

## Correspondence

U., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school every day that it is fit. My birthday is the 17th of January. Do any of the readers of the 'Messenger' know where the word schoolmaster is in the Bible?

ROSA J. ROSE.

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I read all the letters and stories. I think the 'Messenger' is a fine paper. I think some of the boys draw very well. I would like very much to have a sister. I will send you a few riddles.

What goes over water, under water, and never touches water?

If there are two pigs in front of a pig, two

has eight departments, five of which are in use. There are nine post offices and a large number of general stores. Coasting steamers call several times a week, and a steam ferry plies daily between the island and the mainland. There are many fine beaches. Sportsmen find the best of shooting among the shore birds.

Wishing your paper success, I will say goodbye.

VESTA P. SMITH.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading a number of letters in the 'Messenger' written by the children, so I thought I would write one. I came from England in August, 1904. I have been living in a large school with five or six hundred children for several years. Then quite a number of boys and girls were provided with good clothes and taken to

giene. I am 11 years old. I get the 'Messenger' from school. I have a brother and two sisters. I am in the third book. I have not been out here very long. I come from London, England. I saw a number of icebergs on the way out. I think the answer of the second puzzle sent by Ethel Gilroy is 'Everybody is breathing at the same time.' I am sending a puzzle.

MAY HARRIES.

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get your paper, and like it fine. I saw some riddles in the 'Messenger.' Why is the letter S like a sewing machine?

Ans. Because S is the first of it. I do not know if that is right. I will send a few.

(1)—What grows with the foot upward?

(2)—Nine apples hanging high, nine men pass by, each took an apple. How many were left?

I got my Bagster Bible, and like it fine. Thank you very much for it. I hope to see answers to my riddles.

M. I. B.

C. S. I., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on an island. On this island is a boneless fish factory, where the fishermen sell their fish. The school-house is about three-quarters of a mile from my home. I am in the ninth grade. The studies I take up are geography, history, composition, literature, grammar, botany, physics, geometry, book-keeping, mathematics and drawing. We have a female teacher.

I think the 'Northern Messenger' a fine paper. My sister has taken it for a number of years, and I am sure we could not do without it.

We have a Temperance Band here. All children from five years of age are permitted to join. We take the pledge against liquor and tobacco. I am president. The children seem to enjoy it. A number of the recitations and readings which have appeared in this paper have been used for entertainment. Our school teacher is superintendent.

MARY ATKINSON.

### OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Turkey.' Mamie Miller (11), S. Ont.

2. 'The little nurse,' Lizzie Rorison (11), A., Que.

3. 'Rory on snowshoes.' E. G. McC. (13), M., Que.

4. 'Our schoolhouse.' Wesley Biggar (13), R., Man.

pigs behind a pig, a pig between two pigs, how many pigs are there?

I hope some of your correspondents will answer these riddles.

WESLEY BIGGER (13).

C., Ont.

Dear Sir,—In answer to a query in a late number of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'How far Jerusalem is from Emmaus.' A missionary who has spent many years in Jerusalem, and has walked the distance, says it is (roughly speaking) about three English miles.

Yours Truly,

J. E. T.

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—I like Sarah Boyd's letter very much.

Vernon, my brother, has an Indian pony who is about thirty years old. She has a little black colt. He has a dog called Leo, whom he hitches to his sleigh, but it will not draw anything.

We have half a mile to go to school. I go every day. I have only missed five or six days. I am in grade five, in the fourth book.

GLADYS W.

C.S.S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—May I join your charming little circle? I enjoy reading your nice paper very much, especially the Temperance and Correspondence pages. I have taken your little paper for a number of years. But I think this is my first letter.

I am fourteen years old. My birthday is on August 15.

I go to school, and am in the ninth grade. I study arithmetic, literature, bookkeeping, geography, geometry, algebra, composition, grammar, history, drawing, writing, spelling and French. I am going to tell you something about the little island that we live on. It is seven miles long, and from two to three miles wide. Cape Island has a population of about 3,000. Clarke's Harbor District has a population of 1,600. The island is divided into six school sections. Clark's Harbor school

Liverpool. We left that city and went in a very large ship and came to Quebec. Then we took another ship and went to Toronto. We were on the ship for nine days on the ocean, and we had a fine time, but some of us were sea-sick. We came in a train from Toronto to Stratford, and stayed there for a few days. I came to my present home on a farm. I go to school all the time, and in the summer holidays I help with the roots and garden, and I milk cows. The school-house is just across the road from home, and in the summer we have Sunday school there. We go to a beautiful Presbyterian Church, three and a half miles away. We had a Christmas tree there, and I got a Christmas present, and I had a very good time. We had a Christmas tree at home, and we got presents and candies. I have three brothers and one sister. They are all grown up. I am eleven years old, and have grown two inches in two years. I like Canada much better than London. There is more sunshine and fresh air.

MABEL G. M. G.

C., B. C.

Dear Editor,—I am 13 years old, and I live eight and a quarter miles from town, at my father's mill, there are four other families here beside ours. We have no school, but we expect to get one after a while. Some of the books that I have read are: 'The Adventures of a Brownie,' 'The Story of an African Farm,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' The 'Messenger' is the best paper that we take.

K. L. B.

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school, and I am in the second grade. I live on an island in the holidays. We have three boats, one big one and two small ones. I can row the small ones. In summer we go fishing and bathing.

J. MERRILL RUSSELL.

T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and learn arithmetic, writing, geography, spelling and hy-

### SAVED BY A BATTER-SPOON.

The moon shone brilliantly through the leafless trees of the forest, and lit up the winding foot-path, as Alice Gray, aged fifteen, walked home from doing her mother's shopping in the village.

It was not a night in the 19th century, but long ago, when wild animals roamed the forests of Canada. Alice had no fear. She sang a little song as she hurried onward. Among her purchases was a new batter-spoon for her mother. It kept rattling against the sides of the pail she carried. She pushed it down among the other things and went on.

Hack! What is that sound she hears, that makes her stand still and her face grow pale? Listen! She knows too well the familiar howl of the wolves. They are not far away. Alice looks around helplessly. The trees are too tall to climb, and just now she sees three pairs of hungry eyes gleaming at her from behind the trees.

Home is not far distant now, and she starts to run very fast, not daring to look behind. As she runs the spoon in her pail begins to rattle. She notices that the wolves are slackening their pace. They are mystified by the sound and the moonlight shining on the pail. Alice takes the batter-spoon and beats it on the side of the pail. Like a soldier retreating from the battle-field, she reached home in safety, still beating the pail, while the wolves slunk away in the darkness.

ENDA M. E. JAKES.

(By the handwriting, we judge this written by a girl under eighteen, but we would like you all to put your age as well as your name to any story you send in.—Cor. Ed.)

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