

Correspondence

Arkwright.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from here, I concluded I would write one. I get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school, and I like reading the Correspondence very much, more especially the short stories. As another little girl said in the last issue of your paper: the long ones took too long to read. The Orangemen at our little village, named Williscroft, are going to have a box social on Dec. 4 next. I had a nice time last summer. I was at a barn raising, two picnics, one in a grove and another at the shore of Lake Huron. I had a sail away out on the water. I was out on July 13, and also to one Fall Exhibition, so I think I had a fair time of it. I am going to try the entrance next July. My birthday is on March 23.

FLORENCE McN.

Mongenais, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I am spending my holidays at my grandpa's and grandma's. My grandpa will soon be eighty, and he is able to do a lot of work yet. He gets up at four o'clock every morning, and I think that is why he is so healthy. They have two orchards, and a lot of fruit; also a quantity of strawberries and black, white and red raspberries. I have ten aunts and six uncles on my mother's side, and one auntie and two uncles on my father's side. For pets I have two cats, which I call Jackie and Minnie, and a dog named Colly, who goes after the cows alone. I have two little brothers and one little sister who is called after Queen Wilhelmina. I go to day school, and I am in grade three. I like the 'Messenger' very much. My home is in Lochiel, Ont. My birthday is on May 25. I write with my left hand.

S. A. McG.

Riverfield.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country about thirty miles from Montreal. My papa owns two hundred and ten acres of land, and our house is built on a hill surrounded by a beautiful maple grove and orchard. The name of our place is Mount Pleasant. As it is holiday time, I have a little cousin out from the city, and we have fine times; we play croquet, ball, and swinging. One day we went to the Blueberry Rock, and we got a lot of berries. It was very hot on the rock, and we were all tired when we came home. Our folks have just finished haying.

ETHEL R.

Tormore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter, as I have seen none from Tormore. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and could not do without it. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. My birthday is on June 30. For pets we have a canary, two cats, a kitten and two dogs. I have two brothers and no sisters.

HOWARD C. T. (aged 9).

Johnville.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, twelve years old. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and likes it very much. I have three brothers but no sisters. I go to school. I have a piano. I am in the fourth reader at school. I have a brother sixteen years old, another nine, and another four years old, and their names are: Henry W., Clifford S., and John W. I have no mother.

MABEL B.

Florence, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old, and I am in the junior third class. I have three sisters and one brother. They are all older than myself. Florence is a very pretty place in the summer time. There is a wood near our house, and I go out gathering wild flowers sometimes in spring. I think Amy G.'s poetry is comical. I like to read very much. I will name a few of the books I have read: 'Black Beauty,' 'The Elsie Books,' 'The Franconia Stories,' and a number of others.

MAY C.

Mitchell Square, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, so I will try to write a

little letter now. Our school is about two miles away, and I go every day. But we are having holidays now. I live on a farm. We have nine milking cows, and six horses and one colt. I live about four miles from Lake Simcoe, and we have a little picnic there every summer. I have four sisters and one brother, and as he is the only boy in the family, he is made a great pet of. My sister's names are Winifred, Lucy, Clara and Hazel, and my brother's name is Willie. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and we all like it very much. I will close now, as I have nothing more to tell you at present.

FLOSSIE M. C. (aged 12).

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and I am in the second reader. We have nineteen scholars in the school. We all like our teacher very much. I have two little kittens and three old cats. My papa keeps thirteen cows and six calves, and three horses, and also one little colt. Its name is Tom.

GLADYS M. S.

North Bruce, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and we like it very much. I read the Boys' and Girls' Page first, and I also like to read the stories very much. I go to school every day when there is school. Our teacher's name is Miss S. I am in the third reader. We live about five miles from a village. I go to Sunday-school, and I like it very much. Our teacher's name is Miss N., and our minister's name is Mr. B. The Editor will think this letter is never going to come to an end.

D. M. C. (aged 11).

Russell, Man.

Dear Editor,—I can sweep, dust, scrub and make beds. I go to school. I am in the third book. I like studying geography best. We live about four miles from town. I have two sisters and three brothers. I was at the show, but it had been raining for two days, and it was muddy. The afternoon I was there it was raining, and there were not many people at the place. Papa showed horses, and he was awarded some prizes. I will close.

DOROTHY R. (aged 10).

Southwold, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years of age. We get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. As this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I would like to see it in print. I gathered a lot of flowers this spring, and I pressed them in a book. The flowers that I gathered were the red and the yellow lily, the spring beauty, hepatica, buttercups, lady-slippers and ferns, violets and Jack-in-the-Pulpit. I have one brother named Wilmer, and four sisters. If there were not so many sisters, I would name them. When I was out in the woods I saw a hut where the men make syrup, and I came over and saw a nest. I looked in it and saw some robin's eggs, four of them. The blackbirds are ♀ my Uncle Jack's corn, and they will eat it all up if they get the chance. If I see this in print I will write to the 'Messenger' again.

AGGIE B. M.

Summerville.

Dear Editor,—I was so pleased at my letter being in print that I am tempted to write another one. When I wrote the last one I was fourteen, but I am fifteen now. I said I was in the fifth grade then, but I am in the sixth grade now. I got that kitten, but I didn't have it very long before it got drowned in one of our neighbor's wells. I mentioned our views, but I did not tell the most splendid part of it. I can see Windsor City and Avondale Village, and Handsport Town. The neighbor say we need not have any pictures in our house, for we have such lovely views. My papa is home now from sea. He brought me home some lovely presents. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. I wonder if any little boy or girl has the same birthday as mine, July 15.

ETNA VIOLA S.

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and my birthday is on Dec. 3. I have three sisters and one brother. I had a little sister who died when she was nine months old. I have one pet puppy, and his name is Buster. I go to the Zion Sunday-school. We get the

'Messenger' there, and I like it very much. I love reading the Correspondence. I have not read many books.

MARY H.

Farndon.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write. We go to the Methodist Church at Stanbury, and get the 'Messenger' there. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss H. We are going to have a picnic for our Sunday-school. Our day school opens in September. One of my school mates died last winter. Her name was Hazel F. I have lived with my uncle and aunt since I was two years old. We live on a farm, and keep ten cows and two horses. I have a cat whose name is Dewey. We keep the post-office and have a daily mail.

GRACIE S. (aged 12).

Castor, River Joseph, Que.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, like most of the writers of the 'Messenger,' but I would rather live in the village. We live on a farm. We have six horses, four cows and two pigs. I have two brothers and one sister, and for pets we have two puppies and a kitten. My birthday is on June 27. I am twelve years of age, and I am the second of the family. I have lots of riddles. A little house full of meat, but no door to get in to eat. What is it? An egg. Away down in a dark dungeon there was a brave knight all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight, silk was the saddle and brass was the bow. I have told you three times in a row, and yet you don't know.—An awl.

GRACE M. P.

Answer for Yourself.

(E. A. Woods, in the 'Canada Baptist.')

'What kind of a church would our church be, if every member were just like me?'

These lines rhyme well, surely. They jingle like bells. Repeat them; sing them; whistle them. Every one 'just like me.' Such a church ought to please me. Would it please the Master? What kind of a prayer-meeting should we have? Every member 'just like me.' How about the Sunday-school? and the church treasurer? How much money would he have? 'Just like me.' What would the unconverted say of such a church? How soon would God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven?

Let us say it and sing it again, and each answer it for himself:

'What kind of a church would our church be, if every member were just like me?'

Results of a Friendly Interest.

A certain lady, when visiting in a minister's family, was told of some bright, cultured people in the neighborhood who, however, never attended any religious services. 'I will go and see them,' the visitor volunteered. 'But what excuse will you have for going?' the hostess questioned anxiously. 'Oh, yes; take this book, I remember having heard one of the ladies express a desire to read it.' 'But I don't want an excuse,' was the reply. 'I want them to know that I am interested in them.' As a result of the visit every member of the family became regular attendants at the church services, and three of them became Christians. Speaking of it afterward, the mother said, 'I never realized the danger we were in until I saw that some one else—and that, one who was almost a stranger—was concerned about us.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Bees on Her Bonnet.

During a hot summer morning, when the windows and doors had been left open, a hive of the clerk's bees came into the parish church of Hickling, in Nottinghamshire, whilst the parson was in the midst of his sermon. They settled upon the bonnet of a lady who sat in the corner of a pew. Less nervous than many of her sex, this lady took no notice of the intruders, removed her bonnet quietly, and laid it upon the seat. Then she turned her attention to the discourse. After service the clerk came with a hive and carried off his bees. But so calmly and coolly had everything been done that hardly a soul in the church was aware of this interesting occurrence.