

Correspondence

Viriden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, but before this year I lived in town. I thought when we moved to the farm last spring, that I would not like living on the farm, but I think I have spent a more enjoyable winter this year than any I ever spent in town. A literary debating society was formed this winter, and held at our school every Friday night. There was always something in the musical line as well as the debate. I think it is about the best thing I went to this winter. We have a mile and a half to go to school, but we always drive. I am going to write on the entrance examinations next summer.

DRUSILLA H. (age 14).

Saddle Lake, Alta.

Dear Editor,—When I was about three years old there was a very large prairie fire. The flames were about five feet high. Papa was away fighting fires, and mamma and we children were home alone. About three in the afternoon papa came home. He had been away three days, and had not been sleeping day or night. When he got home he was very tired. He lay down on the lounge, and he told mamma that if the fire came on to call him. About an hour after mamma called him. He got up and hitched the horses, and went to the lake for water. He and others then got wet sacks and fought the fire till twelve at night. About one the same night mamma came upstairs and told us to see the flames. It was a beautiful sight. The next day Mrs. Johnstone, a friend of ours, came over with her two children. Inez, my sister, got rags and put them on sticks, and we got flags and played putting out fires. Out here we do not have the same kind of pets as children in the east. We have lots of ponies out here. I have one, and I call her Bessie. One time we had three wild geese. We called them Watch Dog, Jack and Jill. Jack and Jill were so much alike we would not tell them apart. They would follow us any place we went. If we went to the river they would go and have a swim, and as soon as we would come away, they would too. They would even come to church. Out here we have such beautiful flowers. Once Jean, my sister, had a young squirrel, and the cat adopted it. I am in the second reader.

LEILA R. B. (age 10).

(An interesting letter.—Ed.)

Exploits, Newfoundland.

Dear Editor,—This is my last 'Messenger' in my name; but not the last to come to my home, as it comes in my brother Alton's name. The reason why I gave it to him is this: he has not got the pleasure of walking with his two feet as I have, but with crutches. A school mate of mine asked me if I was going to take it again. 'Yes,' I said, 'when my time comes.' My brother wanted to have it come in his name, so mamma let him subscribe with Lillie T. He is my only brother, so I will have the pleasure of reading the 'Messenger' all the same, and we all like it very much. When I can get any subscribers, I will send them on. We are going to have our anniversary on Sunday. I haven't any part in it this time. There are so many that we have to take turns. There are one hundred and forty in our Methodist Sunday-school. I hope I shall be able to write a letter to be in print. Can I please write when it does not come in my name. Please say through the 'Messenger' if I can. Your little friend,

FLOSSIE S.

P.S.—Lilly Taylor subscribed for the fountain pen, a present from her papa, our minister.

(Certainly you may write, as your brother takes the 'Messenger.'—Ed.)

Elmfield, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger,' and like reading it very much. We think it a fine paper for so little money. I came from England to Nova Scotia six years ago

on a big steamer with nearly a hundred more boys. We were more than two weeks on the sea, and we saw a great many icebergs, and big whales, and other fishes, too. I have four brothers and three sisters. My oldest brother was in the war in South Africa for a long time. He did not get shot anywhere, but he hurt his knee while riding through the bush veldt. He is now home in England. My father and mother died when I was young. I hope to meet them in Heaven some day when Jesus calls us home. I go to school, and am in the sixth reader. Our teacher's name is Miss McK., and I like her very much. I wonder if any other boy's birthday is on the same day as mine, Jan. 23. I go to church, and our pastor's name is the Rev. T. C., who is a fine preacher.

HENRY C. M.

Riversdale, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Messenger,' and I thought I would like to write one, too. I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth grade. I often get a ride home from school with papa on the 'pumper.' He is section foreman. Just six weeks more and our school will close for the summer vacation. I am going to see my grandpa and grandma. They live at Mount Thomas. Their farm is very pretty, and they have a great many apple trees. I have one sister and one brother. My brother's name is John. He takes the 'Messenger,' and we like to read the stories very much. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, March 8.

HENRIETTA W.

OUR OLD FRIEND AGAIN.

Spring Bay, Manitoulin Isl., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am pleased to see that some of our young friends have so nicely answered my question in the 'Messenger,' and very pleased to see that some of them do know something about the Bible, and gave some very good texts to prove their ideas. It is really painful to talk to some children and see their ignorance of the Bible, and even some children of professing Christians. I saw in the 'Messenger' that Ella May A. would like to hear the answer to my question. It came in this way. I suppose I had read and heard that passage read hundreds of times, but the question never struck me till two or three years ago, and I was astonished, and said what greater work can I, a poor ignorant old man, do than the Lord Jesus did as a man? and I was puzzled and could not understand it; and oh, how I did wish I could ask some educated minister what the precious Saviour could mean; but we live many miles from any minister, and it was in the depth of winter, the roads deep in snow, so I just asked him to tell me. I said: 'My dear Saviour, I know thou canst make it plain to my mind by thy Spirit; and this is the answer I had. Jesus as a man had to face and fight the great enemy of all good, and either overcome him or be defeated. And so everyone of his true disciples has to face and fight that same enemy, and either overcome him or be overcome by him. Now, surely it is a greater work for me or any mere human being to overcome Satan than it was for the Lord Jesus. God in man, our Emmanuel. Do not you think so, Ella, and the dear young friends who read the 'Messenger?' But there is this fact, we should never forget, Jesus had to fight Satan alone and a long time; but has he not said, I will never leave nor forsake them that trust in me. So then, oh, how safe we are while we trust in him who overcame Satan for you and me, and who will never forsake any who put their trust in him. 'Precious Saviour, still our Refuge.'

E. T.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Birthday Celebration.

(Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Congregationalist'.)

The little blue sunbonnets were bobbing round the corner. Emily Leonard took several impetuous steps forward, with a sudden softening of her fretful face.

'Rosy! Barby!' she called, loudly, but the blue sunbonnets were out of hearing. 'And I sent 'em off grieved again,' the mother thought, regretfully. She could not get Barby's great round tears out of her mind. Rosy never cried.

'I'm always cross ironing days—and washing days and cooking and sweeping days!' Her set lips relaxed into an unwilling smile that sat upon them awkwardly, as if on unfamiliar ground. The confusion of the untidy kitchen repelled her like the push of a hand against her thin breast. There was so much to be done!

'Dishes, sweeping, lamp-cleaning, ironing—back-breaking!' she groaned. Her unkempt hair and sallow, worn face looked back at her from the bit of dusty mirror as she crossed the room. She put up her hand and swung the glass about with its face to the wall, with a sharp cry.

The monotonous round of work began and dragged itself on. It was interrupted constantly by the younger children with their imperative needs—by Robbie's pinched finger that must be bandaged and the baby's milk that must be heated. Then someone knocked at the door. Emily twitched off her apron and answered the knock.

'Good morning, ma'am, is your—er—son at home? Or maybe you can answer my questions. I'm the census enumerator.'

'No, I can't,' Emily said, rasped beyond patience. 'If you want questions answered, you've come to the wrong place. Thaddeus is down in the meadow—if you go along the road a piece, you'll see him mowing. He's got a blue jeans shirt on. I guess he's got time enough—he usually has.'

She shut the door with a little decisive snap and went back to her ironing board. But in the midst of smoothing out Rosy's little checked gingham she suddenly dropped into a chair and began to cry. She was miserably tired. Half the preceding night she had been awake with the teething baby and the other half she had slept unrestfully.

'O dear—O dear,' she sobbed, rocking herself back and forth, 'and it's my birthday! I can't bear it on my birthday, no I can't! I want to sit in a rocking-chair and hear somebody else rattling the dishes—I want to read a book—I want to rest. Just on my birthday—one day out of the whole year. That isn't a great deal to ask. But nobody cares—nobody's remembered what day it is. I'm to go right on ironing clothes and when they're ironed I'm to wash the potatoes and get dinner. That's how I'm to celebrate!'

She was talking aloud in shrill, sobbing woe, and the younger children sidled into the kitchen and stood looking up at her with wide, frightened eyes. She did not see them at all.

'I did so want somebody to remember—I wanted Thad to!' she wailed miserably. 'He used to—the idea of his forgetting 'twas my birthday then! But now when I've worked myself old and ugly, and haven't a minute to dress up and look nice in—now he's forgotten. It might just as well be the Pope's birthday for all of Thad. It's the 6th of June, that's all. It's ironing day!'

She laughed, and at the sound both tiny ones crept away from her in terror. The hot little room seethed with heat and buzzed with flies. The iron left on Rosy's little dress did its work slowly and a slight scorched odor rose from under it. Still Emily Leonard sat and rocked herself and cried. She was too tired to stop. The pity of her unremembered birthday sup-