

rainbow in them. They look very pretty. There is six inches of snow on the ground. We all go to school but my oldest brother Charlie, who is fifteen. He passed the entrance examination when he was thirteen. My youngest brother Garnet is six. There are five in our family. I am in the senior second class at school, and am going to try for the junior third at Christmas. The little girl that sits with me at school is named Carrie. She is eight years old. We have not got all our turnips in yet, and I am afraid they are frozen. Your little reader,
EVELYN.

Findlay, Man.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Northern Messenger' for our Sunday-school, and last year my sister took it. I like it very much, and am interested in the correspondence column.

I have four sisters and three brothers. The oldest (a boy) is sixteen, and the youngest (a girl) is ten months. My father is postmaster here.

I go to school every day, and am in the fourth reader. I am, your thirteen-year-old reader,

SAIDEE.

Russell, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live out of Russell, Man., about three miles. I walk to school every day the days are good; I go to Sunday-school too. I get the 'Messenger,' and like it well. I read the letters and children's part, and my pa and mama read the rest to me. We had a dear little kitty; but one day my dog Colly killed it. My little brother and sister cried very much. We made a grave for it, and buried it, and put a headstone and put flowers over it.

EARNEST,
Aged 10.

Apple Grove, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a flock of chickens, about thirty in all. One is lame and goes on one foot, and I have a smaller one; it follows me like a dog; its name is Phil. I have a pet cat; its name is Bumps, and it opens the stair door and climbs upon my shoulder, and sits up there and rides around. I caught five bass this summer. We live beside a creek. Our day school teacher's name is Miss Victoria Wadleigh. Your twelve-year-old friend,

L. B. D.

Canaan.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I always read the correspondence page first. I am in the ninth grade. I have no sisters, and only one brother. His name is Stanley. My papa is a farmer; he keeps two horses and four cows, and a number of sheep. I belong to a lodge. I am looking forward to Christmas, as it will soon be here.

LENORA.

Apple Grove, Que.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I am very fond of it. We have a nice Sunday-school teacher; her name is Mrs. Hiram Breevort. I have three pets; their names are Proudly, Longface and Baty. Baby is so fat that he can hardly walk. Papa has got us an organ, and my sister and I are going to take music lessons. Your twelve-year-old friend,

L. H. D.

Lunenburg, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I go to school. I have three brothers, and father and mother.

We have seven cows, and sell milk. I carry it to eight or nine places. Winter will soon be here; I hope we will have lots of snow.

A lady sends us the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much.

JAMIE.

Springs, Miss., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—Here comes a friend from the southern land. I am going to school at grandma's. We have 45 scholars and 2 teachers. I am going to try and make a good man of myself. My aunt is going to take the 'Messenger,' we think it is such a nice paper. Grandma keeps the post-office here, and there is a telephone in her house that goes all over the country. It is so nice to have a telephone; we can talk without going from home. It is so pleasant to live in the south. We don't have much snow here. It make me feel cold to think about the cold north snow! My papa is a cattle-

man; we don't have to shelter our cattle here in the south in the winter at all.

When it does snow we boys do have such fun; but the snow does not stay long on the ground. I do wish that some of the northern boys would come down here in the sunny south, I know that they would enjoy themselves. I would like to write to some of the 'Messenger' boys.

P. J. D., A MISSISSIPPI BOY.

HOUSEHOLD.

Conveniences Multiplied.

(By Lily Rice Foxcroft.)

Not new conveniences added— but the old, familiar, indispensable conveniences multiplied, more brooms and mops and dusters, on different floors and at different ends of the house, to save steps; more pans and skillets and mixing-bowls; more can-openers and lemon-squeezers, to prevent delay and confusion in the kitchen; more small dishes about the pantry, to set away odds and ends in. The average housekeeper loses time and strength and temper by stinting herself in just such simple things.

'Where shall I find a dustpan?' asks the tidy visitor, who has upset a vase of flowers on her carpet. 'Oh, I believe the dustpan is downstairs,' answers her hostess, and hurries off to fetch it. 'I can't make my cake yet,' says the oldest daughter, 'Hannah is using the—oven? No, indeed. 'The egg-beater.' 'I don't know how to begin on these peaches,' complains her sister, 'we can't any of us find the paring-knife.' 'Mayn't I leave my stockings till after dinner?' begs the twelve-year-old, impatient for her Saturday play-time, 'Elsie wants the darning-egg now.'

The dust-pan! The egg-beater! The darning-egg! And not one of these articles of every-day necessity costing more than a quarter. The dish towel, fortunately, is an expression that one does not hear. And yet there are many well-to-do households where the supply of towels and rollers, floor-cloths and dish-mops is not what it should be.

Tack hammers, too, and papers of tacks, and nails and screw-drivers and cork-screws and gimlets ought to be plenty. In fact, so far as these small, inexpensive conveniences are concerned, each floor should be complete in itself; as to some of them, each room should be. It is absurd to travel upstairs when scissors are wanted, or downstairs for pen and ink. In a house of any size there should be three or four different places where one could be sure of finding needles, thread, black silks, scissors, a tape-needle and a thimble and as many more where paper, envelopes, postal cards, newspaper wrappers, stamps blotters pens and ink would be in readiness. A pretty pin-holder would not misbecome even the reception-room nor would a pencil-tray with pencils, a penknife and a tiny pad to jot down errands and memoranda.

Pencils in particular are so cheap that nobody ought ever to have to waste a minute looking for one. You cannot get so much abiding comfort out of a dime in any other way, unless you spend it for assorted rubber bands. Filing old receipts and letters, doing up the leggings and mittens for the summer, putting papers over your jelly bowls—all these are mere pastime if you can snap on the willing rubber instead of wrestling with refractory string. But string has its uses too, and upstairs and downstairs both need their deposits of string, with wrapping-paper near by, and perhaps a wooden handle or two for those members of the family who are not too proud to avail themselves of such homely conveniences.

Scrap-baskets are as necessary in the nursery and sitting-room as in the library. Court-plaster is as likely to be needed in one part of the house as another. Calendars are consulted everywhere. Time-tables ought to be as much a matter of course on suburban mantelpieces as match-boxes. Mail cards are greatly appreciated by guests. Candles here and there are a convenience for newcomers who have not learned the location of the gas-jets. Paper-cutters, choice or cheap; one cannot have too many of. In summer there ought to be a fan within arm's length of every easy-chair in the house.

This is not a plea for lavishness and waste. 'More things and cheaper—those we

want,' to paraphrase the poet. One silver button-hook costs as much as a dozen ordinary ones, and a dozen is a very fair allowance for a family of six, though eighteen would be better. One ornamental hat-pin would buy enough of plain steel to keep two all the time in every hat of every woman in the family, and save damage to both straw and temper. The cost—to speak of larger things—of one handsome clock would furnish every room in the house with a good, plain timepiece, and greatly promote the comfort of school-children. So of thermometers.

With the lesser articles of wearing apparel the same principle holds good. One need not use things extravagantly, or throw them aside without sufficient mending, merely because one has a good supply on hand. But not to be obliged to mend at once is often a great relief when other work is pressing. Of the small contrivances necessary to a summer toilet—studs, cuff-buttons, belt-clasps, skirt-supporters, safety-pins shoe-lacings, and the like—one needs a number of duplicates to insure one against mishap. Quantity, rather than costliness, say comfort and common-sense, and good taste will hardly quarrel with them—in hot weather. — 'The Congregationalist.'

Concerning Back Yards.

The character of a family is very often indicated by the condition of their back yards. There is no surer test of the general disposition of men and women than is to be found in their surroundings, especially those that are not commonly visible from the front.

Persons who keep things in the rear of their dwellings just as neat and tidy as they do the front, are never taken aback by unexpected visitors. If it should so happen that they change their residences, there is no need that they should use time and money in cleaning up, or that they should leave a mess of ashes, old cans and other debris behind them.

Those who succeed such people are apt to say ugly things; at the very least they will think ugly thoughts. Should the fortunes of life ever bring the two parties in contact, the prejudice created by the unkempt rear yard may work to the disadvantage of the careless ones. In this life nothing is unimportant, not even the care of one's premises. An impression that is disagreeable is hard to banish.

It is related of a young man who was a very eligible 'catch,' and who had been fascinated by a very comely young lady, that he called at the residence of his innamorata one day during the temporary absence of the family down town, and having been admitted by an ignorant or stupid or malicious servant, was compelled to see through open doors such evidence of slovenliness that he broke off his visits. In that case it was the inside of the house, not the rear, that opened the eyes of the young fellow, and drove love to the rear.

There is such a thing as being too cleanly. The mother who carefully darkens and closes one part of her house, who turns her children out on the public streets, lest they might soil something, makes such a blunder. The middle course is the best, involving neither a fanatical devotion to the scrubbing-brush and the dust-pan, nor a criminal indifference to the element of cleanliness. The whole house and all the surroundings should be for family use, but there should be a decent regard for ordinary cleanliness. Especially at this season of the year do the laws of sanitation enforce the counsel, 'Clean up your back yards and alleys.'—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Selected Recipes.

Ice-cream.—Put a quart of cream into a saucepan, with a pound of sugar, and set over the fire to come to a boil; take up, strain, flavor, add a quart of cold cream, let cool, pour into a freezer and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, repack in salt and ice, and stand aside to mellow.

Fish Balls.—Mash potatoes. Chop the boiled salt fish very fine. Put in a few spoonfuls of thick cream, a little butter and salt. Beat an egg and mix all thoroughly together. Make in small balls, with floured hands, and roll lightly in flour. Drop into a kettle of piping hot lard, and if made just right you will have a dish of delicious brown balls. Both potatoes and fish should be newly cooked.