

Correspondence

CHRISTMAS EVE.

(By a Scotch Lassie.)

The air was clear and cold. The light of the full moon fell on the snow-covered world beautifully. Inside the palace all was commotion. It always was so on Christmas Eve. Fairies and brownies ran hither and thither. Santa drew on his big fur coat and gauntlets, placed his cap on firmly, and then cried: 'Now, my little elves, if all is ready I must start on my joyful journey to the world. I hear my reindeer pawing impatiently outside, so I must go. Enjoy yourselves while I am away. Good-bye.' and Santa Claus jumped into the sleigh, calling to his steeds.

The big, silver moon, shining on the snow-

way that he had entered. His reindeer were waiting impatiently outside, so he jumped into the sleigh and drove away to the next house. So all through the long night Santa went softly about his work and not a person heard him, so noiselessly did he do it. At last every little stocking, whose owner had been good during the year, was filled and a rosy glow was seen above the hill-tops. Then Santa turned his reindeer homeward. He was rather late; he saw signs of awaking in some of the houses, so he had to hurry.

Just as he was safely outside of the world, he thought he heard the merry jingling of sleigh bells, and he even thought he heard the children exclaiming about what they found in their stockings. He settled comfortably among the robes and let his reindeer bear him home to his palace, feeling highly contented with his night's work.

as I have to do the dishes yet. I like house-work and I like to play. I have a big doll. Her name is Lula Hazel. She is not a very pretty doll and you can't break her. I think I'll get a Teddy Bear. The hunters shot about eleven deer this fall.

HAZEL D.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We had a beautiful anniversary on Sunday, November 24th, and the social and entertainment was on Monday evening. We had singing by the choir and Sunday School scholars. We had speeches by different ministers, and everybody said it was fine. We had skating for a few nights, but the snow soon covered it. We have a long way to go to the ice.

RUTH WILSON.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having read the letters in the 'Messenger,' I decided to write one. Embro is a pretty little village with three churches and a population of about six hundred. I live with my grandmother and she takes the 'Messenger.' My mother has been dead seven years, and I have one sister. My father works in a little village where they make cheese boxes. We are going to have a new railroad here, and there are parties of men working on the line now. The station is near to us. The children of our church have a Mission Band, which meets every second Saturday, and I enjoy going very much.

HAZEL C. (age 11 years).

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a little kitten belonging to my sister and me. It is a tortoise shell color and will play with spoons and a string of any kind when it gets hold of them. It will also jump up on your knee. We have a good cattle dog called Rover. We had a little terrier dog for my sister Aggie to play with, but we sold it. He used to stay in the house all the time nearly and lie under the stove. We had our barn repaired this year, and we had plenty of work to do in the house. We have it all finished now and find quite an improvement over last year.

JESSIE INGLIS (11 years).

O.S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three or four years and read all the letters, so I thought I would try to write one too. Jap, my dog, will follow me wherever I go, but when I start off for school I give him a piece of bread and he stays at home. My cats are good ones to play with. Their color is black and white. They catch a lot of mice in the barn. Every Friday at school we have exams, and from last recess to four we have a little concert. About two miles from our school there is a post office and a little store, and my school chum lives there.

MAC WILSON (age 8).

OTHER LETTERS.

Mabel Burton, C., Ont., says 'we are having a Christmas tree at Christmas, and we children all have pieces to say.' Did you have a good time Mabel? Your riddle has been asked before.

Catherine Slack, N.H., P. Que., sends some riddles, but forgot to send their answers. She writes, 'I got a prize at school last year and have only missed one afternoon this.'

W. A. B., Dorchester, N.B., says, 'I saw a deer on my way down to my snares. I am building new snares this year for rabbits?' This is a riddle he asks: 'Why are a man's false teeth like the stars?'

Violet Smith, Montreal, writes, 'I have been rank one in school since it started in September, and am trying to keep it up.' Glad you were not too busy to write, Violet.

Vera Jane Smith, C., P.E.I., sends in a Biblical alphabet, which we will keep for a later time.

We also received little letters from Jessie B. Rutherford, L., Ont.; Ruby Finley, P., N.S.; Hughie McFadyen, G., Ont.; Blanche Shook, S., Ont.; Charlie Brown, C., Ont., who enclosed only part of his letter, and Daisy Ross, A., Ont. Any riddles in these have been asked before.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our Friend Santa.' Violet Smith, Montreal.
2. 'Hickory Dickey Dock.' Vera Hetherington (age 7), C., N.B.
3. 'Santa Claus.' Charlie Brown, C., Ont.

4. 'Mabel.' Vera J. Smith (age 14), C., P.E.I.
5. 'Good Luck.' Gug Mack, P.A., Sask.
6. 'A Happy Christmas.' Eileen Smith, Montreal.

covered plains and white, icy mountains, made a beautiful picture. At least Santa thought so, as he sat nestled down comfortably among the robes. The only sound he heard was the soft noise of the reindeer's hoofs and the jingle of the bells.

On, on, on, mile after mile, over hills and plains, they went. The reindeer never slackened their steady pace; they seemed tireless.

At last, in the distance he saw the highest steeples and chimneys of the world. From under the seat he took a very large book, in which he had the names of all the children on whom he was to call that night. 'Let me see,' he said, 'There are little Roy and Nellie Wilson first, they live in Tin Can Alley, and then there's Sadie West and her two brothers, but Johnny hasn't been very good since last Christmas. Now, that's too bad, I had meant to give him a drum, but he doesn't deserve it. I'll give him this bow and arrow; it's nicely carved, and I think he'll like it. Little Mary, of the tenement, in the garret; she is very good and her mother is poor. I will give her this doll all dressed in pink, I know it will please her.'

'Whoa! Whoa there. Here we are at Tin Can Alley. Whoa there!' Santa caught up a bulky bag of toys and jumped from the sleigh. The house at which he had stopped was low and rickety. He found his way in as no one else would have done. He went softly upstairs into a tiny bedroom where two little children were sleeping. Here he found the two little stockings hung side by side.

Swiftly opening his pack he pulled out, first a doll, then a jackknife and drum, then a pair of red woollen mittens. After filling the stockings with nuts and putting a golden orange on the top of each, he turned to go.

Santa felt that he had done his work here very well; the little ones would be very glad in the morning he thought when they saw what was in their stockings. He went downstairs and then outside in the same mysterious

Burks Falls, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter written to you from here, I thought perhaps you and the readers might enjoy one. I am the only girl of a family of five. My mother died 12 years ago, and my oldest brother is married. I am the youngest. My other two brothers are away at present, but we expect them home about Christmas, so father and I are alone. He belongs to the Presbyterian Church, but I go to the Baptist Sunday School. I like my lady teacher very much. We live a short distance from the river, so we can see the boats coming in and out. This is a good place for the hunters. Quite a lot of deer came up on the boats, also two bears, but not so many as the boats carried last year. We have one dog we call Kaiser. He's a little cross with strangers, but very kind with us. He can perform a few tricks, such as shake hands, roll over, sit up on a chair. Well there is enough snow for sleighs here, and the boys and girls enjoy sleigh-riding on the sidewalks.

BELLA A.

Sprucedale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do enjoy reading the 'Messenger' so much. We have a little snow now, but not sleighing, although I believe the cutters could run now. We have been sleigh-riding in the yard. I hope we will have snow for Christmas, so old Santa Claus can get around more easily. I must write a letter to him to please my little brothers. I don't know if we are to have a tree in our house or not yet, but I think they will have one for the Sunday School children. I am studying my lessons now, as I want to pass my exams. I expect lots of things at Christmas, and I may go to my auntie's in Galt. I want skates. We have service every Sunday evening, and Sunday School in the afternoon. Last Sunday we had a union service, and met in the Baptist Church; quite a number turned out. I must close soon now,