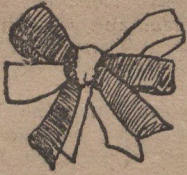


Correspondence

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

and on that day all churches hold special services.

It is very wrong to do any work on Sunday that we can avoid. The better we keep Sunday the better we get along through the week.

THE LITTLE ORPHANS.

Jim was a poor little orphan,
Who was thin and most ill-clad,
He owned not a single penny,
And he was very sad.

Father had died a drunkard,
Mother was saved above,
Jim had a little brother,
The only one left to love.

How often he longed for his mother
While trudging along the cold street,
Or sweeping away at the crossing
For money to buy bread to eat.

And once he crept into a bake-shop
To ask for a morsel of bread,

A Deal in Apples.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, in the 'Standard'.)

'Those apples must get to market or they will spoil on the ground,' said Mrs. Arnold, decidedly, as her husband washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

'There isn't much use in taking them to market either, mother,' replied Mr. Arnold, polishing his countenance until it shone, with the crash roller towel. 'Being such a big crop this year, the price has dropped away out of sight. Last year now, there wasn't enough apples to scarcely keep us in pies; this year we had to prop the trees.'

'Well, if we can't sell them we can give them away.' Mrs. Arnold dished up her breakfast energetically. 'It's just a sin and a shame to let the Lord's good bounty lie on the ground, doing nobody any good.'

'Well, well, mother, don't slam that dish down so hard, or something will break around here. I'll fill a waggon load of barrels tomorrow and start for the city with them as early as I can. But don't you go counting on that new silk gown out of the sale, for it's more'n likely you will be disappointed.'

'I've lived without a silk dress this far and I reckon I can get along with alpaca a little longer,' replied Mrs. Arnold, marching toward the dining-room with a dish in each hand. 'Fetch along the coffee pot, Josiah, and don't burn yourself on the handle.'

The next morning Mr. Arnold was ready with his load of apples, each barrel provided with a long willow switch with a fine specimen of the contents stuck upon it. It was a tempting load, for the Arnold orchard was of the best, and Mr. Arnold had taken great pains to select only the best of the fruit.

It was not a long drive to the city, and the strong farm horses drew their load briskly, invigorated by the crisp, fresh breeze which blew from the lake, with a distant touch of winter in it.

Mr. Arnold often sang softly to himself as he drove along, and his songs were of a pleasant nature, like himself. To-day it was, 'Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me.'

'Yes, that's so. It don't make much difference how pleasant we have things down here, it's a pretty thought that there's a better home awaiting for us up yonder. Mother and me will be mighty glad to get there, too, I reckon, for life is full of pin pricks, at its best, and we've had our share.'

The horses trotted on through the suburbs of the city, toward the fruit markets. 'Apples? Well, sir, I'm sorry to say it, but there is no market for apples to-day. A dozen carloads have come in from Michigan, and just knocked prices clean out of sight. It wouldn't pay you to unload, even if we could take them at all.'

Mr. Arnold's ruddy face fell, for he had been maturing a little scheme of his own on the way to town. At any sort of a fair price the apples should bring the price of a silk gown for the patient wife who had needed one so long, but instead had worn her old alpaca until it was shiny and threadbare. He had counted his chickens prematurely.

'Perhaps you might sell them by crying them on the residence streets,' suggested the dealer. Mr. Arnold turned his horses toward the avenues with revived hope. 'Apples, Appl-l-es.'

Mr. Arnold had a strong, lusty voice and he used it unsparingly, but not a customer appeared, and with a keen sense of disappointment he turned toward the humbler streets where the tenement houses stood in long, uninviting rows. His shortest route home was out beyond these even, where the tenements were shabbier, and where grim poverty was evidenced by rags and dirt. Swarms of children were playing in the unwholesome gutters and on the sidewalks, and Mr. Arnold noticed with interest their pinched faces, their unhealthy pallor.

(To be continued.)



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Angels still their flight are winging.' Roselyn M. Davidson (age 9), M., Ont.
2. 'My School-friend.' Alice P., B., Ont.
3. 'A Hand.'
4. 'My Boat.' Harold Arbuthus, T., Ont.
5. 'A House.' Vernon Deller, N., Ont.
6. 'A Branch of Cherries.' Vernon Deller, N., Ont.

7. 'Tree, flowers and bird.' Margaret E. Parsons, B., Ont.
8. 'Flowers and Candle.' Margaret E. Parsons, B., Ont.
9. 'My Brother's Colt.' Roy Finlayson, S., B.C.
10. 'Our House.' Charlie Ray, R. M., Ont.
11. 'Mary Jane.' Alice P., B., Ont.
12. 'The Red Admiral.' Vernon Deller, N., Ont.

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.

N., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I hope all the little girls and boys who read this paper are well. There is a little girl, a reader of the 'Messenger,' that lives near here, that has been sick over a year. She was picking raspberries and some insect stung her, and it turned out very serious. I live on a farm and think the country is beautiful, especially in summer. I am a little girl twelve years of age and have taken the 'Messenger' since my sixth birthday. I like to read it very much. I will close with a riddle:—When you go into a cheese factory what smells most?

ENA E. DOUGLAS.

A COMPOSITION ON SUNDAY.

(By J. B. B., Desboro, Ont.)

Sunday is the first day of the week. It is a day set apart by Our Maker for a day of rest and worship. We are not supposed to do any work on Sunday that we can possibly avoid.

It is a day of rest for both man and beast, and should be set apart for sacred works such as going to church, Sunday School and any other religious meetings, and it is also a day to study the Bible and the Catechism and read good books and papers.

It was on Sunday that Our Saviour rose from the dead. This we call Easter Sunday,

The baker seemed glad to give it,
And kissed the poor lad's curly head.

He swept all he could before supper,
Because he had Billy to keep,
And then he went seeking for shelter,
For they needed somewhere to sleep.

But when on the morning after,
The sun shone where they lay,
Nestling close together,
He showed at the break of day.

That Jim's dearest wish was granted,
For he and little Bill,
Had died and gone to heaven,
And their little forms were still.

MAGGIE EVELYN NASON.

N. B., Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very well, and I like to read the little boys' and girls' page. I live with my papa and mamma and two brothers in a little town in Iowa. I take music lessons every Tuesday on the organ and I enjoy it, for I want to be a musician when I get big. I attend the M. E. Church and Sunday School every Sunday. My brother has a dog named Sport. We live in a large white house near the C. B. & Q. railroad track. For my last birthday I got a handkerchief, two yards of ribbon, eight post cards and a ring.

LOLA M. BENNETT (age 12).

Nothing worth while is ever achieved without hard ditch work with coat off and arms bared to the elbows.—S. D. Gordon.

MOTHER'S BARGAIN PACKET.

Containing Infant's Sacque, hand-made, 6 yards' Baby Ribbon; 1 Embroidered Stock Collar; 1 Fancy Handkerchief; 4 yards wide Applique; 6 Post-Cards. One dollar post-paid, worth \$1.50. Postal note or stamps. CANADIAN SUPPLY CO., Lakefield, Ont.