

Correspondence

Moorehead.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a letter to the 'Messenger.' I am not very old, but I have travelled over a good part of the world. I came from Glasgow, Scotland. My mother died when I was four years old, and my father worked in the coal-mine, and got his back hurt by a stone falling on it. It was not properly attended to, and as he went on working, trying to support us, it turned to disease of the spine. During the time he was sick I was taken away from home by a kind lady, Miss C., who took me and put me in the Children's Home in Stirling. Then Mr. D. took me to Liverpool. I was in Liverpool for some time, then Mrs. B. took me to Knowlton. I was ten days crossing the sea. When I came to Knowlton they found a home for me here, where I have stayed for five years. I have a good home, and all are kind and good to me. I have three sisters and two brothers older than myself except one sister. I am eleven years old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and I think it is a very nice paper, especially the Temperance.

JAMES H.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have two grandpas and two grandmas. My grandpa C. is ninety years old, and my grandma C. is eighty-six; they are both quite healthy for that age. For pets I have a horse named Dentic; he came from a ranch out in Manitoba, but he is very quiet, and I can go around with him anywhere; also a dog named Fido and a cat called Minnie. I like Dentic the best of them all. I have two sisters, but no brothers. My sisters' names are Eva Alice and Jessie Eleanor. My birthday is on May 8.

CORA M. C. (aged 13).

Echo Vale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on May 23. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I have five sisters and three brothers. I like to read very much. I will name some of the books I have read: 'Three People,' 'Amy Harrison,' 'Waiting for the Morning,' 'Mabel, or the Bitter Root,' and many others. We can see a beautiful lake from our house, and the nearest village also. My mother came from Scotland when she was nineteen. So all her brothers and sisters are over there. Her mother cannot walk. She is the only one of my grandparents that is alive. I go to the day-school every day that I am not sick. My teacher's name is Mrs. I. H. R. I go to church and to Sunday-school as often as I can. Our minister's name is Mr. MacL.

E. A. MacL.

Burlington, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but neglected doing so. My father is a farmer, and we live about five miles from any village. The English Church, of which I am a member, and also the school, are about a mile from our place. We had our church repaired this spring, and a new chancel built onto it, which proved to be quite an improvement. It was re-opened on July 17. I noticed a letter in the last paper from Beatrice E., Vancouver, B.C. She was an old school-mate of mine. I hope she will write again. I will close for this time, but will write again.

MARGARET J. M.

Barb, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is in the County of Bruce, in the town of Port Elgin. I am at present visiting at Barb. I would not like to live in the country all the time, but I don't mind staying there for a while. My uncle, just across the fields, milks twenty cows. I enjoy reading. I have read the following books: 'Black Beauty,' 'Masterman Ready,' 'Fast in the Ice,' and a few others. I do not think that most boys like to write, but I do. I saw a letter from North Bruce, which is nine miles from Port Elgin.

JUSTIN B.

St. Martin's, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I always enjoy reading the letters which appear in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would contribute by sending one. We have had many visitors in our beautiful

village for the past few months, but the summer is waning, and many are returning to their homes, all agreeing that there is no prettier summer resort than St. Martin's, situated on the beautiful Bay of Fundy. Four years, on May 30 last, this village was visited by a destructive fire, and many fine trees, as well as homes, were burned. Many of the houses have been rebuilt, but it will take many years before the trees will be what they were before the fire. Strangers would not notice it like the natives who have made their homes elsewhere, and sometimes return to the scenes of their youth. Years ago, when wooden ships were in demand, St. Martin's did a thriving business along that line, but now there is scarcely the sound of a hammer to disturb the sleepy stillness of the pretty village nestling between the hills and the bay. We have a daily train nine months of the year, and a daily mail the year round.

B. J. O.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I am a new subscriber to the 'Messenger,' and like it very well. I live on a farm eight miles from Lawrence. I have three pet squirrels, a dog and three cats. My dog is a large black shepherd dog, and his name is Bruce. I have taught him many tricks. I go to school in the winter. We have seven months' school, and I am in the seventh grade. We have seven lessons in school, as follows: reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, grammar, physiology and geography. We live near the Kansas River, and I go fishing very often. I wonder if any other boy's birthday is on the same date as mine, Feb. 9. I am twelve years old.

WINFRED T.

Scotsburn, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl four years old, and have got the 'Messenger' for a year, and I am very glad when it comes home.

LILLIE R.

Kinde, Mich.

Dear Editor,—Seeing my first letter in print, I thought I would attempt to write again. I like the 'Messenger' better every time I read it, and I do not know what little boy or girl would not. Especially so when they can have the privilege of having a little corner of their own. I go to the M. E. Sunday-school, and attend church almost every Sunday. I am very anxious for the school to start again, as we have three months' vacation. We like our teacher very much. He was our teacher last year. We made him a present of a very pretty cuff and collar-box and a bottle of perfume. I am very fond of reading, and it is so nice in the winter, when we can get books from our school library, and enjoy the cosy corner which we have in our house.

GRACE L. P.

Jacksonville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My birthday is on April 6. I go to the school, and my teacher's name is Mr. G. Our school commenced on Aug. 29. We had eight weeks' vacation. I am in the third book. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school.

BESSIE M. S.

Snow Road.

Dear Editor,—Snow Road is a very nice place. There is one church, one school and one blacksmith's shop here. There was a picnic here on Thursday. It was a good one. The church got it up. We have nineteen cows, two old pigs and young ones, two horses, nine or ten calves, and some other year olds. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on Apr. 28. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much. I read the Children's Page first and read the letters. My papa keeps a store, and I stay in it while they are milking. We have a hired girl and three hired men, and they are working in the hay. We send our milk to the factory. I was away for a visit, and I saw Lower Canada, five steamboats and one of the mountains in Quebec. One of my brothers milks, and I do sometimes. I go to school, and am in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss Berry.

S. MAY W.

New Lowell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on the Beaver Meadow Farm about four miles from the village of New Lowell. There are a dozen of us altogether, counting my parents and the hired man. I have been book-keeping in New Lowell for over a year, and like it very much. Mother comes out to the village every Thursday, and I go home every Saturday. My sister Isabella

has taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and says she couldn't do without it. Mother has a couple of incubators and brooders for raising chickens, and has good luck with her chicks.

ETHEL C.

Make it a rule and pray to God to help you keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: 'I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.—Charles Kingsley.

Love Never Fails.

There is an Oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. Both wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fail, but which, as the years rolled on, might sound their name and praises far abroad. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted a great obelisk and its base, carving its form in beautiful devices, and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides. He set it in the hot desert to cope with its gales. Ahmed, with a deeper wisdom, and truer though sadder heart, dug a well to cheer the sandy waste, and planted about it tall date palms to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrim, and shake down fruits for his hunger. And these two deeds, says the one who tells the story, illustrate two ways in either of which we may live. We may think of self and worldly success and fame, living to make a name splendid as the tall sculptured obelisk, but as cold and useless to the world. Or we may make our life like a well in the desert, with cool shade about it, to give drink to the thirsty, and shelter and refreshment to the weary and faint. How much better it is to be loving than famous! How much more glorious than to have a fame which, like the great Sphinx, will finally fade and wear away, is it to give forth from a fountain of love, a stream of helpfulness that shall never fail!—'Sunday-School Times.'

Brighten Up.

A widow went into a photographer's to have her picture made. She was seated before the camera wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, his head out of the black cloth, said suddenly, 'Just brighten the eyes a little.'

She tried, but the dull, heavy look still lingered.

'See here,' the woman retorted sharply, 'if you think that an old lady that is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told, you do not know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face.'

'Oh, no, it doesn't! It is something to be worked from the inside. Try it again,' said the photographer, good-naturedly.

Something in his manner inspired faith and she tried again, this time with better success.

'That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger!' exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illuminated the faded face.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind. When she reached her little cottage, she looked long in the glass, and said: 'There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture.'

When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then in a firm, clear voice, 'if I could do it once, I can do it again.'

Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said, 'Brighten up, Catherine,' and the old light flashed up once more.

'Look a little pleasanter!' she commenced, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come to her.

'Why, Mrs. A., you are getting younger! How do you manage it?'

'It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant.—'Missionary Review.'