

ment society. And they all agreed that the improvement had been more marked since they had undertaken the task of amusing and improving their less fortunate neighbours.

'Miss Allen,' said Mr. Smithson, as he gave her hand a parting shake, 'if you should happen to light upon another church where the total abstinence work is crowded out, remember your success here, and do your best to crowd it in.'

Christ Near.

A poor man in the hospital was just about to undergo a most painful and perilous operation: they had lain him ready, the doctors were just about to begin, when he cried, 'Wait a minute.' Annoyed at the delay, they asked him what he wanted. 'Oh,' said he, 'wait a minute while I pray to the Lord Jesus to stand by my side, for 'twill be dreadful hard to bear.'—Illustrative Anecdote.

The Dearest Friend.

(By Rev. James Dorward.)

O Saviour mine, O truest, dearest Friend,
Who, like thyself, such grace and sweetness
blend!

Fairest art thou of all the heavenly choir,
Joy of all joy, the sum of all desire!

When, in thy name, O Comforter divine,
Faith, hope and love with earthly cares entwined,

Cold hearts inflame and gloomy doubtings
cease,

The weary rest, upheld in perfect peace.

No other name has power to hold mankind
In such sweet brotherhood of heart and
mind;

Thine entrance giveth light, dark shadows
flee

Of sin and sorrow, strife and enmity.

When, though in sorrow, wandering far and
lone,

A stranger, friendless, comfortless, undone,
Who, like thyself, can e'er such Bethels
raise,

Transfigure clouds, make midnight echo
praise?

Oh, stay by me, lest in the struggle worn,
I sink, in storm and darkness, overborne!
Teach me to know and do thy blessed will,
To trust and to obey, e'en to be still!

In Death's dark hour, O blest Redeemer
mine,

I want no ear, no voice, no hand but thine!
'Tis light at even, the shadows disappear
When thou dost lead the way, sweet Saviour
dear.

—Unsunduzi, Africa, 'Pacific.'

Correspondence

St. James, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I like the Little Folks' page the best. I was nine years old on March 17. I live beside the Assiniboine River, four miles west of Winnipeg. I often go into Winnipeg, and there are lots of things for a little girl like me to see. Our Sunday-school is in the city limits. I am just learning to skate, and enjoy it. My sisters all can skate. My only pet is a black and white cat, whose name is Blackie. He is a very good old cat, and never scratches me. I will be glad when the little birds come back again in the spring. I think the little birds always cheer a sad

heart. I think men are cruel to kill such innocent birds, which God has made. I like the flowers, and lots of wild ones grow here. We grow a number of kinds of fruits, and I always try to help pick them, but I soon get tired. I often have rides on horseback in the summer. This is my first attempt to write a letter. I will close now, and write another time. Your little reader,

JANE.

St. James, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—My little sister is writing a letter to you, so I thought I would too. I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day except Tuesdays and Fridays, in the afternoon. My sister and I have to go to the city to take our music lessons on the violin. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and to church. I have not missed one Sunday this year yet, and I hope to keep on. I will be glad when summer comes, I am tired of winter, but I never get tired of summer. It is nice to sit on the grass and listen to the birds singing. We have a large patch of berries, and so the birds gather in numbers here. I have no pets except a little black pony. I claim her, but we all ride her. It is nice to go out riding on a summer's day. The pony is about twenty years old, and nearly as smart as ever, we only use her to ride on. If you wish I will write again. I remain your faithful reader,

LIZZIE.

Loch Lomond, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for some time past. We like it better than any other paper for children. I like it ever so much since you began to publish the little letters from children; and I thought I would like to send one myself, to tell about my pets. I have two pretty cats. One I call Captain Tom, and a little kitten called Tony. They always play with me, and come up to my bed whenever I wake in the morning. I have a nice black horse, called Prince. I can drive myself, and like to go driving better than anything else. I have also a little dog named Wallace, who always likes to go with me; but one day he went after the team and got lost, and it was nearly a week before he found his way home again. I am very glad he does not go after the team now. My papa has been taking the 'Witness' for a great many years. I hope this letter is not too long, and that I will soon see it in the paper, then I may write one some other time,

JANE CATHERINE.

Napiuka Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I was reading the letters in the 'Messenger,' to mother, and she thought I had better write one too. We live on a farm about a mile from town, and walk in to school. I have one brother, and a darling baby sister. I have a little apple tree that I have grown from seed, I thought it was frozen for a little while; but now it is growing nicely. This has been a very fine winter in our country. Your little reader,

Age nine.

BESSIE.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Central Congregational Church, and I get the 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy reading the stories very much. I have a little brother, six years of age. He is a very comical child for his age, and goes to school. One day last week his teacher told her class, not to snap their fingers. Clarence—for that is his name—immediately snapped his, and his teacher sent him to the corner. He is often kept in, although he is only in Standard, or Grade I. I attend the Dufferin School, which is a

large, roomy school. I am in the eighth grade. I will soon be trying for entrance to the Collegiate. I am very sorry to say that although Winnipeg is a fairly large city, I do not know of any Band of Hope that I could attend. When I was away for my summer holidays I attended a Band of Hope, and I was delighted with it. I do wish someone would start one here. I remain a faithful reader,

Aged twelve.

MADGE.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one too.

I will be twelve years old on May 4.

I have some nice chickens. When I was six years old, I had a little chicken named Sue; and it died; and I buried it in mother's nice new silk handkerchief, and put it in my sister Clara's lunch-basket. She was very angry when she found it out. I like to read the 'Messenger,' and enjoyed Christina's fairy story very much. I hope she will write another.

GERALDINE.

Kincardine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over two years, and like it very much. I think it is a very interesting paper for both old and young. I live on a farm within five miles of a town. I like living on a farm very much, because in the summer I can drive the team when drawing in grain, and other work. My brother, who is ten years old, is very sick; but is getting better. Then he will soon be able to go to Sunday-school again.

Once I had a dog, which was brought from Toronto, as a house dog; but he got poisoned with some arsenic which had been set out for rats, which he accidentally got at, and died. I have a pair of pigeons. When I first got them they would come to the house and I could catch them; but now they stay at the barn and I cannot catch them so easily. Wishing the 'Northern Messenger' a prosperous year, I remain yours truly,

PERCY.

Age twelve years.

Dear Editor,—My letter is about Topsy, a little negro girl, whose only earthly possessions were a pair of kittens, which she called 'T'other' and 'Which.' Of course she loved these kitties very, very dearly; and thought she could never part with either.

One Sunday a missionary, who had just returned from Japan, preached in the church to which Topsy went. He told the people of the great need of the bible in Japan, and asked them if they would not deny themselves something so that they might help to spread abroad the gospel among the heathen. Of course Topsy was very small, and could not understand all the missionary said, but she thought she was called upon to part with something which she treasured. So, before the service was over, she slipped down out of her seat, and ran home as fast as she could; and presently reappeared in the church with a mysterious-looking parcel tucked under her arm. She did not take her seat this time, but walked solemnly up to where the missionary was counting the offerings and deposited her precious bundle in the contribution box. Then she stole softly out of the church.

The missionary went over to the box to examine its contents, but just then he heard a frightened 'Mew.' The 'contents' proved to be Topsy's two kittens. Your fourteen year old friend,

JEAN.