

Correspondence

TEXT HUNT FOR THE TINIES.

Dear Boys and Girls who are not very big and wise,—I have a little Sunday work for you to do like what your big sisters and brothers found in this paper last week. I am going to give you seven little verses to find in the chapters from which the Sunday-school lessons are being taken. It is generally interesting to read the whole chapter in which your lesson is, and indeed it is always a good plan to put the most good work into what you do instead of the least.

But now for the texts which you may look for in the tenth and fifteenth chapters of I. Samuel, and in the chapters between.

1. God save the king.
2. The Lord will not forsake his people.
3. Consider how great things he hath done for you.
4. Serve the Lord with all your heart.
5. The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent.
6. To obey is better than sacrifice.
7. God gave him another heart.

The names of those who give the correct answers before the first of August will be printed.—Ed.

Riversdale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible you sent me, and think it is very nice. Many thanks. I go fishing on Saturday, and sometimes I get a good catch. We are going to have a picnic next Friday, before our teacher goes.

JOHN A. W.

McDonald's Corners.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this village, I am going to write one. We all like the 'Messenger'; we get the Sunday-school lesson in it. I attend the Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. Our minister is the Rev. Mr. Guy. I live about three miles from the Presbyterian church. We intend having a social on July 8th. Our school here closed on the 27th of June. Hoping to see more letters from here,

A. M. A.

(We will be glad to hear about the social at length.—Ed.)

Union Point, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been taking the 'Northern Messenger' ever since January, and I like the stories very much. I saw a letter from Norman G., and I thought I would write too. I am getting names for the Bible. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I wonder if anybody else's birthday is on the same date as mine, February 3rd. I am ten years old, and am in the third book.

JOHN C. D.

Dear Editor,—I wrote a letter to the 'Messenger' before, and I saw it in print, so I will write another. I have been away on a holiday trip, which I will describe. On June 12th we left Brussels at 7.30 in the morning, and returned at 11 o'clock at night. At Parkhead we saw the cement works. The next station was Shallow Lake. Here we saw a lake half a mile long and six inches deep. Its bottom is of rock. The land is very rocky around these parts. We were two miles from Owen Sound when we saw Georgian Bay. As we neared the station the train went faster till it went by the water. We dined at the Queen's Hotel. Then we went down to the wharf to see the steamers. 'Manitoba' was the largest. It was black up to the second deck, and the rest was white. The 'Pittsburg,' of Toronto, was being repaired. It was white. The 'City of Windsor' and 'Majestic' were painted white. At four o'clock we went aboard the 'Canada.' The steamer turned, and we left Owen Sound far behind. When we reached Balmy Beach we saw many summer houses and fine parks. When the crowd got on,

we started for Owen Sound again. From the 'Canada' we could see great rock hills, covered with bushes, on every side. There was in the bay a cape with a forest growing on it. When we were going to the station we saw a black bear. Lord Minto was expected to come to Owen Sound on June 23rd. The steamer 'Canada' was painted white. On the second deck there was a place like a house, which was called a cabin. The floor of the cabin is carpeted and the walls are papered. There are chairs and table in it.

J. ELLEN E. age 11).

Solina, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been wanting to write to the 'Messenger' for a long time. I have not seen any letters from here, so I thought I would write one. I wonder if any girl or boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, November 12. I will be eleven next birthday. I have no pets, but my baby brother, whose name is Lawrie. I was reading recently a letter in the 'Messenger' written by a girl in North Topeka, and it was a very interesting letter. The night before I read this letter I read of a great disaster in the same town, in which this girl lived. The Kansas river overflowed, and destroyed nearly all of North Topeka. The water went into some buildings, which started to burn, and then the fire burnt anything that came in its way. I would like to know if the girl was burned, drowned or saved. I hope she is saved, and will see my letter in the 'Messenger,' and write to the 'Messenger,' if she is alive. I go to school every day. I keep a record in my scribbler, and then when the year is over I can see how many mistakes I had at school. I go to Sunday-school and the Methodist church. I will give you a list of the buildings in the village of Solina: One Sons of Temperance Hall, one store, one school, two churches, one blacksmith's shop, and one painting shop. There are forty-seven pupils in our school. Those over fourteen go to the Sons of Temperance Hall. My father is a farmer. I will close now, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

GRETA V. N.

St. James, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As there are so many writing to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write too. My sister takes this paper, and we have taken it for over twelve years, and we all think it very nice. It has nice stories for the little folks. I read the correspondence and most of the stories. I have six sisters and two brothers. I live on a farm in the country, and go to school and Sunday-school. We have a mission band here, and I belong to it. I have no pets except a baby sister, a little over three months old. I had a little bird once that I found on the road with its wing broken. It was a little cedar bird. I took it home and put it in a box, and its wing soon got better. It seemed to like to sit on high places, so I got a bough of a tree and put it in the box, and it would fly up there and go to sleep. Sometimes we would put it out doors, and one day it flew away and never came back.

A. M. H.

(Very neatly written.—Ed.)

Camilla, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Having read so many interesting letters in the 'Northern Messenger' lately, I have come to the conclusion that I would write too. I am eight years old, and am going to school. I will soon be in the third book. We have a Jersey cow and a canary, which I sometimes attend to. I have a brother which is two years younger than I am, and he goes to school too. My papa is a blacksmith, and I am his boy. Last Thanksgiving papa, mamma, my brother and I were away on a trip to see papa's friends, and my uncles, and aunts, and cousins. We all enjoyed the trip very much, but it was too short, that was all. Papa just subscribed for the 'Messenger' lately, because he says I took an interest in reading. He wants to make a good and smart boy of me.

RUSSEL V. N

HOUSEHOLD.

Emergency Remedies, and Children's Part in Applying Them.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in 'American Mother.')

If from their earliest childhood mothers would teach their children to act and not scream, when confronted with sudden danger, the startling list of 'fatal accidents' in the morning dailies would shrink into so small a space as to attract attention by the rarity of its horrors.

'At what age should instructions begin?' asks the mother, her eyes wet because of the terrible accident that has emptied the crib and craped the doors of her neighbor's house across the way.

A learned physician, when asked when to begin a child's education, replied, 'A hundred years before it is born'; so I say to mothers, if the babe comes into the world inheriting a perfect physical organization, nature has fought half your battles; but lose no time in taking advantage of the victory already yours. First gain complete control over yourself; not only of your tongue and temper, but also of your facial expression, for mother's face is baby's barometer, and the clouds and sunshine of his life are regulated thereby. Teach him by precept as well as by practice to be brave, obedient, self-reliant, and above all not to get excited over trifles. With this firm foundation laid, the little one will not be a stupid pupil when he arrives at the age of 'whys' and 'wherefores.'

It is astounding how much and how correctly a child can be taught, and how much pride he takes in being brave and helpful in times of danger. Our little Katy had been thoroughly drilled in what to do if her clothes should catch fire, but her test trial did not come until she was four years old. That morning she was playing in the nursery over the living room. As usual, I was busy with my needle, and her father, just returned from a visit to a patient in the country, had taken a seat by the fire to look over the morning paper. Overhead the patter of Katy's baby feet, alternating with her childish lullaby to her dolls, floated down to us, filling our hearts with songs and gladness. Presently there was a thud on the floor above, as of something falling, followed immediately by the tap, tap, tap of a child's toes on the thick carpet. 'Fire!' the word sprang from both our lips at the same instant, but the doctor being nearer the hall door reached the nursery a moment in advance. The room was filled with smoke. Katy was rolling back and forth over the heavy woollen hearth rug, with nothing left of her dainty white pinafore, except the straps and belt. Two of her long brown curls were burnt half away, and the silk ruffle that adorned her wool gown was singed, ready to drop into holes. 'My brave baby!' said papa huskily, as with his hands he smothered the smouldering fire in the child's underclothing.

'I was reaching up to get Dolly Elizabeth's muff off the mantle, and my apron caught on fire,' explained Katy. 'It was just awful for a moment, but I shut my lips tightly, and lay down on the floor and rolled the fire out, keeping my toes going all the time, so you would know, and my mouth shut, too, to keep from swallowing the fire, you know,' replied the little tot, and what did it matter if she did get terms a little mixed, when the darling was safe herself?

The other night a family residing in a little village, destitute of fire protection, awoke to find the house in flames. Seizing the garments and bedclothes at hand, all rushed out in the darkness, glad to escape with their lives. A moment later a child's scream was heard inside the burning building, and in despair, it was learned that little Florence, the darling of the household, was missing. Both father and mother attempted to go to the little one's rescue, but by this time the stairs were ablaze, and they were forced back, almost