

Correspondence

The Three Aged Men.

The first beams of the rising sun greeted the summits of the hills. The brilliant star was rising slowly in the sky, and ere long the valleys of Palestine were under the beams of the gorgeous sun. On one of the surrounding hills a young shepherd tended the sheep of his master. The name of the boy was Isaac, his parents were poor, and that is why he was obliged to lead this life.

From early morning Isaac led the sheep in the valley, carrying with him his scanty meal, consisting of bread and water. His companions were but a dog and his flute. Under the shade of an olive tree the boy was sitting, calling to his mind 'Jesus Christ,' who perhaps passed these holy paths.

The sun had run the one quarter of his way when Isaac discerned from afar a man coming down the hill. The boy looked at him intently, because passersby were rare at this time.

When the old man approached Isaac got up, took off his hat and bowed to him.

'Alas, I am hungry!' sighed the old man. Isaac took out from his bag the piece of bread which he had with him and offered it to the poor fellow.

'Take this,' said Isaac, with an encouraging tone. Without uttering any word the old man took the piece of bread and continued his way.

It was midday; the heat was excessive, the sheep and the dog were sleeping on the carpet of grass.

Isaac, exhausted by his hunger, let drop the flute which he held in his hands and fell asleep. Suddenly he awakened, by the barks of the dog, and saw beside him another old man, who was murmuring, 'Oh! how thirsty I am!' 'Drink!' said Isaac, stretching to him the leather bottle.

The man took the leather bottle and went away. The poor boy, left without bread and water, threw himself again under the shade of the tree. The sun reached slowly the edge of the horizon and Isaac thought it time to drive the sheep into their sheepfold, therefore, he got up and, whistling, called to him the sheep.

Oh! a pitiful sight was then disclosed to his astonished eyes, a half naked and bare-footed and half dead man approached, who, exhausted by the long journey, fell down, crying, 'I am poor! I am hungry! I am thirsty,' and tears were wetting his wrinkled cheeks.

'Alas! exclaimed the boy, I have nothing to give you.

'These sheep do not belong to you?'

'No!' replied the boy, 'they are my master's.'

'Never mind, let me take one,' said the old man faintly.

'No!' said the shepherd, 'I don't give what is not mine. I give you myself. Sell me, and whatever you will gain let it be a relief to you and your family.'

The man got up and said to the boy, 'Come then, along with me.' Isaac followed the old man. After a long journey they entered the town of Jerusalem.

In the front of a magnificent house the old man stopped and knocked at the door. When the door was opened the man motioned to the boy to enter the house with him. Isaac followed him and entered a magnificent room, the furniture of which immediately attracted his attention. Among other things, he saw a silver table, on which there were the piece of bread that he had given to the hungry, and the leather bottle he had given to the thirsty. Opposite him there stood three men, two old and a young man. The boy understood that the young one was Jesus Christ, and fell to his feet and worshipped him. Then Jesus said:

You have given your bread to the hungry, your water to the thirsty, yourself to that poor man. Be blessed! and whatever you have given it will be restored to you plentifully. Instead of the bread I give you this house, instead of the water whatever this house contains, and instead of yourself liberty.

Blessed be the merciful, for God will have mercy upon you.'

S. G. STAMNAS,
Smyrna, Turkey.

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—What has happened to the R. L. of K. we used to have in the correspondence column? The pledges were:—

To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

I was a member of that Royal League of Kindness, and was sorry to see it end. I believe it was a move in the right direction, so why not continue it? If it were started we boys and girls would have to back it up with our names and hearts. I move that this League be started again. I think it would help our page a great deal. Wishing success to the 'Northern Messenger' and the R. L. of K., I remain, as ever,

WATCHER.

[The Editor will gladly second this motion, and feels sure it will meet with the approval of all the correspondents, so the Royal League of Kindness is in operation again. Anyone can become a member of this league by writing out the words, 'I pledge myself,' and under this the four pledges given, and signing their own name. Keep this where it can be often seen and send a copy to the Editor. We will keep a list of all the names at this office, so that we may readily know how many members there are at any time. But, remember, if you take this pledge it will mean hard work for a time and constant watching of your hasty tongue. One kind deed you might start with would be the keeping of a pan full of water for the stray dogs and for the birds. This hot weather is very trying for them, and a great many people regularly remember them in this way every year, but there are also a great many places where no one thinks of this little act of kindness.]

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I do not go to school very regularly, as my mother is not very well, and I am not going to school just now as my cousin is visiting me. She and I thought we would write a letter to you. I saw in one of the papers that they would like the correspondents to tell something about what they have been doing. I was up on the North Mountain yesterday. It is the highest peak near here. In Berwick there were special meetings, and my brother and I joined the church. It was the Baptist, and we go there to Sunday School. Last Sunday I received my diploma for writing the supplemental work that we had been studying the last year. I will close now with love to all the club.

JEAN AMANDA ILLSLEY.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join the Correspondence Club too. My cousin and I were out on the North Mountain yesterday. You have no idea what a beautiful valley we have, or maybe you are a Nova Scotian and know what it is like. I have not seen my mother for over one year, and have not seen

my brother and sister for two years. They live in the State of Maine, but I live with my aunt Rachel Dodge. My cousin Perry has a dog that I am very fond of. I do hope to see my letter printed, and my cousin's also. My aunt will not know that I am writing and I wish to surprise her, and my mother also. I have been away from aunty's two weeks, and my cousin says I am homesick, but I am not.

NORA MAE TUPPER.

B. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am sending my renewal for the 'Messenger,' and thought I would send a little letter for the Correspondence page. I have two little brothers and one sister, who is only six weeks old. She is the only girl, and we all think a great deal of her. My little brothers like the children's page so well, and my mamma says she finds many beautiful stories in the 'Messenger.' I like to read and am good in literature and composition and reading in school, but a poor speller and writer. I will close with this riddle: 'What is it that no one wishes to have, yet if you get it you would not care to part with it.'

CLIFFORD H. WILLARD (age 10).

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a very kind friend, who has sent me the 'Northern Messenger,' and this is the third year of the gift. I like it very much and read the children's letters. I live a short distance from the school, and got promoted from the third to the fourth book at Easter. I go to the Methodist Sunday School. I got first prize last year. My father is superintendent and my mother teaches a boy's class. Our Sunday School picnic is on the 19th of June, we go to Port Stanley.

MARION L. CROCKER (age 10).

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for years, and would miss it very much if I were to drop it. I live three miles from school, but have not been going for some time, as my grandma has been here and was very ill, so I had to stay home and help my mother. I have eight little goslings to feed and to attend to; it is a nice job to do. I have three brothers and two sisters. I am the youngest in the family, eleven years old. I live on a farm and find plenty of work to do. I help mother milk, and I often turn the cream separator all through. I gather the eggs, feed the hens and have three of the cutest little kittens to feed. I also feed the calves.

MURIEL A. KIRK.

Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Economy is a little village on the shores of the Coluquid Bay. Its scenery is very pretty. On the north are the Coluquid Mountains stretching as far as you can see. They are covered with forests, which are very beautiful, especially during the spring and autumn months. On the south is the Coluquid Bay, where the tide ebbs and flows, and where there is fishing, boating, etc., which attract many summer visitors. There are three schools in Economy. The one in Central Economy, which I attend, has two departments. My seat-mate at school is Hazel Sobey.

VELMA M. (aged 10).

WHILE THE IRON IS HOT

People who want the Special Tercentenary issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial,' which at 15 cents a copy takes the place of the regular July Number, will need to place their order RIGHT OFF or they'll find to their great disappointment that they won't be able to get a single copy.

Consequently, bright boys all over the country will be busy as bees booking orders for two, three, or even a dozen copies each for their customers, to avoid vain regrets when the supply runs out. Such a souvenir of the Great Quebec Tercentenary at so low a price is a bargain not to be lightly passed over, and it is the business of a good salesman to point this out.

CASH WITH ORDER must be the rule for this issue, for after the regular annual subscribers and dealers are supplied, it is bound to be 'first come, first served,'

and boys need not look for credit orders. With proper dash and spirit enough definite orders can be secured to fully warrant any boy advancing the money out of his own pocket to secure this splendid number. All money received after supply runs out will be PROMPTLY REFUNDED.

Remember! the price is higher. So are your profits. Better commission for this issue. Still more liberal premium offers. No space to go into details here. Write us a card asking for 'Full particulars of the July Special Tercentenary Number Offer for Boys,' and let us help you on to a good thing. The main thing is DO IT NOW. 'The mill does not grind with water that is past.' While you're considering when to start, they'll all be gone. So GET BUSY.

For all information address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.