

## Correspondence

## ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



## I pledge myself

To speak kindly to others,  
To speak kindly of others,  
To think kind thoughts,  
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard

'Messenger.' I live on a farm and go to school every day. I have one brother and one sister. We go to Sunday School. My papa is away. I take care of the horse and milk two cows. I am ten years old.

ELDON J. SPRAGG.

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to your club. The badges look very pretty. I am nine years old. We will have to go to school on Monday.

EDMUND MOHR.

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I would like to become a member of your club. I am in the Fourth Class, and I am 13 years old. I am taking care of five horses. I would like to get a badge.

RALPH MOHR.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was pleased to see my other drawing and letter published, so I am sending you another. I take great interest in the

Lit it, and put her child in bed,

Then knelt and in prayer bent low her head.

The storm raged on in search of prey

But slowly died at the coming of day,

And over the sands the father came;—

With joy the mother wept again.

The child that morn could not but say

'We saw him, mother, another day.'

The mother stooped to kiss her child

And murmured 'I'll trust when the storms  
are wild.'

I. M. D.

## OTHER LETTERS.

Rovene Downey, C., N.B., writes a little letter telling about her life in her home and saying 'We are going away this summer.'

Florence Arkell, H., Ont., asks the address of one of the correspondents. We have not kept this address, Florence, and have had to make it a rule for several reasons, as we have explained before, not to give the addresses of correspondents.

We would be glad to print your 'Easter Lily,' Melvin Wentzel, but you drew it on the back of your other picture. Send it in on a fresh sheet and perhaps we can use it.—Ed.

## Is Idleness Honorable?

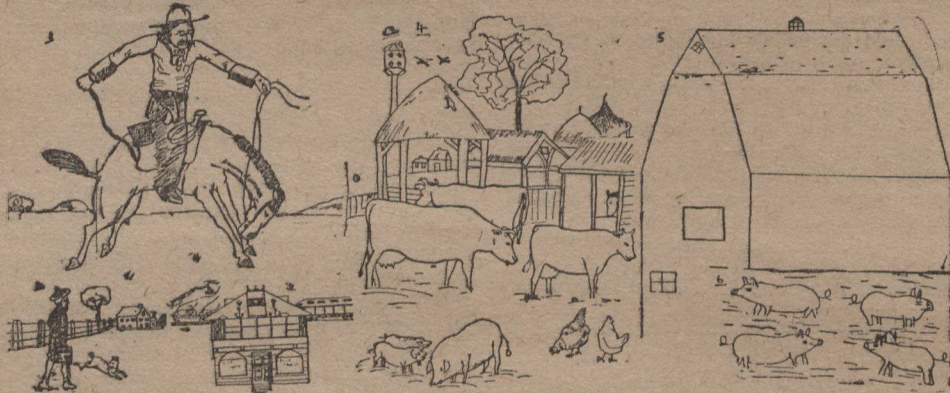
'I guess they don't have to work if they have plenty of money,' said a boy of nine, that had been brought up in a Christian home, on hearing me condemn the rich idlers that drift about the world on yachts, with no occupation except to spend in pleasure vast fortunes which they never earned. A young man of twice that age, a member of the Church, returning reluctantly to business from the Adirondacks, remarked: 'If I had plenty of money I would do nothing but hunt.' This common opinion that work is a dishonor, to be dropped whenever one can live without it, is both unchristian and un-American.

To a Chinese nobleman the proudest decorations are long finger nails, which are displayed as silent proof that for years he has done no work, whether with spade or pen. There are Americans who are equally proud with as little cause, of their 'lily fingers.' Not such was the hand of Christ, the carpenter. Not such were the hands of God's first family.

'When Adam delved and Eve span,  
Who was then the gentleman?'

God's law for all from the first has been, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' There is no 'if you need money' in this divine and universal law, which is flagrantly broken by thousands of Christians, especially by well-to-do women. Miss Grace Dodge, of New York City, who works as a philanthropist in behalf of working girls, with brain and voice and pen, as hard and as regularly as the girls themselves, and without pay because wealthy, is accustomed to say that she has been paid in advance. The chief reason for all kinds of worthy work is to render service to our generation. The 'pay' is incidental and for those who need it to support them while they work. We recognize this in the case of preachers. In a 'profession' service is primary, salary secondary. We use the word 'trade' when this order is reversed; but it should never be reversed. We have not learned the A B C of the Bible until we have learned that it is every man's duty to devote himself to strenuous work of body or mind six days a week, whether he is 'paid' for it or not. That is what he was made for. If he has been 'paid in advance,' let him devote his talents to some charity or reform as steadily as those who work from more selfish motives. If he can 'retire' from business, let it be into philanthropy, not idleness. If one does not find any other sufficient opening for his energy, let him as steadily as a college student devote himself six days a week to systematic study or reading, that will at once afford mental exercise and preparation for larger usefulness.

It is only sinful or selfish work that is a 'curse.' In work to which God has assigned us by talent or Providence, work in proper days and hours, we find our 'Paradise Regained.'—20th Century Quarterly.



## OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Broncho Buster.' By Britt Mitchell (age 13).
2. 'Running Errands.' Morley Wentzel, L. C., N.S.
3. 'The Station.' Frank Fraser (age 15), M., P.Q.

4. 'A Barnyard Scene.' Melvin Wentzel (age 15), L. C., N.S.
5. 'Our Barn.' George Murray, M., Manitoba.
6. 'A Happy Family.' Edith Smith (age 11).

enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges, with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar. Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We are glad to welcome to the R. L. K., Bertha, Edmund and Ralph Mohr, L., Sask.; Reginald Coles, V., P.Q.; Everett Kingsburg, C., P.Q.; Edith Smith, W., Ont.; May Slater and Myrtle Naismith, H., Sask.; Annie Crowdis, B., C.B.; Reta Anderson, K., Man. We are specially glad to welcome Annie, the little sister of our helper, Dorothy Crowdis. We never publish addresses, Ena Douglas, but if any of our readers will send letters addressed 'Editor Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal,' we will see that they reach the little invalid. A very generous idea of yours, Ena.—Ed.

P. M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I see no letters from Port Mouton, I guess I will write one. I used to take the 'Messenger'; but my sister takes it now, and I take the 'Canadian Pictorial.' We all like to see the pictures and read about the different events. All the stock we have is a horse, and his name is Jed. We have been in Port Mouton only a short time, for we used to live in Advocate which is a long way from here.

BRITT M.

L., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to your club before. Our school is going to start on Monday and I am going, as I am very fond of going to school.

BERTHA MOHR.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the

R. L. K. I have a boat of my own, and as I live near the water I have learned how to row and manage a boat myself. Thinking my letter is long enough, I will close.

EDITH SMITH (aged 11).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters, who are all younger than I am. I am nine years old. I have one pet, a cow. I love the 'Messenger' very much. I don't know what I would do without it.

EVA GORDON.

## A STORM ON THE SEA.

The storm without was raging wild,  
Within, low bending, knelt a child.

'O, mother,' pleading, 'You need not fear  
Though father is gone there is One quite near.'

'Mother, dear father can trust in Him,  
She said, and the mother's eye grew dim.  
'O, mother, please wipe those tears away  
And trust to see father at home some day.'

I'll pray the dear Lord for him once more  
That he may come again to shore,  
Mother, mother, you need not despair,  
Have faith and he'll live through the storm  
out there.'

The storm was growing worse and worse,  
It seemed to howl at them a curse;  
The child clung fast to her mother's side,  
She could not then her tears quite hide.

The mother managed to calm herself,  
And rising lifted the lamp from the shelf,