

petual giants and dwarfs, with their impossible actions, and are demanding something new, something tangible. The boys of to-day are too matter-of-fact to emulate fabulous princes, and the little girls are tired of posing as distressed damsels, for nobody comes to rescue, but rather to ridicule. And as to the fairy rings in the meadows, why we never dream of waiting there at dusk to see the fairies dance. Yet, as I understand, children, you still require the plain truth prettily dressed, the solid fact lavishly decorated with fancy. You may have both, if you will.

Now here is a true fairy story. I believe in fairies, you see, and I want you to know and love the true ones because it will help you to understand the wonderful works of Nature.

There are many good and beautiful fairies always about you, although some of them are invisible to you as yet because the eyes of your mind are not fully open. But there are two, whom in turn are always with you, two beautiful fairy sisters. I call them fairies because the power of man has no control over them. They are ruled by heavenly forces. As I have said, both are beautiful, but in totally different ways. One is fair, with a radiant, smiling face and glistening garments. The other is dark and soft-eyed, with a gentle grace about her movements, and her draperies cling around her like a trailing shadow. The sisters are perfect contrasts.

You all naturally love the beautiful fair one best. She comes to you like a lily blown along by the wind and you cannot help but love her, for she has a heart of gold. The dark sister reminds you of the deepest purple pansy in your flower-garden. She comes shyly and sweetly, and so softly that you scarcely notice her at first, and she, too, has a heart of gold. How happy you little ones should be with two such beautiful companions. They bring you gifts also. Your favourite fair one comes before you, her hands filled with good things for your pleasure and comfort.

"Make good use of them," she says, laughing gaily, as she freely scatters her gifts. "For they will only last for a little while."

And truly, when the other sister comes all your playthings vanish and you turn aside ungraciously from the tender, dark-eyed fairy, who is waiting to woo you to her side. You will not even look at her gifts. Why? because they are all wrapped up and hidden away under her cloak. You are not glad to see her, and you do not welcome her gifts in these days, but by-and-bye you will hold out your arms with longing towards her and look forward to her gentle, soothing presence, as some who are older do now.

I am going to tell you the names of these sisters, we call them Day and Night, but I want

you to find out for yourselves the wonderful gifts they bring to you.

WHAT SOME BOYS DON'T KNOW.

The following are extracts taken from letters published in an English paper, called the Children's Friend. They were written by prominent Englishmen, from their own experiences, at the request of the paper, for hints to boys, and they will, I am sure, be equally helpful to our boys in America.

From Mr. Walter Hazell, M.P.:

"1. That football, however important, is not absolutely the chief end of life.

"2. That only a coward is ashamed to say 'I can't afford it.'

"3. That a great part of school education is wasted, because it is not followed up by subsequent study.

"4. That a father's advice may



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