

she sobbed. "Let's not say anything about it."

Tommy put his hands on his knees. He was puzzled for a moment. But Tommy was a brave little fellow, and he knew that only cowards are afraid to tell the truth. "Never mind, Ethel," he said. "I'll tell mother. You're my company, you know, so you're not to blame one bit. It's my roller; 'tisn't yours, so it isn't your fault. But I've got to tell mother, 'cause I always tell mother." Tommy stood up straight when he said that, and Ethel stopped crying.

"I guess I'll go tell, too, Tommy," she said; " 'cause it's just as much my fault as yours, and I'm not afraid either."

So two little figures went bravely up the hill, and two little voices told the whole story to the two mothers in the parlor; and, though they were not allowed to play in the garden any more that afternoon, and had to stay close to the porch instead, Ethel whispered to Tommy, as they ate gingerbread on the steps a little later.

"I'm real glad we told, aren't you, Tommy?"

Tommy answered "Yes!" with great emphasis.

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Sunbeam.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1906.

A NEWFOUNDLAND HERO.

A thrilling story is told of the noble faithfulness of a dog out West, which, I'm sure, will interest all our readers.

A ranchman, named Sam Dodge, left home on business, and after he had gone, Bessie, his five-year-old little girl, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Her mother missed her about

two hours afterwards. After searching in vain for some time, Mrs. Dodge called the neighbors and told them of Bessie's disappearance. They turned out in force and scoured the prairies all that day and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late the next evening an Indian came upon her lying fast asleep in an old road. Across her body stood a Newfoundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Bessie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and his grateful owner ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.

AN EASTER LESSON.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

On the Sabbath before Easter the weather was so unfavorable that Miss Rush took her Sunday-school class into one of the small vestries at St. Mark's Church, believing that she could there teach to better advantage.

"I think we will spend the hour talking about Easter," she remarked, after the boys and girls were comfortably seated.

"Oh, do," implored Lida Merry. "Has Easter been kept a very long time?"

"Yes," began Miss Rush, trying to collect her thoughts, "this day was kept as an important festival of the year in the first century of the church's existence; and before another hundred years had passed, the keeping of it had become of such importance that some wise men held a meeting in Rome, to find out the true time of its observance."

"Why, isn't Easter on the first day of the week?" queried Wilmot, in surprise.

"Yes," answered the teacher, "the early Christians made sacred the first day of the week, and made it of special prominence for all that was holy."

"Did all the people celebrate that day?" asked one of the children.

"There seemed to be a division among the reckoning of Hebrew or Gentile Christians. It is, however, a fact that our Lord's resurrection occurred on the first day of the week, as also on the third day after the Jewish Passover, which came at the time of the full moon of the month Nisan.

"The Western churches observed Easter on the nearest Sunday to the full moon in Nisan, without taking into account the Passover. The Asiatic churches adopted the 14th of Nisan as the day on which

Christ was crucified, and celebrated Easter on the day commemorating the resurrection on the third day after."

"It seems queer that people should differ about such a matter," commented Hugh White, who was listening attentively to all Miss Rush was saying. "After much controversy," the teacher continued, "and many meetings in different parts of the world, it was finally decided to adopt the Western practice. By the way, the original name of this festival was the Pascha, the Passover."

"What does the Passover mean?" asked Margaret.

"Why, don't you know," volunteered Wilmot, "about the angel passing over the door posts where blood was placed on the dwellings of the children of Israel?"

"O, yes," she assented, "when the first-born of the Egyptians were slain."

"We know," continued the teacher, "that this festival was kept in the north of England, where the Easter eggs are still called 'pasque' eggs."

"What does Easter mean?" inquired Mary.

"The word is traced 'way back and has reference to the spring, the time of year upon which the festival falls. I think that the time is very suggestive of the resurrection, when all nature springs forth into bud and beauty."

"There was an Easter even before the time of Christ, wasn't there?" inquired Life.

"Certainly," replied the teacher. "There was once a goddess, Estra, whose festival was celebrated in the spring by the Saxon people, and when a Christian Easter was celebrated, it made it easier for them to depart from their heathen gods."

"The early Christians had a very nice way of saluting each other with the words, 'Christ is risen,' and receiving the response, 'Christ is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.' The Greek Church still holds to this custom."

"People celebrate this day about as much as they do Christmas, don't they?" asked one of the boys.

"Certainly," Miss Rush replied, and then she went on to explain about the Easter service and beautiful music to be heard in all the churches of Christendom. She likewise spoke of the custom of making presents of colored eggs, symbolic of the hidden life ready to burst forth some day. She told them about the patriarch of the Greek Church, who blesses those who kneel before him at his Easter reception, and gives to each a bag of eggs which are elaborately ornamented.

Just then the superintendent rang the second bell, which called the class to the large room, and thus the Easter lesson came to a close.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."

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