

letters very much. I have three little sisters, and one little brother, in heaven. His name was Clarence. We loved him very much, but God loved him better. My oldest sister's name is Myrtle, and the next Geraldine, and the baby's name is Rebecca. She is the pet of the house. I will close my letter. Yours truly,

HAROLD.

Voss, N.D.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it the nicest paper I have ever seen. I live in North Dakota, near the village of Voss. We have an artesian well which overflows. I went to hear a temperance lecturer, and signed the pledge. I wore my badge to school, and when the scholars saw it some of them signed too.

KATIE.

Lower Selmah, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. It has been taken in the family for over thirty years. I am thirteen years old. My father is a ship-builder. He is building a vessel. We live on Cobequid Bay. Yours truly,

MAGGIE.

Durham.

Dear Editor,—After reading so many interesting letters in your paper, especially from those that live in other provinces, I thought I would write also; for I know that perhaps some would like to hear from this part of the Dominion.

The first thing that I hear in the morning when I awake is the frogs croaking. Their tone is not very musical, but on a calm evening or bright morning it is pleasant to listen to them. In a few minutes I hear the rooster crowing; but above all these different sounds, I hear the sweet music of the birds in the trees.

I have no pets, except an old cat, which I call Frisk, but I like all kinds of animals, and hate very much to hear of any one, or see any person, treating them cruelly.

I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of nice and pleasant books; but not any that are exciting, for I get excited, and can hardly wait to see what has happened. I am reading the 'Life of Dr. Paton,' which is very interesting.

I receive the 'Northern Messenger' every week, and we all like to read the pleasant stories that are printed in its pages. I always like to read the temperance stories and catechism, and I am sure every boy and girl ought to shun tobacco and all alcoholic drinks.

ISABELLA.

Carnduff, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nearly twelve years old, and live on the banks of Thunder Creek, in the North-West Territory. We moved here six years ago from Winchester, Ont. The water is very high here now, and we have great fun watching it these days. It is about fifty feet from the bank down to the water. We have fine times sliding down the hill in the winter. My brother Harold made a raft last summer, and we went up and down the creek; but papa is going to get us a boat this summer. We drive a nice little blind pony to school. Her name is Flo. We get lots of prairie chickens in the fall and wild-ducks.

GERTRUDE.

Maxwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Although not a child, will you for once allow a senior reader to write a few lines?

Daisy's letter made me wish that all the young writers would take an interest in

doing something for the benefit of others. If they continued this practice it would prevent them from growing up into selfish men and women. They would also enjoy life much better than if they lived only for themselves.

A lady who had become weary of a life spent in amusement asked the famous Dr. Abernethy to give her a prescription to remove her unpleasant feelings, he at once wrote and handed her these few words, 'Do something for somebody else.' She took his advice and regained her interest in life.

If the correspondents would spend some of their leisure time making scrap-books, pasting in religious stories, hymns and pictures, they, as well as any other good reading would be gladly received in hospitals, jails, or lumber camps where life is very monotonous. Yours truly,

LOO.

Pittsburg, Ind., U.S.

Dear Editor,—I live two and a half miles from the Wabash River, and about a quarter of a mile from the Tippecanoe River. We once raised a lamb, but he would butt the boys. One time a boy came to my house, and the lamb knocked him down, but I drove the lamb off. I am ten years old and weigh sixty pounds. I have often wondered how people could live in Canada, it is so cold!

Your friend,

WALTER.

Bay View, St. Vincent.

Dear Editor,—My grandma sends the 'Northern Messenger' to us, and we like reading it very much. I have six brothers and one sister. I will be ten years old on Aug. 9. We have a nice peacock, and he is very proud. Your little friend,

GERTIE.

South Maitland.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time. I like it very much.

We live in Nova Scotia. We can see Cobequid Bay and the Cobequid Mountains.

BLANCHE.

Solmesville.

Dear Editor,—I live on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, in Prince Edward County. I have just begun taking the 'Northern Messenger' this year, and I have already got interested in the letters from the children.

We have a Mission Band here at Solmesville, and it is called the 'Little Helpers' Mission Band. Our band was organized in 1896, with six members; we now have over thirty members. We take fifteen copies of the 'Palm Branch,' and we give one to every family represented at the Band. Our Band meets at four o'clock, at the close of public school, on the second Friday of every month. I am corresponding secretary of the Band.

One of my little girl friends and I went around our neighborhood collecting unused garments for the poor in one of our Home Missions. We succeeded in getting quite a lot, which have been sent to their destination. We made a quilt for the Indians at Chilliwhack. We succeeded in raising over nine dollars by charging each person five cents and upwards for the privilege of having their names upon the quilt. At a parlor social got up by the Ladies' Aid, the Mission Band children sold handkerchiefs, pin cushions, needle-holders, candies and other articles, and made several dollars. Now don't you think we are 'Little Helpers'?

The Rev. Mr. Horn, a returned missionary from China, gave a very interesting address in our church some time ago. He illustrated his address by the map of China, and

very many curiosities. He told about some of the customs of that country. If any person should travel to see their friends, their first greeting would be, 'How old you have grown since I saw you last,' and this was considered a great compliment. On a Chinaman's cap some hair is fastened. The hair is about ten inches long, and the rest is black silk fastened on it.

When a Chinese baby boy is one year old his father makes a great feast, and the guests bring presents for him. Besides this a pair of slippers with a cat's head on each, are placed upon his feet, that he may be safe and sure-footed as a cat.

MARION.

South Burlington, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. I get the 'Messenger' every Friday, and read it from beginning to end, on Sunday. I like it very much. I am going to tell you about our camp. It is on Ben Law's Island, in Lake Champlain, about half a mile from the shore.

We can drive over most of the time in the summer, because the water is so shallow.

We go fishing and bathing. I remember once when father and I went out fishing. We had fished a long time, when all at once a bass bit my hook. It was so large that I could not pull it in; but held on as long as I could, and then father pulled it in for me. That was the only fish we caught that day.

Yours truly,

PERCY.

Loree, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in reading the letters that are in this beautiful little paper, the 'Messenger.'

We get our mail at Loree. The days that mail comes up are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The 'Northern Messenger' comes up on Friday. And I am always in a great hurry to get the paper. I go to school every day that the weather is fine. I am twelve years old. I am studying the lessons for the entrance examination in June.

My best pets are the Sunday-school papers.

MAGGIE.

Clio, Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old, and live in the country on a farm; and I intend to be a farmer when I am a man, if I live. And a temperance man, too, I will be. I hope now that I will never have a taste for whiskey, or tobacco, as I grow up to be a man; for I want to be a gentleman. There are to be seen every day on our streets of Clio, little boys no older than me, smoking a pipe or a cigar, as big as any of the men. I do not intend to be like those little boys.

I have a little dog, his name is Spry; he is so good to chase the chickens from the yard, or a pig, if they happen to get in. I have a kitty, and I love it dearly. I have a little colt, and call it Ned. I raise a little crop of corn every year and sell it to pa. I tend it myself with my little hand-plough. Last season I raised sixty-six big yellow ears of corn; next year I want to try and raise more, if I can.

My ma is going to have the 'Northern Messenger' sent to a little boy friend of mine, who is a poor little cripple. He has to stay in bed all the time; for he has but one leg and foot to stand on, and can not walk. Thinking it might help him to while away his lonesome hours, I go to see him as often as I can; and I always take him a little present of something. I will be so glad when Jesus comes, hoping my little friend will have two feet to walk on then. Wishing you the best success, your little friend,

JOHN B.