

Soul Longings.

O to be trusted and trusty,
O to be faithful and true;
Loyally serving my Captain,
Always prepared for review.
O to be just where he wants me,
There in his presence to stand;
Willing to do to the utmost
Aught he may please to command

O to be fully surrendered,
Never a will of my own;
All of my life for his kingdom,
All of my heart for his throne,
Thus to be guided entirely
By the sweet counsel of grace;
Never a word to oppose him,
Never a thought to displace.

Lord, to provide me this blessing
Is a small matter with thee,
Here would I claim thine own promise,
Claim it as given to me.
Bring I the tithes and the offerings,
All at thy pierced feet I pour;
Open the windows of heaven—
Bless me as never before.
—John Wilfrid McClure.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool the pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into its nest again,
I shall not live in vain;

Leading Others to Jesus.

The compass plant in Texas, growing from three to six feet high, has leaves that point north and south, so that the Indian can tell his direction even at night. This fact was denied. But a careful observer found that the young leaves standing edgewise to the earth, always pointed north and south; but the older leaves, loaded with dust and dew, lose this power, and point in all directions. Every Christian should be as a compass plant, pointing to Jesus Christ; only those Christians loaded down with sin and care and worldliness fail to do so.—Peloubet.

Correspondence

Wolsley, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you how some little folks amuse themselves during the winter months in this part of our country, and also of some of the wild animals and birds of the prairie.

As a great many country schools are closed for five months in the year, children have to look around for ways of passing the time.

When the weather is fine they skate and slide. We had great fun with that trotting pony which was in the 'Witness,' and at night played making shadows on the wall as described in the 'Witness.'

The wild animals are the wolf, fox, badger, skunk, rabbit, weasel, marten and gopher. The large birds are the prairie-chicken, hawk, owl, and in the spring and fall we have the crow, duck, goose, turkey, and crane. Yours truly,

JOHN.
Age eight years.

Malcolm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am only a boy twelve years old. My brother and I live with our grandpa on a farm. We have a big black dog, one cat and three pigeons. We had a rabbit also but it died.

I have taken the 'Messenger' for one year and like it very well. Yours truly,

CHARLIE.

Otter Lake, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I have never gone to school, but we had a teacher come to teach us from Montreal, last summer, as we live in the bush. I have a pet cat, who can lift the latch and come in like any man or boy, also a collie who has three pups. We call her Gipsy.

We are living twelve miles from any neighbors. I have never seen a train in my life, but I would like to see one. We had the pleasure of hearing a graphophone, which a photographer had. It was very funny, and I liked it very much.

ALICE.

Mundale, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—Our minister and his wife went to India as missionaries. Miss Emma Anderson lectured in our church about the people of India, and showed us pictures of the people and places with a magic lantern. It was very interesting. I am eight years old. Your friend,

CLIFTON.

Bloomfield, Car. Co.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for about four years. My father is a carpenter, and he stays away all the week, except on Sunday. I have one brother and one sister. My brother is thirteen years of age, and he splits wood on Saturday. My sister is sixteen years of age, and she is taking music lessons. My brother is very mischievous. I am eleven years of age.

HILL.

Dear Editor,—My home is situated in one of the prettiest little villages in the Province of Ontario. The Mississippi river flows but a few feet from our door, and there is the dearest little pine grove to one side of our house. In summer we have little teas, socials, picnics, etc., out in the grove. My pets consist of two dogs, two raccoons, two cats, a canary, and a horse. We have an owl which papa is going to kill and stuff. We have quite a collection of stuffed birds. We have a hawk, robin, two owls, a crow, a meadow hen and a blackbird, also a number of smaller birds. We keep ninety hives of bees. In summer we boys make rafts and sail on the river. There is a large waterfall just below our house, and in summer we often sit on the bank of the river and watch the waves chase each other over the rocks, each seeing which can run the fastest. We boys and girls have organized a Band of Hope in our village, with a membership of thirty. Our aim is to help to banish the liquor traffic from our country. We mean to be true to our colors and we hope that prohibition will surely win the day.

MARY.

West Head, Cape Island.

Dear Editor,—I go to school to Clark's Harbor, about a mile from where I live, and it is so far that I don't go in the winter. Our schoolhouse is the largest on the Island, and the third largest in the County of Shelburne. It has four teachers. We had the picture of our school-house and the scholars taken last month, this is the third time we have had its picture.

I have three sisters and four brothers. We lost a dear little brother last November, how much we have missed him this winter, for he used to run and play with us so much. He was in his fourth year. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for over two years, and we like to read it. Pa thinks it is a nice paper, and he likes to read it too.

ORLENA.
Age eleven.

Flesherton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a very nice Mission Band and Auxiliary. I belong to both. In the Mission Band we have about fifty members and in the Auxiliary about sixteen. Our oldest member in the Auxiliary is about eighty, and I am the youngest. I was at a Convention last summer. It was very nice. I heard a native missionary from Japan talking. He was so short and polite.

We have an Epworth League, and are going to form a Junior League. We have had revivals lately, and a reception service at which seventy joined our church.

The train runs one mile and a half from here and still we can hear it when it comes in to the station.

We get the 'Northern Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and we have a pretty large library. My father takes the 'Daily Witness.' We took the 'Sabbath Reading' for a year and I liked it very much.

I have a big white cat, nearly nine years old, and I am twelve.

FLORENCE.

Moose Jaw, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl ten years old. I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I live in the prairie town of Moose Jaw,

This town was given its name because an Indian was driving through the place where our town now is, in a cart, whose wheel broke, and he mended it with a moose's jaw.

We have a Junior League in our Sunday-school. I am a member. We have lately taken up mission work, and we are going to support a missionary or biblewoman in Africa. A biblewoman is a Christian native who goes about from house to house reading the bible to the heathen. We also have a Mission Band to which my younger sister belongs. They are supporting a little boy in Japan whose name is Naotoka San. Yours truly,

EVA.

Dugald, Man.

Dear Editor,—A year ago last summer we got a kitten and two pigeons. The cat was black, and so we called him 'Niger.' It went into fits and died. One pigeon was white and the other black and purple. They got lonesome, for they came from a place where there was a great many. The white one died and the other went to a neighbor's who has quite a few. We had a dog named 'Skye.' He followed us off a train, that is how we got him. He would follow us wherever we went. He had a very bad cough, so we gave him to a cousin of mamma's. He is dead now. We had a kitten called 'Tiny.' We left her when we moved. Now they are all gone. Yours truly,

RUTH.

Amulree, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am one of the many admirers of your interesting paper. I will tell you about what the little people of the neighborhood have been busying themselves about this past autumn. We formed ourselves into a Mission Band, called the Harry Grant Mission Band, and each one promised to do all they could for the sake of Jesus Christ. It began in August, and there was a meeting in the church, and it went on until it was too stormy to attend; then the secretary gave each family a mite-box to put their earnings into in the winter. I will tell you how I earn my money to put into the mite-box. Every chance I got I would do little jobs, for my father, getting some small change each time. I would also brush my brother's clothes, by which I earned some. I remain your friend,

MARY.
Age thirteen.

Brandon.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell a short story of a visit mamma and I had to Douglas, which is eighteen miles east of here. It is only a short distance, but I enjoyed it very much. We went on the train, and they met us at the station, with a horse and buggy, to go six miles out in the country, to visit at Gillespie. As soon as I got there I was out at the stables, watching the chickens, calves, and other animals, which were running around. I was very glad to get away from school and examinations and the city crowds. The next morning I tried to milk, but could only milk two quarts. At night Miss Gillespie and I went for the cows, which were in a pasture about a mile from there. When we came home I milked a whole cow. The next day Miss Gillespie, her married sister and I went to a bush, which was fifteen miles away. We went to pick berries, but as they were not ripe, we ate our lunch and came home. I always gathered the eggs, and watched some little chickens coming out of the shells.

They had an old horse out there on which I learned to ride, and it was great fun learning. Before we left I could milk two cows every night, and enjoyed it very much. I named all their little calves and tried to name the hens. But as they were nearly all white, I could not tell one from the other, and might have named the same one over a half a dozen times for all I know. But at last it was time to come home, and that was the only thing that I did not like about it. I remain your grateful reader,

JENNIE.
Aged ten.

Hillsburg,

Dear Editor,—I have only one sister. I have no pets. I had a big dog named Colly, but he got poisoned. I can skate, and enjoy it very much. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the temperance page and the correspondence. We have a piano. I can play some pieces on it. We have a Mission Band, of which I am a member. I go regularly every month.

MARY.