

Correspondence

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger,' but I always enjoy the letters written by others, and also the stories given. My father has been away for a year. I have three sisters and one brother. My oldest sister is married, and keeps the hotel in S., and the other sister is a dressmaker, and my other sister goes to Truro Academy, studying to be a school teacher. My brother is a harness-maker in S. I go to S. school.

RENA JEFFERS.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Rena.—Ed.]

R., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years of age, and

look at the pretty furry balls, and Topsy would sit contentedly by, allowing everybody to cuddle and fondle her babies. 'I'm going to show them to Jack,' Floy said, 'and if he likes them, perhaps he and Topsy will be friends.' Jack was a cat belonging to Floy's sister, and the two pets had always been jealous of each other. One morning Floy's chance came. She had the kittens in her lap, and the proud little mother was sitting quietly by her side. Jack passed the open door. 'Jack! Jack!' called Floy, 'come here and see these dear little kittens.'

The big cat turned graciously, and with his most lordly air walked leisurely across the room. But Topsy was furtively watching him, and before he had a chance for so much as a peep at her treasures, she sprang upon Floy's knee and stretched herself full length upon the kittens, completely hiding them from view. Jack stalked sulkily away, while

R—Righteousness exalteth a nation. Prov. xiv., 34.

S—Sorrow is better than laughter. Eccles. vii., 3.

T—This is my beloved Son, hear ye him. Luke vii., 35.

U—Uphold me with thy free spirit. Psalm li., 12.

V—Verily, verily, I say unto you except ye be born again. John iii., 5.

W—Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Matt. xxiv., 42.

X—Except ye be born again. John iii., 3.

Y—Yea, my reins shall rejoice when thy lips speak righteous things. Prov. xxiii., 16.

Z—Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down. Luke xix., 5.

F. DRAPER.

W., Oregon.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 10 years old. I live near the Pacific Ocean. In winter, when the surf is high, I like to watch the breakers and the spray flying up in the air. In summer, when the tide is low, I like to run on the beach with my bare feet, and help dig clams and pick up stones and shells. I live four miles from school. We went to W. two winters, and went to school, but most winters we have to study at home.

LOTTIE R. EVERSON.

V., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and stopped going to school in March. I have four brothers and no sisters. We have a small bush on our farm, and there are many flowers growing in it. It is five miles to our church, but I go almost every Sunday. We have no Sunday school in winter because it is too far to go. I can answer Bessie Nichol's riddle (May 24). Answer: A boat carrying people.

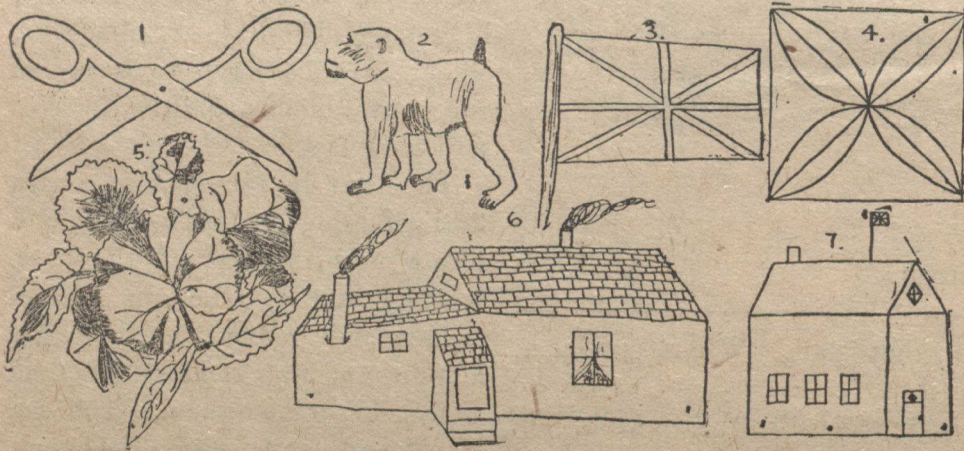
GERTRUDE G. CORBETT.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Gertrude.—Ed.]

D., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have five brothers and four sisters. Five of them and myself go to school every day. We have a dog named Rover and a cat named Malta. Rover is a good sleigh dog. The boys found a little rabbit coming home from school one day. My brother Ross has a saddle pony named Maude. We had a box social in our school on the twenty-eighth of March, and made fifty-four dollars and fifty-four cents at it. With the money the teacher bought a glass library, and a lot of lovely books. We just moved into our new house this summer. My youngest sister, Gracie, is three years old, and she is an awful romp. I am studying to be a teacher.

MAGGIE COOK.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Pair of Scissors.' O. J. McDougall (aged 10), B., Ont.

2. 'The Drill.' Jim Hutcheson, P. A., Sask.

3. 'A Flag.' Kathleen Dunbar (aged 6), P., Ont.

4. 'Flower Figure.' Esther Dunphy, O., Man.

5. 'Autumn Leaves.' Florence Currie, L., Ont.

6. 'Our House.' Belle Hobkirk (aged 12), R., Sask.

7. 'Our Schoolhouse.' M. M. H. (aged 13), Millville, N.S.

in the third book. We have three miles to go to school, but we have holidays now. I have one sister and no brothers. I have a calf, a cat and a dog, but our dog goes away every night, and doesn't come home till noon or night. We haven't seen it for over a day.

BELLA HOBKIRK.

P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, and live on a farm. I go to school all the time, but we have vacation now for six weeks. We are to have a new teacher as soon as school opens. My brother Howard takes the 'Messenger,' and I don't think we could get along without it now.

MYRTLE E. McKENDRICK.

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years of age. I go to school, and like it very much, and I just love my teacher. She goes outside and plays games with us. There is a nice organ in our school, and the teacher plays while the children sing, and on Friday afternoons we have a little programme. We have readings, recitations and singing; we all enjoy that.

In the winter time, when I go to school, I take my big yellow dog. We have lots of fun, and sometimes I give my teacher a ride, and, when I get about half-way to school I call and take my playmate to school with the dog. She thinks it is great fun.

MURIEL KIRK.

O., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 12 years old. I am in the third reader at school. I live on a farm just a quarter of a mile south of O. I have a little brother four months old. I will close with a story. Topsy, Floy's pet cat, had two little baby kittens, and the young mother was very proud of them. Floy brought all the girls and boys in the neighborhood to

Floy laughed. She couldn't help being a little glad that Topsy for once had outwitted him, for he was, as she said, too conceited for anything. Meantime, the little mother licked her kittens contentedly.

STELLA ADELIA JACKSON.

[A very nice little letter Stella. Is the story a true one?—Ed.]

Q., Que.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Messenger' where some had spent rainy Sundays in finding texts for all the letters of the alphabet, so I thought I would send some, too. They are as follows:

A—Arise, be not afraid. Matt. xvii., 7.

B—Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid. Matt. xv., 27.

C—Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden. Matt. xi., 28.

D—Doth not wisdom cry, and understanding put forth her voice. Prov. viii., 1.

E—Excellent speech becometh not a fool. Prov. xvii., 7.

F—For my yoke is easy and my burden is light. Matt. xi., 30.

G—Good understanding giveth favor. Prov. xiii., 15.

H—He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Matt. xi., 15.

I—I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Mark ii., 17.

J—Judge not that ye be not judged. Matt. vii., 1.

K—Keep me from presumptuous sins. Psalm xix., 13.

L—Let not thy heart be troubled. John xiv., 1.

M—Man's goings are of the Lord. Prov. xx., 24.

N—Naked, and ye clothed me. Matt. xxv., 36.

O—Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul. Mark viii., 37.

P—Pride goeth before destruction. Prov. xvi., 18.

Q—Quench not the spirit. I. Thess. v., 19.

July 'Canadian Pictorial'

Truly Canadian is the July number of this progressive Canadian Monthly. The cover picture is a charming photographic study of a girl in a Western Ontario meadow, dotted with daisies. The public man featured this month is the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and a page of pictures illustrates the weird funeral customs which the Hindoos have brought from India to British Columbia. The new provinces' progress is shown in pictures of the great irrigation works and the kind of cattle Alberta reproduces. The Japanese Prince who is now crossing the Pacific in a British man-of-war is pictured at various places on his journey across Canada. Three pages are devoted to the Presbyterian General Assembly last month. The pick of Canadian sharpshooters are shown in a group picture taken for the 'Canadian Pictorial' just before the Bisley team sailed for England. Political friends and foes alike will be interested in the ceremony of making a Bencher of Gray's Inn of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The leading article in the woman's section is a sketch of the National Council of Women of Canada, with photographs of the Countess of Aberdeen, its founder, and Lady Edgar, its president. An anecdotal story, 'Photographing Crowned Heads,' illustrated with pictures up to the 'Pictorial's' usual high standard will be read with interest by everyone who ever handled a camera.

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