

Correspondence

Algoma, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to school every day. I have to walk two miles and a half. My sister goes, too; she is only six. I am in the third grade. I had a good time in the holidays. Grandpa and I went picking blueberries. We had to go up a lake. There were five of us in the boat, three girls and a boy and grandpa. I got a lot of waterlilies. When we got back to the landing two other girls and I started to fish, and we caught three rock bass. We had to carry our berries a mile from the lake. Our teacher's name is Mr. B. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I like to go. The church is about a mile from our place. We have to go on the railway. We are going to have a new school erected, as there are too many for one school. I would like to see a letter from Mabel Moore.

DORA L. S.

Iroquois, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen but one letter from Iroquois, and that was not from a pupil in my school. My home is on the bank of the beautiful St. Lawrence river, and I have done a great deal of boating this summer. A little friend and myself have gone in bathing several times. I enjoy it very much, but I have not learned to swim yet. Iroquois is a very pretty place in summer, but rather cold in the winter. I was thirteen years old on June 19. I passed the entrance examination this summer, and am starting high school. Our Sunday-school has fifteen teachers. My father is superintendent, and he attended the recent world's Sunday-School Convention held in Jerusalem. He enjoyed the trip very much indeed.

AMELIA E.

Westmount, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. I have been to the country this year, and helped to put out a big woollen mill that was on fire. I have just begun to collect picture post-cards, and would like to exchange some cards with the readers of the 'Messenger.' We have a few pets, as follows: two rabbits, two gold fish, four canaries, a kitten and a squirrel. I have three sisters and three brothers.

F. T. L.

Northcote.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I live in the country, about ten miles from the town of Renfrew, and five miles from Douglas. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all enjoy reading it very much. I have never seen any letters from Northcote. The nearest place anyone wrote from was Beachburg. The girl's name who wrote was Bertha A. We have got a library in our school, and I have read the following books: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Tanglewood Tales,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Stepping Heavenward,' 'Maggie Millar,' 'The Indian Cottage,' 'From Log Cabin to White House,' and a few others. The annual Sunday-school convention was held at Douglas this year, on June 3. The Rev. Mr. Y. addressed the children with a speech on 'Ship Signals.' Northcote school won the flag last year for being the cleanest and most improved school in the County of Renfrew. There are about fifty pupils attending the school in summer. We have an organ in our home. I have taken one term in music. I like driving horses very much, but I have never learned to ride a wheel. My birthday is on February 8, and my sister Margaret's is on August 22. I hope you will accept me as one in your circle.

CLARA E. B. (aged 16).

P.S.—If you want to be unhappy, just think about yourself.—C. E. B.

West Head,

Cape Sable Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bible, and I was very much pleased with it. It is a nice one for so little work.

E. E. N.

Lacolle, Que.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I am twelve years old. My father is the Church of England minister here. I am in the first grade model school. I have a brother and sister, named Harold and Jane. I

am the eldest. We had a little sister called Rachel, but she only lived three days. I know lots of little girls, and I love babies, because they make me remember Rachel. I was only five or six years old when she died, but I remember it very well, because I often think of when I was a baby, and I get mamma to tell me what I do not remember, and then I imagine it. We are going to have a lawn social, and I am going to it. We are also going to have a bazaar. The social is given by the Ladies' Guild. My sister Jane passed her examinations after missing half a term at school. I am going to try and pass next year if my health allows, for it is never of the best. However, I can learn easily, which is a great help. If I cannot go to school, I will study at home. Don't you think that it is easier to learn French, Latin and Greek when they are stories; instead of sentences. I find it easier to read a French newspaper than to learn a sentence at school, and I can read some of a Latin Testament that my father has. Which way do you think is easiest for children to learn? I am taking your advice, and writing a long letter. I hope it is not too long; tell me if it is. I will be thirteen on August 31. Good-by.

ADA D. M. (aged 12).

P.S.—My mother wanted me to tell you this story; she thinks it rather queer. We were going to visit our cousins at a place twenty-two miles from here. We stopped for dinner half way there, and a lady gave me some peacock feathers. Coming home, we had our dinner there again, and when we were resting, before starting for home, Jane called us to the window, and we saw the peacock (a young one without a tail) up in our carriage walking around the peacock feathers, and examining them. He seemed to be puzzled to find where they grew from. At last he jumped down and walked away.

A. D. M.

(We like long letters, Ada; yours is none too long.—Cor. Ed.)

THE RUNAWAYS.

Once there were two little girls named Ada and Jane. They had often gone to Montreal on the train. One day Ada told Jane she was going to walk to Montreal, and Jane said she wanted to go, too. So they ran off to the railway station, half-a-mile from home. Then they went on the track and started to walk towards Montreal. When they had gone two miles a freight train came in sight. They were so frightened that they jumped off the track and rolled down the embankment. When the train had passed, they crossed the track and started to walk home another way. Having gone about half a mile, they came to a stream. It was too wide for them to jump across and too deep for them to wade across. So they sat down on a stone, and ate some biscuits they had brought with them. Then they saw two men coming along the track. At first they thought they were tramps, and then they saw the men were their father and the station-master. They carried home two tired, hungry and dusty little girls. When they arrived home Ada and Jane were given their dinner and put to bed, and they never tried to run away from home again. Afterwards, when Ada was older she used often to think how good God was to take care of them and send their father to find them. And Jesus found Ada afterwards, and is her best Friend now and for eternity. I hope that the boys and girls who read this story will take him for their Best Friend.

ADA D. M.

Home Influence.

President Franklin Carter of Williams College, commenting on prayerful home influence in the 'Independent,' says: 'A truly Christian home can send a boy into college to be an attractive and momentous force for good for all who know him. To be cheerful, but not flip-pant; gentle, but not compromising; loving, but not yielding; pure, but not austere; reverent among the careless, serious among the frivolous, and studious among the distracted, self-denying among the self-indulgent. Shall we not all agree that the holiest, loftiest success in life is that enjoined by these relations; that no failure in all the reach of effort or knowledge can be compared to that which may be unfolded within the circle of a Christian home?'

The Impulse of the Home.

To be a mother of a Phillips Brooks, a James Hannington, or a Reginald Heber; to be the father of an Adoniram Judson, a David Scudder or a John Paton; is there any comfort or joy or splendor that can rest on any Christian home comparable to the knowledge that a son has entered into such a fellowship with the Master. It is in such lives that the college and church reach the zenith of their great glory, but it is in the Christian home that such lives must take their impulse.—Ex-President Franklin Carter in 'The Message of the College to the Church.'

Genteel Gambling.

Thirteen women were arrested in a Chicago pool room the other day. They were gambling. How far morally were they distant from thirteen other women gambling over card tables in somebody's elegant parlor? How long will it take to get from the parlor table to the pool-room-table? They were married women. Three were between thirty and forty, seven between forty and fifty, and three were over fifty years old.

History of the Dairyman's Daughter.

The Rev. S. Marsden was appointed colonial chaplain to New South Wales. The vessel in which he sailed to his appointment was detained, by contrary winds, over a Sabbath at the Isle of Wight. He was invited to preach in one of the churches. His text was 'Be clothed with humility.' Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl, who had come to show her fine dress rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Walbridge, the celebrated dairyman's daughter, whose interesting history by the late Rev. Leigh Richmond, has been widely circulated in various languages to the spiritual benefit of many.—The 'Christian Herald.'

Sunshine as You Go.

(John M. Baker, in the Philadelphia 'Ledger.')

Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go,
For we often see the tears of sorrow flow.
You can haste that coming day
When they'll all be wiped away
If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

You can labor for the Master as you go;
Plant the precious seed, and he will bid it grow;
Toiling on what'er betide,
With the Saviour by your side,
You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

You will meet with many trials as you go;
There will be some self-denials here below;
But keep looking still above,
And remember God is Love,
While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

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