

Correspondence

We have received letters from the following:—Willard C. Horton (11 years old), Percy Brayman (13), Jessie L. Stewart, C. E. M., Gladys E. T., Marguerite I. Hunt, Bessie Ogilvie, Nellie Gooding, Stanley Rea (10), Chrissy McRostie, Harry Sanderson (13), May C. (8), Willie H. Elgee, D. L. McE., Maud P., George Oke, Hazel K., Vera Velzorch Nelles, Olive T. Forbes, Edna D. (12), R. Dunston, Nina Evans, Beulah A. (9), Adams (9), Maggie E. Mack (11), Emma Winifred Vanallen (11), Laura Mellow, Elsie B. Sterritt (10), Ethel B. P. (11), Amonetta M. Hallamne, Myrtle Morrison (10), Hazel O'Neil, J. Harold Kennedy (9), Grace Allen R. (8), Beatrice Vanzant (12), Clara M. R. (10), Mary J. Dewar (11), Bertha M. Millman (9), Jennie A. MacLeod (13), Mildred E. Phillips (12), Raymond S. (9 or 10), L. Lovell, Harold Fowler, Roy Walmsley (12), Archie Wigglesworth (12), Gracie B. Nickels (11), Ausbert Ritchie Ketcheson, Ella Parly (13), Maurice Pepper (11), Willie A., Henry W. Brewer (13), Myra K. M. (10), N. H. (13), Beatrice Thistlethwaite (11), N. Thompson, John S. (12), Mildred Wright (13), Edna P. P. (10), Lillie Hawkey (7), Carl A. Langill, Minnie E. Mathes, Jennie Warcup, E. B. M., G. M. P.

See if your name is in this list or any friend's name.—Cor. Ed.

Richmond, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have three sisters and two brothers. I am the eldest in the family. I go to Sunday-school and take the 'Messenger.' I received a prize last Christmas for learning Bible verses. I go to the day school, and am in the third reader. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is on the same date as mine, May 22. I will be thirteen years old.

AGNES EDNA B.

Rat Portage, Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is a very pretty place where I live in the summer time. I go to school, and am in the second reader. I am ten years old. My father is captain of a boat here. My only pets are a parrot, a canary bird and a cat. I would like to see some of the little readers of the 'Messenger,' as I am sure I should like them. I have not taken the 'Messenger' a year yet, but I know that I shall take it for a good many years.

EDNA B.

Inglewood Forest, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school, and am in the second grade. I have one sister, but no brother. I live with my aunt and uncle. My mamma died when I was two years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. We live near the river. We often go down and play along the shores.

VIOLA M. W.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter. I live in Chicago, and my name is Roy R. I am nine years old, and I am in the fifth grade at school. I have no pets. My favorite books are 'Beautiful Joe' and 'Black Beauty.' My Uncle John R., who lives in Mitchell, asked you to send me the 'Messenger.' They take it in their Sunday-school. My mamma and I visited him this summer. They were very kind to us, and we had a nice visit. My uncle is superintendent in the Sunday-school. I got acquainted with the man who has charge of the grain elevator and attends to the shipping of the grain. I learned all about the different kinds of grain. He is a jolly fellow, and we had lots of fun together. We left Mitchell for my grandma's, near Toronto. I always have a good time there. I helped a farmer with his cows and drove around with him. We spent one whole day driving round the city. I saw where the big fire was. They are building the place up again. We thought from the Chicago papers that nearly the whole city was burnt down, but it is only a small patch. Then I went to High Park to a Sunday-school picnic with a little girl, and I played with her nearly every day. Next we visited an aunt in Oshawa, and had a very nice time. She had a garden with everything in it. Then we started on our return trip, and stopped off at Port Robinson to visit my Uncle Joe and Uncle Bob.

Uncle Joe drove mamma and Cousin Mary and me to Niagara Falls. It was a sight to see! So much water tumbling over the rocks and falling so far. We all put on rain coats and went through a tunnel hundreds of feet under the falls. My, it was great! Then we went out on the 'Maid of the Mist' and up the inclined railway. They had babies at both my uncles. Uncle Joe's was good, but Uncle Bob's baby cried a great deal. Aunt Madge at Uncle Bob's gave us a tea party on their lawn. I had such a good time playing with my cousins. Our last visit was at my Uncle George's, ten miles from Tilsonburg. He is a miller, and has a boat, and we all went out boating every day, and also bathing. We ate all the black and white raspberries we wanted right off the bushes in his garden. Mamma's brother, Uncle Garnet, and I were in Colorado last summer. We were right in the mountains, and we walked right to the top of Pike's Peak and down again the same day. They said I was the smallest boy that ever did it. We saw all sorts of grand scenery. We thought it was the trip of our lives, but I think this trip beats it. I like Ontario, and like to see the fine fields of grain, the big orchards, the beautiful large brick farm houses, and big red barns. I could tell my mamma the kinds of grain and roots growing in the fields, as we were coming home. We see more corn than anything else in the United States. I am a great deal wiser than when I went away. We left Uncle Garnet and papa to keep house, and they got along pretty well. Uncle Garnet had the beds all made up nice and the dishes washed and all the newspapers stuck out of sight and everything looking pretty tidy the night we got home.

ROY R.

(This is the kind of letter we would like to have a great many of. We would like to hear at length what our correspondents have been doing this summer. Cor. Ed.)

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a house near the school. I led my class last term, and will be in the fifth grade this term. Our school begins on Aug. 29. I have a black and white kitten, and it is very cute. My cousin takes the 'Messenger,' and sometimes I read it. I like it very much, and think I will take it next year. Will some one tell me in the Correspondence Page what color would look nice to make a shoulder cape out of.

LEONIA N. M. (aged 11).

North-East Point,
Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy six years old, and I thought I would send a letter to your paper. I have two brothers, and only one sister, all younger than I am. I have only been to school about two months, and I liked it very much, and also liked my teacher. My brothers' names are Sidney and William, and my sister's name is Christina. My father is a Swede, and he is an engineer. I have a big dog named Jack and a cow named Dolly. I have six aunts and two uncles living close by, and quite a few in Sweden, besides one aunt in the United States. It is vacation time now, so I am helping mamma to pick blueberries, and having some good times. We only have service in our church once a fortnight. My two brothers and I always go. One of my aunts is coming to see us. I think she has been pretty sick. My grandpapa has a horse, and his name is Dan. I have a ride on him very often. My aunt is writing this for me. It is twenty-one miles around Cape Sable Island. I will send you a bouquet of flowers out of my grandmamma's garden. We do not have any outdoor flowers, as we have no garden.

MATIAIS K.

(Thank you for the pretty bouquet.—Ed.)

Anderson Mountain,
Pictou Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' We like the paper very much. My ma took the paper in her youth, too. We go to the Presbyterian church. We have no settled minister just now, as ours has gone out West. Our school opened on Aug. 15. I like going to school very much. We live on a farm. I am nine years old.

CHARLES G. M.

Sunbury, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' There are five in our family, three girls and two boys. My sister takes the

'Messenger,' and we all enjoy reading it. I am very fond of reading, and have read a lot of books. We take the Montreal 'Daily Witness,' and have taken it for over twelve years now. My father is a Presbyterian minister. We have a cow and a horse. They are very quiet, and enjoy eating a ripe apple out of my hand. I often milk when father is away.

FREDA D.

Deloraine, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live on a farm. I do not go to school now, as it is vacation time; but when I do go I am in the seventh grade. The school is half a mile from our place. I have read a great number of books, some of which are 'Beautiful Joe,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Breaking the Rules,' and many others. We occasionally go to Fish Lake, near the Turtle Mountains, to camp. One year we went, and as there were fish in the lake, we proposed fishing. So a boat full of boys and girls rowed out. The boys kept saying, 'Sh, sh!' but we could not keep quiet, and the result was that no fish were caught. I am twelve years old.

FANNY C. H.

(Very neatly written.—Cor. Ed.)

Shall I Bet?

YES!—shout 20,000 Bookmakers, 'for we live on the losses.'

NO!—cry half-a-million of fathers, mothers, wives—that's how the misery of our home began.'

YES!—whispers Covetousness—'you may win money more quickly than by working.'

NO!—answers Prudence—'very few win in the long run.'

YES!—urges Selfishness—'you will have easy times if you are lucky.'

NO!—replies Conscience—'others would suffer for your ease; you may drug me for a little while, but there will be remorse afterwards.'

YES!—say the Sporting Newspapers—'you will buy us more eagerly.'

NO!—rejoins Duty—'you will neglect me, and employ your thoughts elsewhere.'

YES!—laughs the Publican—'betting men are my best customers.'

NO!—murmurs the Savings Bank—'they seldom patronize me for long.'

YES!—votes the Tipster—'What shall I do without you?'

NO!—sighs the Prison Governor—'my jail is filling.'

YES!—mutters the Devil—'It's a short road to hell.'

NO!—commands your Maker—'Do as you would be done by. Work in faith and hope. Strive to be honest and pure. The reward shall come some day. "Fear not, I will be with thee."—The Australian Christian World.'

The Little Lad's Answer.

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet;
His play-time had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat;
'I'm glad I'm home!' he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in a corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

'I wonder why,' his auntie said,
'This little lad comes always here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this and quite as near.'
He stood a moment deep in thought
Then with the love-light in his eye
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, 'She lives here, that is why.'

With beaming face the mother heard,
Her mother-heart was very glad.
A true, sweet answer he had given,
That thoughtful, loving little lad;
And well I know that hosts of lads
Are just as loving, true and dear;
That they would answer as he did:
''Tis home, for mother's living here.'

—'Religious Intelligencer.'

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.