

light to his own times. Unfortunately, the metaphorical expressions by which we express the spiritual insights of the Hebrews have become cant phrases and glide into the ear without penetrating to the thought. We do not translate them internally as we ought into the vernacular of our own life and times. The most popular preachers, however, of our day are those who are best able to make this restatement of the Hebrew insights in our vernacular expression. Now it seems to me praise to your book to say that it has few or no cant expressions in it, and is everywhere a translation of the light of the old into the language of the present day. What you have written is a very valuable book on the method of instruction of the Great Teacher.—*Christian Evangelist.*

The Land of "Pretty-Soon."

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have, sayed
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty-Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Tho' our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
To the land of "Pretty-Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks;
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is further at noon than it is at dawn;
And further at night than at noon;
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty-Soon."

As Many Laughs as there are Vowels.

Laughter has long been recognized as the sole property of man and as that divine virtue of much suffering humanity which separates it distinctly from the lower beasts. No scientist has hitherto sought, however, to analyze this peculiar noise of mirth. It has remained for a Brussels investigator to decipher the philosophy of laughter. "There are as many laughs as there are vowels," he declares. "Persons who laugh on A laugh openly and frankly. The laugh in E is appropriate to melancholy persons. The I is the habitual laugh of naïve, slavish, timid or irresolute persons. It is also the laugh of blondes.

The O indicates generosity and hardihood. Shun like a pestilence those that laugh in U. It is the tone of misers and hypocrites." Beware, by all means, of the laugh in U. It is thus that one may "laugh and laugh and be a villain still."

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

The Tots.

AGNES.

No one dreamed of the tots, as papa called them, going out that day, for the rain was pouring down. The elder children had taken their lunches with them to school. The tots, Bobby and Lulu, were busy with a new game in the play room when a message came for mamma to go up to grandma's, as she had something to consult her about. When mamma was ready to go she peeped into the play room with her bonnet on, but the tots did not hear her; they were so busy. She slipped out softly, hoping the new game would give them sufficient occupation for an hour or two.

But it didn't. In less than an hour there was a shout of "Mamma, mamma! Where's mamma?"

They ran to the kitchen. "Where's mamma?" demanded Bobby.

And "Where's mamma?" asked Lulu with a suspicion of tears in her voice.

"Whisht, whisht, my pretties," said Bridget. "Your mamma had to go to your gran'mother's to see what she wanted. Now I'll get ye some lunch. Fried potatoes—only think."

They lunched off the kitchen table, without a cloth, and thought it great fun. Pobby spilled his milk on the oil cloth cover just because it didn't matter.

After lunch, they went quietly off in the playroom and Bridget congratulated herself on having disposed of them so easily. Quiet portends mischief.

"What shall we do now?" asked Lulu, sitting down on the floor. Bobby thought a minute, drumming on the window pane.

"I'll tell you," he said. "Let's go up to grandma's for mamma."

"Oh, but it's raining hard," objected Lulu.

"Never mind. It makes us grow," said Bobby wisely. "I'll put on my old overcoat, and you put on Ollie's cloak that mamma made down for you, and we'll put on our rubbers and take an umbrella."



Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following:

"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it."—W. H. FURSLER, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills

cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

"Oh, yes, Let's take the big one in the back hall. It will cover us both, and won't mamma be s'prised to see us," said Lulu, dancing about.

They had never gone out in a heavy rain, and thought it a delightful idea. "If Bridget hears us, she won't let us go, so we had better be quiet," cautioned Bobby.

Their preparations were soon made, and they slipped out the side door when Bridget was shoveling up a bucket of coal in the cellar.

Bobby held the umbrella, and Lulu trotted along beside him, both feeling a trifle frightened, it must be confessed, at the force of the wind and rain.

I think the wind was responsible for making Bobby turn a wrong corner, for he certainly knew the way. All at once they found themselves on a street crowded with street cars and wagons. People hurrying along jostled the umbrella. Finally, a fat man bumped it out of Bobby's hand. The wind blew it under a passing truck, and in a minute it was a muddy ruin.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Lulu, clutching at Bobby, "now it's gone. The wind goes right down my throat, and the rain makes my face wet."

"Never mind," said Bobby. "It's all spoiled now. We had better go back."

"Oh, yes, do let us go back," said Lulu, in a tone of relief.

They faced about, but another corner angled invitingly away from the crowded street. They took that, and walked further away from home every step. On they went, rain and wind buffeting them, till at last, tired out, Lulu began to cry.

"Oh, Bobby, where are we? Why don't we get home?" she sobbed.

"I've gone the wrong way," confessed Bobby, with a lump in his throat. "Don't cry, Lulu. Pretty soon a policeman will come along, when we'll get him to take us back."

"It's so far, and I'm all wet," wailed Lulu.

They stood in a doorway watching for a policeman, but a weary while went by before one passed the corner.

"Oh, please, Mr. Policeman," gasped Bobby, as they chased the big man, "we're lost; please take us home."

"Lost, are you?" said he. "Come along with me. This is no place for children."

He took a hand of each and hurried them along the street and, after a short walk, into a building that Lulu thought was a jail.

"Oh, please, don't put us in jail. We will be good. Oh, we will be good if you'll only take us home to mamma," said Lulu. Too much terrified to cry, she took Bobby's hand and raised a piteous little face to his.

"Come along in. We don't lock up little boys and girls that get lost," said the man with a reassuring smile.

"45 Roxbury Avenue! Well, well, you have taken a tramp to yourselves this wet day. Sit down a minute. I'll soon send you home in a cab, seeing I can't take you myself."

Poor, distracted mamma, telephoning all over the city, alternately with rushing out to search for her darlings, was sick for several days, and the remorseful tots had a cold apiece.

True Honesty.

"Why did you not pocket some of those pears?" said one boy to another. "Nobody was there to see you."

"Yes, there was; I was there myself, and I don't ever intend to see myself doing a mean thing."

Noble words! Let every boy adopt and practice this sentiment.

A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring may be the means of keeping you well and hearty all summer.