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HARCOURT & SON'S NEW STORE

The name Harcourt has been long and favourably known by the clergy of our Dominion.

It is sixty-eight years since the late George Harcourt commenced a tailoring business on King Street, Toronto, and since that time it has been carried on continuously on the same street. For the last twenty-six years the business has been conducted by his son Robert B. Harcourt, who, however, this year, has associated with him several of his faithful employees. The style of the firm in the future will be Harcourt & Son, Limited.

They have moved from 57 King St. West, to a new building specially erected for them at 103 King St. West.

The construction is of modelled ornamental terra cotta and iron. The design of the front is as unique as it is artistic, while the interior is tastefully decorated and finished in gold and mahogany.

This firm not only do a general tailoring business but give special attention to clerical garments, choir vestments, gowns, etc., and to enable them better to attend to this growing department special facilities have been arranged for in the new store. Show rooms, waiting rooms and fitting rooms are provided on the second floor. These will be for the accommodation of the bishops and clergy where they can meet their friends or rest a while when in the city. This store is certainly a credit to our city and will be much appreciated and patronized by the clergy. The opening days are Saturday, March 26th and Monday, March 28th.

THOUGHTS FOR EASTER SUNDAY

"When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in Glory."

Christ our Life! It is this which gives the true meaning to our Easter joy. Our Festival is not only the commemoration of a glorious fact, but it is the triumphant expression of a wondrous future certainty. Because He lives we shall live also! We, living members of that living Head, shall be partakers of His deathless glory. Yes, imperfect, sinful beings as we know ourselves too well to be, we yet may utter the words which would seem meet only for the lips of angels, "We also shall appear with Him in glory." And if in the consciousness of our own utter unworthiness we ask how can these things be, we hear the words, "It is Christ who died, the Just for the unjust." It is Christ who died, and by His death purchased redemption for sinners—"Yea, rather that is risen again," and "ever liveth to make intercession for us!"

Well may our anthems of adoring gladness ascend like an incense from earth to Heaven, and well may we deck with Earth's fairest offerings the temples of the King of Kings,

HARCOURT & SON

LIMITED

Business established 1842

Clerical Tailoring

Bishops' Robes

Cassocks

Surplices and Stoles

Clerical Collars

Choir Vestments

College Gowns



New Store

103 King St. West

Toronto



seeing by faith Him who is invisibly amongst us and enjoying a foretaste of that unending joy when we shall see Him face to face.

As Easter is to Lent, the brightness of morning to the long night shadows, so to the shadows of our earthly life will be the day-dawn of Eternity, when Christ, Who is our Life, shall appear! Compared with that joy, what to the Christian are the joys of this life! how faint, how dim beside the glory that shall be revealed. This is the joy of Easter; this is its message to our souls. The risen Saviour bids us rise with Him, our sins buried in His Grave, our life assured by His Life. His indwelling Spirit sustaining us on our earthly journey until the shadows flee away and the Son of Man come in His own and the Father's and the holy angels' glory, we, even we also shall be made like unto Him and shall be with Him forever.

Truly the joy of Easter is a real, a triumphant joy to the Christian, a joy not to be lessened by the penitence which Lent has fostered, nor by the deep consciousness of our own unworthiness, for He who is our Life is our Righteousness.

ALLELUIA! CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TO-DAY

Easter birds sing Alleluia.

For the night has passed away; Shall not little Christian children

Sing for joy as well as they? Alleluia, Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Easter flowers breathe Alleluia, Offered on His altar holy; Children, be like spotless lilies, Roses sweet and violets lowly. Alleluia, Alleluia! Offer Him your hearts to-day.

Easter-tide sings Alleluia, For the sleeping earth awakes To new life and Spring-time beauty, Of her Master's joy partakes. Alleluia, Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

Bring your gifts, that Alleluias Through the ransomed world may ring; Pray that all may learn the Story, Join the glad some hymns we sing. Alleluia, Alleluia! Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

THOUGHTS FOR FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

"Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

Unlike any other narrative of great events ever penned, the Sacred Record tells of that marvellous Life whose actions and whose sorrows are unparalleled in the whole history of the world, without one word to heighten their effect upon the reader. But it is this very meagreness of

description and absence of all rhetoric which stamps with the seal of absolute truth the Inspired History. What need to paint in glowing language events which stand uplifted at an immeasurable distance from any other human experience!

Jesus came, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst of the disciples. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." What must have been their gladness!—ah, what words could tell the joy of again beholding Him whom they had mourned as lost! Truly "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" was theirs when their Master, their Beloved was restored to them.

And the Lord of Love had no words save those of love for His poor weak followers. He read their hearts and knew the self-reproach which must have consumed them, the sorrow which had mourned Him, the boundless joy that welcomed His return. "Peace be unto you," He said, as He beheld them. O words of sweetest comfort which healed their aching hearts, and filled them with the fullness of blessing.

And when we read this story of the disciples' gladness when they saw the Lord, does not the thought arise within us that we, even we ourselves, shall behold the King in His beauty, shall see Him face to face—our Redeemer, our Mediator, our Lord and our God!

THE TWO CROWNS

There is a beautiful story told about Godfrey de Bouillon, first Latin King of Jerusalem. When the assembled crusaders offered him, the worthiest among them, a crown of gold, as a symbol of his sovereignty over the Holy City, which Christian arms had won from the infidel, he thrust the crown from him and said with great emotion that he could not wear a crown of gold in the city where his Master had worn a crown of thorns. A similar story is told of Elizabeth, the royal saint of Hungary. On one occasion when the Landgrave, to whose son she was betrothed, and the whole court had gone to worship in the church at Eisenach, Elizabeth, as she knelt at the foot of a crucifix, was so overwhelmed with the contrast between the suffering of the Redeemer and her own luxurious life, that in an excess of religious enthusiasm she took off her crown and laid it at the foot of the cross. Her future mother-in-law was very angry, and in a loud whisper ordered her to replace the crown upon her head, to which the holy maiden meekly replied as the tears gushed from her eyes: "Dear lady mother, reproach me not! How can I behold the merciful Lord who died for me wearing His crown of thorns, and retain mine of gold and gems? Is not my crown a mockery of His?"