

Doe Lake. It is very pretty in the summer. My brother and I have great fun bathing. We have a dog called 'Zip,' that we harness and hitch to a sleigh. I think my brother will have fine fun with him now, as I am staying at my grandpapa's. I started to school here at Minising three weeks ago. It is a large school. I am in the junior room. My teacher's name is Mr. K. He is a very nice teacher. This place is over a hundred miles from my home.
HADLEY E. (age 11).

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write another letter to the 'Messenger,' which I have taken nearly a year, and am now paying up for another year. I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and think it is very nice, and so did all that I showed it to. I got our preacher, Mr. Bateman, to write my name in it. He also wrote a verse, 'Search the scriptures, for they are they which testify of me.'

We have a very nice Sunday-school out here. It is just one mile and a half from our home. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Mabel S., and she is very nice. We get 'Pleasant Hours' and 'Dewdrops' from the Sunday-school. I go to school as well. It is just the same distance, too. Mr. K. is my school teacher. I like him very well. I am in the third class, and soon expect to be going in the fourth. In summer my chums and I intend to plant flower seeds in the school-yard. I am very fond of flowers, especially pansies, mignonne and candy-tuft. I am sending in a few pledge signers. I could not get any more, for we live quite a distance from the people's houses, half a mile being the nearest.
DEVEDA F. McC.

Steeve Mountain, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many nice, interesting letters from places all around, I thought I would write. Without much trouble, some months ago I got five subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and received, for doing so, a very handsome Bagster Bible, which I am much pleased with. I return you many thanks for sending it. My brother was one of my subscribers, and everyone around thinks the 'Messenger' a nice paper. I live on a farm with my father and mother, about twelve miles from the city of Moncton, and go to school at this place every day. I have four sisters and six brothers. I have read a number of books, and I think the Elsie Series very interesting books. Perhaps some of the readers of the 'Messenger' have read them. I attended the Mission Band last summer here, and was treasurer, but when winter came we had to close it on account of bad roads and cold weather. It has been good candy making so far this spring.
SUSIE L. M.

Mail Bag.

W. Kinley, of Belmont, Mann., renewing for club of 'Northern Messenger' for 1903, writes: 'We are all much pleased with the "Messenger," and have great pleasure in recommending it to other schools as an agency for good and a great help in the temperance cause.'

Ottawa, March 12, 1903.

Dear Editor,—Father has been a reader of the 'Witness' for years, and we always look for it with pleasure. I received the Bagster Bible premium, and am very much pleased with it. The new subscribers are also well pleased with their papers. I will try to get you more subscribers another time. I am, yours truly,
R. BENSON.

Welcome, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in the Welcome Methodist Sabbath-school for years. It gives general satisfaction. Wishing you all success,
I am, yours respectfully,
T. ROBERTS,
Supt. S.S.

Carsonville, April 16, 1903.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bagster Bible for teachers. Many thanks. I think

it is just fine, and hope it will do me good while I live. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and do not think I could do without it. Wishing you success,
Sincerely yours,
HARRIET S. COOK.

Woodstock, Ont., April 16, 1903.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messengers' and the Bible came all right. I thank you very much for the Bible; it is a fine book to receive for only five subscribers. I would have written before, but was away on a visit when they came. I sent two of the papers away as presents, for I think that young people cannot have a purer or more interesting paper to read than the 'Messenger.' Respectfully yours,
MRS. M. TEETZEL.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

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So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of April 18, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Tsar's Manifesto—'Westminster Gazette,' London.
The Irish Land Bill—'The Speaker,' London; 'The Spectator,' London.
The Burial of Sir Hector Macdonald—By the author of 'John Splendid,' in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
Native Labor in South Africa—'The Manchester Guardian.'
Boer Generals Buy Herford Bulls—'Birmingham Post.'
British Interests in Southern Persia—'The Morning Post,' London.
The Many Parts Played by Dr. Bradley—'The Week's Survey,' London.
The Late Dean Bradley—'The Outfitter.'
Mohammedanism as a Proselytizing Religion—By Hugh Clifford, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Scarcity of Volunteer Officers—'The Telegraph,' London.
The New Atkins—By F. W. G., in 'The Chronicle,' London.
At the Headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1903—By Dora Greenwell McChesney, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Memory of 'Good Queen Bess'—'The Week's Survey,' London.
Electing a Parson—A Westmoreland Village Privilege—Correspondence of the 'Manchester Guardian.'
The New Khartoum—A City of Memories—Special correspondence of 'The Standard,' London.
Back to Nature—'Birmingham Daily Post.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Burne-Jones on American Art Critics—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Exhibition of the Society of American Artists—B. F., in the 'Evening Post,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Baby Seed Song—'The Pall Mall Magazine,' London.
The Sleepy Song—By Josephine Dodge Daskam, in 'McClure's Magazine.'
Thomas Frayne—By A. T. Quiller-Couch, in the 'Daily News,' London.
Taken as Read—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
A Third Pot-Pourri—'The Spectator,' London.
Pooh-Poohri from a Surrey Back Garden—'Punch,' London.
How Boys Express Themselves—By J. H. R., in 'The Spectator,' London.
Christian Socialism—'The Daily News,' London.
The Reaction—By Augustine Birrell, in 'The Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Some Experiments and a Paradox—'Blackwood's Magazine.'
Teaching English Composition—New York 'Evening Post.'
What is Radium?—Interview with Sir William Crookes, in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Lost Fraction of Time—'Tid-Bits,' London.

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HOUSEHOLD.

How I Entertained a Celebrity.

(New England Homestead.)

We were living in a charming five-roomed cottage in a western town not noted for its intellectuality. My husband in self-defence decided to manage a lecture course. The venture proved a great success, and we had some really magnificent talent, which the few really enjoyed and the many pretended to.

When the star of the course was about due, we decided to write him a note asking if we might have the pleasure of entertaining him in our own home. No answer coming up to the day of his appearance, we experienced that disagreeable sensation usually expressed by the word 'left.' Imagine my surprise, the afternoon of the day he was to appear, on answering the doorbell, to find the hero himself, grip in hand!

In the most charming manner he introduced himself, and explained the circumstances that had prevented him from replying to our note. 'You want me to come; I could tell it by the letter. May I not stay, anyway?'

Of course I welcomed him gladly, and in three minutes we seemed to have known him for ages. Our two-year-old baby, who was, of course, a marvel of sweetness and smartness, won his heart at once.

My husband told him that we had planned to entertain, in his honor, some intellectual friends from his own state. 'Well,' said he, 'it is not too late, is it?' It takes me just fifteen minutes to prepare for a dinner party. Can we take a walk? And away they went, taking my little lady with them to grandma's, where she was to be entertained until after the evening's entertainment.

This left me free, and I took a hasty survey of the possibilities in the case. It was then four o'clock, and as the entertainment began at eight o'clock, I knew that dinner must be served at six. I did my own work, with the exception of washing and ironing. Occasionally I had a girl come in to wait on the table and wash dishes, when I entertained. I phoned to this 'standby,' and as good luck would have it, she was at home and could come at once.

I went over to my friends', and found that they would be delighted to meet 'the man of the hour,' even on short notice. I then hurried to market, not daring to 'phone for things, as poor material would spoil my last chance.

This being Saturday, the house was in good order, with lovely white and brown bread, cake, etc., on hand. Nimble fingers soon got out the finest china and richest damask. A friend whose elaborate wedding we had attended the evening before made me forever grateful by sending over some choice flowers for the table. My neighbor on the west, who always sold me the thickest and sweetest of cream, almost made me cry by heaping the measure and then whipping the cream for me! Think of it, ye who see how hard it would be to get up a fancy dinner (marketing, guests and all), in two hours!

Shortly after five o'clock, my husband and 'the great man' returned, bringing a whiff of the crisp prairie air with them. At the appointed hour we went into the dainty dining room as sedately as if the affair had been planned a year in advance. The dinner was delicious, if I do say it, 'as hadn't ort to.' Oyster soup (as I make it), followed by meat roll, mashed potatoes, canned peas, deviled eggs, celery and olives. Next came lovely fruit jells and cake, then candy and nuts, and golden brown coffee.

I have never enjoyed a meal as much, in my own house, though we entertain a great deal. Our guest was really and truly the autocrat of the dinner table. Gracious, courteous, complimentary, hungry. What