

cent. Andrew Carnegie presented our city with thirty thousand dollars for the erection of a public library, which is being erected now, next to our church. Brantford is called the Telephone City, on account of the telephone being invented here.
FLORENCE GLADYS W. (age 13).

North Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city of Topeka, State of Kansas. Kansas is in the United States, and you live in Canada, so we live in different countries. The Kansas river flows through Topeka. On the south side of the river it is called South Topeka and on the north it is called North Topeka. But South Topeka is the greater. We have a tabernacle on the north side, and one on the south side, but the revival meetings are all over now. The one on the south side was the largest; there were sixteen churches united, and it had a choir of five hundred voices. There were one hundred small girls that sang in the choir, and they were called Sunbeams, and the boys were called Moonbeams. Evangelist Williams led the meetings, and Mr. Hicks, the singer, had charge of the choir.

The tabernacle on the north side was in charge of Evangelist Oliver and his brother, and there were five churches united: they were Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Christian Churches. They had over six hundred converts.
JENNIE N. (age 15).

Mar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I shall tell you of my happiest holiday. It was when I was staying up in New Ontario with my aunt, who had gone up there for her health. My uncle, aunt, cousin, my sister and I had gone up in June. We had built a little cottage, and had it comfortably furnished, and then moved into it. Everything was delightful. My sister Edna, and my cousin Lula, and I often went out on fishing expeditions, and sometimes also we would get up little private picnics. Near our cottage there was a beautiful little lake, and I used to spend all the time I could spare by it. As Aunt M.'s health improved rapidly, we thought it might do her good to go to some of our picnics, and spend more time outside. So quite a large picnic was planned, and all the preparations were made. On the morning of the picnic, Edna, Lula and I crept softly outside, and we went out to a pumpkin-field near by, and gathered as many pumpkins as we could carry, and put them under the seat of the carriage which we were going in. We then went into the house again, and went back to bed, as it was only half-past four. But as we could not go to sleep, we got up again, and in two hours were hurrying off to the picnic. A prize of a pretty little collie dog was offered for the girl or boy who should catch the most fish, and I was in hopes of getting it; but I did not, and was much disappointed. A girl whom I did not know got it. We had a splendid dinner, and after all the dishes were washed, we took turns swinging on the numerous swings in the grove. After each one of us had had a good swing, we went in bathing, and the afternoon sped away like magic, and then we had tea. Soon Edna, Lula and I made use of our pumpkins. Once in the afternoon we had managed to steal away unnoticed, and had taken our pen-knives and made jack-o'-lanterns. After tea, a large bonfire was built on the sand, and we all roasted potatoes, corn, onions, apples, etc. Suddenly Edna, my cousin, and I came into sight, each holding two jack-o'-lanterns, and we were all dressed as ghosts. When we came in sight of the rest we began to scream and make odd sounds, and sent old and young running in all directions. We soon went home, and to punish us for the fright we had given everyone, we were made to walk home.
ANNIE M. M.

Sydenham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother has copies of the 'Messenger' nineteen or twenty years old. She took it when she was a girl. We get our mail at Sydenham, about three miles away, and go to church there.
F. W. (age 11).

HOUSEHOLD.

The Boys' Room.

(Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in 'New York Observer'.)

She had returned from the 'Mother's Congress' with more than one good idea, but the first and most important reformation took place in the boy's room, indeed, a blush of shame tinged her cheek when she went into that little room, under the eaves, and made an inventory of its meagre furnishings, a double bed, minus one castor, the mattress so worn that it showed hollows made from the sturdy bodies that slept there; the bureau and chairs were nondescript, having been collected from the cast-away furniture of the other rooms, the small mirror would not invite a careful toilette, even had there been any commode for the preliminary oblations.

The carpet was badly worn in places, and the shade fastened to a roller that refused to go up or down, was arranged pulley fashion with the remains of a kite string; the walls were bare, and smoke-stained, and despite the fact that the bed was neatly made, and the room swept and dusted, the atmosphere of the room was cold and depressing.

Going to the bureau she found the top drawer a most discouraging sight—a tangle of collars, top-strings and neckties, with the heavier articles at the bottom—what a contrast to the daughter's dainty room on the floor below;

She immediately set to work, and in three days one would not have thought it the same room; only a small sum could be spared for the improvements, but what ingenious woman will stop for that! She knows how to make dimes take the place of dollars, and the zest with which the boys helped proved the falsity of the saying that: 'Boys do not care for such things.'

The actual cost of the transformation was \$10.05; the itemized bill follows:

Wall paper	\$1.00
Paint (mixed)25
Varnish25
Brass rod10
Shade25
Muslin50
Enamel cloth20
Carpet tacks05
Brass heads05
Gold paint15
Pearline10
Putty05
Brackets10
2 wire couch beds	7.00

The boys took up the carpet and beat it, took down the bed and consigned it to the stable loft, pulled the hair from the mattress, and washed it ready to be made into two single ones, this brought the pearline into requisition, and a thorough scrubbing of the walls and floor nearly emptied the box. The boys did all the scrubbing, also cleaned the chairs and bureau ready for the varnish, and puttied the cracks and nail-holes on the floor margin which their mother afterwards painted with the mixed paint a soft shade of drab; the paper a tangle of pink roses and foliage upon a creamy ground was used upon the ceiling as well as the sloping walls, and looked very fresh and dainty and the new window shade with a spring that would work, was also cream color, both appearing to make the room larger and brighter.

The painted margin also helped along this line, and when the drugget, made from the best breadths of the carpet fringed a la mode, was laid over several thicknesses of newspapers, the walls and floor were in perfect harmony. The bureau and chairs looked almost new, after their coat of varnish, the worn cane bottoms of the latter being removed and filled in with pieces left from the parlor carpet, the tapestry tacked with the brass heads.

A little carpentry work was necessary in putting a partition into the upper drawer and making a deep rounding shelf

which was fastened to the wall, using the pair of brackets. This, when covered with white enamel cloth and draped with muslin, made a very serviceable and pretty commode; when the mother brought up a toilette set from one of the chambers below she said:

'Now, boys, no more washing in the kitchen sink and no more leaving shoes about the stove and tramping down stairs in your stocking feet, we'll find a box to put in the closet to hold the shoes.'

The remainder of the muslin was fashioned into a sash shade for the window, and a ruffled and washable bureau scarf, while the kitchen looking glass, no longer needed, was exchanged for the small one and made bright with gold paint.

The boys were enjoined to keep strictly to their own side of the upper drawer with their collars, neckties and handkerchiefs and to try to turn over a new leaf in keeping better order.

The large mattress, with the aid of hair from an old rocker, made two fine soft mattresses in regular box fashion and tacked with twine.

Two old-fashioned blue and white cover-lids, trundle-bed size, made very nice spreads for these single beds, which the mother wisely decided was best.

The pillow ticks were washed and refilled, and a square table that could be spared from the sitting-room was brought up to hold the boys' 'trumpery.' The sister added a pincushion and several pretty things of her own making, which gave the final touch of grace. The boys like their room so well that they are not tempted to steal off and play cards in a neighbor's barn, and they are constantly planning something to add to its attractiveness, just now it is a book-case of spools to use up the remainder of the gold paint.

A Day at a Time.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and months confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave the patient asked, 'Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?'

'Oh, only one day at a time,' was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, 'only one day at a time,' come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sydney Smith who recommended taking 'short views' as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said, 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Selected Recipes

Apple Ginger.—Two pounds apples, one-half ounce essence of ginger, two pounds sugar, one pint of water. Pare and cut the apples (the slices must not be very thin) and throw into cold water to preserve their color. Put the sugar and water into a preserving kettle, and when it boils add the essence of ginger; then drain the apples out of the water and throw into the boiling syrup, and boil until tender and transparent, but not broken much. Pour into small jars. Root ginger may be used instead of the essence.

Chocolate Cake.—Mix one-half cake of unsweetened chocolate with a half cupful of milk, add the yolk of one egg and sweeten to taste (about two tablespoonfuls of sugar are sufficient). Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, which should be added as the chocolate is stirred into the cake. Leave the chocolate mixture on the back of the stove to soften while the loaf is made from one cupful of sugar, a half-cupful each of butter and milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into two cupfuls of flour. Sift in the chocolate the last thing and bake in a slow oven about three-quarters of an hour. This may be iced with a soft-boiled frosting.