## An Easter Memory

ne chime of bells across the waking year bals out "the white Christ risen from the dead," he gospel that the April winds have spread, he mystery of the golden wing makes clear.

ne tender sky smiles over it; the air is kind with love to comfort all the earth, The brown parks have forgotten winter's dearth Since daffodils and sunlight made them fair.

But still the gray church from the crowded street lures me with the spell of broken dreams. heart, my heart, to you and me it seems at God has left His glory incomplete.

her as a year ago, nlight flaked in colored fire— ce, the eyes of still desire, nair that now the angels know?

der April sky to her, against the winds of spring? r when the bluebirds sing, d sweet pulses stir?

e across our strife obbing notes would say? my heart, another day! urrection and the Life! -William Carman Roberts.

everywhiere

every breeze.

music glad.

bird's call:

darkest bond

The Green Mist. When the green mist begins about the There is a freshness in the morning New life wakes in the blood, and

Burgeons earth's beauty, borne on

His red breast bursting with its

With all this melody who can be

We should be glad in spring, when

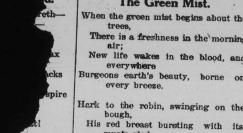
darkness flees,
For One who broke the saddest,

Rose in the springtime to His heaven beyond

-Mary Archer Knapp

When the green mist began about the

parrow's chatter, and the blue-



w time came down blighting dust and withering

Upon the hallowed town! years that buried Babylon Were drifting to efface The steps of Mary's Heavenly Son,

His dwelling and his race! But still I read his permanence By signs that never dim;
With all their ancient eloquence
The lilies spoke of Him!

## The Tardy Lily

By Edith Ludwell Laurence

A LL through the early spring Gwen had we ched her plant undously. Would it tun ofto a kly a me right thme? It mis dreadful; of late or not a get a black mark; don't be late, either, lly!"

The nlant stood extraction

"Be good, fi." begged Gwen. "Don't wait too long to bloom. When I am late for school I get a black mark; don't be late, either, My!" The plant stood straight and green and slient; there was no way of telling what it intended to do.

what it should do of course, was to come to full bloom the day before Easter, because on Easter Pay, if it were ready, it would be carried by Gwen to the children's service and placed in the chancel with dozens of other potted plants. Every child in the neighborhood was growing a plant for that purpose. Some children had gerantums, and some had begonias; some, like Gwen, had Illies. But none of the plants, Gwen felt sure, would be so lovely as her lily.

She had already picked out the place where she would put it. When the moment came in the service for the children to make their offerings of flowers she would carry her precious plant slowly up the aisle and set it at the foot of the pulpit. Then it would be right at the miniser's feet when he preached his sermon at the later service.

"O lity, don't be late!" Gwen said.

The lifty was obliging. Just at the right time the green buds began to swell; later on a little white showed through each green sheath, and at last, a few days before Easter, one of the lovely flowers began to unfold. By Easter morning the blossom was perfect.

The children's service was to be held at half past nine o'clock. In her eagerness to be off, Gwen could hardly eat her breakfast; she sat with her spoon lifted and gazed at the plant as it shone in the sun on the window sill.

"Its place will be at the foot of the pulpit,"

"Its place will be at the foot of the pulpit,"

"Its place will be at the foot of the purph," she thought again.
"Who is going to take Gwen to the church?" the family asked after breakfast.
The question caused some confusion; no one, it seemed, could get away so early.
"But I must go, you know," Gwen said anxiously.

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"Why not let her go alone?" Aunt Felicia asked. "The church is just around the corner."

So it was settled that way. Nearly an hour ahead of time Gwen set off down the street in her new spring hat and coat with her right arm carefuly circling the flowerpot and her left hand steadying the bloossom itself. People looking from their windows smilled and said to one another, "There goes little Gwen Banister with an Easter flower almost as big as herself."

There was no one at all in the church as Gwen walked slowly in. She settled herself and her precious burden in the corner of a pew mear the door. She wanted to carry the lifty all the way up the aisle when the time came, so that as many persons as possible might get a good look at it.

After a while the organist came in and began to practice softly on the organ. Bright sunlight streamed through the stained glass windows and painted everything in strange colors. The Baster liky was rose pink for a while; then it turned yellow and then a pale blue.

"But it's loveliest of all just pure white," Gwen said to herself. She column and complements had complement and complements and complements was rose and the analysis.

"But it's loveliest of all just pure white," Gwen said to herself. She felt very peaceful and comfortable; the church was warm, and the music sounded sweet and far away.

sounded sweet and far away.

She settled the pot more firmly on her knee. "It's nearly time to begin now," she said. "I'll just shut my eyes and wait."

When she opened her eyes she was astonished to see that the church was full of people. How had they all come in so silently, she wondered. The choir was in place, and all the pews were full; above the tops of the deep pews she could see the sleek bobbing heads of the little boys and the nodding Easter hats of the little girls.

"He's reduct to tall use to believe up the forces now," thought these

"He's going to tell us to bring up the flowers now," thought Gwen. heart beat fast; she straightened her hat and grasped the lily pot. But the minister did not say that. Instead, he looked at the congregation with a smile and began, "I'm going to make my talk a very short one, for it is nearly time for the eleven-o'clock service."

Gwen sat up straight. "What does he mean by that?" she thought. The minister went on, "But I want to say that these flowers that you have put here—"

Gwen craned her neck. "And what does he mean by that?" she said. to herself.

She got up on her knees and then stood up on the seat. One look was enough; the chancel was banked with flowers—flowers of all kinds and colors. The children had carried up their offerings white Gwen was asleep; no one had noticed the quiet little figure hidden away in the corner of the deep pew. The service was nearly over.

Gwen did not waste any time wondering how it had all happened. She scrambled to the floor; there was no time to lose.

A moment later the congregation saw a small figure scurrying up the aisle. It was a somewhat disheveled figure and it went very fast indeed. At the pulpit it paused.

"Mr. Norton" said a high-pitched little voice. "Evense me str."

"Mr. Norton," said a high-pitched little voice. "Excuse me, sir, a moment, but here is still another flower for Easter. It really Mr. Norton hesitated; then he leaned down and lifted the heavy pot from the eager little arms. He held it up so that all the congregation

"A perfect Easter flower," he said. "I will put it here on the ed and trotted down the aisle. She smiled back happily

Gwen turned and trotted down the aisle. She smiled back happily at the smiling people whom she passed.

She felt very much pleased. The lily had bloomed on time, and now, instead of having a place at the minister's feet, it was up on the pulpit at his elbow. Her Easter plans had turned out beautifully!—Youth's



By W. S. Wallace, M.A., Department of History, University of Toronto.

of politics. Such, however, has not always been the case. In the years preceding the Rebellion of 1837, the banks—in Upper Canada and Nova Scotia, at least—were very much in politics. Take, for instance, the case of the Bank of Upper Canada, the first chartered bank in this part of the country. The Bank of Upper Canada was the child of the Family Compact. Of the fifteen members of its first board of directors, nine sat in either the Executive or Legislative Council, Nova Scotia. or held important government posi-tions, and most of the rest were found tions, and most of the rest were found in similar positions shortly afterwards. Indeed, the bank owed its charter to a deliberate and cold-blooded "steal" on the part of the Family Compact. The charter was originally applied for by the partners of a private bank which had been formed in 1818 in Kingston, which was then the most important commercial centre in Upper Canada; but when the bill granting a charter to this bank was going through the legislature, some of the members of the governing clique in York (as Toronto was then known) awoke to its possibilities, and conceived the brilliant idea of appropriating the charter to themselves. A few trifling changes were made in the bill; among other things the names of a number of members of the Family Compact were substituted for the names of the partners in the Kingston bank. As a result, the Kingston bank found itself not only cheated of its charter, but forced to face what was really the competition of a government bank at the provincial capital. Under these statement is made that more than two circumstances, it was inevitable that the Rank of Hunar Capada should vertication in the Hairway Religious.

The agitation for proper banking saditites in Canada began very early after the Conquest. As early as 1767, the scancity of coings led an enterprising euctioneer of the city of Quebe to petition, with the self-assurance of his profession, for a monopoly of the right of issuing promisery motes as a substitute for fractional currency. Needless to say, the petition was not granted by the agriculation was not granted by the degration was revived abers. As the wealth and trade of the colony green, it was found to be a harding that there existed no machineing that there existed no machineing that the funds of use community could be concentrated for periodic continuated for periodic continuation in 1796, had proved a success, the project of a Canadian bank was moted time and again. Both public opinion and officialdom, however, were difficult to convince; and it was only after the country, the hand of the continuation of the conti

(Concluded next week.)

circumstances, it was inevitable that the Bank of Upper Canada should have come in for a good deal of the odium gathering at that time about the devoted head of the Family Compact itself. It was complained that it discriminated against opponents of the Family Compact and perhaps there was some truth in the charge, for the credit of William Lyon Mackenzie and some of his political associates was not perhaps all that might be desired. Certainly, the Reformers did not on the whole enjoy the financial standing of the members of the ruling class, and when they were refused at the hands of the bank the accommodation given to people bike the Robinsons and and the Boultons they would naturally

## Weekly Market Report

Cheese—New, large, 20 to 20½c; wins, 20½ to 21c; triplets, 21 to 21½c.
Fodder che arge, 18½c. old, large, 25 to 26c; twins, 25½ to 26½c; triplets, 21 to 21½c.
Butter—Fresh dairy, choice, 26 to 30c; creamery, prints, fresh finest, 44 to 46c; No. 1, 43 to 44c; No. 2, 40 to 41c; cooking, 22 to 25c.

Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 24 to 30c; ducks, 35c; turkeys, 45 to 50c; geese, 25c.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 22 to 28c; roosters, 17 to 20c; fowl, 24 to 30c; ducks, 35c; turkeys, 45 to 50c; geese, 20c.

Largarine—20 to 22c.

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Leargarine—20 to 22c.

Leargarine—20 to 22c.

Leargarine—20 to 24c.

Leans—Canadian, hand-picked, bushel, 4440; primes, \$3.85 to \$4.00.

Maple products—Syrup, per Im
Logic for the solution of the s

