

Correspondence

Earlswood, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I always weary for Sabbath morning, for then mamma lets me read your nice paper. I see so many good letters that I think I will write one too.

One Sunday morning papa and mamma saw chickens flying and Indians running and a wolf after the chickens. Papa saw the wolf catch one of them.

The Indians set a big hound after it. The

the fifth book. I like going to school if it were a nice road.

I think the answer to Elsie Campbell's question is a ladder, the top of it reaching to heaven, and angels ascending and descending, and the Lord stood upon it. Genesis xxviii., 12th and 13th verses. It says that the Lord spoke to Jacob.

The drawings are beautiful, but as I can not draw very well I will leave it to some one else to do. I was not at a picnic this summer, but I was away other places.

I am fond of reading, and could hardly tell what book I like best. I am also fond of



Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News'.)

CHAPTER II.

AN ILLUMINED VISION.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

(Concluded.)

'Our lesson to-day is a Temperance lesson,' said Miss Deborah at last; 'and after what has transpired you will none of you be surprised to hear that I have a pledge book with me, and shall be sincerely thankful if any one, or all, of you will take this pledge this afternoon, signing your names after mine. I shall have very little to say to you to-day upon the real lesson, and shall make no attempt to set before you the usual reasons for signing. We will take up the subject at some other time, and discuss it as it deserves to be discussed. Now it shall be only brought before us as a personal matter, a heart question, upon which for some of us perhaps, God knows, hang the issues of life and death. Girls, do not let me have to add to my heavy burden of self-reproach by your refusal to do what may prove your mightiest safeguard through life. God helping me, I am about to take this solemn pledge this afternoon, with the strong determination to strive hereafter never to do anything that may cause a weak brother or sister to offend; never to knowingly put a stumbling block in the way of another. Won't you join me in this holy crusade against one of the worst sins which meets us at every turn of the life-road? Girls, for God's sake, for the sake of the true and the right, for your own sakes, sign the pledge!'

Miss Deborah's voice choked for a moment, and she covered her face with her hands. Then taking a pen she opened a new pledge book, and subscribed her name in neat, fair characters—'Deborah Duncan.'

She paused, and gazed at her own autograph almost curiously for a second or two, as if even the incongruity of its presence in that suggestive book were an enigma to her; then she looked up and around. Were there any who were ready and willing to follow her example? At first not one of the girls moved. There seemed a spell holding them from freedom of action, till suddenly, as if breaking away from some unseen power, Lottie Carlton sprang to her feet, and went forward to the table.

'I'll sign, Miss Deborah,' she said, and all noticed that her voice was husky and hurried.

She took the pen from Miss Deborah's hand, and wrote her name with haste, but evident determination. Then, in a half whisper, she said to Miss Deborah, 'I'll be up at your house by-and-bye, to speak to you, if I may,' and without a word to either of the other girls she hastened from the classroom.

Priscilla May had been sitting in an attitude of strained attention all the time Miss Deborah had been talking, and during the subsequent scenes, and as Lottie Carlton left the room, Priscilla slowly rose. She went over to Miss Deborah's side, and caught her hand, holding it with nervous force.

'I'd sign,' she said, 'only everybody would laugh at me and taunt me about—about my father, and I don't see how I could bear it.'

Miss Deborah drew the girl down to her, and kissed her with strange gentleness. She was habitually undemonstrative, and that little act of kindly yearning affection moved all the girls in a peculiar manner. Priscilla drew in her breath with a little sob.

'We'll stand by you, Pris,' whispered one or two of the class who sat near. And so Priscilla signed.

By ones and twos the other girls followed, but shrinking in the background stood Ellen White. Miss Deborah was carefully observing her, but let her have time. At last Ellen



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'The Old Homestead.' Nellie Reid (11), M., Quebec.
2. 'My two Ducks.' Georgina Milne (10), R., Que.
3. 'My Kitty.' Jaletta M. Ruby, B.P.
4. 'The Deer' (head only). Howard Caulfield (8), R., Que.
5. 'Mary and her pet Lamb.' May Milne (12), R., Que.

6. 'Apple.' Mack Derrick (8), S. F., Que.
7. 'A Spray' (pear). Vera J. Henderson, M., N. O.
8. 'The Little Snowbird' (a calendar for December). Fred Caulfield (12), R., Ont.
9. 'Mr. and Mrs. Pussy and their Family.' Bessie and Mabel Douglass.
10. 'Deer.' Gladys Bradshaw (12), G., Que.

hound ran fast, and when the wolf saw it gaining on him he let the hen drop, and the Indian carried her over, and when they came mamma gave them a quarter. The chicken is still living, but she is a little bit lame.

I am in the Third Reader, and taught at home.

ETHEL McMILLAN (9).

C.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper very much. It has been in our home so long we would miss it very much if it were stopped. I like to read the correspondence page, and the conundrums, also the Temperance page. I like to see the snow here in Canada. We have so much fun sliding. There is just a little snow here yet. Some people have the sleighs out. My sister and I go to school, and are both in

music, but I can not play very much on the organ.

I have never read the book which is entitled 'Queechy,' but by the description given by E. G. F., I think it must be very interesting.

One of the books I have read was 'From Log-cabin to White House.' It was about a boy, who with his parents settled in the United States when it was mostly forest. He worked a few days and went to school, and worked himself up till he became President of the United States. Whatever he tried to do he would almost always succeed in doing well. He became a great speaker on temperance.

ESSIE PEEVER (14).

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.