

Correspondence

Bertha Goodenough, S. H., Que., went to a French school this year, and liked it very much. She wonders how many girls and boys who take the 'Messenger' can speak French. She says she is going to have a flower garden. She lives in the country, and has great fun helping make hay in summer.

Vera G. Friggens (address not given) says: 'We have an old willow tree with steps going up it, and seats around it.'

A. M. C., Lammersmoor, Ont., says: 'I wish Gladys J. would write more of her interesting letters.'

T. M., N.B., gives the verse of the Bible with all the letters except J, Ezra vii., 21.

Molly C. (11), W. Assa., plays the organ, but prefers studying.

Jessie M. F., (12), W. H., N.S., asks who knows which is the middle verse of the Bible.

Harris Wilbur, H. B., Man. (8), writes very well, if he wrote his letter himself.

Irene M. Donley (8), Minto, says: 'We have a concert in our school every Friday.'

Walter Scott Domoney, P., Alberta, says al-

ment). There is a population of about 5,000 people, and they make the town quite lively. Last winter the roads in the country were very much blocked up, making it inconvenient for the farmers. I think Elena J. C.'s letter was very interesting. The drawings are quite an idea, too. I have read a great many books, and like reading very much. I take music lessons, and I intend trying my examination in music next June. I would like to see a letter from my friend in Dunnville, Ella S. My birthday is on August 9. Is anyone else's birthday on that date, I wonder. I have composed several pieces of poetry this year. Some of them are as follows:—'Spring,' 'The Burning Ship,' 'Eva' and also one called 'Uxbridge.' I expect to write another soon on 'Easter.'

G. ELEANOR M.

R.

Dear Editor,—I have enjoyed reading your pleasant little paper, the 'Messenger,' for some time. It is one of our Sunday-school papers, and was also a paper of the Sunday-school my father attended when a boy. We, a class of eight girls in our Sunday-school, have agreed to write to the 'Messenger.' I go to school, and am very fond of studying and reading. R. is a very pretty little village nicely lo-



'Only a Boy.'

'Only a boy,' did you say, sir?

'Only a boy,' to be sure;

If I live I'll be a man, sir,
And try to be good and pure.

'Only a boy' can say 'No,' sir,

'Only a boy' can be strong

In the strength which Jesus gives him,
When tempted to do the wrong.

Think though I'm 'only a boy,' sir,

The beginning of a man,

I'm a bit of God's great world, sir,
And included in His plan.

I can work for the good of others,

And I promise to abstain

By the help of God from drink, sir,
And the evils in its train.

—'Australian Christian World.'

How No-license Hurts.

Shenandoah, Iowa, is a lovely little city of nearly 4,000 inhabitants, who are all well-to-do, have fat bank accounts, are up-to-date in every particular and are quite as proud as they are contented. It looks like a New England town, and is settled with New England people. The residents are nearly all of American birth; there are no foreigners except a few Swedes, who are employed in the nurseries. There are no saloons, and everybody testifies that no liquor is sold surreptitiously at the drug stores. Therefore there is no disorder, no crime, no vice, no poverty, and nothing for the criminal courts to do. There are no police, because none is needed, and the money that other towns pay for such purposes is here expended on the schools.—The Chicago 'Record-Herald.'

Sister Sue.

(Mina E. Goulding, in 'The Adviser'.)

'Marjory, Marjory, I want you!' called Mrs. Trent from the doorstep, her clear mellow voice dwelling tenderly on the child's name.

Marjory came running up breathless.

'Give up play now, my dear,' said her mother, 'and run for father's ale before you get your supper.'

The child went off gaily on her errand, and in ten minutes came back with her jug almost full, and set it on the dresser. Her pretty face was all aglow after her hour's romp on the green, and Ned Haynes, the lodger, gazed wistfully at her from behind his newspaper, as she sat on her little stool eating her bowl of bread-and-milk. When she had finished it she kissed her father and mother and smiled a sweet, shy good-night to Ned, and then went singing up the stairs to her tiny bedroom.

'I had a little sister once, and she was so very like your Marjory,' said Ned presently.

'Dead, is she?' asked Marjory's father, a hard-working, slow-speaking man. He helped out his question with an upward jerk of his big brown forefinger, meant to suggest that there is a home above where those who die await us, who are left to mourn them.

But Ned shook his head, and a deep flush spread over his handsome young face. It was laid upon his heart to tell a tale to these simple folks that night. It was a tale so hard for him to tell, but he clasped his hands tight beneath his newspaper, and said to himself, 'For the sake of little Marjory, whom I love, I will tell it.'

Mr. Trent was not an inquisitive man. He sat looking into the fire as though Ned had not answered his question. But his wife being of quite an opposite turn of mind felt a burning desire growing within her to learn all there was to be learnt of the young man. He had come to superintend the carpentry at a big red-stone mansion that was being built just outside Tillerton; but though he had lodged with her for a month, she knew next to nothing about him.

'Would you care to hear about my father



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pansies.' Aubrey McL. (13), D., N.S.
2. 'Hurrah for the Ranch.' Wilson Porter, D., Ont.
3. 'General Wolfe.' Roy L. (10), W., Ont.
4. 'Woodcutter's Home.' Ida R. Prasky (14), F., Ont.
5. 'Boat and Tent.' Ralph Estey (12), Eton, N.B.

6. 'The King' (lion). Clarence Thompson (10), N., Man.
7. 'In the Park.' John Albert Feng.
8. 'Teapot.' Florence A. Duncan, W's C., Ont.
- 9 and 10. 'Fruit.' Annie I. Langille (10), D., N.S.
11. Lady Grey and her calf called May.' Gertrude Comerford (13), E., Ont.

words, letters and verses are contained in the though he lives in what is called Sunny Alberta, the thermometer went down to thirty-four below zero last February.

Norman Good, R., Alta., would have been in the sixth book this year at school, but could not be spared from home.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am very fond of reading, and mamma calls me her 'Book Worm.' I also am very fond of sewing, and would like to be a dressmaker. Can any one tell me how many Bible. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school and church, and I joined the church nearly two years ago. I am very fond of flowers. So my sister and I attend the gardens. We have two horses, one colt named Nellie, which thinks herself very smart; also four calves, five cows and some hens, sheep and pigs. Nearly all our sheep are very tame, and will eat salt from our hands. If I see this letter in print, I may write again, as I take a great interest in the Correspondence Page.

VIOLET B. N.

I., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but this time will endeavor to make it successful. I get the paper every week at Sunday-school, and nearly always read it through. We all enjoy it very much. I have two brothers, but no sisters, so I am the only girl. My eldest brother is eleven years old, and he and myself are in the senior fourth book at school. My youngest brother is eight years old, and he is in the senior second book. This place is situated on the Thames river, ten miles from Woodstock. In the summer, it is quite a pretty place, there being no wooden sidewalks in it (all pave-

cated, and is a thriving little business centre. Although we have no high school, the railways are very accommodating in allowing the scholars to go to D., a town twelve miles east of this village. With best wishes to the 'Messenger' and all its readers, I will close.

CLARA L. CAMPBELL.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was at my grandpa's this winter, and got the 'Messenger' there. Auntie told me if I would write a letter to the 'Messenger' she would send me the paper for a year. I am delighted with the offer, and will try to do my part. We live in the country, about ten miles from the city of Hamilton. We can see Lake Ontario from here. I was at Niagara Falls in the summer, and enjoyed the scenery very much. I passed the entrance when I was eleven years old. I have three sisters and one brother. He is seven years old.

MAGGIE E. STEWART.

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