

Correspondence

were in truth more nervous than she, as they put forward the most hardened of the party to say, 'Tell Mrs. D— we've come to sign the pledge.'

With hardly a moment's hesitation the men were ushered into a small dining-room, redolent then with the early summer-roses. Trembling, and yet glad, the Christian woman entered soon afterwards to greet her strange visitors. Then men were ill at ease, and a half-guilty blush overspread their faces as their hostess innocently said, 'I will send for tea for you;' and after they had drunk it, and eaten the cake which was pressed upon them, she continued, 'Now, before you sign this pledge, we will kneel down and ask the Lord to help you keep it.'

What a prayer poured forth from her heart as she knelt with those men who had not knelt for years! and as she finished, her daughter continued, pleading till her voice was scarcely heard for the sobbing of one man who, with his head on his arm, cried for mercy.

It was a solemn party who, with the blue ribbons neatly pinned on their coats, marched into the street. One of the four was soundly converted, and the boasting was gone from the rest. Their wives wondered why they would not touch the drink for weeks afterwards. The seed had been sown, and it sprang up in due season. It was months afterwards that the Christian woman learned the reason of their visit, and long afterwards the saved man, plucked as a brand from the burning, would tell of the visit to that 'blessed parlor' where he found forgiveness.—'Christian Herald.'

Where Are They?

The inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of liquor licenses the town should petition for, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided, and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order one of the most respectable citizens rose, and after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses: They had better license good men and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favor. The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index to no light sufferings, yet there was something in the flash of her bright eyes that told she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

'You,' said she, 'all know who I am. You once knew me as mistress of one of the best estates in this borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband, mother never five better or more affectionate children. But where are they now? Doctor, I ask where are they now?'

'In yonder burying ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons, and, oh! they are all drunkards' graves!'

'Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm.'

'And you, too, sir, (addressing the parson,) would come and drink with my husband, and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.'

'Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property, and you got it all by the drink.'

'Now,' she said, 'I have done my errand. I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home. You, Rev. Sir—you doctor, and you, deacon, I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkards' graves.'

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting—'Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?' Then the unbroken 'No!' which made the very walls re-echo, told the result of the old woman's appeal.—'War Cry.'

Rockford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father lives on a farm along the Nanticooke river. I go to school all the time. I have to go about one half mile. We have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time. I like to read the letters of the young people. I have a pet lamb, and a pet cat. I and my schoolmates go skating in winter on the river. There is a large mill just below our place. We go sleigh-riding too.

W. L. (aged 13.)

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wish to write and thank you for the nice book which you sent me as my prize. I like it very much. I have taken the 'Messenger' ever since I could read, and I enjoy it too. My father takes the 'Witness,' and we all like to read it.

Our school holidays begin very soon, and the mid-summer examinations will come first.

ANNIE J.

Seneca.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm of 150 acres. I go to school every day, and am in the second reader, and am going to try for the third this summer. I have started to take music lessons, and I have had my seventh lesson to-day; I do not like to practice much. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like to read the letters very well. I have one sister and two brothers. We have twelve cows and eight calves, and three cats and one dog named Ben. We live four miles from Caledonia, and go to the English Church. My brother was churchwarden last year.

GLADYS H. (aged 8.)

Dawson Settlement.

Dear Editor,—I receive your paper every week, and take very much pleasure in reading it. I do not go to school at present, but expect to go next term. I live in sight of the church and schoolhouse. I have five brothers and two sisters, four of whom go to school. We have a very nice teacher, and his name is Mr. Jonah. There are seventy names on the register. This is the first letter I have ever written to a paper.

HETTIE E. S. (aged 14.)

Chilliwack, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I live in Chilliwack Valley, on a farm, and my father is a farmer, and we have thirteen cows and six horses. My pets are a cat and a little white hen, whose name is Polly. I have a little baby sister; her name is Laura. She is very mischievous and she is three years old. Millie L. I. is a friend of mine. She does not live far from us. I am twelve years old. I like going to school very much. My teacher's name is Miss Templer; she is very kind. I must close.

MAGGIE E. P.

Souris, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the Souris district. I will now tell you something about the game in Manitoba. The wild geese come in great numbers in the spring and fall, and feed in the wheat stubble morning and evening. When feeding they always have sentinels on the look out for danger. My father has shot four different kinds: (1) a dark gray goose, with a black head, black neck and black feet; (2) a grey kind, with light bill and yellow feet; (3) a gray kind, with light bill, yellow feet and a black and white mottled breast; (4) a white kind, with a light bill, black tips on the wings and tail and the feet have a bluish cast.

He shot nine a year ago this spring, twenty last fall, and thirty-seven this spring. They are very wild and hard to shoot, except a person has some trick that they are not accustomed to. Some sportsmen place decoys in a field, and dig a pit near them, in which they conceal themselves. When the wild geese see the decoys they come to alight thinking they are other geese. When near enough the sportsman jumps up and shoots. There are other methods of getting them, which I will omit telling, as it would take too much space in your paper. The ones my father shot weighed from six to nine pounds each, but there are other kinds that weigh as high as sixteen pounds each. They are very nice to eat, and have beautiful feathers, which make nice beds and pillows.

The wild turkeys are slate-colored, and stand about four feet high. They have very

wide wings, long necks, long black legs and sharp-pointed bills about five inches in length. Their flight is slow, and when they go to rise they take a little jump. They soar very high, sometimes going as high as the clouds. My father shot seven this spring. They were nice for eating, and weighed from ten to fourteen pounds each.

The wild ducks feed in the same way as the geese and turkeys. In wet seasons they are very plentiful. There are four different kinds that I know of, viz., the teal, the spike tail, the mallard and the canvas back. The latter has a tough skin and the feathers are spotted black and white. Vests are made of its skin. The prairie chicken resembles a partridge, only it is larger. The feathers on the lower part of its body look like a Plymouth rock hen, and the back is brown. They cackle at night like a hen. In the morning they make a booming sound with their wings and at other times they whistle. They can fly very fast, and when a person is walking along the prairie, they will fly right up at your feet and surprise you very much.

I like the 'Messenger' very much. It teaches us lessons that we can take to ourselves and be benefited thereby.

EZRA S. LAIRD (aged 14.)

London.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I have one brother and sister; my sister's name is Helen, and my brother's name is Egin. I live on a farm, and I am here visiting my little cousin, Chrissie Armstrong; she is fond of fun, and we have good times together. We drove through the camp grounds and saw all the tents; it looked like a funny little town with small white houses, they must be something like the snow houses I have read about in Greenland. It was very nice to see the soldiers in their red and blue coats, and the officers with feathers in their hats, the big cannon made an awful noise, when they fired them and our horse was quite frightened. We then went to the aged people's home, and saw the old men and women, it is nice for old people who have no friends to be cared for. The weather is fine and warm, and we take trips to Port Stanley and other places. Uncle is at the general assembly, so we try to be good to auntie, and not make too much noise except when we play out-of-doors. MARY GLADYS (aged 9.)

Lachute, Que.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for over fifteen years, and we all like it very much. I go to school every day, and am in the Fourth Book. I have got two prizes from the Inspector, and three from the teacher, and expect another at the closing, as I came out first in my grade.

There are twenty-eight scholars in our school. We are going to have a picnic at the closing of school on Friday, June 30. I have been taking music lessons and like it very much, I go to Sunday-school and get a paper and a Library book every Sunday.

JENNIE A. (aged 12.)

Covehead.

Dear Editor,—I have been greatly interested in reading the 'Correspondence' so I thought I would write too. I am 14 years old, and I weigh 104 lbs. I go to school every day and I am learning French and Latin. I have four sisters, and two brothers, three are in Manitoba. I go to the Presbyterian Church. I also go to Sunday-school. I have no pets, but we have got two little foals. I am saving some stamps and coins. I have 260 stamps and 11 coins; one is very old, 1797, is the date. I took the 'Messenger' since last January, and I think I will keep on taking it; there are such lovely pieces in it. I take two papers besides the 'Messenger,' 'Sabbath Reading,' and 'Young People's Weekly'; but I like the 'Messenger' the best, though the other papers are dearer. Yours truly, L. B. M.

Garland.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from Garland, so I thought I would write one. I like to read the letters, and 'Little Folks' page. My aunt Adelia sent me the 'Messenger' this year for a Christmas present. I like it very much. I am going to get some subscribers this summer. We live on a farm three miles from the Bay of Fundy. I have three brothers and one sister.

MARGARET E. B. (aged 10 years.)