

Correspondence

B., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—We have fine sport winter time, skating, coasting, and building snow houses and snowmen. We are hoping soon to see our letter in print. STANLEY CURTIS.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

(By E. T. (aged 11), a Reader of the 'Messenger'.)

One evening last winter, when the wind without was blowing a gale, we children were becoming rather restless as we had nothing to amuse us. It happened at this time our uncle Robert was visiting at our place, so to pass away the long winter evening we asked him to tell a story. Uncle Robert could tell a good story, but whether his stories were all true is more than I can say. However, he consented to tell us of an adventure which he had when a young man. Having settled himself more comfortably in his arm chair, he began thus: 'In the year 1884 we had an exceptionally severe winter. It set in at the beginning of November, and by the middle of

pushed on towards home. I was now out on the open prairie, with no dwellings visible, and only distant landmarks and the trail to guide me.

The snow now began to descend, and soon my view was obscured to more than a few yards ahead of the horses. It now began to blow with terrific force, and I recognized that I was out in a blizzard—the first real blizzard I had ever seen. During all this time my horses were going at their utmost speed, but now they began to fag. I felt drowsiness gradually creeping over me, and the intense cold pierced through my fur coat to my very bones. Now the horses were following their own course, and they had almost come to a standstill. Suddenly there loomed up before me something large and dark—it was a haystack, and I knew that here was a slight shelter from the terrible wind. I got my horses around to the sheltered side of the stack, but I found myself so cold that I was afraid of freezing. In this extremity I bethought myself of the keg of syrup in the sleigh. Accordingly I broke up the chairs and poured the syrup on them and soon had a fire—such as one could have in so great a storm. This slightly warmed me, but soon all my fuel was gone. The fury of the blizzard had not in the

into your snug little beds and forget all about the cold.'

We have some stories written by our young readers, but in some cases the name and address have become detached. Will authors who have not seen their story yet send in their name with the name of their story, also their age.—Cor. Ed.

I. H., Sask.

Dear Editor,—Our Sunday School teacher said that there was a paper 'The Northern Messenger,' he gave it to us, and I liked it very well. I must say I like to read the Correspondence, and to look at the drawings. I am fourteen. I have done a great deal of travelling. From Germany across the Atlantic Ocean I went right up to Prince Albert, then down to Hague, then to Rosthern. They are all in Saskatchewan. Then I went to Victoria, B.C., Vancouver Island; all of us spent a year there, then we came back and went to I. H. I will answer the first puzzle of Leonard W. Murray—it is a book. I think I will give a puzzle for the readers of this paper to answer, too. What grows in winter with its root upward, and dies in summer?

GERTRUDE H. KOOB.

E., N.F.

Dear Editor,—I am not a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger,' but my cousin has been for several years. She has left this place, and I receive it in her name.

I am very pleased with the Correspondence page, but I have never seen a letter from here. This is not my native place. I have three brothers and four sisters, they are all very pleased to get the papers when I am finished with them. I have been living here over a year. If I live to see the twenty-eighth of May next, I will then be twelve years old.

I have attended Sabbath School ever since I came here. My Uncle, with whom I live, is the superintendent. There is no day school here this winter, but I am kept busy, especially mail days, as the post office is in our building, and I help to sort and deliver letters.

For pets I have a cat called Daisy, and a canary called Pete. MAY REEVES.

L. B., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—As so many boys and girls are writing letters, I thought I would write one also. We have great fun at school now, as the ground is all covered with ice. I am thirteen years old, and am in the sixth reader.

I am very fond of reading; some of the books I have read are: 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' two 'Mildred Books,' three 'Elsie Books,' and so many others. I cannot name them. Papa has taken the 'Witness' for over thirty years, and he thinks it is the best paper in Canada. I would miss the 'Messenger' if I did not take it now. As we are seven miles from church, we cannot get to Sunday School, but I learn the lessons out of the 'Home Study Quarterly,' and mamma is the visitor of the Home Department, and every Sunday afternoon we have our lesson, and papa is teacher and superintendent of a class of three. Our late minister has gone out West, and we are all very sorry. I received the game of Din, and think it very nice, many thanks for it. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, it is August 20.

FANNIE I. McCALLUM.

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OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A rose "a la France."' Sola McKee (10), V., Ont.
2. 'Wild roses,' Alice Dinwoodie (12), Ont.
3. 'Boat,' Earl Marshall, S. Ont.
4. 'Our Kate' (horse). L. Elva Tindale, M., Ont.

5. 'Painting for his sister,' Nellie Miller (14), A. M., Ont.
6. 'Pet lamb,' Lottie Miller (10), A. M., Ont.
7. 'Duck,' Milton N. Pegg (11), L., Man.
8. 'Squirrel,' Lyla S., (11), C., Ont.
9. 'Horse,' Bob Arthur Coult, (8), E. Sask.

December the snow was lying on the prairies two feet deep. Our family consisted of three sons (of which I was the oldest), and one daughter. We had a large farm on the western side of Manitoba. As the provisions ran short, my father sent me to the town of G—, some thirty miles distant, to get a supply of provisions, and bring home a few articles of furniture.

The morning I set out was clear and frosty, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, but I had every indication of a safe journey and a speedy return. On the roads to town I passed only six dwelling houses, and when about half my route was completed, I stopped at a haystack, and fed my horses. After giving them a short rest I continued my journey, and arrived at G— at four o'clock in the afternoon. I purchased my provisions and a few articles of furniture, consisting of six chairs and one bedstead, that afternoon. I stowed them away safely in my sleigh to be ready for an early start on the morrow.

On the following morning the atmosphere was somewhat changed, and gave slight indication of a storm rising. My landlord entreated me to stay until the storm was over, but I, with the confidence of youth, would not remain, so started out on my homeward journey which proved so eventful.

I covered the first half of my journey in safety, and again fed my horses at the same haystack. During the rest, however, I noticed that the wind was increasing and the air gave every appearance of a storm, and a speedy one, too. Seeing there was no time to lose, I gave my horses but little rest, and

least subsided, and I was again becoming greatly benumbed by the cold.

Suddenly a terrific whirlwind caught the stack, uplifting it and scattering the hay far and wide. My plight then indeed was pitiful, but I did not lose heart. I hitched the horses to the sleigh, and started out into the raging storm. For more than an hour I battled against the snow and wind, when suddenly there came a lull in the storm, but only for a few moments. During those brief moments, however, I noticed a house about 200 yards away, and immediately started in that direction. I reached the house barely in time, for hardly had I closed the door when there came a gush of wind even greater than that which preceded it. Great billows of snow rushed onward and almost completely enveloped the house. Outside, the air seemed only a seething mass of snow, and all around there was a continuous noise like thunder. This continued for two hours, when the wind gradually calmed down.

The next morning, having got my bearings, I started out for home. Indications of the fury of the blizzard were everywhere visible. The snow, in some places, was piled in drifts fifteen feet high, while on the level it was four feet deep. I saw hay scattered about in many places, showing that there had been more than one haystack upturned by the storm.

My parents were glad to see me back again, and after a week's illness I was as well as ever again.

And now, my little children, my story is ended, and I think you had better all run up