

can go to school with the big girls."

"Why, my dear, I thought you liked the kindergarten, and didn't think there ever could be another teacher like Miss Alice."

"Yes, mamma, it is very nice for small children," said Elsie, with a toss of her curly head, "and of course I love Miss Alice; but it does not really seem quite suitable for a girl as old as I am, and Florence Edwards says she is going to the other school next term."

Mrs. Roberts smiled at Elsie's airs. "You are becoming quite ancient and wise, my darling."

"You needn't laugh at me, mamma. I think you ought to be quite proud to have a daughter six years old."

"I am, indeed, my child, and this is the new dress to be worn at the birthday frolic at grandma's to-morrow, which I am hurrying to finish."

So Elsie ran out with a hop, skip and a jump, forgetful of her advancing years. An hour later, she came in very quietly and sat down in a corner to play with her dolls. It was several moments before her mother noticed her.

"Come here, Elsie; I am waiting for you."

Elsie crossed the room slowly, with her head down and her finger in her mouth, and her pretty white apron stained with currant juice.

The mother's sweet smile grew very sad when she saw how disobedient her little girl had been.

"Elsie, didn't I tell you not to go among the bushes and get currants for yourself?"

"Yes, mamma," said Elsie, in low tones; "but they looked so good, and Satan tempted me."

"You should have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Elsie looked up with an arch expression of self-justification.

"I did, mamma, and he went behind me and pushed me right into the currant bushes."

Mrs. Roberts could scarcely control her features, at this subtle view of the case, but after a moment's hesitation she replied:

"My child, I am afraid you forgot to ask Jesus to help you. If you had prayed the least bit of a prayer in real earnest, asking Jesus to help you obey your mamma, and not let you be led into temptation, I think Satan would have gone away. Then you would have come running into the house with a happy face."

The tears came into Elsie's dark eyes.

"Mamma, I am sorry I disobeyed you. I will try and always remember to ask Jesus to help me when Satan wants me to be naughty."

Lucerne Cathedral, Switzerland.

From Interlachen we went over the Brunig Pass together to Lucerne. While crossing Lake Lucerne we were favoured with a mountain storm. It came up suddenly. The sun was shining brightly when the storm burst upon us, the thunder crashing terrifically, the rain pouring down in torrents, the wind blowing furiously, the setting sun tinging the clouds with red, the rain looking like blood. I never saw anything more terribly beautiful. The storm passed over in a few minutes, the wind bundling up one great cloud and rolling it along the face of the Righi like a huge ball.

I can speak of only one thing in Lucerne—the great organ in the cathedral. The sun was shining brightly

when we went in. After waiting a few minutes the organist began. I do not know the name of the selection. I was not at first particularly impressed. I only just enjoyed the music. Very soon, however, the music changed. It was evidently representing a storm. We could hear the first sighing of the wind, then it would die away, and there was a pattering of rain-drops; then the wind rising and low murmurs of thunder. All at once came a crash of thunder, the wind seemed to be driving everything before it, the rain poured down in torrents. I looked out of the door to see whether or not a sudden storm had come up. The sun was shining brightly. Suddenly it seemed to me that a voice said, "Peace; be still." The storm died away; it seemed as though I could see the clouds breaking away, the sun coming out. A beautiful hymn of praise was sweetly chanted. I looked to see where the choir was. There was no choir; it was all the organ. It filled us all with a feeling of awe, and when the organ stopped we stole out quietly; and even after we were in the open air we felt as though we hardly ought to speak aloud.—W. J. Ballard, in *Treasure Trove*.

How to Spoil a Face.

If you think for a moment what a face is you will see that the spoiling of one's face is by no means a difficult thing to do. For the face is an index of what we are, a sort of "show-window" in which we set forth for others to see the sort of stuff we manufacture within, in heart and brain, that is, in feelings and thoughts. The beauty of a face is by no means a simple matter of well-formed features and clearness of complexion. There are some faces so regular in form and so beautifully clear that no fault could be found with them, but when you look at them there is a something which repels you, while on the other hand there are some faces very far from being beautiful, and yet there is a something which attracts you strongly. It is the expression which chiefly attracts or repels, and this depends upon the tone and character of life and upon the passing thoughts and feelings.

Now this expression, to some extent, changes with every changing mood, so that you can see at a glance whether one is pleased or angry, happy or sulky. But as one grows older the main lines tend to become fixed according to the frequency in which certain lines of thoughts and feelings are indulged.

You all know that the muscles of the arm of a blacksmith grow larger and stronger by constant use, so in the same way, as the expression is chiefly given through the muscles of the face, each time they are used in

one direction they grow more strongly marked in that line. Suppose a child is angry, the sign flashes into his face in a moment; if he should repeat it frequently the muscles would grow more and more fixed in the direction which shows anger, until at last it would become the common expression and the face would be spoiled. It is the same with sulkiness and every other feeling, so that each one gains in time what is called an "acquired expression," that is, that which we have gained by repeated use.

It is in this way that certain kinds of work alter faces. For example, the face of a lawyer is not like that of a soldier, nor the face of a jockey like that of a sea-captain.

Now when a girl goes into company I suppose she most likely wishes she could look like an angel, but she can only do so on one condition, namely, live like an angel all day long. She cannot be cross and peevish at home, be unkind to her brothers and sisters and then put on an angel-face for company, like putting on a mask. No, she carries what she is in her face, carries it through the street and amongst all kinds of people. Then she wonders why so many don't like her, and why they prefer some other girl with a much plainer face. Ah! it is better far to have a face in which love and goodness shine than to have the prettiest face that was ever seen. If you want to make your face attractive, live always a true, pure, loving, refined life. If you want to spoil it, whatever it may be, sneer at everything, speak snappishly to everybody, sulk half the day, and you will do it perfectly.

Johnnie's Oration.

"Got your speech ready for Friday, Johnnie?" asked a school boy.

"No," said John.

"Well, I have. You'd better hurry up."

"Pshaw! what's the use?" asked John. You see a speech for Friday isn't just like lessons that a fellow ought to learn. Ever so many things may happen, so that I shan't have to speak at all. Visitors may come in, or some other boy may recite something real long, so that there won't be time for me. I shan't bother. Maybe I'll go out in the country that day, and then if I learned anything it would be of no use. I'll wait till the time comes."

John waited, but he did not go to the country; the other boys chose short declamations, and Friday was so cloudy that there was no prospect of company. At noon John was in a state of desperation. He flew here and there about the house in search of something that would answer his purpose. Uncle Jack gave him a book of dialogues and orations, but be-

fore he could learn more than a line or two it was school time.

The others spoke; but John listened without hearing much, and when his own name was called out he walked across the floor with a very bewildered feeling. Then, staring at the ceiling, he leaned against a post in the centre of the room. Mr. Gray would not accept excuses; John knew that perfectly. He put his hands in his pockets and looked at the boys, pulled them out again and looked at the clock; then he began confusedly:

"My name is Norval. On the Grampian hills—my name is Norval. On the Grampian hills my father feeds his—his—name is Norval."

"Runs in the family, that name does," slyly whispered a boy near him. The others began to laugh, for they all knew how gaandy John had talked of not taking any trouble.

Mr. Gray began to look curiously over his glasses, and John knew that something must be done; so he suddenly said, "I don't know much about Norval, but I know something about industry, so I'll talk about that."

"Industry is a good thing to have; it's better than luck. If a boy just trusts to luck, it may not turn out as he expects, and then he gets into trouble. If a boy is real industrious, and gets ready for things, why—he's ready. If the man that invented the telegraphing had waited for luck, I don't suppose there'd have been any messages sent yet. Boys, be industrious; get ready for things beforehand, and don't wait till the time comes."

John bowed and sat down, and the boys applauded heartily.

Mr. Gray, who did not understand the matter so well, hesitated a moment, but finally said: "This address seems to be original, and I suppose we must judge it leniently on that account, though it is very imperfectly prepared. There is some valuable truth in it, however, which the speaker himself may profit by: 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' or rather," he added more seriously, "there is a better motto still that I would like to give you: 'Whatever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men.' That will prevent all shams and careless work."

The boys thought John had escaped wonderfully well; he was certain of one thing—that if he had not learned anything to recite he had learned something else that day.

MARRIED

On Monday, June 22nd, at St. Paul's Church, Clinton, by the Rev. J. F. Parke assisted by Rev. W. M. Seaborn, Rector of St. Matthew's Church, London, and uncle of the groom, Rev. Franklin E. Roy, late incumbent of the parish of Hensall, and eldest son of the Rev. F. E. Roy, of Eastern Passage, N.S., to Margaret Ann, youngest daughter of the late James Brownlee, of Clinton.

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