

Correspondence

FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

Who was told several times to 'be strong and of a good courage?' What else do you know about this man?

FOR TEXT HUNTERS.

'Be not weary in well doing.' This text occurs in a little book of three chapters in the New Testament. Can you find it, Tinies?

PROMISE CORNER.

Of whom does the Psalmist say—'The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble?' Give the next two verses.—Ed.

Echo Vale.

Dear Editor,—I saw in one of the 'Messengers' that you wanted those whose birthdays were in November to write. My birthday is on Nov. 3, and I have a niece a year older than myself, whose birthday is on Nov. 7.

KATIE B. MacD.

Clearwater.

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you as much as I know about Manitoba, for I have only been here a year. We live seven miles from our nearest village, but we will soon be just three from a village. The prairie is very yellow with grass in the summer, but in the spring it is very green and beautiful. The geese are very plentiful now. We have had two this year, and they were very nice. There are lots of gophers out here, and we have lots of fun catching them. I caught one myself. I petted it and it soon became quite tame. In the winter it is fine to go across the ice for there is a lake near where I live. I went in the winter and caught seven fish. My father has a boat, but someone has taken it away. I have three very nice story books I like better than my others, 'Pussy's Party,' 'Merry Times' and 'Child's Life of Christ.' Wishing you good success,

OLIVE G.

Regina, Assa., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. My birthday is on Oct. 6. Mamma made me a birthday cake on my birthday. My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like the stories in it very much. They are building a railway near our school-house. This is my first writing with pen and ink.

EDITH EMILY S.

War Eagle, W. Va.

Dear Editor,—We are Canadians living down here in West Virginia. Last winter, when we were visiting our friends in Hamilton, Ont., Aunt Carrie subscribed for the 'Messenger' for my brother, and we all enjoy it very much. We just came here to live last January, and do not like living among the mountains as well as in a more level country. A year ago this summer we stayed at our grandfather's home in Alameda, N.W.T. We had a fine time there, and we went to school all through the summer. It is just about a year since we left there, and we have not gone to school one day since. They are just building a school-house here, and we expect to be going to school very soon again. All the pets we have is a kitten named Friskie. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on December 6.

LILLIAS HELEN M.

Blackwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I saw an item in your paper asking all girls and boys whose birthdays are in October or November to write to you, I thought I would, as mine is on Oct. 29. I have a twin brother named Charles, and a sister older than us, and whose name is Maggie. I live on a fruit and vegetable farm, which runs right out to Lake Huron. The fishermen have their nets along the shore, and a tug comes out from Sarnia and buys their fish from them.

Sarnia is quite a large town, about six

miles from here. It has grown a great deal in the last year, because there have been two large saw mills built on the bay. I always like to read the correspondence in your paper, which we get in our Sunday-school. I wish the 'Messenger' great success.

ADDISON C. W.

Eden, Man.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to you. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I like it very much. The story that was published a few months ago, 'A Fight Against Odds,' was a very interesting story, I thought. My birthday is on May 23.

MABEL S.

Blackwell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—A little while ago I saw a letter from a girl in California, asking to know something about Ontario. We live on a farm which is on Lake Huron. We have a nice climate here, though it is not as warm as yours in California. In the winter we have ice banks of from five to fifty feet high. Although the lake is all frozen over most of the time, yet a wind comes up and breaks the ice, which then freezes again, leaving it very rough. Because of that, we have not much skating on it. The snow is sometimes up to your boot-tops, deeper in the drifts, but not so deep on the hills. Most of our skating is on ponds and drains.

In summer our temperature is not below sixty degrees. This summer it has been very cool here. Being near Lake Huron, we often have north winds here and have to be prepared for them.

We have very different crops here to what you have in California. We have lots of apples, but no oranges or bananas. I wish I had some of your fruits, gladly exchanging some apples. Here oranges and lemons are dear, while apples are only about forty cents a bushel.

I am a book lover, and am glad to have quite a few to read. Among them I have read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'John Halifax,' 'Broken Shackles,' 'Sweetest Stories ever Told,' 'Black Beauty,' 'What Can She do,' 'Women's Friendship,' 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' and now I am reading the 'Life of Bishop Taylor,' written by himself.

We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and I like to read it. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success, and hoping to see my letter in print,

M. E. W.

Campbelton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday comes on the thirtieth of this month, and I will be eleven years old. I started to school a year ago last Easter, and have been in the fourth book since the holidays. I am going to try the entrance next July. We have a library in our school, and I have read 'In Memoriam,' 'The Red Man's Revenge,' 'Adventures of a Brownie,' 'The Island Queen,' and I am now reading 'A Child's History of England.' Campbelton consists of a post-office and general store combined, but it is large enough to be a bother to the mail. Letters come here that belong to Campbelton, N.B.

Our school is on another corner of the same farm that the post-office is on, and the farm is owned by Mr. Campbell, of course, and belonged to his father before him. A creek starts back of the school and gets to be a deep gully before it reaches the River Thames, about two miles away. The river is about thirty feet across in summer, and in some places you can walk across, the water not being up to your knees. It is very hilly along the river, and a great many creeks flow into it. Most of those creeks are dry all the summer. Springs and spring creeks are scarce around here. Farmers scrape large ponds or dig large wells and cisterns that will hold a supply for man and beast during the summer. If all seasons were like the last two, we would need no wells at all. The country here was well wooded fifty years ago, but now all the best timber is gone, and each farm of one hundred acres would average no more than ten

acres of fire-wood, beech, maple and elm. The soil is mostly clay, and we raise very good crops. We also raise cattle, sheep and hogs. We are mostly Scotch Presbyterians, and our brick church built eight years ago, and costing seven thousand dollars, and our brick manse, built two years ago beside the church, are very fine.

We were at a picnic at Gilbert's Grove on the bank of the river the first of July. We had a piper band from Toronto (I am sure some of them were not Scotch, the were too spindle-legged), and two dancers, besides singing. After we had our supper we hurried home, and just got to the house as the wind, rain and thunder came on furiously—the ending of many a picnic. I have one brother and three sisters, and three cats that I cannot catch. That is the kind of cats I like, and not those that lie in your bed and eat the edge off your pie. We have taken the 'Messenger' seven years now, and mamma used to take it when she was a girl.

J. D. McP.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Autumnal Blooming of Sarah Kent

(Henry Burns Geer, in 'The American Mother'.)

John Kent, looked across the smoking breakfast to his wife at the other end, and his face wore a troubled look. They had been married a quarter of a century, and they had lived happily—with the exception of an occasional jar—all that time. John was not rich, neither was he a successful merchant; he was one of thousands of others known as 'a good provider' and a fairly successful man,—a salaried man with methodical business habits, one of the kind that wears the harness till he or it wears out.

He spent from eight to twelve hours a day at the office; the remainder of the twenty-four he usually spent at home. He had no bad habits, and seldom left his home of an evening. He loved his wife and children, and in the earlier days of their married life he had been proud of the fresh, sweet beauty of his earthly partner. And now, when he happened to glance at her across the breakfast table, and note the tired, careworn expression, the slight wrinkles about the eyes, and some stray, straight looks that were tinged with gray, he was troubled.

'Mamma, don't you think that a nice little frill cap for morning wear would be pretty for you?'

'Mamma's hair used to be prettier than any cap,' spoke up Frank, the only son, a youth of fifteen summers.

'Why, papa,' exclaimed Mrs. Kent, 'I might dress my hair properly if I had more time of a morning. We were late this morning, you know, and I hurried down to get breakfast in time.'

At that moment the notes of the piano in the parlor were heard in a lively 'rag-time' piece, as the mother got up from the table to ring the breakfast bell for the second time. There were no servants—that is, no hired servants—in the Kent household. The family consisted of father, mother, two daughters, and one son. The latter was the junior of one sister and the senior of the other.

The second ringing of the bell brought Miss Katie, the eldest daughter, in from the front porch, book in hand, followed by Jennie, the youngest child of the family, who had been exercising the piano.

John Kent finished his breakfast in silence, and later went to the office, thinking. And the more he thought, the more he felt that he had neglected his duty to his family. He had provided, but he had supervised only in a general way. The head of the house had been remiss in his duty, and the household affairs had gone wrong.

He kept thinking of something he had read once which had said that, 'A woman is governed by her heart, but a man gov-