

so she is greatly delighted with him. It is surprising how a dog can learn to draw a load.

MYRTLE, aged twelve.

Toronto.

Dear Editor, — I am a little boy eight years old. I was very much interested in L. S.'s letter. I was converted at the age of seven. I think that the 'Messenger' is almost the best paper that you could read. Your friend,

LAURENCE.

Portage du Fort.

Dear Editor, — I live on a large farm. We are getting a furnace put in our house. I have a class in Sunday-school of two little boys and two little girls.

MARY B. C., Aged 11.

Berwick, N.S.

Dear Editor, — I live on a farm in the beautiful Annapolis Valley. We have oxen, cows and young cattle. We have a horse named Dandy, and a colt eighteen months old, named Bonnie. My brother ploughs with her and Dandy. I have two pets, a kitten and a bantam hen. I think our Sunday-school lessons are fine. I take much pleasure in studying them. My mamma takes the 'Northern Messenger' and she lends them to others to read. She is trying to get others to take it next year. She has got one subscriber now, and I think she will get more. I always look for the Correspondence first. We all go to Sunday-school. My brother is librarian.

STELLA, aged eleven.

Hartney, Manitoba.

Dear Editor, — This is a small town, but being surrounded by a good grain district, is a very busy place. There are five large elevators and a grist-mill. The Souris River is about half a mile from the town. We have good fun on the ice. We have a fine school here.

WILLIE.

Amherst, N.S.

Dear Editor, — I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much. My grandfather takes the 'Witness' and I like to read the stories, especially on the 'Boy's Page.' Our kitten's name is Kitchener. My father is a merchant, and has a store not far from our house. I am proud to belong to Cumberland County, which was the banner county of the Dominion plebiscite. I always give my papers away to poor children or give them to people who can't afford to take it.

CHESTER, aged 11.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Dear Editor, — I like the 'Messenger' very much. I can read it all myself. We have been taking it about two years. I don't think I would do without it. I belong to St. Paul's Church. My birthday was this month. I got a lovely prayer-book from my mother, with all the hymns in the back of it. One of my little friend's name is Elaine. She lives right next to us. She gave me a lovely carpet-sweeper, it is called 'Little Helper.' I have four sisters and one brother.

ETHEL, aged eight.

Newfoundland, Old Perlican.

Dear Editor, — I live with my grandpa and grandma ever since my mamma died. My pa lives in Carbonear, he is to be station-master there. Aunt Eliza has been taking the 'Messenger' for some years past. Now she takes it for me. I have a little pet dog, his name is Jubilee. There is an iron mine opened seven miles from here. There is a large pier building here, and a railway track cut. The train is to run back and forth bringing iron from the mine. I am collecting for missions. I have two dollars and forty cents, and am expecting to get more.

WILLIE, aged seven and a half.

Glen Levet, N.B.

Dear Editor, — I go to school every day. I like to have my lessons well, for I don't like to get down in my class. My brother, Boyd, goes with me, and I help him with his lessons.

ADELINA, aged eight.

Glencoe.

Dear Editor, — I have a little dog called 'Ponto,' and she is brown, and has a very bushy tail. I have also a calf called 'John Rolfe,' and a younger one called 'Druid.'

GORDON, aged twelve.

HOUSEHOLD.

Eight Aprons.

Only one dollar to spend for presents! How am I to make it go round to my eight girls?

All at once came the happy thought, 'aprons.' So eight different patterns of Lancaster gingham were bought for three daughters, three daughters-in-law, one granddaughter, and one niece to be. While we were at the tea table that night Hugh left, and, when we were assembled again in the sitting-room, we found he had labeled all the gingham for each girl with the pet names and odd names of the family, and written little bits of paper and pinned on each one.

I let them all stay on, and this is the way I cut the aprons: Two yards and a half long; take off a two-inch piece for belt; cut the rest in half; take off two inches for strings on one breadth, which is used for the front; split the other, and put half on each side; gather to belt eighteen inches. So I made my eight aprons and sent them on their far-off journeys, costing five cents a yard, or thirteen cents apiece, the father paying the postage, which, it must be confessed, was half the cost of the gingham.

The first news I had of them was from one of the young husbands, who took the gifts from their Christmas-tree, and wrote: 'The girls squealed and rowed over their aprons, and had more fun with them than over any "boughten" things you could have sent. Anne's pockets created great excitement, and Hugh's labels sent the aprons to the proper recipients just as well as if they had been written by a strictly sane person.'

Then Stella wrote: 'We had our gifts in the dining-room after breakfast, and, for people who expected very little, they made quite a showing, especially the kitchen-apron, which I needed sadly. We had a good laugh over the little papers, which we did not discover at first, and over Anne's pockets.'

From Grace: 'The apron is most welcome.'

From Helen: 'Thank you very much for the nice aprons. Both Margaret and I initiated them at our Christmas dinner and like them ever so much. We had on our good gowns, and the large aprons protected them, and we displayed them proudly among our gifts.'

From Winifrede: 'I love every stitch in it, because my dear mother made it all by hand.'

From Fredericka: 'My apron is grand. I had gingham for another, but the making is the greatly appreciated part, and I have it on this evening.'

From Lois: 'In some ways I am a very improvident person, and an instance of that fact is that I never have any aprons. When I dust I cover my clothes with lint, and spend more time than I need in removing from my own person the dust that I just removed from my furniture. But while I often deplored the fact that I was not properly equipped for my work, I never remedied the evil. Now I can dust with great pleasure, and thank you ever so much for my big apron. I wore it this morning doing my room work.'

From Anne: 'That brings me down to thanking you for my good, generous-sized gingham apron. It happened to be just what I had often expressed a wish for and was in real need of; but the best part of the whole thing was its size. I had never expected to get one large enough, and suspect I wouldn't have fared so well this time if you hadn't made a job lot all for such big girls, and I got the benefit of it. You see, my mother has always gone on the principle that, as Mother Nature made me after so small a pattern, she would go one better, and so I have always gone around with aprons cut off at my knees, like the little old woman on the highway. Now I wear my new gingham with pride, and enter the kitchen with confidence and in safety. So you see it is truly appreciated.'

This true story is written to teach the lesson that a little gift with love is welcomed, and that a little money can give pleasure to a whole family of loved children. — 'Woman-kind.'

Making It Easy.

'Dear me, I don't see how you can do it! Do what? Just let the young people have

an out and out merry time of it on Christmas night?'

'You say your sister's family are coming to dinner, your girl of course goes out in the evening, and yet half a dozen or more young folks are coming to visit in the evening. Of course you'll have to get up the treat.'

'Oh, the treat won't trouble anybody. I'm going to do exactly as we did last year.'

'Yes, but those stylish Merlin girls on the hill told our Ida — she was away last Christmas, you remember — that they spent last Christmas evening at your house, and never had a pleasanter time in their lives. They mentioned particularly that the refreshments were splendid! Ida wondered what you had.'

'Well, it's easily told. When Tom and the girls said they wished six or eight of their friends, the Merlins among the rest, could come to the house Christmas night, I said they could and welcome if they were willing to do as we used to in our New England home.'

'Pray how was that?' asked Tom, bridling a little.

I reminded him that Norah expected to go on her little Christmas as soon as dinner was over, and that I always helped her clear away so lengthy a feast. The table I told him should be neatly spread with nothing on it but the cloth, cups and saucers, plates and paper napkins. On the sideboard should be a platter of cold turkey which I would slice after dinner, chips, fancy crackers, salted, a pie or two, cake, nuts and raisins, figs and grapes, all ready prepared for serving. A pot of coffee, also one of chocolate should be on the range. Whenever he or any of the other laddies chose to invite a young lady to the dining-room they could treat her to whatever the sideboard afforded, or make merry by running to the kitchen for a cup of hot drink.

I certainly think those young people were going and coming from the dining-room the whole evening through. Tom had sniffed a little and observed something about 'a regular counter lunch' when the proposal was made, but this year he proposed carrying out the same programme, or I might perhaps more properly say menu.

I remember Tom called out, 'The pie's given out, mammy.' 'All right,' I said, 'go to the pantry and get another.' And pretty soon Lizzie wailed, 'The coffee's all gone, mammy.' 'All right,' said I, placidly, 'go to work and make some more.' Then a prolonged cry, 'O mammy, the turkey has all disappeared.' 'Never mind, go to the cellar-way and get the bones.' There were some pickings left, and I did set up a chicken against a special call.

'They picked both turkey frame and chicken bare; Susie's children were here, you know, so there were fourteen young people in all, and now I have described what the Merlin girls styled "splendid refreshments." Tom last year ventured something about ice-cream, but I told him no, there could be no fussing about anything extra, the general provision of the season would be enough. And we found it a very simple matter to clear away the sideboard treat the next morning, while it gave me scarcely anything extra to do on Christmas afternoon.'

This is a very true showing of what has been done time and time again in a large family, when the young people wanted a little company on Christmas night, and after the long, abundant dinner it was too much for the tired housewife to think of getting up a regularly laid 'treat.' It has been proven often that an entirely informal company is the merriest one imaginable, and it is a great mistake to crowd so much into a joyous holiday that all pleasure is lost in a sense of cruel fatigue.

There is quite an art in making things easy, and on holidays the most scrupulous housewife is fully justified in refusing to undertake anything like an extra spread. Just set young people to helping themselves, and how the good things will disappear. It is doubly jolly to see Tom or Will pouring chocolate into a tiny cup which he must fill and refill until he must needs search about for more of the raw material. There is always a kind of good comradeship in sharing these merry feasts, especially when it becomes the part of prudence for some matronly girl to advise as to how much coffee or chocolate goes into making another potful. Do not refuse the merry-making because of the work involved. Make things easy, and they will be all the merrier, and young people are much the same all the world around. — 'Christian Work.'