

fellow couldn't bear to leave school when his money ran short, and so he mortgaged his body to his brain, and tried to live on nothing, or next to it. Well, there are still fools enough in the world to keep the doctors busy.

Harcum was soon brought out of his fainting fit, but he was weak and ill for several days. When he first realized that he was in Stearns' room, he begged to be taken away lest he should make trouble. But Stearns declared, with a firmness the sick boy had no strength to resist, that such a ridiculous idea must not be mentioned again.

'Here I've been everlastingly cut up all this term,' he said, 'because Peterson didn't come back, and I had no room-mate. And now, when, by a brilliant piece of strategy, I've secured one, you try to rob me of my just deserts.'

At which Harcum smiled gratefully, and closed his eyes with a sense of restfulness and sweet content.

'I'm going to take Harcum home with me,' said Stearns, at Commencement time. 'He hasn't any home, and father writes that their preacher has just left, and that they want Harcum to fill the pulpit during vacation. He can do a little work during the week, to pay his board; if he chooses, and save his salary toward next year's expenses. And, what with country air, and glorious good times, and my mother's cooking, you won't know Harcum when he comes back.'

This prophecy came near being fulfilled. When fall term opened, many of the old students were slightly puzzled as to the identity of the sun-browned, hearty-looking young man who returned with Stearns. Yes, Harcum was certainly changed, and the change was lasting. He even played baseball occasionally—though it must be owned that he never became highly proficient in this much-valued accomplishment.

'Harcum—Sophomore—splendid student—get the valedictory when he graduates—grand preacher—genuine saint—full of fun, too, if you know him well,' it is thus that the Redcliffe boys describe Stearns' room-mate.

And never, save in remorseful memory, is breathed the nickname of 'Parson Bunny.'—Jessie H. Brown in 'The Lookout.'

Perfect Trust.

The French Marshal Turenne was the soldiers' hero; they entirely trusted him. Once when the troops were wading through heavy morass, some of the younger soldiers complained. But the older ones said, 'Depend upon it, Turenne is more concerned than we are; at this moment he is thinking how to deliver us. He watches for us while we sleep. He is our father, and would not have us go through such fatigue unless he had some great end in view, which we cannot yet make out.' We cannot always understand God's dealings, but must trust and obey.

Correspondence

Lower Selma.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time and like it very much. I live in Nova Scotia, near the Cobequid Bay. In the winter the bay is full of ice. Nova Scotia is a very pretty place in the summer, when the flowers come. My mother always has a garden and lots of flowers. I like them very much. I have two sisters and one brother in the States. We have a pet cat and a dog. The dog's name

is Watch. It is a very good name, for he is a great watchdog. My brother had a pet crow. It used to go about the house and carry every thing away it could get. Your little reader,

MAGGIE.

Ayr, Ont./

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of Ayr, which is situated on the River Nith. The C.P.R. runs through here. People who visit our village say it is very pretty. There is some lovely scenery along the river.

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. of our village supply the school children with the 'Northern Messenger.' We like it very much. I go to school and to Sunday-school. I am in the senior second class. In the summer holidays I sometimes go out to the country. I like the country better than town.

We have a hockey club here. The older boys have left town, but the juniors are coming on fine. There are also football and baseball clubs. We play marbles at school. Your friend,

OLIVER.

St. Johns, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I take the 'Northern Messenger' and like it very much. I am the youngest of a family of three. We have a cow, a horse and a cat, and I like them all. My father has a factory, and there are about twenty-seven men working in it. I am going to the high school, and am in the fifth reader. I like to read the letters in your paper, and I always read the Little Folks' Page first. We have a very nice garden in summer and have a good many apples. I will write another letter soon. Yours truly,

WILLIE.

Sweedside, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old; my birthday is on January 18th. I am going to school. I like my teacher very well, and I have just been reading in the fifth book for about a month. Grandpa has taken the 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Witness' for about twenty years. I am deeply interested in the stories. We live near a fine lake called Oromocto. I had a fine pet lamb; its mother had died, so we brought it into the house and in a few days it became very tame. It became so mischievous that we had to tether it. Soon afterwards we took it down to a field with the rest of the lambs. One day we went down and the lamb was playing with a fox. Instead of the fox touching the lamb, the lamb was butting the fox with all its might. Then we brought it up to the house, where we put it among the rest of the sheep. When we took the turnips down to feed the sheep it would only eat out of our hands.

HARRY.

Pender Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I thoroughly enjoy the readings of the 'Northern Messenger,' and now wish to write you a letter. I live on one of those islands in the Georgian sea called Pender. It is about ten or twelve miles long and its greatest width is two and a half miles. I go to school, which is about one mile and a half from here. I am in the fourth reader and study arithmetic, reading, history, geography, hygiene, grammar, writing and spelling. I was eleven years old last September, and had a nice time on my birthday. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a library there, but have not many books yet. When we had the lessons about Paul I enjoyed them very much. We also have service once in two Sundays. I have six pet rabbits, one of whom is the mother and the others her young. The mother's

name is Jennie and the little ones I have not got names for, except one little white one, whom I call Snow. I think I'd better close, hoping to write again if you don't object. From your little writer

NELLIE.

Grant.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy thirteen years old, and I live on a farm. I think it much nicer than living in the city. I take the 'Messenger' and my father takes the 'Witness.' I always read the Correspondence Department in the 'Messenger,' and after that the Boys' Page in the 'Witness.' I think they are both very nice, so I thought I would write to you myself.

I go to school, and I am in the fourth reader. I live about a mile and a half from the school, but I miss some days in the winter when there is a storm. Sometimes I go on snowshoes, and I like to do that very much.

I have skates, but I can only skate when there are ponds, because we do not live near a river.

I have four pets, a pony called Sally, and a dog called Sport, and two cats. We do not live near the post-office, and it is my work to go for the mail every day, so I drive my pony in the winter-time but in the summer I always go on its back. My dog Sport goes with me for the cows, and helps me bring them home. I called him Sport because he is so full of fun. My cats are very playful also, and every evening they play together for about an hour. They are very good to catch mice and rats. One of them comes and sits beside me when I am eating my meals, and it wants me to give it something to eat.

Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, and hoping my letter is not too long, I remain, a faithful reader,

ARCHIE.

Port Lorne, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I receive your paper every week, and have taken it for two years. Last year I got five subscribers besides my own renewal. I do not belong to a mission band, but I take an interest in missions. Millions of people die without hearing anything of the true God. The religion of the heathen is dark and gloomy. The religion of India is Brahminism and Buddhism. Their religion is a superstitious and cruel pagan system. They worship imaginary gods, also the river Ganges and various animals. Brahminism and Buddhism inculcate many virtues and also teach many absurd doctrines. Among the latter is the transmigration of souls by which it is held that when a person dies he is immediately born again, assuming some new kind of existence either higher or lower than his previous life, according to his merit or demerit.

Buddhism is the prevailing religion of the people of China. The educated classes are believers in the doctrines of Confucius, who lived about five hundred years before the Christian era. The principles taught by Confucius do not recognize a personal God as the Creator or Governor of the world; but they inculcate many important virtues, as industry, sobriety, modesty.

To two Christians, or to two persons that live in a Christian land, there are about twenty-one heathens. This shows that missionaries are wanted and money is needed to support them.

In composing this letter and finding the religion of the heathen countries, I have not had any aid from any person, but I have studied it up out of papers and books. I am not yet fifteen.

M. F.