

soul new and clean, as well as your clothes? Are you as sure of your Easter offering, as you are of your Easter clothing?"

"Those are three awfully hard questions," said Jamie.

"Let's answer them," said Lena. "Yes, we can, and we will help to fix some others to be fresh and new on the New Day. And, if we do that, it will help to make our souls new and clean; I think that is one thing it means, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, that is one meaning, and it is a good plan, too, Miss Lena. I think the whole meaning is that we want to be sure all our old naughtiness is buried and forgiven, and that we are bound to begin a new, fresh way of doing and living; for Easter is a New Year's Day in the Church."

"I see, we ought to pray to be made clean, and to be kept so; for our souls will get soiled as our hands do if we are not careful to watch them, and wash them all the time."

"And, Hannah, you know our offerings are all planned; we have been saving up all Lent, and we each have a nice little box full of money, which we are to take in a little silk bag in the middle of a little basket of flowers. All the Sunday school are to march in a procession to the altar, and present the Easter offerings. In that way, we give it right to God, for He has given so much to us."

"I am so glad we have heard your old verse, Hannah; now we must make it all come as true as we can, and do everything to make Easter a New Day."

Two Little Men.

I met them this summer. I shall always remember them, for they were such manly boys. One was six and the other nine; they were brothers. We will call them Ted and Tod, because those were not their names. Ted was the older brother, and he was just the right kind of an older brother to have. He took care of the younger brother, but I doubt if the younger brother knew it. The boys were strong, sturdy boys, and one seemed as able to do things as the other. The younger one insisted on trying at least to do what the older brother did. The only real difference was that Tod had to go to bed earlier than Ted, and he rebelled.

One evening Ted and Tod had come up to the big house, where there were a number of other children, to dance. They had danced the minuet and the lancers and the "two-step," and finished with the Virginia reel. Ted began to appear restless, and then he came to me and whispered: "Mamma said I might go down to the Casino when the others went down, but she did not want Tod to know it, for he would want to go, and she wanted him to come home. Will you watch him and send him home at eight?"

Just then Tod came up, his eyes shining and his cheeks red. "Ted, are you going to the Casino?" he asked. A look of distress passed over Ted's face; he did not answer. "Say, Ted, are you?" persisted Tod.

The colour spread over Ted's face as he answered:

"Yes, Tod, I'm going."

"So am I," announced Tod, with flashing eyes and redder cheeks. Ted looked distressed, and then, putting both arms around Tod's neck, he pleaded with Tod, saying: "I'm

sorry I had to tell you, Tod. I knew you would want to go, but mamma said you were too little a chap to stay up till nine o'clock. She said I was to try to get away without your knowing it, and I was going to try. I asked her to let you go, Tod, honest, but she said 'no.'"

"I am going," persisted Tod, with very red cheeks.

"Well, I'm awfully sorry I had to tell you, Tod. Now you are going to make a row, and that's nasty. I won't go, Tod, but I don't think it's fair. I am three years older than you are, and if you were three years older than me you would not think me a very fair fellow if I didn't remember it sometimes. I don't often tell you of it, Tod." Tod looked ashamed. He was struggling. "I won't go, Tod; I hate rows up here among all the people," and Ted's eyes were very watery. Tod looked at him. "Ted, I won't go; you go, Ted. I'll go home."

Now you know why I call these boys little men.

Face to Face.

Sometimes it does people good to be brought face to face with persons whom they have slandered and abused. It is astonishing how soon under such circumstances their impudence evaporates. The author of "Studies in Russia" tells a story of a young poet in the time of Alexander II., the liberator of the serfs, and the victim of the Nihilist assassins.

This young man had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and libeled not only the empress, but also all the grand dukes and duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the emperor. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said. "It is not a case for delay."

"Oh, no," said the empress, "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at six o'clock to-morrow evening."

When the man was told this, he felt as if his last hour had come, and that the emperor must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand state rooms, one after another, without seeing anyone, till at last he arrived at a small, commonplace room at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the empress, the emperor, and all the grand dukes and duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem.

"How do you do, sir?" said the emperor, "I heard you had written a beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited this company to come that they may have the pleasure of hearing you."

thinness

The diseases of thinness are scrofula in children, consumption in grown people, poverty of blood in either. They thrive on leanness. Fat is the best means of overcoming them. Everybody knows cod-liver oil makes the healthiest fat.

In Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil the taste is hidden, the oil is digested, it is ready to make fat.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a package in a salmon-colored wrapper with the picture of the man and fish on it—you can trust that man!

50 cents and \$1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

Easter Flowers

If you require any cut flowers for Easter decoration do not fail to see ours. We have an extra fine assortment of Easter Lilies, Azaleas, Spiraea, Palms and other decorative plants, and cut flowers in great variety.

GRAINGER BROS.

Deer Park Conservatory
Telephone 3870.

Then the poor man prostrated himself at the emperor's feet.

"Send me to Siberia, sir," he said; "Force me to be a soldier, only do not compel me to read that poem."

"Oh, sir, you are cruel to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the empress the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself."

And the empress asked him.

When he had finished, she said, "I do not think he will write any more verses about us. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

We may be sure that one such lesson was enough to last this young man. It would be well if some other people were obliged to say what they have said in dark corners out face to face with the people whom they have slandered and maligned. But it is the art of the slanderer to set a house afire and then run away in the smoke, or, like the cuttlefish, to blacken the water around him so that nobody can see where he is or what he is doing. A good hater may be respected, but deliver us from the men who betray with a kiss, and whose words are softer than oil while war is in their hearts.

—He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.

Book Agents Wanted

Any man or woman can earn \$100 a month with **DARKNESS & DAYLIGHT in NEW YORK**. A Christian woman's thrilling narrative of "Twenty Years of rescue work" in His Name—most beautifully illustrated from 250 wonderful flash-light photographs. 53d thousand. 700 p. Introduction **By Rev. Lyman Abbott**. Ministers say "God speed it." Everyone laughs and cries over it. One Agent has cleared \$600; another (a lady) \$500. C. J. A. *bonanza for Agents*, \$5,000 more wanted. C. J. Distance no hindrance, for we *Pay Freight, Give Credit, Extra Terms*. We also pay all customs duties for our Canadian Agents. Write for particulars and specimen engravings (free) to **HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.**



\$3 A DAY SURE SEND your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work absolutely sure; write at once. Address, **B. T. MORGAN, MANAGER, BOX E 7, WINDSOR, ONT.**

GEORGE EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, County Clerk, Office—Court House, 51 Adelaide Street East. House—299 Gerard St. East, Toronto.

Meneely Bell Company

CLINTON H. MENEELY, Gen. Mgr.
TROY, N. Y., and NEW YORK CITY.
Manufacture Superior Church Bells

Roberts' Art Gallery

79 King St. West, Toronto
Entirely remodelled in a most artistic manner. Special display of foreign and local artist work exhibition, free.

PRESENTATION

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY

A. H. Howard, R.C.A.,
5 King St. East, Toronto

The Way to Conquer.

"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backwards and forwards on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed: I'll show you the way." But at his first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.

BEST FOR WASH DAY

USE SURPRISE SOAP

BEST FOR EVERY DAY