

'What God Hath Wrought.'

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.

An old telegraph operator who got the story from Professor Morse himself tells the story in the New York 'Sun' of how the success of the great invention was finally assured:

'Professor Morse, having returned from Europe, went at once to Washington, where he renewed his efforts to get his bill passed appropriating \$30,000 for the purposes of his new telegraph. Toward the close of the session of 1844, the House took it up and passed it by a large majority, and it only remained for the action of the Senate. Its progress, as might be imagined, was awaited by Professor Morse with the most intense interest and anxiety. There were only two days before the close of the session, and it was found, on examination of the calendar, that no less than 143 bills had precedence of it. The inventor had nearly reached the bottom of his purse; his hard-earned savings were almost spent, and, although he had struggled on with undying hope for many years, it is hardly to be wondered at that he felt discouraged and disgusted with the statesmanship of the country as he had known it.

'On the last night of the session he remained till nine o'clock, and then left without the slightest hope that the bill would be passed. He returned to his hotel, counted his money, and found that after paying his expenses to New York he would have 75 cents left. That night he went to bed sad, but not entirely hopeless, for, notwithstanding all his trials and disappointments, confidence in his ultimate success never deserted him. In other words, he knew a good thing when he saw it. The next morning, as he was going to breakfast, one of the waiters informed him that a young lady was in the parlor waiting to see him. He went in immediately and found that the young lady was Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who had been his most steadfast friend while in Washington.

'I come to congratulate you, Professor," she said, with sparkling eyes.

'For what, my dear," replied the Professor.

'On the passage of your bill. Didn't you know?"

'Oh, you must be mistaken," said he. "I stayed in the Senate till late last night, and came away because there wasn't any prospect of its passage."

'Am I the first, then?" she exclaimed, joyfully, "to tell you?"

'You are, if it is really so," and Professor Morse seemed almost afraid to believe the good news.

'Well," she continued, "father remained until after adjournment and heard it passed. He told me only a few minutes ago, and I asked him if I could not run over and tell you."

'Annie," said the Professor, his feelings nearly choking his utterance, "the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore shall be sent to you."

'Well," she replied, "I shall keep you to your word."

'While the line was in progress of completion, Professor Morse was in New York, and upon receiving intelligence that it was in working order, he wrote to those in charge, telling them not to transmit any message over it until his arrival. He then came on to Washington and sent a note to

Miss Ellsworth, informing her that he was now ready to fulfil his promise, and asking her what message he should send. To this she replied: 'What hath God wrought?' words that I'm sure any young lady ought to be proud of. The message was twice repeated, and each time with great success. As soon as the result of the experiment was made known, Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, called upon Professor Morse and claimed the first message for his State, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. Of course his claim was admitted, and I understand that the Historical Society of Connecticut has the legend displayed among its archives in letters of gold.'—Ledger.

Correspondence

Queen, Ill.

Dear Editor,—We take your paper, and could not get on without it. It has so many Christmas pieces in it. I think you have your paper all over the United States, and I hope you have, it is such a good one for little folks. Last year I got a Thanksgiving piece out of it, and the teacher at my school said it was very nice. I like to read Emily's letters. She writes such interesting ones. Please tell Emily to write again.

BERTHA.

Kingsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I think the stories and letters in the 'Messenger' are really nice, mamma reads them to us after we are in bed at night. I think the little folks who read the 'Messenger' would like to see my brother's red squirrel. He had four at one time; but one got away, and two died, now there is only one left. It is fun to see him sit up and nibble nuts, and comb and wash his face, just like a boy or girl, he uses his front feet like hands. We live on a small farm. Four of us go to school and like our teacher very much.

LIBBIE, aged eight.

Mongolia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the correspondence and the temperance pages the best. For pets I have two hens, four chickens, one old cat and two kittens and a baby brother. I have four brothers and one sister. My baby brother's name is Clifford. He is seven months old.

BERTHA SUSIE, aged eleven.

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years, and like it very much; and when we get through reading them we used to send them to my aunt that lives up north. But just now I take them to my grandmamma, and when she is finished reading them, my aunt takes them to the hospital.

JAMES, aged nine.

Heathcote.

Dear Editor,—I like going to school very much. I have a cow named Witchie. My cat's name is Kitty Fluffy Pouncer; but we call her Kitty for short. I have two big sisters. This fall we went picking butter-nuts in the swamp by the river. Sometimes we have a picnic at the river side.

MARGARET E., aged nine.

Robinsons Mills, West Virginia, U.S.

Dear Editor,—My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for ten or twelve years, and she expects to take it as long as she lives. We take several papers, but it is the best of them all. I think the temperance page is the best part of the paper. I live in the oil country. I have one brother named Chester. I can play the violin, I have taken lessons for over a year.

GILBERT, aged ten.

Margaret, P.O.

Dear Editor,—My sister has subscribed for the 'Witness'. Our nearest town is ten miles away; but the Northern Pacific Railway Company have built a railway two miles and a half north of our place, and we expect they will soon have a town built not very far

away. I have three brothers and three sisters. Baby is just two months old. We call him Peter.

SCOTT.

Heathcote.

Dear Editor,—I live at Union, which is near the Beaver River. We go out for boat rides in the summer, and it is very pleasant. We have a Royal Crusade in our school, which is very nice.

ANNIE J.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

Olive, Man.

Dear Editor,—I should have written sooner for we have moved from the North-West to Manitoba. We started on Aug. 17 last. We had two waggon-loads, and travelled over three hundred miles. We had four large horses, two ponies and a dog. We started with two dogs; but one left us and went home to the old place. We saw such nice trees. We thought it was so nice to see a tree; for there are very few to be seen in the North-West. We could only get a small tent, and as there were ten of us, the boys had to sleep under the waggons. Well, we had a good time, and saw lots of prairie chickens, and berries. Sometimes we were tired riding, and we would get out to walk. We started with forty loaves of bread, potatoes, half a bag of ginger snaps, and two large fruit cakes, and six current loaves, two large hams, pickles, cheese, preserves, tea, and sugar. We just had the finest picnic. But we ran out of bread, and had to buy bread and biscuits. The last two days we came through a road that was nothing but hills, there we saw three antelopes, but no houses, until we crossed the Assiniboine River. We expected to cross on the ferry, but as there was no ferry where we struck the river we had to let the horses wade it; but we got through safely, and just as we crossed we struck a good old farmer who invited us to stay and feed our horses, and also get a good old dinner, with potatoes as large as turnips. Then we went on a mile or two further, and reached the end of our journey. We had been two weeks travelling.

CLARA, aged eleven.

Granby, Que.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' in our family more than four years. I have a friend here who is trying to get subscribers for it. I have never read any letters that came from Granby, although there are quite a few who take the 'Messenger' here. I am always glad when Friday night comes, because I get the 'Messenger' then. We take a good many papers, and the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' are the nicest ones, I think. We have a nice academy here. I have one sister, and her name is Daisy, and a brother named Arthur.

ELVIE (aged 9).

Milton, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have not any sisters, but have seven brothers, six on earth and one in heaven. My papa is in heaven, too. I have not seen any letters from this place, and thought it would surprise some of my girl friends if, when reading the correspondence, they should see a letter from me. Milton is quite a large place. We have three churches, a temperance hall, a Y.M.C.A., lots of saw-mills and the largest pulp-mill in Canada. There is a railway that runs between Milton and Liverpool, N.S. A great many tourists come here in summer to catch salmon and trout, and to go to our lovely picnics which we have on the beach. I sometimes write letters to my grandma and aunts, but this is the first letter I ever wrote for a paper. Mamma writes for papers sometimes.

ZELLA FAYE (aged 12).

Farmington, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and two brothers. My sister's name is Lettie, and my brothers' names are Eddy and John. My father is a farmer, and has 21 head of cattle and about 53 sheep. Our home is amongst the hills, and is a very pretty place. There is a brook near, where we catch trout in the summer. Some nice maple trees stand in front of our house. We have a large orchard and raise apples. We have also plum trees. In summer we go to a school which is a mile and a-quarter away.

MABEL.