

Correspondence

COMPOSITION ON SPARROWS.

(By Charles Pitman, age 14.)

The sparrow is a well known bird in Canada, and still better known in England. The bird is the size of a good-sized canary, being a grayish color. These birds at first live in the city, but as they get more numerous they spread farther into the country. They are a great trouble to farmers, by shelling the wheat and all sorts of grains.

In England the farmers hire little boys to keep these birds off the grain with a gun. This sort of work is called 'Bird keeping,' but many have remarked that the little boys are not keeping birds, but they are starving them.

The nest is made mostly of hay and fea-

was so sorry that the story 'On the firing line' was ended. It was a nice story, indeed. I saw in the 'Messenger' that a boy wanted to know how many letters there are in the Bible. There are three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand five hundred and eighty. How many readers know how many times the word 'Jehovah' appears in the Bible? Which is the middle verse in the Old Testament? Well, I think I must close now, hoping to see the answer to my questions.

E. B. BRODIE.

A WORD PICTURE.

(By Olive Haggerty.)

Bessie and Bossie seem to be great friends. Bessie is standing on the lower rail of the fence, leaning over to feed Bossy. She is neatly dressed, as a little girl should be, in a calico dress, a white apron, and a broad

was placed an old Bible. As the sick woman's eyes wandered around the room her attention was attracted by her little son's sweet voice, asking if she felt better. 'No, my darling,' said his mother. 'I think I will be out of pain in a very short time. I am going to join your little sister up in Heaven where God reigns King.'

The boy was seated on a little stool by her side. So when she had finished speaking the child laid his bright curly head on his mother's breast, and sobbed as if his heart would break. Poor, Joe. If his mother died he would have very little love shown him, as his father was reckless and would do anything for a glass. He would not listen to his son's earnest pleading to stay in just for tonight to keep poor mother company. The mother told Joe to speak to him. 'Now my son,' said Mrs. Kent, in a very feeble voice, 'I know I will not have very long to speak, as I feel I am going fast, but I would not mind going if I thought you were all right. You are all I have, my poor motherless child. I will leave you in God's hands, and I know He will tenderly watch over you. But remember, my son, when you get older, I want it to be the greatest aim in your life to bring your father on the right path. His son might be more successful than his wife was with her useless pleading. I know God will help you if you ask him. The child listened with an earnest expression on his face. The mother went on, 'Up on the shelf yonder lies the last present my father gave me before he died. I could never find the time to read it after I got home from washing every day. Get up on the chair, Joe, and get it down. I am too weak to read from it, but you can read to me.' He could read a little. Very slowly he started to read from the big book. After he had read about half a dozen verses he noticed that his listener was not very attentive. He looked up to see the reason. The sight he saw was heart-rending. There on the sofa lay the motionless figure of his poor mother. She had slipped away out of this world into the one above where there is no sorrow or pain. The poor forsaken child was too much afraid to scream at the sight of his dead mother's white face. At last he got up enough courage to go up and kiss the cold brow. 'My poor mother,' he sobbed. When Mary Jones came in a couple of hours later to inquire after the sick woman, she was horrified to find that poor little Joe was lying on the floor by the sofa on which was lying his mother's motionless figure. She tried to rouse him, but all in vain. He was unconscious. She hurried for a glass of water which brought him to.

The father came in that night and found his dead wife with his golden-haired son lying on the floor by her side. Although John Kent had a hard heart, this scene softened it to a great extent as he gazed at the figure of his little son, all that was left to make life worth living. The love which was hidden deep down in his heart seemed to come out, and he took his child in his arms and kissed him. Then he said, 'You are all I have left in the world, Joe. My poor motherless child,' and as the tears trickled down his cheeks he said, 'God has punished me.'

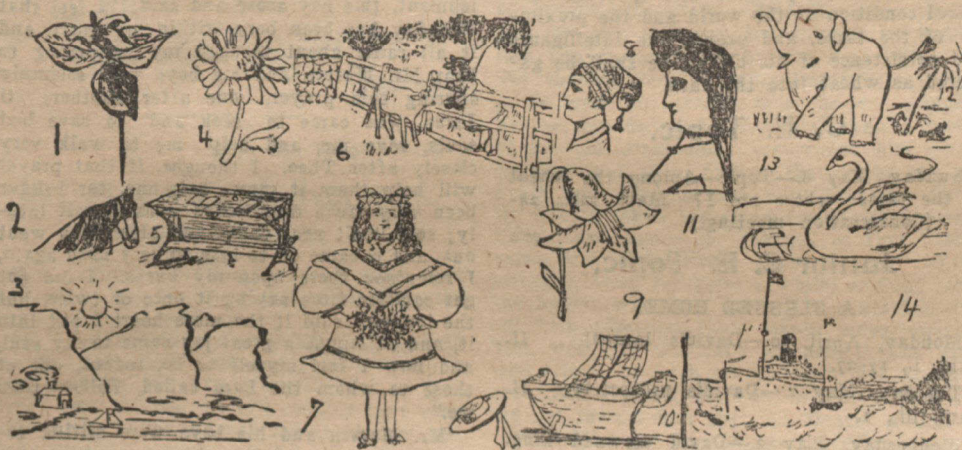
'Papa,' said the little child to his father one day, after Mrs. Kent was laid in her grave to rest, 'Mother's dying wish was that I should try to teach you the right way to live. She said I had not the power myself, but that I must ask my Heavenly Father for help.' I promised I would. Then she said more to herself than to me.'

The child's earnest pleading seemed to have very great effect. From that hour Mr. Kent was a changed man. You can picture to yourself his handsome son, taking him by the hand and leading him into the church. He often tells his son of the resemblance he has to his mother. Then the boy would say, 'Not only would I like to look like her, but also to live like her, she was so good.' As he crept nearer the Saviour he became a blessing and a comfort to his father. He did not succeed at first, but by constant prayer and patiently fighting on he did succeed. This is what is to be gained by being patient. Patience leads to success!

M. D., N.B.

Dear Editor,—What is it that gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bills?

ANNIE GREGG.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Trillium.' Everett Shapland (7), C., Ont.
2. 'Horse's head.' W. P. Dickson (13).
3. 'Sunrise.' Susie Hill (12), C., Ont.
4. 'Sunflower.' Nellie F. Y. (7), H.
5. 'School desk.' Emerson Walker, B., Ont.
6. 'Bessie and Bossie.' Olive Haggerty.
7. 'Our little flower girl.' Hazel C. Moke, N.L., Ont.

8. 'Johnnie Canuck.' H. Sanderson (12), F., Ont.
9. 'Wild orange lily.' Lily S. A. Stewardson (10), G., Ont.
10. 'Ship under sail' (olden times ship). Stirling J. Johnston (9), S., Ont.
11. 'Bessie.' Grace Mathewson (10).
12. 'Elephant.'
13. 'Swan.' May Moltke (13), N. L., Ont.
14. 'Getting out of harbor.' Mac Waters (11), B., Ont.

thers, and often is built above the rafters of a barn or under the eaves of a house.

I know of one sparrow that crossed the Atlantic on a steamship.

A few months ago, I paid a visit to England, starting from Quebec on the 23rd day of September, on the Allan Line Royal Mail Steamship 'Tunisian,' sailing for Liverpool, England.

After leaving Rimouski (the last place you can post a letter going down the St. Lawrence), a sparrow was seen on board the ship, flitting about looking as comfortable as possible. He was so tame, that he would almost let anybody pick him up. The sparrow was quite contented with his lot. When we reached Moville, Ireland, where a little tug boat came out to receive the mails, the sparrow went ashore, not one bit the worse for his adventure. This is rather a curious thing, but nevertheless it is true.

L. R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have just started to take the 'Messenger,' and find it very interesting. We are keeping the 'Messenger,' and intend to make a book of it. I am twelve years of age, and go to school every day. I am in Grade VIII.

I think I can answer the puzzle that Gertrude Keob gave. It is an icicle. Now I will give one. Why is a merchant like a dog catching his tail?

LOTTIE PATTON.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are all glad the spring has come at last. I have seen the new story in the 'Witness,' and like it very much. I

brimmed hat. She clings to the fence rail with one hand, and holds out to Bossy with the other a large red apple, which I think she gathered from the tree above her.

Bossie, too, is neatly dressed, as a little calf should be, in a spotted suit of brown and white. He seems to feel no fear of Bessie, but puts his head boldly forward to get the fruit.

In the background may be seen the farm frame house, shaded by trees and surrounded by meadows.

It is a peaceful scene.

(See picture by Writer.)

PATIENCE LEADS TO SUCCESS.

(By Pearl Gardner.)

It was late in the afternoon of a delightful October day. The sun was setting. The trees were decked in a most beautiful garment of various colors. A little bird was alighting to a branch of one of these trees. It was telling its little ones in bird-like fashion that they had better be moving on to a warmer climate.

On this particular day in a shabby cottage, there lay a woman that you could tell at once was but a ghost of her former self. She had been a beautiful person in her younger days, but her beauty gave place to an anxious and haggard countenance as she lay there, her life ebbing away. The room did not look very pleasant. In the middle of the room stood a little table on which was a bunch of nice flowers some kind friend had brought in. There were a couple of broken chairs. On a shelf in the corner of the room