

Correspondence

CORRESPONDENCE PRIZES.

The prize offered for the best letter written in February has been awarded to 'Emily,' who lives in Grenfell, Assinabola. This prize, is a copy of 'Reprinted Stories from the Messenger.' If Emily will kindly send her full name and address, she will soon receive this book, which we hope she will enjoy very much.

'Alice's' letter for February was also very good, indeed. We hope to hear again from her.

The prize for March is awarded to Lena Macfarlane, Franktown, Ont. This prize for a missionary letter is a beautiful missionary book called, 'For His Sake.' Extracts from the letters of Elsie Marshall, missionary martyr of China. We are sure Lena will enjoy this book very much. Perhaps after she has read it she will write an interesting letter about it to the 'Messenger,' so that we may all have the benefit of her prize!

'Samuel,' 'Annie,' and 'M.F.' and others, also sent very well written missionary letters.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Here is another list of letters received. We hope to find room to print in full many of the letters thus acknowledged, but we try to give all the names, so that no one will feel left out. If any one misses his name from the list, please write again. We must again ask our friends to write very clearly on one side of the paper only, and to state plainly their name, age and address: Fred, Listowel; Ruth, Manitoba; Elsa, Mary, Hillsburg; Gertie, St. Vincent; Annie, Bart; Walter, Pittsburg, Indiana; Myrtle, Caradoc, Burwell Roads; M. L. B., Amherst; Clinton, Amherst; Maggie, Lower Selmah; Harold, Toronto; Hallet, New Tusket; Charlie, Malcolm; Gertrude and Daisy, Carnduff, Assa; Mary, Tweedside; Ada, Keady; Florence, Hillsvale; Mildred, Nova Scotia; Hattie, Beach Meadows; Margaret, Iberville; Mary and Annie, Heathcote.

Detroit,

Dear Editor,—I will be six years old on the fourth of July. My grandma sends us the paper. She lives in Canada. We have two rabbits, and six pigeons. I go to school every day. We like the paper very much. My mamma helped me to spell some of these words. I will write again. Good-bye.

FREDDIE.

ABOUT A CAT.

Summit.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I have a cat. His name is Pat. I have six squirrels. The cat swallowed a ten cent piece. The way it happened is this: My brother and I were quarreling, about it, and the cat was on my brother's knee. He had the ten cents in his hand, and the cat got hold of it and swallowed it. I guess he thought he would settle the difficulty.

CHARLIE.

Broadview, Assa., N.W.T.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger'.)

Dear Editor,—It will be my birthday on Friday, April 15. I shall be nine years old.

I go to school nearly every day, and am in the second reader. I am at the head of the class, and hope to keep there for some time.

On Sunday mornings I go to church. The service begins at eleven o'clock, and in the afternoon I go to Sunday-school, and there get my dear little 'Messenger,' and I am so much interested in reading the letters, that I thought I would write one too; and per-

haps someone else may be interested in reading mine.

I have three little brothers, but no sisters; and mamma is very busy, for she has no one to help her but me. My oldest brother is ten, and he is helpless. I am next, the next is a boy of four, and he is a mischief sometimes. Then there is the baby, nine months old. So you may imagine what a lot there is to do for us all. Mamma tries hard to keep me at school, but sometimes I have to stay home and help her a little; for she says I am so useful to mind baby and bring wood in and other little things.

I must now close my letter as it is bed time. Perhaps some time I will write again. I remain your faithful friend.

CONSTANCE.

P.S.—There is a little girl at Grenfell, whose letter I read with interest, will she please write again. Her name is Emily.

NEAR A COAL MINE.

Springhill.

Dear Editor,—My mother has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for three or four years, and I like it very much, especially the page for young folks. I am in the eighth grade at school, and am studying bookkeeping. I go to Sunday-school and have only lost one day for a long time, and that was when I was sick. I live in a coal-mining town, of five thousand inhabitants, and I can often see the men riding down to the pit in the coal cars. There was an explosion a few years ago, in which a hundred and twenty men and boys were killed, and almost every week somebody gets hurt or killed, by a fall of coal or rock. In the summer I go to the country, and last summer I caught thirty-one dozen fish. I am fourteen years old, and like reading very much. I will sign myself,

JACK P.

Sarnia.

Dear Editor,—I live near the Sarnia tunnel. I have a little dog, and his name is Fritz. I and my brother play a great deal with him. We play hide and go seek with him, one holds a cloth over his eyes, while the other hides, then he comes and finds us. He likes to play with us all the time, and when anybody hits us he will jump up and put his paws against them and knock them down.

My mother got a Bagster Bible from you, for she subscribes for the 'Northern Messenger,' and my mother is well pleased with it. She thinks it is beautiful, and she wishes you success with your paper. Good-bye,

MARY.

JUBILEE DAY.

Belleville, Feb. 21, 1898.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Messenger,' and am much interested in your column called 'Correspondence.' I thought I would write and tell you about June 22, 'Jubilee Day,' which I always hope to remember.

In the morning at nine o'clock the scholars met at their schools and were given a Union Jack, also a pretty souvenir medal on which was the Queen's head and the emblems of Canada.

We all then marched to the largest school, where speeches were made by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Mayor Johnston, and other prominent men. Next we sang four pretty patriotic songs, and then the naming of the school took place, which was called 'Queen Victoria School.'

In the afternoon a procession formed of the different societies, and headed by the band, took place, and games, bicycle races, and such sports engaged the remainder of the afternoon.

In the evening a bicycle masquerade took

place, which greatly pleased both young and old.

The city was beautifully decorated with flags, colored lanterns, bunting and suitable mottoes.

A faint breeze rustled all day, and nothing more could be desired. A large crowd visited Belleville, and the day passed peacefully away without any accidents and so left a day long to be remembered by the children of the public schools.

MARGUERITE.

Carievale, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I enjoyed 'Daisy's' letter very much, and I think her society plan is a good one. Why can not we 'Messenger' readers club together to send the gospel to some of our less fortunate brothers and sisters in foreign lands?

LENA.

'CLIP.'

Amulree.

Dear Editor,—I got a little dog about two years ago, when it was but two months old. I was fairly delighted, and after some hesitation, I named it Clip. He is a very playful little fellow, and comes to meet me, when I come home from school. It is a little black water-spaniel. When it was big enough to go out to the stables it would run and get an egg, and bring it and lay it down at my feet. It learned, however, to eat the eggs, but I soon broke it off that habit. I remain yours truly,

Age nine years.

JOSEPH.

Gunter.

Dear Editor,—Grandpa gave me twenty-five cents to send for the 'Messenger,' and I am going to help him after school. I hope I can always send for your paper. Yours truly,

R.H.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about six miles from Buffalo, and twelve miles from Niagara Falls. There are woods back of our farm, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground the flowers come up. There is every kind of wild flowers, and I go back into the woods and pick a big bunch of flowers, and bring them up and put them in the house, and they last two or three days. I think spring is the nicest time in the year. Mamma used to take the 'Messenger' when she was little, and she likes it so she lets me take it.

GEORGIA.

A SUGAR CAMP.

St. George.

Dear Editor,—My little sister, Rhoda, has been taking your interesting 'Messenger' for three years. I often read stories out of it. I like them ever so much, especially the letters. Mamma often told us we should write a letter to you also, since we took so much interest in the correspondence part of your paper.

I never read any letters from Beauce, or about a visit to a sugar camp in your paper, so I will tell you about one we had a few days ago. It was to my Uncle George's camp, about seven miles from home. We were eight in the sugar party. We started at nine o'clock in the morning, and had a very pleasant drive, the air was mild, the sun shone brightly. When we arrived at the camp we went around to see if the tin cans were full of sap. We then had our dinner, which was prepared before we left home. As the men had boiled the sap into syrup the day before, they then made tier on snow, it was very sweet. In the afternoon we went to a neighboring place to see the camp. When we came back to the camp, Uncle George gave us each some sugar and a little can of tier. Then we got home pretty tired, but glad after our day's fun. I will close, as it is my first letter, hoping it will be worth taking a small corner in your paper.

DALENE.