

## Correspondence

## The Glad New Year.

Dear Boys and Girls—I wish you all a very Happy New Year.

What are you going to do to make this year the most beautiful year that you have ever lived.

In all the joy of Christmas time what have you been doing to make other people happy?

There are many little children for whom nothing is provided to make them a merry Christmas. There are children who have no toys, there are children who have not even shoes and stockings in this cold weather. God does not forget them, he loves them and wants you to help give them the things they need. When our loving heavenly Father sees a poor person who needs food and clothing, He does not drop down clothes out of heaven, but He says to some of His children, there is a person in want, take some food and clothing to him and tell him that I love him. But God's children are not always obedient to his voice, and so the poor people are left to starve and to think that God does not love them. When you hear God's voice, obey it at once. God never tells anyone to do wrong.

There are a great many people who have enough to eat and to wear, but have very little to feed their minds, that means they have no good papers or books to read. What would you do if you never had the 'Messenger' or any good paper or book to read? I know a Missionary who sends the 'Messenger' every week to a girls' school (English) in India, and the girl who gets it first is thought so lucky, all the other girls stand round and beg to read it next! I know by hearing from hundreds of our readers that the 'Messenger' is loved and appreciated wherever it goes. You could not make a gift that would cost so little and be so much appreciated as the 'Messenger.' I know of a good many persons who would be glad to get the 'Messenger' and pass it on to those who have no good reading. Perhaps you can each think of some one you would like to send the 'Messenger' to for a year and thus do a little Missionary work.

Thousands of poor people in India are starving just now—another terrible famine has come to them. I will tell you more about it in a week or two, and we will receive and send on any money that you can gather for these poor starving people. Be thinking about it and praying for them.

Do not forget to pray for the nations at war in South Africa. Some children's fathers are there. And many of those brave men can never come home again, they may never see their children again in this world. Pray that God will bring peace out of all the trouble and that the war may be quickly ended. "Peace on earth, good will among men."

Will you make this New Year a year of special kindness, thanksgiving, obedience and love?

Your loving friend,  
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Carbonear, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have no sisters or brothers; but I have a lovely tortoiseshell cat, named Lady Henry. I have a little cousin that comes to spend a day with me now and then, so I am not very lonely.

FLORRIE S. G., aged 9.

Fulton's Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, about four miles from Harriston. Father keeps the post-office. He owns a saw-mill.

JANET C., aged 13.

Charlton, Ala.

Dear Editor,—I live in south-east Alabama, on a farm where we raise cotton, corn, sugar-cane, rice, and tropical fruits. I don't suppose any of your Northern readers ever saw any cotton growing. I plough, and like it very much. We have a railway within twenty steps of the gate. I see the train nearly every morning, and at night. In the fall of the year they are all loaded with cotton and watermelons.

JESSE D. S., aged 14.

Forest, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending you a poem that once appeared in the 'Northern Messenger' a number of years ago. Would you be kind enough to have it printed again, so that the boys and girls who read the 'Messenger' may enjoy it too. I have it in a scrap-book and often read it to my little brother.

I am eleven years of age and owing to poor health cannot go to school. My brother Chester takes the 'Northern Messenger' and we all love it. I have seven brothers and two big sisters. I have one sister teaching school in British Columbia. We expect to go there next summer and make our home there and the 'Northern Messenger' will follow us. We are looking forward to a merry Christmas and a visit from dear Santa Claus. Wishing you all the compliments of the season.

HAZEL M.

SANTA CLAUS.

Old Santa lives in a world of snow,  
Oh, ever so many miles away!  
And a hard working man is he I know,  
Who never forgets the Christmas day.

Balls and trumpets, and horses and cows,  
Bats and rackets and soldiers and tops,  
Cats and dollies, and fluffy bow-wows,  
He's always making, and never stops.

For pictures he paints, and books he writes,  
Looks after the garden of Christmas-trees,  
He stays up ever so many nights,  
Doing his best the children to please.

His bands of babies all dressed in skins,  
(For, up at the pole it's awful cold)  
He paints the noses, and cheeks, and chins,  
Of waxen dollies with hair of gold.

He makes plum-pudding and sugar sticks  
Taffy, and jellies and lollipops,  
Chinese lamps and boxes of bricks—  
Just all the everythings seen in shops!

Yes, they work hard in that land of snow,  
Oh, ever so many miles away;  
Where dolls are born and Christmas trees  
grow,  
To gladden your hearts on Christmas day.

Hang up your stockings upon the bed,  
Put on the pillow your curly head,  
Shut up those eyes of brown and blue,  
See what the morning will bring for you!

For during the night the clocks will chime  
To welcome the good glad Christmas-time.

While holly and evergreen dress the wall,  
Of church and cottage and house and hall.

Don't wait and watch for old Santa Claus,  
He won't come in by the usual doors,  
The chimney I'm told is the general way,  
He enters the house on Christmas day.

I've known some babies, well, just a few!  
But not a baby I ever knew,  
Though he counted all night the clock tick-  
tock,  
Had seen old Santa filling his sock.

He'll wait till each child is fast asleep,  
Then into the room he'll softly creep—  
I wonder he never makes a noise,  
With his arms full of dolls and other toys.

Quickly he gives from his goodly store;  
What socks won't hold he lays on the  
floor.

Then with a blessing, he steals away—  
Think of the visits he has to pay!

CHRISTMAS DAY.

See what the morning has brought for you,  
See eyes of brown and sweet eyes of blue.  
Trumpets and drums, a Jack-in-the-box  
Wonderful, beautiful, pair of socks.

Then the postman comes, late, it is true,  
But comes with letters addressed to you.  
Cards, and parcels and other good things,  
That kind old postman merrily brings.

Just one more knock is heard at the door,  
And a lovely hamper stands on the floor,  
Turkey, and apples, packets of sweets,  
Nuts, fruit and candy, and nice minced  
meats.

While bells ring from the old church steeple  
A 'Merry Christmas' to all the people.  
Is ever there known in all the year,  
A day that anyone thinks more dear?

Then comes the revels on Christmas night,  
Brown eyes and blue are ever so bright.  
Bang, go the crackers with terrible noise,  
But dear to the hearts of girls and boys.

'Hunt the slipper' and 'Kiss in the ring,'  
Then 'Musical chairs' they dance and  
sing.

I never knew music half so sweet,  
As the sound of children's dancing feet.

GOOD-BYE.

But Santa lives in a world of snow,  
And the time must come when he must  
go.

To ever so many miles away,  
Let's hope we'll see him next Christmas  
day.

Before he goes he whispers a word  
A word I've happened to've overheard—  
Just think, there's many a poor wee mite  
Who hasn't a dolly this Christmas night,  
Who hasn't a cake or a crumb to eat,  
Who never tasted a pie so sweet—  
And if to Santa you would be kind  
'You'll think of those he has left behind.'

Sutton.

Dear Editor,—My father is a miller, and I live near the mill. I have never been to school; but have studied at home. I have no brothers or sisters to play with; but I have five dolls, a cat and bird; so I manage to have a pretty good time.

GOLDIE, aged 8.

Yonge Mills.

Dear Editor,—I live on a very large farm. It belongs to my grandfather. He has a large number of cows, and has to go a long way to the factory; and I drive the horse, and make it go very fast. I have four sisters, Katie and Jennie, and a pair of twins, Grace and Edna. I met with a very bad accident some time ago. When I was skating I fell and broke my collar-bone, and knocked my shoulder out of joint, so I cannot write very well.

JACK, aged 7.

Fesserton.

Dear Editor,—I live between the railway track and the Georgian Bay. We have two churches, and I go to Sunday-school.

MABEL, aged 7.

## A Kind Offer.

'Willow' of Minnedosa, in a letter recently published in the 'Messenger,' asked for information concerning the best way to start a Mission Band. If 'Willow' will send his full address to Theodore Nix Preston, Ont., he will receive that information.

## Acknowledgments.

We have received a great many letters this year and have over two hundred still on hand. The Editor thanks all the little friends for their letters and all the kind wishes contained in them. We give to-day a list of the names of some of the letter senders, and will give another long list next week (D.V.). We hope to print most of these letters soon.

Percy Van Wart, Burns Duncan, Donald G. Dunbar, Harriet D.C., Albert E. Corbett, Maurice Stewart, Maggie S.W., Daisy Pasmore, Ruth Balliet, A.A.W., Olive Cross, Clark Cascaddan, Clyde Newcomb Myrtle L.S., Phoebe Ireland, Ethel K.C.C., Alma Fisher, Roy, William, Nema B.P., May S., Clara McCrum, Ida P. Balliet, Mary Wall, Hester Helena, Cynthia H., Martha Robertson, Margaret S., Annie Isabella B., Rosa E.L., Edwin K., Joy L., Manly W., Jennie H., Janet A.E., Leigh, Percy Fleming, M.U., Lottie Ross, Bessie Weir, Susan Edna Boyd, Bessie May, Herbert L.M., M.M.J., Edith Findlay, Myrtle Sara F., Emma Fleming, Jeanette P., Clara Russell, Maria E., Effie B. Bishop, Harold Lackay, Annie, Myrtle G.L., Bertha L. Coram, Edna, Maudie Birrell, Maggie A. Brown, Adah L. Smith, Violet Wheatley, Stella H., Etta Bidsall, Mary E.M., Harriet Maud Raymond, Frank C.A., Maggie C., Eva M.M., Aggie E., H.A. McCaig McKeracher, Ray S., Lizzie Boniface, Lottie M.S., Imogene Jonah, Maysie Y., Nellie D., Harry S.A., Ernie Blanche, Annie Gilray, Leah May Forsythe, Clara, Annie S., Ethel B., Nona J., Edith D., J. F. Sage, Olive Robinson, Katie Robinson, Walter Dymont, A.B., Ruthie, Myrtle, A.M. McL., Maggie Lindsay, Manie.