

agree with us in the doctrines which the scriptures teach, as far as you know them?"

"Most sincerely I do," said the admiral.

"Then in the name of my Lord and my brethren, I invite you to this table, unless the elders think that our usual rules should be strictly observed."

"By no means let us debar one of the Lord's disciples, for it is his table, and not ours," said a venerable elder. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty."

Thus did this nobleman partake of the Lord's Supper, and identify himself with the despised and persecuted Huguenots.

## The Journey of a Bundle of Papers.

(By S. Jennie Smith.)

Madge and Kitty sat beside a table on which were spread several illustrated papers. It was a rainy Saturday, and they had not been allowed to go out; so they were looking over these, laying aside what they had read, and finishing the stories in others. First Madge read aloud, then Kitty took her turn, and in that way they managed to spend a very pleasant and profitable morning indoors. Suddenly Kitty looked up and exclaimed:

"Why, there comes Caroline!"

"Sure enough," said Madge. "She'll help us read."

Caroline was a girl who lived next door, and, as she had no sister to play with, she spent a great deal of her time in the society of Madge and Kitty. As soon as she appeared, she was set to work; that is, she helped sort the papers, and read when her turn came. But she joined in heartily, for she thought it was more like sport than labor. During a pause in the reading she asked:

"Where do you get all these?"

"Some from Sunday-school, and some we subscribe for; then Aunt Kate sends us papers very often."

"Yes, you get a great many. I have a few, of course; but you have much more. What do you do with them?"

"After we have finished them, we lay them aside until we have a little bundle, and we used to give them to Jenny Dunn; but she moved away last week, so we gave them to Mrs. Briggs, our washerwoman."

"Does she like them?"

"Oh! I—don't—know," answered Madge, slowly and thoughtfully. "I have sometimes thought they were wasted on her; for washerwomen don't have much time for reading."

"And they can't have much taste, either," added Kitty.

"Of course," continued Madge, "she thanked us very heartily, as if she did care for them; but she'd do that for politeness' sake—don't you think so, Caroline?"

"Certainly she would."

"Then suppose we don't bother about giving them to her any more," suggested Kitty. "I've often thought that it would be real fun to cut the pictures out and save them. We can throw away the parts we don't want."

"All right! let's do it now!" cried Madge. "Where are the scissors?"

"We'll all want a pair," said Caroline, "so I'll run into the house and get mine. Don't cut until I get back, girls."

"All right."

In a few minutes the three of them were bending thoughtfully over the papers, and each held a pair of scissors ready to cut out the pictures that were voted good enough to keep. Caroline was enjoying herself very much, but somehow Madge and Kitty felt slightly uneasy when they at last made a decision about the one that was to come out

first. They knew that their mother approved of the plan of giving the papers to poor persons who had none of their own; she was trying to teach her little girls how blessed it was to be unselfish, and they felt that she would hardly like what they were doing. To be sure the papers belonged to Madge and Kitty, and they could dispose of them as they pleased; but they were always happier when they could win their mother's approval. However, they consoled themselves with the thought that such reading was of no use to Mrs. Briggs, and they were just about to cut into one of the papers, when a voice called out from the next room:

"It is clearing off, children; and I want you to go to the store for sugar and butter."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Madge. Then to the others she said, good-naturedly, "Well, that stops our cutting out for to-day. By the time we come back dinner will be ready, and then we shall be busy getting ready for Sunday."

"It's too bad," said Caroline.

"Oh, I don't care," remarked Kitty; "any time will do for cutting out pictures, and I'm glad it's clearing off, for mamma needs that sugar and butter."

So the papers were laid away carefully on a shelf in the closet, and the little girls started on their errand.

The next morning, in Sunday-school, when the regular weekly papers were being distributed, Miss Bartlett asked her scholars if they ever had any other papers at home besides the ones they received there.

The ladies of the church were anxious to know if the parents of the children had the benefit of religious reading, and each teacher was requested to find out from her scholars.

Madge and Kitty were in Miss Bartlett's class, and they mentioned that they had a great many, and told the names of some of the illustrated papers that came to their home.

"We don't take any ourselves," answered one child, who was not very well dressed; "but last week someone gave Mrs. Briggs that lives by us a lot of awful nice ones, and when she read them she lent them to Mrs. Barker, and Mrs. Barker got through with them and sent them to us, and when we read 'em, Mrs. Crague is to have them, and after that Mrs. Briggs she's going to put them in the hospital box for the sick people to read; and she says we must be careful of 'em, for they musn't be worn out for the sick folks." Mrs. Briggs says she thinks she'll get a good many more of them papers, and we're real glad, for we like to look at the pictures and read the nice stories. This Sunday-school paper we always git all read up Sunday afternoon."

"I am pleased to hear that somebody gives good reading to Mrs. Briggs," remarked Miss Bartlett, "for she is an intelligent woman, and is fond of such things, but she is not able to buy them for herself. When her husband was alive she had an easier time, but she still has good taste though she does go out washing."

Madge and Kitty had listened in surprise to the story told about their own papers. They looked at each other now, and their eyes said a good deal that nobody could read but themselves. Kitty looked a question at her sister, and was answered by a decided shake of the head. "It would seem so much like bragging to tell we did it," thought Madge, and she sent a warning glance at impulsive little Kitty.

On the way out of Sunday-school the girls were joined by Caroline, and they had a long talk with her as they walked along the road.

"My! wasn't it good that your mother sent us to the store that time?" whispered Caroline,

"Yes," said Madge; "but who would have supposed that our papers took such a journey as that? And the idea of making up our minds that Mrs. Briggs didn't like to read! Mamma always says, 'Don't jump at conclusions.' Why, I wouldn't keep those papers now for anything!"

"No, indeed," added Kitty, as she carefully folded the one she had just received.—S.S. 'Times.'

## Correspondence

Ingersoll.

Dear Editor,—I have been much interested in reading the Correspondence in the 'Messenger.' I have never written to the paper before, and as a friend of mine wrote a letter a few weeks ago, I thought I would. I have a little sister sixteen months old. We call her Marjorie. She is away for a holiday just now with mother and my sister Dorothy. Marjorie runs everywhere and tries to talk. We have a nice dog that we call Bep. He is a black and white curly dog. I lived in Toronto for six years, and would like to go back again. I think Toronto is a very pretty city. We moved to Ingersoll about three years ago, after living in Walkerton for two years. Ingersoll is a very pretty town with many trees on the streets, which is a great improvement. There are six churches, two public schools, one high school, a town hall and a number of large stores. The post-office is not very large and is old, so they are going to build a nice new one soon. We have a large Sunday-school in the winter. It is not so large in the summer because of so many being away for their holidays. The church was burned in May, but we are building it again, and hope to be in it soon. We hold our Sunday-school in the back part of the church, which they have built for us. We have no Mission Band in our Sunday-school, but a Junior Christian Endeavor for the children, and a Senior Christian Endeavor for the older ones. The girls in the Junior Christian Endeavor were making a quilt and the boys a scrap-book, but they were both burned when the church was burned. I remain yours truly,

JESSIE.

Milliken.

Dear Editor,—My father takes the 'Witness,' and my brother takes the 'Messenger.' My little cousins, Winnie, Carrie, and Mary, are visiting me; we are having fun; our apples are ripe. My brother Rex has a pet crow; we call it Jack, and I feed it sometimes; it wakes me up in the morning, calling, 'caw, caw, caw.' I have a little black cat, and a chicken, which I call Flossie. It is light brown. We have a dog, which we call Fury; he is cross. We have four cats and a little kitten; we call the little kitten Muff; it is gray and white. We have five horses and one little colt; the horses' names are Fan, Roxie, Prince, Jim, and Victor, and the colt's name is Bess. We have cows, pigs, chickens, and sheep. I remain yours truly,

EVELYN, aged nine.

Park's Creek, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I have to walk two miles to Sunday-school. I am a member of the Band of Hope, and of the Juvenile Temple. I have one favorite cat. I remain your ten year old friend,

BLUE-BELL.

Milliken.

Dear Editor,—I am out in the country at my Aunt Carrie's. She is the kindest aunty any little girl ever had. I like reading the Correspondence. My little cousin, Evelyn, who is my age, is writing too. My uncle has more apple trees than I can count, and we can have all the apples we want while we are here. My cousins have a tame crow. It was so funny to see him come in and call for his dinner. Yours truly,

CARRIE, aged nine.

Gleneden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—A friend of mine gives me the 'Northern Messenger,' and I enjoy reading it very much. I have three brothers and one sister. I go to school nearly every day in the summer. I am in the fourth book. I have no pets except a dog and two cats. There is a river flows past our house, and my brothers often catch fish. Yours truly,

ANNIE, aged thirteen.