and spectacles, have lots of cats, and try to live up to the name; don't you envy me, Mr. Editor? VICCOLO.

Grenville, Que.

Grenville, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old and I live with my auntie and uncle. My papa and mamma are dead; papa was killed four years ago; he and another man were in a bush felling trees, and one of the trees fell and struck him on the head and killed him. When the man that was with him came home and told mamma, she nearly went crazy. We stayed at our old home for about four months, and then we moved away, for it was too lonesome. Two years after this mamma died. She just broke her heart about poor papa. Now I am staying at my auntie's, and I am getting along nicely. There are twelve in her family, so she has plenty to do. I have two brothers older than me and a little sister younger; she is the baby; she has got a very good home with a lady 'riend of auntie's. My little brothers stay with their uncles. I signed the Temperince Pledge in the 'Northern Messenger.'

LILLIE G. K.

(A nicely-written letter.—Ed.)

(A nicely-written letter .- Ed.)

Delaware, Ont.

Delaware, Ont.

Dear Edtior,—We live about two miles and a half from Delaware post-office. We live near the river Thames, and when it overflows its banks we have to go across the fields to go to school. Once the river came up in Mr. Burt's barnyard, so they can never come out with a waggon, because the road is either covered with water or ice. I go to school and I am in the fourthclass. I went to Sunday-school this summer and got a prize for attendance; my prize was a lovely book named 'Jane Eyre.'

We have a dog named 'Minto,' and I have two cows named 'Spottie' and 'Topsy.' We have a colt named 'Sparkle.' I have one sister and two brothers.

LAURA R. E. (Age 11.)

Langside, Ont.

Dear Editor,-As I have seen so many letters from boys and girls, I thought I would write one, too. I wrote to you once before, but I guess my letter was consignwould write one, too. I wrote to you once before, but I guess my letter was consigned to the waste-basket, as it was not printed. My father takes your valuable little paper, the 'Northern Messenger,' and I am sure we would be lonesome without it. I go to school, and am in the senior fourth reader. The school-house is two and one-half miles distant, and so, you see, I cannot go in the winter time. I study arithmetic, recitation, reading, dictation and spelling in the reader, practical spelling, Canadian and British history, physiology, geography, and grammar. I like British history the best of all my studies. I also forgot to mention drawing and writing as two more branches of study. I am very fond of reading, and I could not undertake to tell you how many stories I have read. I shall try to describe to you the village of Lucknow, which is five miles distant from our home. It has four churches, one school-house, about a dozen grocery stores, four drygoods stores, one post-office, and ever so many private houses. Langside has only one store, both grocery and dry-goods, with a blacksmith's shop opposite. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school; it is just across from the school-house. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, so I am not going to sign my name, but am going to let the scholars guess it if my letter is published.

'PUSS.' (Age 12.)

Weston, N.S.

Weston, N.S. Weston, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am living at my grandpa's on a farm; we have eleven head of cattle and two horses. I have a calf four
months old of my very own; I take all the
care of it. I have two sisters and two brothers. The school-house is on the corner
of grandpa's farm. I go to school every
day. We have about five hundred apple
trees. I am in No. 4 reading book. My
birthday comes on April 4, then I will be
ten years old.

IVAN J. S. ten years old.

Grenville.

Dear Editor,—Our teacher wants us to write a little letter to the 'Messenger,' so we are all going to try and do the best we can. Mamma and my brother and I all signed the Temperance Pledge in the 'Messenger', we are all for temperance. senger'; we are all for temperance. Papa never used any kind of liquor or tobacco; he senger'; we are all for temperance. Papa never used any kind of liquor or tobacco; he has been a temperance man all his life. We are not farmers, but we have a large orchard; there are twelve different kinds of apple-trees and many other smaller kind of fruit-trees; we had a great abundance of apples this year; we bought an evaporator this fall and we find it quite a help in using up apples that are unsalable. I have three sisters and five brothers; I am the youngest of the girls; my eldest sister is in the post-office at Lachute. Papa has been C.P.R. foreman for about fifteen years; it is a good steady job and he does not seem to tire of it. Both my grandfathers and grandmothers are living yet; one of my grandfathers is a Presbyterian minister; the other has been a great sufferer for nine years; he has something like neuralgia in his head; he has been to the hospital several times, but the doctors cannot do anything for him; his disease is incurable. Poor, dear old man, he suffers dreadfully, and we all feel very sorry for him, but we cannot do anything to help him.

LAURA A. M. (Age 13.)

(This is a well-written letter.)

Marburg, Ont.

Marburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was born in Fenner,
Cal., and lived there until I was four years
old, when my mother died; then my sister
and I came to Ontario and lived with my
aunt; we have lived here six years. My
sister is younger than I. Our father is still
in California. We live on a farm four
miles from Point Dover, on Lake Erie; it

is a great summer resort. I will tell you about the journeys we have taken. Three years ago we went to Niagara Falls; it is eighty miles from here. We saw the beautiful falls and whirlpool, also Brock's monument. A year ago last November we went to Buffalo and visited the Pan-American. They said that the Electric Tower was four hundred and eleven feet high; it looked beautiful, illuminated at night. The fountains were lovely, and when we went down the Midway the sounds almost deafened us. We make decorations for our Christmas tree this way: We get red, white and blue tissue paper and cut stars an inch across; then we cut straws half an inch long and string them with a needle and a thread.

RIDDLE.

(Sent by Annie Irwin, Relessey, Ont.) God made Adam out of dust,

But thought it best to make me first;
So I was made before the man,
According to God's holy plan.
My body He has made complete,
But without legs, or arms, or feet;
Nor did He give to me a soul,
Yet did my actions well control.
A living creature I became,
First Adam gave to me my name;
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew,
I did my Maker's laws obey,
From it I never went astray;
Thousands of miles I ran in fear,
But seldom on the earth appear;
But God did in me something see
And put a living soul in me,
And sin in me the Lord did blame,
And took from me that soul again,
And when from me that soul had fled
I was the same as when first made.
And without feet, or hands, or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
I suffer oft by day and night
In giving fallen men great light,
For thousands both of young and old
Do at my death great light behold,
No fear of death doth trouble me,
For happiness I cannot see;
To Heaven above I ne'er can go
Nor to the graves of Hell below;
The Scriptures' truth I can't believe—
Whether right or wrong I can't conceive,
Although therein my name is found,
They are to me an empty sound,
And when these lines, my friends, you
read,
Go set the Bible with all speed, But thought it best to make me first; So I was made before the man,

read, Go search the Bible with all speed, And if my name you can't find there, It will be strange, I must declare.

Our Responsibility.

A man once stopped a preacher in a street of London, and said, 'I once heard you preach in Paris, and you said something which I have never forgotten, and which has, through God, been the means of my conversion.'

'What was that?' asked the preacher.

'It was that the latch was on our side of the door. I had always thought that God was a hard God, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was a new thought to me that Christ was waiting for me to open to him.

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