

him. And if we ask our Lord to direct us as to the placing of our offerings, he will not let the money be wasted.

It is stated on good authority that at least ninety percent of all the money given to missions goes directly to the missionary. The remaining ten percent has to cover the expense of postage, money orders, receipts, and printing of reports, etc., besides the treasurer's salary, (if the board has a paid treasurer, which some have not). Only ten cents is taken out of every dollar to do all that, and no one could send a dollar to the mission field much more cheaply.

'Sophie' is a farmer's daughter. It must be very interesting to watch the men in their little huts out on the ice. 'Walter' is a lover of the 'Messenger,' we hope he will soon become an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society. 'Albert' lives on a farm but knows very little about farming, perhaps he will learn more in summer. 'Harold' lives near the Souris Coal Fields and goes to school only in summer. He writes very well indeed for a boy of nine. 'Sunbeam' gives an entertaining summary of a book she has read lately. 'Nellie' is a little girl who was born in India, she tells of an earthquake in which her father's house was overthrown.

Dear Editor,—I would like to say a few words about Foreign Missions, and about personal influence. How often we hear people say that very little of our money which is given to foreign missions ever gets there. We forget that it is not to the foreign missions that we are giving it, but to God, and if he cares to spend it on the way, why need we care as long as we have given all we can to God. Can not he do as he pleases with it. Dear friends, give what you can, give it gladly, only give it to God, and let him place it wherever he thinks best, whether on the way or in the field.

Why do we not think of our influence when we say, 'Oh, I am not going to put my name to that bit of paper, what good will it do?' I only take a glass about once a year to please some fellow I like, and I have enough common sense not to take too much? But supposing your dear friend is of a weaker nature than you, and goes for another glass to-morrow night, and so on, until he has lost his position, and has spent all his income—would it not have been better for you to have signed the pledge yourself to induce him to do so? Would it not have been worth while to have used your influence to save him from all the misery of a drunkard's life? Think of the rejoicing in heaven over one more soul being saved from the wreck! B. H.

Cobourg, Jan. 20, 1898.

Dear Sir,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I was born in India, and think maybe you would be interested in hearing about an earthquake that took place a few months ago.

One day Mother felt the house shaking, and had barely time to get out before it fell to the ground. Father was absent, but on his way home he felt the ground tottering. He did not think much of it, because the roads were rather rough. So he went on until he came to the house, only to see it lying flat, and Mother, baby and the servants standing by looking at it.

Another time Father was sleeping. In the morning he found that his gold watch and other trinkets had been stolen. The thief had evidently passed through the apartment in which he slept, into his dressing-room where he had left those valuables.

The sagacity of these natives is remarkable, they can crawl into a room without making the slightest noise.

Now I live in Cobourg, and go to Miss Brookings's school, she is the nicest teacher I ever knew.

We have a very pretty cat called Cato, she comes up to my room every morning, and tries to get on the bed, but we seldom let her. She very rarely goes outside our grounds, but she sometimes fights with other cats in the barn, because our dog (Philo) has a fashion of chasing cats, when he sees them around. His only fault is barking violently at horses and sometimes fighting with dogs, but for all that we like him.

We like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. Yours truly,

NELLIE.

St. Nicholas River, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have never gone to school, because I am never well enough. I have a little sister, and her name is Flora, and a little brother, just learning to walk, and his name is Allison. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and we all like it very much.

I like to sew, and often make button-holes for Mamma. My sister and I can both sing, and we are fond of music. We attend Sabbath-school in summer, but in winter it is too far, so we learn the lessons at home with mamma.

Papa is a farmer, and we live beside the river. It is a pretty place in summer; and in winter when the river is frozen most of the men are smelt fishing, and have little houses out on the ice. Good-bye, from your little friend,

SOPHIE.

Glenwood, P. E. Island.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, yesterday was my birthday. I attend a school which is quite near my home, as regularly as my health will permit. I also attend a meeting of the C. E. Society (of which I am an associate member), every Tuesday evening. I live in the country, several miles from any town. This is a pleasant place to live in, especially in summer. My father has taken the 'Messenger' for the last eighteen years, and expects to take it right along, as we could not very well do without it now. I have four sisters and four brothers, and all of us that can read enjoy the reading of the stories in the 'Messenger,' very much, and we can also study the Sabbath-school lesson from it. Hoping to write you a more interesting letter next time, I will conclude by wishing you a happy New Year. I am your friend,

WALTER.

Oxford Centre.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years of age, and I go to school. We live on a farm, and have water handy. We were never without good water through all the dry seasons. I cannot tell much about farm work, as I go to school, and it takes most of my time to prepare my lessons. Well, I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year, and I think it is just fine. I delight to read the good little stories in it, and my mamma says it pays for itself, for the good recipes, that are in it. I took a journal, but I could not give up the messenger for the other paper. I will now close by wishing all who read this paper a prosperous New Year.

ALBERT.

Walkerton.

Dear Editor,—It was very thoughtful of you, I think, to ask us to write to you, so I am going to accept your offer and tell you about a book I got on Christmas.

Papa gave it to me this Christmas, and I read it through in three Sabbaths. It was

called 'Historical Tales for Young Protestants.'

One of the chapters — The Flights of the Huguenots (French Protestants)—told, how many of the Christians suffered for the truth. I think you would like to hear about it, so I will tell you one of the tales.

A family had suffered so much in their own country that they planned a way of escape. They first hid their money and jewels and other valuables in quilted silk petticoats which the lady and her daughter had secretly worked. These they sent on to England. The two eldest sons had already left the country and there remained now the parents, a daughter of sixteen and two boys aged six and four.

But just as they were ready to start the father was seized and cast into prison. It was his desire, though, for his family to go on, hoping that he might follow soon. The mother went in disguise to a sea-port where she arranged for a passage to England for herself and three children. The servant, who had accompanied her, returned to bring the children. The daughter dressed herself as a peasant maiden and the boys were each put into a basket which was thrown over a mule's back and covered with fruit and vegetables and poultry. The servant rode ahead as a farmer on horseback. Once the daughter was startled by seeing soldiers riding towards her. They came up to her and asked what was in the baskets. But before she could answer one of them drew his sword and thrust it into one of the baskets. Hearing no cry he concluded all was right, and they rode off again. As soon as they were out of sight she threw off the coverings of the basket, expecting to find her dear brother dead. She found that he had only a severe cut in his arm.

Don't you think he was a brave little fellow not to cry, and thus save his own life and that of his brother and sister? They at last reached the place where their mother was, and soon after found a home in noble old England, though sad to relate, the father never joined them on earth.

Perhaps some time I will tell you about my sister Ruth. She is such a sweet, busy little maiden that I am sure I could fill a page about her.

I will close now, wishing you and your paper a happy and prosperous New Year. Your sincere friend,

SUNBEAM.

Alameda, Assia.

Dear Editor,—I like to write letters. We have been taking the 'Messenger' as long as I can remember, and I think it is a very nice paper for boys and girls. I live in the North-West, on a farm, about twenty-five miles east of the Souris Coal Fields. I am nine years old. I am four feet five inches high, and I weigh eighty pounds. I have been going to school for three summers, and I am in the third reader. There is no school in the winter, for it is so cold that the scholars cannot go. I haven't very many pets, I have a pony and a dog. I ride the pony to school and tether her on the prairie. Mamma gave me a calf, and I called it Star, for it was a red one with a white star in its face, and when it grew to be a cow I sold it for twenty-two dollars. I bought a little waggon for two dollars, and I have twenty dollars left. In this country when winter comes we generally have blizzards and snow-storms, but this winter it has been fine weather so far. I like reading very much. I have six nice books now, and this Christmas I got 'Woods's Natural History,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I have three brothers younger than myself. I have no sisters, but I would like to have one, for I think that girls are as useful as boys.

HAROLD.