

Correspondence

PICTURES.

How many of you draw pictures? Would you like to see some of your art work reproduced in the 'Messenger' on your correspondence page? I can just see some of you nodding your heads vigorously. Well, then, get your pencil and paper and remember the rules.

Rules:—(1) Your name, age and address should be written below the picture, nothing else should be written or drawn on the sheet of paper.

(2) As they are to be printed, every line in the picture must be distinct.

(3) Make your pictures large enough to pretty well cover a post-card; we will print them smaller, but we want them clear.

We will print all we can of your pictures, but don't expect to see more than one from the same artist in three months.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

P.S.—The letter of George A. G., of St. Davids, Ont., has been voted for by the following: Maggie Brunette, Mina R. Palmer, Clara Sringssted, Dorothy Millar, E. S. Bryant (16), Ada Fraser, and a few others.

Stanley C. has one vote; also E. I. J.—Cor. Ed.

Harcourt, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly two years, and could not do without it. I sew them together, and I now have one hundred of them. I saw the riddle in the 'Messenger,' which was, 'What book in the Bible is written without mentioning the name of God?' I think it is the Song of Solomon. I am very fond of reading, and my favorite books are: 'Twenty Minutes Late,' 'Three People,' 'Little Women,' and 'Little Men,' and many others. Our teacher, Mr. S., brought some pieces of rock to school with ferns imprinted in them. He said it had been caused by the earth pressing down on top of the ferns. Then more earth pressed down, till gradually they got pressed down to the rocks. With earth on top and rock on the bottom, the ferns after many years imprinted their forms in the rocks. The forms of ferns and other things are often found in coal. Here is a poem I composed myself.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The old year's goin' out, boys,
The new one's comin' in;
The bells are pealin' merrily
Above the noise and din.

The feastin's goin' on, boys,
With never a thought nor fear,
But the old year's goin' out, boys,
And the new one's drawin' near.

The new year's comin' in, boys
The old year's goin' out;
The new year's comin' in, boys,
Don't stain it with a pout.

When to-morrow the sun rises,
It'll shine another year;
For the old one's goin' out, boys,
And the new one's drawin' near.

MORTON MacM.

Farmington, Cum. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Last Friday was my birthday. I was sixteen years old. There is a steam mill in the woods not very far from us. I was in to it once. There are two camps. One for the people that run the mill and one for the people that put the logs to the mill. We have over a mile to go to the post-office, so it is quite a little walk to go for the mail. The 'Messenger' is a nice paper. Will Mildred N. please write and tell how to play 'Sheep's home.' I think the 'Wedding Ring' story is nice.

C. A. C.

Montreal, Que.

Dear Editor,—I would like to ask Joseph W. T., of Lawrence, Kansas, to look again at those peanuts of his and give us more particulars as to where and how the nuts really form. I have seen fields of peanuts where the nuts came, not from the roots, but from the yellow pea-like flowers that bloomed underneath the tuft of green leaves, and then bent down and

hid their faded heads under the ground, where the sturdy little pods developed. I want to learn all I can about all kinds of peanuts, for I am very fond of them.

A. R.

Cambridge, Queen's Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to the 'Messenger' for a long time, I thought I would write now. Our examination was on Thursday. We had a very good one. My recitation was, 'A Stocking for Somebody Else.' I have been expecting to see a letter in the 'Messenger' from my cousin, Vera S., who lives in St. John. I live right beside the beautiful Washademoak river. It is frozen over now, so that teams are crossing on the ice. We have had quite a lot of skating this winter.

HAZEL ESSIE G.

Guelph, Ont.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

Sing a song of Saturday,
Hours full of play,
Four and twenty children
Out for the day.

Sing a song of Sunday,
In the Sunday-school,
Four and twenty children
Learning Sunday rule.

Sing a song of Monday,
Off to school they go,
Sitting at their lessons
As the minutes flow.

Let us be like children,
Merry, bright and young;
If the devil tempts us
To the Lord we'll run.

Composed by Alfred Johnson (aged 13), Ernest Black (aged 11), and Howard Black (aged 11). We made this up as we were going to school on Nov. 6, 1904.

Norwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for a year or more, and I have never written to it yet, so I thought I would spend my evening writing to you. I have never seen any letters from any of my relations yet in the 'Messenger.' We have had quite a lot of snow already, and there is good sleighing. For pets I have four cats and a dog. I also have a cow which my father gave me when I was young. I have no brothers or sisters, and no mother, as my mother died when I was four years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the junior fourth class. There are not many going to school now, because the snow is too deep. Our nearest village is Norwood. It is not a very large village, but it is getting larger all the time.

FLORA V. L. (aged 12).

Buckley's Corner, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the second time I have written to the 'Messenger.' When I wrote before I was only five years of age. Now I am eight. I go to school every day when the weather is good and when I am well. I am subject to asthma, and sometimes I can scarcely breathe. I live right under the North Mountain, and this is one of the most fertile spots in the Cornwallis Valley. I attend Covenantor Church and Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. M., and I like her very much, and so do all the other girls in our class. This summer I went to visit my aunt, who lives in Clements, Annapolis County. I went down alone on the train and came back alone. The conductor took real good care of me, though, and I think he must like little girls. My papa and mamma are both dead. They both died when I was four years of age. My papa was drowned. For pets we have a canary named Paddy. He is fourteen years old, a Scotch colly, Scott. He is seven years old, and a good dog if ever there was one. Then we have also a horse named Chester and a cow named Thelma. We have also six cats, but I am afraid it would take up too much space to give their names, as they each have two. I have two brothers and two sisters of my very own, and I also have three adopted brothers and one sister. I have a hatchet stick-pin that my youngest adopted brother bought for me from Carrie Nation when he was a student in Harvard College, and Mrs. Nation was visiting the college. Hoping soon to see

some more letters from this county, and wishing all the readers of the 'Messenger,' together with its editor and staff, a Happy Christmas.

GERTRUDE P. L.

The Maples, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the correspondence page very much. The 'Messenger' comes to my youngest sister. I have five sisters and one brother. I go to school and study the fifth book, history, geography, grammar, arithmetic and writing. I am twelve years old. We have an orchard of apples, plums, cherries, red and black currants and gooseberries and strawberries. Mamie E. M. wanted to know if there are any of the books of the Bible that did not speak of God. I think there are two, Esther and the Song of Solomon.

GLADYS T.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the Black Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

COUPON.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers 'World Wide',
Montreal.

Dear Sirs,
Please send 'World Wide' on trial,
free of charge for one month, to

Name _____

Address _____

'World Wide' has been recommended
to me by

Rev., Dr., Mr., Mrs. or Miss _____

who knows 'World Wide' by reputation
or is a subscriber.

The following are the contents of the Issue of Dec. 31, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Kuropatkin and Stoessel—A Russian Tactician and a Russian Hero—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Army in India—Lord Kitchener's Reform—From an Anglo-Indian Correspondent of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Magna Charta of the Indian People—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Sir Oliver Lodge's Faith—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Lord Rosebery at Glasgow—English Papers.
The Canadian Life-Saving Service at Sable Island—By Arthur P. Silver, in 'Chambers's Journal.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Story of a Picture—£500 Guineas for the Whitehaven Romney—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Valesquez at Boston—Is it Only a Fine Old Copy?—By Charles De Kay, in the New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Idyll—By Hugh Macnaghten, in the 'Spectator,' London.
A Wish—By Abraham Cowley.
Bishop Creighton's Lines to his Wife—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
The Last Trek—Poem, by F. Edmund Garrett, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Two Tales from Oxford—By G. K. Chesterton—The 'Daily News,' London.
The Bishop of Hereford on the Church and National Life—From the First Number of the 'Liberal Churchman,' the new Organ of the Broad Church Party.
Lady Besant—The Author, London.
Balzac—The 'Daily News,' London.
Theophano—Byzantium in Fiction—By H. W. C. Davis, in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
England Through African Eyes—Things the Prime Minister of Uganda Saw—The 'Spectator,' London.
Extracts from 'Uganda's Katikoro in England.'
The Golden Bowl—New Book by Henry James—A Subject for Serious Literary Discussion—H. W. Boynton, in the New York 'Times' Book Review.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Carnegie and the Franklin Fund—The Boston 'Herald.'
The Epidemic of Orphitis—By the Spectator in the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Book of Knowledge—Our Ancestors' Infallible Recipe for Finding Who Would Win in War—The 'Morning Leader,' London.
Science Notes.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.