

Correspondence

Clanwilliam.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and I take great pleasure in reading the short stories in it. I am fourteen years old, and my birthday is on February 2. I have gone four summers to school. I am in the third book, and have two miles to walk. We have a little town four and a half miles from us, and it has the C.N.R. running through it. I have four head of cattle. My father is a plasterer. I have to run the farm the best way I can. I have a little dog, and her name is Fido; she is a good dog for the cattle.

ARTHUR J.

Galbraith.

Dear Editor,—I am fourteen years old. We take the 'Witness' and the 'Messenger,' and could not do without them. This is my third letter to the 'Messenger,' and I have never yet seen one in print. I live in the County of Lanark. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have eight milking cows and three horses. We have forty-five turkeys and about fifty chickens. My father is a great fisherman. He has been at Taylor's Lake three times, and brought home fifteen big fish. One of them I guess will weigh about 10 pounds. My birthday is on August 3. I belong to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss G. Our school teacher's name is Miss C. There are fourteen scholars going to school. We put up a new cook-house this summer. I think I will write to the 'Messenger' again if I see this letter in print.

SARAH J. McK.

West Gravenhurst, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in a country two miles from the town. We have just started to receive the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school. We all like to read it very much. We have a library in connection with our Sunday-school. We have an organ in our Sunday-school, and we also have one in our home; I am in my third term in music. My birthday is on September 24. My sister Margaret's birthday is on March 11, and I hope you will accept me as one of your circle.

C. L. (aged 12).

Baillieboro P.O., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to the 'Messenger,' as I have never seen a letter from Baillieboro. I am eleven years old. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. Mine is on Nov. 4. I am in the Senior Third Reader at school. I go to Lake View School. The lake is near the school, and we often go down to it. I have two sisters and two brothers. I have one big brother who passed the entrance this summer. He is going to college. I am taking music lessons now. My teacher's name is Miss B., from Bewdley; and our school teacher's name is Miss B., from Bewdley, too. She is my music teacher's chum. I go to the Sunday-school at Bensford, and my teacher's name is Miss C. We have a little pup which we call Colia; he will play like anything, but he is a little tease. I have started a letter to the 'Messenger' twice before, but never posted them. So this is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We play at school in the winter time, sleigh-riding, sliding, skating and other games. We play in the summertime baseball and other games. I would like any other little girl to correspond with me. Last summer I went away out to my Aunt Hattie's in Cavan. We drove about sixteen miles and got there before dinner. I had a very good time, for there were a lot of girls living right around there about my own age, and we had great times together. I often used to go over to their houses and stay for a time. And they often used to visit me. I write to all of them. I went to Sunday-school while I was there, but I didn't get the 'Messenger,' and I felt lonesome without it. I have one grandma, but no grandpa's. I have also a lot of uncles, aunts and cousins. I hope to see this letter in print, because I will watch the Correspondence Page pretty close to see if it is there. I have read quite a number of books, some of which are: 'Black Beauty,' 'Adventures in India,' 'Seven Poor Travellers,' 'Rhoda's Victory,' 'Christmas Chimes,' 'Cities of Refuge,' 'The Fisherman's Boy,' 'Every Cloud

has a Silver Lining,' 'What Katy did at School,' 'What Katy did Next,' 'What Katy did at School and Home,' 'What Katy did in the Field,' etc. I like to read the letters with the names of the books they have read in, so I can see if I have read any of the same books as other readers of the 'Messenger.' Well, I guess that I will close, wishing you every success with your work.

Z. E. P.

Belleville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Through the kindness of some friends at Westmount, I am a subscriber to the 'Messenger.' We all think it is an interesting little paper. I am living at a pretty little place called Belleville, situated on the Bay of Quinte. We go rowing, fishing, etc., on this bay, which is considered very safe. There are many islands and small places just within rowing distance, and many people take a boat and go carousing round for a whole day at a time. The city made a tiny park on an island, upon which the Rathbun Co., a few years ago, had a saw mill. This island is situated right at the mouth of the harbor, and the park makes a pleasant resting-place in the hot weather. I would like to tell the girls and boys of a fine trip I took with a friend this summer. We went to Montreal by train, where friends met us and took us to their home at Westmount. The boys of the family entertained me royally. They took me to the Laurentian Baths, a fine large building with concrete bottom, filled with water of the right temperature, where we swam and dived to our heart's content. I wish very much we had one in Belleville. Then the boys' father took us, a party of twelve, to Lachine, one evening, to meet one of his tugs, which we boarded and sailed down through the locks, which we boys found very enjoyable, watching the gates open allowing us to pass through. We also had many trips on the mountain, and we went over an ocean liner and saw the man-of-war and many other sights which I fear I cannot tell about here. We stayed away a month, then returned up the river by steamer. I had always longed to sleep on a boat, so had a chance, as we were two nights and days before we reached Belleville. I saw a letter in your columns from F. T. C. I am glad his and his brother's pets are flourishing, especially the rabbits, and, the best pet of all, little Ada. I have two rabbits which are very tame, and the only pets I have excepting a dear little sister five years old. There are plenty more things that I would like to write about, but my letter may be too long, dear editor. I am a boy twelve years old, and I am in the fourth reader at school.

H. O. W.

Macdonald, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have only seen the 'Messenger' once, and I liked it so much that I thought I would write a letter to it. I will be ten years old on January 6. I go to school, and am in the third book. I have to walk two miles to school. I live on a farm about twelve miles from Portage. I have five brothers, the youngest one being nineteen. I have a sister who is married, and one sister who died. I have no one to play with, but I read a lot of books, and that keeps me busy. I close, a friend of the 'Messenger.'

P. C.

Olds, Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I have just finished reading the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would try and write a short letter, as I have nothing else to do, and I feel rather lonesome. My brother takes the 'Messenger.' Our school teacher, Miss S. M. C., subscribed for it for him. Our home is eight miles south-east of Olds, and is situated forty miles west of the Knee Hill coal mines. We have nineteen head of horses, and about seventy head of cattle. I have two brothers and one sister, who are all younger than I am. I was twelve years old on July 20. I received my Bible in first-class order, and I think it is very nice. I am trying for another for a birthday present for a chum of mine. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. I guess I will have to close, and hope to see this letter in print.

L. K.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Trained to Politeness.

A woman tells of a monkey which she saw while in Paris which was so well trained in good manners that it was almost impossible to believe that he did not understand what was said to him. The Japan 'Weekly Mail' describes the animal's accomplishments as follows:—

When the woman met the monkey suddenly on the stairs one day the creature stood in the corner to allow her to pass, and when she said 'Good morning!' he took off his cap and bowed.

'Are you going away?' she asked. 'Where is your pass?' Pulling off his cap, he took from the crown a paper, opened it, and then showed it to her. When some one observed that her dress was dusty, the courteous monkey took a brush from the table, and carefully brushed her dress and then her shoes.

When any one gave him food he always made a low bow before taking it, and then ate it slowly and daintily. He had been taught to eat eggs with a spoon, and to use a knife and fork. He could lock and unlock a drawer, thread a needle, uncork a bottle, and polish his master's shoes. He seemed to take great pleasure in gay company, and he paid close attention to the conversation, looking in turn at each speaker as if he understood what was said.

This remarkable monkey was never placed on exhibition. He died at an early age, of pneumonia.—'Temperance Leader.'

The Rabbit a Coward.

Here is a little talk between a boy who is a great hunter for his age, and a woman of his acquaintance, which shows that cowardice sometimes depends upon the way things are looked at: 'A rabbit,' said the young hunter, 'is the most awful coward there is in the world. My! How he does run from a hunter!' 'So you think that the rabbit is a coward?'

'Why, of course.'

'Well, let us "suppose a little." Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall.'

'Well?'

'And had good, strong, swift legs.'

'Yes.'

'And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?'

'What should I do? I should streak it like lightning.'

'I think you would, and I think, too, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward.'

Between Bob and Tom.

'Bob,' said Tom, 'which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?'

'It's stumbled,' said Tom, 'because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letters.'

'Good!' said Bob. 'Which is the longest English word?'

'Valetudinarianism,' said Tom promptly.

'No, it's smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letters.'

'Oh, that's nothing,' said Tom. 'I know a word that has over three miles between its beginning and ending.'

'What's that?' asked Bob faintly.

'Beleaguered,' said Tom.—'The Children's Friend.'

Things You Can Do.

You can be a burden or a help.

You can always find something useful to do if you try.

You can always find time to do the thing you want to do most.

You can make people like or dislike you, whichever you choose.

You can always get along in life with less than you think you can.

You can always find time to keep your clothes tidy, trim and neat.

You can be very nearly what you want to be, provided you will.

You can do about anything you start to do, provided you are willing to give up everything that would hinder, and work hard enough.—'S. S. Messenger.'