

Correspondence

Avondale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have just begun to take the 'Messenger,' and I enjoy reading the letters very much. I am ten years old; my birthday is on June 24, and if any little girl that takes the 'Messenger' has her birthday on the same date, I wish she would write. We have a little farm. I have no pets. My mamma's little brother is here; his name is Bennie Wallace.

JENNIE LAURA B.

Avondale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. My papa has one cat and she has four kittens. We live on the bank of Little Presqu'île River, and there is a grove of maple trees in front of our house. My papa has a store and a cheese factory. I have two sisters. I hope you will put this letter in the 'Messenger.'

FLORENCE N. B.

Ottawa, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters every week, and, as I do not often see one from Ottawa, I thought I would write one. I have not been away during my holidays, but I often go out to Britannia. The electric railway runs seven large cars out, and one is the Royal car, which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall travelled in. I have been in it twice, and it is a very fine car. I sometimes go out to Aylmer, too. The park is about eleven miles from the city. A boat, called the 'G. B. Greene,' goes three times a week from Aylmer to the Chats Falls. I took the trip once and I enjoyed it very much. There is a merry-go-round at Aylmer and also a water-chute.

WILLIE K. (aged 10.)

Adler, N.D.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to the 'Messenger' for a long time, I thought it was about time to write again. I have taken this good little paper for three years and mamma took it for two years before I did. The other day I was looking over the list of names whose letters were too uninteresting to print, and, imagine my surprise to find my own name there. It is a mystery to me how it got there. Either there is a girl in the United States or Canada whose name is the same as mine, or else my school-mate wrote a letter and signed my name. I am very fond of reading, as, I suppose, a great many readers of this paper are. I have a number of books of my own which I have read through, times without number. Among them are: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Basket of Flowers,' 'Our Bessie,' 'Averil,' 'Esther,' 'Merle's Crusade,' 'Mosses From an Old Manse,' 'Grandfather's Chair,' 'Making Home Happy,' 'Story of a Short Life,' and others. I have two brothers, named Wilford and George, and a dear little sister, Hazel, also a father and mother. We live on a farm nine miles from the nearest town. Some men are putting a telephone line past our place. They have been working at it for very near a week. It improves the look of the country a great deal. I can ride horseback and a bicycle, too. I used to have a pony, but papa sold him. I am in the seventh grade in school. I was promoted to the eighth year, but went back to review the seventh. I have taken five music lessons.

NELLIE E. BISS (aged 12).

Pierson, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and four brothers. My birthday is the 6th of June. I am eight years old. I was in the Province of Quebec two years ago. I was on the St. Lawrence River. My father is a doctor. I go to Sunday school. I have lived in Manitoba all my life.

HELEN B. M.

Oakwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' once before and saw my letter in print. I like to read the correspondence. I got the nice Bagster Bible which you gave me for getting four new subscribers to the 'Messenger.' It is a real nice one. I hope the other little folks that got one are as

well pleased as I am. My brothers and I once had a pet pigeon each, but one morning I found one of them dead, and then the others flew away. We have got a nice pet cat now, and lots of chickens. I am glad to hear that there are missionaries trying to Christianize the Chinese. May the time soon come when they will all learn to worship the true God.

A. B. N. (Aged 11.)

Pierson, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to your paper. I have just got a letter from auntie saying they have got the smallpox in uncle's hotel. My friend Ella is writing to you. I am ten years old and in the third reader. My teacher is very nice, and I like her very much. I have got a kitten.

ISABEL M.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen one letter from here, from a little friend of mine who has written before. I am a member of the King's Daughters' Society. We send girls to take flowers to the wards in the hospital, and sew regularly at our meetings, and have a sale at the end of the term. My two little sisters have just returned from Montreal where they have been spending a part of the vacation. As I see a good many stories written I thought I would like to tell about one that I hope will prove interesting. One time in the winter my grandfather, father and uncles were at breakfast. The window opened on a slope used as pasture land in summer, with a brook running at the foot. They were hardly finished breakfasting when suddenly my father exclaimed: 'There goes a fox!' Looking out of the window they saw a full-grown fox just crossing the brook with a large marrow-bone in his mouth. My father snatched up an old gun and started in pursuit. There were a few bushes in the field and my father crept along behind these bushes until he suddenly came upon the fox eating the bone in the snow. My father aimed and shot the fox, but as he was young, he waited for a while to be sure the fox was not going to feign death. He at last crept up and slung the fox over his shoulder, and a prouder boy there never was. He sold it to a man who stuffed it, but a dog tore it to pieces beyond repair.

BESSIE M. (Aged 13.)

(A very good letter.—Editor.)

Prince Albert, Sask.

Dear Editor,—Although I have read the 'Messenger' for almost three years I never before wrote a letter to it. We live in a very pretty town, and, although sometimes I wish I was some place else, I am sure if I really was obliged to go, I would feel very badly indeed.

I am going to tell you about a picnic some of my friends and I went to. It was on a Saturday about eight o'clock in the morning, that my four friends and myself started out. We agreed to go across the river, so we all got into the boat that is chained to the ferry, and went across the Saskatchewan, and when we arrived at the opposite side we discovered that we had left out lunch baskets at the other side. We told the ferry-man and he took us over again to get them. When we were all across the river the second time the pleasure-seekers went up the river a piece and took off both their boots and stockings and started to wade. At five o'clock in the evening we were all very tired and hungry (for we had eaten all the lunch before) and rather pleased to reach home.

'PRAIRIE ROSE.'

Port Daniel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer; we live near the seashore in summer; the men go fishing for lobsters and codfish. It is a good harbour for vessels in stormy weather. I have no pets but a big doll my sister brought me from Montreal. I have two brothers, one of them is in Minnesota. I go to school every day; our teacher is Miss Winnie Almond; she is a nice teacher.

NETTIE S. (Age 10.)

Mountain Grove.

Dear Editor,—I have seen no letters from Mountain Grove, so thought I would write, even if my letter finds the waste basket. We live on the shore of a lake, and in the summer the blackbirds build around; they are quite tame, and do not seem to mind us a bit; there are some very pretty birds with red wings. One day, mother was out in the yard, and there were two blackbirds picking quite close. A pet kitten, that had followed her out, caught one by the wing; the mate flew at the kitten. When he saw he could not rescue it, he flew high in the air, and uttered three shrill calls. In about five minutes the yard was black with birds; they came from north, south, east and west. Can any of the boys or girls that write tell me how they knew where to fly to, for the birds flew down in the grass. As soon as he called the other bird got away from the cat. Mother had to take the kitten and run, as the birds would have killed it; they would fly right at it, and it in her arm. A few days after the kitten disappeared, and we never saw it after. We think the blackbirds killed it.

JAMES R. B. (Aged 10.)

Springfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter from Springfield I thought I would write one. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year and like it very much, especially the correspondence. I live on a farm. We have seventeen cattle, six pigs, two horses, fifteen sheep and eleven lambs. I have one brother and one sister. My sister received a Bagster Bible. I go to school; the school-house is over a mile away; it is about in the centre of the settlement. Our church is about a half mile away; it is on a high hill. Springfield is quite a large place; there are thirty-three houses in Springfield, one store and two blacksmith shops. My father is a blacksmith. There are one hundred and thirty-three people in Springfield. For pets I have a cat and a dog. My cat's name is Tom and the dog's name is Victor. My birthday is on Jan. 10.

J. E. T. (Aged 13.)

Dryden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been looking through the 'Messenger' at the correspondence and I see there has not been a word from Dryden. I have two brothers. Dryden is not a very big place as yet. I live in the country in the township of Wainwright. I go to school. It is called by name, Cairnbrogie. My teacher's name is Miss Parker. I like her very well. My brothers name are Roy and Minno. We have a span of horses, Prince and Charlie. We have seven head of cattle, three dogs, one cat, sixty hens, ninety chickens. I took the 'Messenger' in the Band of Hope and I like to read it to see where the correspondence is from. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on April 10.

GEORGE PERCY S.

Pierson, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have intended to write a letter to the 'Messenger' for some time. My brother get is at Sunday school, and I read the correspondence in it. Pierson is not a very large place, but it is growing. We are to have a new school built this summer. I have only lived in Manitoba three years. Before then we lived in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. My father had a farm there. Manitoba isn't a very pretty country. There are no trees near Pierson, but along the Antler River, some miles from here, the trees are quite thick. I am nine years old. I like to go to school. I have learned to skate since we came here; we have nice times in winter. I was in Montreal three years ago; we landed from the boat there; I was very sick crossing from Scotland. For a pet I have a nice little cat; it likes to kill flies.

ELEANOR A. H.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.