

Correspondence

We receive a good many letters from our readers asking us to have their letters printed in the next week's paper. We would explain to our little friends that it takes some time to 'set up' and print a paper. The material has to be sent in some days before the paper is issued. Then, as there are always some other letters waiting for their turn to go in, our readers can easily see why their requests can not be exactly fulfilled.

Some correspondents ask why each letter is not signed by the correspondent's full name. This is a question which it pains us to have to answer. We are sorry to have to say that there are some wicked people always on the lookout for the addresses of boys and girls that they may send them papers and books which are not fit to read. We believe every boy and girl should show their mothers all the literature that comes into their hands, because many a young life has been poisoned and ruined by reading injurious and evil stories from some flashy sheet, given or sent to them by some enemy of their souls. For this reason young people should be very careful about sending their address to any one they do not know.

The 'Messenger' is careful not to give the correspondent's full address for this reason. Although we know it would be a pleasure to some of the little people to see their whole names in print, they must try to take the same pleasure from seeing their first name and address.

Try to say the most interesting things you can in the fewest words. Write on one side only of the paper. Give your name, age, and address clearly, and address all letters 'Messenger' Correspondence, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Angeline, N. Dakota; Wm. R., St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Eva, Sable River, N.S.; Bertha, Plum Hollow; Bertha, Folly Mountain; Lida, West Amherst; Bertha, Illinois; Ethel, Solon; Lloyd, Arthur; Georgia, St. Armand; Louie, Warton; Jessie, Wheatland, Man.; Maggie, Noel Shore; Frank, Bloomfield; Annie, Middleton; Grace, Salmon River; Clara, Cottonwood Creek; Lizzie, Ohio; Jennie, Michigan; Goldie, Kansas; Edith, Vermont; John, Kensington; Ralph, Black River Bridge; Nellie, Glenmore; Nellie May, Billsborrow, N.Y.; Clement, Whitbourn, Nfld.; Lillie, South Buxton; Priscilla, Porter's Hill; from Campobello Island;—Merrill, Minnie, Evelyn, Flossie, Colwell, John, Archie, Angus, Nicholas, Everett, Eva, Elma, Pertie, Arthur, Leander, Carol, Vida and Lena.

Brookfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Last summer we had two kittens, a black one and a grey one, we called them Sim and Nig. We used to dress them up and they would go to sleep in our arms. We kept them in a work shop, and one time when we came home from fishing we laid our rods with the hook and line attached against the wall of this shop. Somehow the hook got loose and hung dangling in the air.

One day my brother was working in the shop, but he did not notice that Nig was playing with the hook until he looked around and found that it had caught in poor kitty's shoulder. He could not get it out without hurting him very much, so he had to be killed.

Sim is now a great big cat, and he has another brother as black and sleek and pretty as Nig.

NINA.

Billsborrow, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live near Seneca Lake and can see the trains when they pass.

I feel sorry for little Alice who has never seen a train. I go to school every day, and have just completed the multiplication tables.

NELLIE MAY, aged 7.

Sherbrooke.

Dear Editor,—Our Band of Hope meets every Saturday afternoon, for an hour. The meeting opens with reading and prayer. We have singing, and the superintendent tells us temperance stories; we did not have a Band of Hope here until this last winter. We opened with thirteen, now we have a membership of one hundred and seven. My only pets are my twin brothers, they are both members of the Band, and are not five years old.

ETHEL, aged 10.

Upper Musquodoboit.

Dear Editor,—I read the letters and little folks' pages, and mamma reads the other stories to us. I have one sister and three brothers, the baby is one year old. My little sister has a lovely white cat.

EVA, aged 9.

Fairfield, N.B.

Dear Editor,—In 1887 there was organized in this place a lodge called I. O. G. T. (Independent Order of Good Templars), there are fifty-nine members, thirteen of them are officers. I am one of the officers. Our meetings are held every Friday night in a hall not far from our house. There is a school-house and Baptist church, both nicely furnished, in this district, also a temperance hall, which the lodge has built and furnished with lots of chairs and an organ, etc. Our lodge meetings are very interesting. We have recitations, readings, music, speeches and dialogues. The temperance people here are working hard for prohibition. I have heard temperance lectures, but I don't think they are as good as one meeting of our lodge. The lodge educates us young people in temperance principles. We have no juvenile lodge in this district, so our parents take their children to lodge, and they are allowed to take part in the entertainment. We have a fine band of little singers here, from eight to ten years of age, which help us much. About once a year we have a pound party in our lodge room, at which the ladies are expected to bring a pound of cake, the gentlemen a pound of confectionary or fruit. First we have a half-hour's temperance entertainment, then, when the committee are opening the pounds and preparing to serve, the company enjoy a good sociable chat, then the refreshments, with hot coffee, are passed around until everybody is served, which takes up some length of time. After the party breaks up we often hear the remark, 'What a good time we have had.' I remain your reader,

ANNIE, aged 14.

Listowel.

Dear Editor,—I think I never read as nice a paper for boys and girls as the 'Northern Messenger.'

I have two pair of rabbits which are my constant delight. And I love to see them skipping around in the grass and diving into their boxes when I go to catch them. I often take a book, and while pretending to study it, I will lie and watch the dear little things for hours when I have the time.

Last week I went down to the river to see some sheep being washed. I soon entered into the spirit of the thing, and I began to help the other boys in taking the unwilling sheep down to the water's edge. Soon we had them all done but one large sheep, and after some chasing we caught it and took a good grip of the dirty wool, and then began to coax it along, seemingly inch by inch. At last we arrived at our destination and had halted when the sheep began to struggle. Our feet became entangled, and as I had not as many as the sheep, I fell headlong into the muddy water. I went home as soon as I could get out of my unpleasant situation, and since that I have never entertained a very happy idea of sheep-washing. Your interested reader,

FRED, aged 14.

Ayr.

Dear Editor,—I go to Mission Band and to the Band of Hope, and I like them both. There was a meeting for the Band of Hope not long ago, and we sang hymns at it, and we saw pictures of the little Chinese children. And at Mission Band we saw a Chinese woman's slipper, and it was no bigger than a big doll's slipper would be.

THERESA, aged eight.

Ayr, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was at a temperance lecture recently, conducted by Miss Vincent, a missionary of the W. C. T. U. The subject of the lecture was the story of Miss Vincent's life. She had a magic lantern, and showed us many interesting pictures. When she was a little girl her father used to have wine at his table, and he gave it to her for the pleasure of seeing her drink it.

When she grew older she wanted to have it. In later years she became a school teacher, but could never keep her positions on account of her drinking. Then she would come home.

One time she came home (having spent all her money), and resolved to drink no more. But the craving was too much for her. She

had no money, (and she would not ask her father for any), so she went to a druggist and got a bottle of liquor without paying for it. This was continued until the druggist would not let her have any more, and told her he would notify her father and make him pay for it. But she begged him not to, and said she would work and pay for it. At last she sailed away to Orleans. Here she wasted her money, and was going to commit suicide, but was prevented.

One day she strayed into a religious meeting where she was converted.

A few years afterward she got word from her brother saying that if she wanted to see her father before he died she must come at once. She did so, and she was made most welcome. She brought her father and mother to Christ, and is now a missionary in Australia, after being a castaway for five years.

ELSIE, aged fourteen.

Bay of Quinte.

Dear Editor,—For miles around here there is no liquor sold. There is no Band of Hope or temperance society here. I wish there was. I would like to belong to one, but we are temperance people, and thoroughly detest the very name of liquor, and tobacco in any form.

My pets consist of a cat named Tom, a dog named Jack, and twelve little white chickens.

ETHEL, aged twelve.

VIOLA'S CANARY.

Lakeland, Man.

Dear Editor,—We live near Lake Manitoba, in a lonely part of the country, lonely of course for the want of settlers. I will tell you about the canary I got on my seventh birthday. I called him Dick. He was a splendid singer. One morning there was a little yellow chicken running about the floor when I let Dick out of his cage to have a little exercise. When he saw the chicken he ran up to it and began to sing, thinking it was a bird, but the chicken only hung down its head, and shut its eyes, he was so frightened that he did not know what else to do.

Dick kept on singing and dancing around the chicken until he was tired, then he went away to find something else to amuse himself with. I guess my letter is getting pretty long, so I will stop.

I am, your fourteen year old reader,

VIOLA.

Hart, Mich.

Dear Editor,—Mamma used to live in Whitby, Ont., and took your paper when she was younger than I am.

I am almost twelve years old, and am four feet nine inches tall and weigh seventy-seven pounds.

My grandma lives with us now, and takes your paper.

JESSIE.

Dix, Jefferson County, Ill.

Dear Editor,—Although I live far away, I thought I would like to be one of your correspondents. We have had the 'Northern Messenger' in our home ever since I can remember, and we feel as though we could not do without it. We have but one pet, and that is a little niece, we call her Eva. We have a nice place to play. Papa made us a swing under some shady trees. We have great fun swinging.

VERSA, aged eleven.

St. Johnsbury Ctr., Vt.

Dear Editor,—Our teachers and scholars went out in the woods, we saw seeds of plants. We saw blackberry bushes and ferns. Then we sat down on a large rock and talked about worms.

WM. R., aged fourteen.

Ayr.

Dear Editor,—My little brother gets the 'Messenger' at the public school, and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence Column.

I feel sure that strong drink does no one any good, but it does bring sorrow and desolation to hundreds of homes. I wonder that men do not see the harm that it does them; it steals away their money, their good looks, their health, and their happiness, and what wicked and cruel things they often do while under its influence. I would delight in seeing every saloon in the wide world swept out of existence. I belong to the Band of Hope and am endeavoring to get all who will to sign the total abstinence pledge.

MAGGIE.