

THE MESSENGER.

It is no doubt a pleasure to feel that you sometimes aid a worthy person, but charity is quite different from affection. Why should you love any of them?"

"I don't know," said Eva. A certain light came into her eyes and she added softly, "I don't know, either, why our Lord loved us."

"My dear! you would not make a comparison—"

"Oh, no," said Eva, gently, "I only meant—"

"Well," said Mabel, slamming her book shut, "for all you may say, I don't see the good of being just as poor as those people are yourself, and trying to do them good. After working in an office all day I should think you would want some fun at night. And as for going without clothes so that other people might have some, I'd rather be excused. If you lived here, Eva, you could go with a first-rate set of girls, and you could love them without giving them your clothes. At least you would hardly be thanked for them if they were the clothes you wore last winter. How you can prefer to live as you do is beyond me. I don't understand it."

Eva thought of the words, "The love of Christ constraineth us," but she did not say them for that was just what Mabel did not understand.

CHAPTER II.

'JESUS HAS SAVED ME.'

The next morning as Eva walked to the store where she assisted in the dressmaking department, she caught up to a girl she had seen occasionally, who stood behind a counter downstairs. She had noticed the pretty and reserved manner that distinguished this young woman even among a very nice set of shop girls, and felt that she had found someone that it would be a real pleasure to talk to.

"Good morning, Miss Elstow."

"Good morning,—is it Miss Evans?" said the graceful girl with a dignified bend of her head.

"Yes, I hope we are early."

"It was just a quarter to eight when I passed St. George's."

"Oh, do you come from above there?"

"Yes, sometimes. Have you seen the show of early flowers in Madison Square, Miss Evans? It is almost as good as last year's. The tulips are hardly as fine, I think, but there is a great variety."

"I have not been to see them yet," replied Eva. "I had such lovely tulips last year," she sighed, and broke off—"I must go to the flower show some day this week."

"Yes, it reminds one of old friends," murmured Miss Elstow with a side look at Eva, half sentimental and half saucy. "Even Madison Square has its attractions; "The old order changeth."

This pointed way of hinting that both girls had "come down in the world," was not lost on Eva. She turned cheerfully on Miss Elstow and continued her quotation:

"The old order changeth yielding place to now, and God fulfils himself in many ways."

Effie's only reply was a stately bow as they parted at one of the doors of the great establishment, but an irrepressible twinkle in her blue eyes showed how pleased she was to have met her match in repartee.

Eva thought often during the morning of the strange, bright young lady with her society manners, and her piquant smile. She hoped she would see her often, but she was quite surprised when Effie sought her out at the dinner hour.

"Help me finish my lunch, like a dear," said Effie, offering a paper containing maca-

rons. "Yes, they are not numerous, but they are perfectly fresh, "the old order," you know. I have them every other day. It's a peculiar way of doing things," she added, as Eva expressed her thanks in some surprise at this taking lunch so early. "I like lunch at half-past two. I could always eat something at lunch-time "when all the world was young." Now, Miss Evans, tell me what you do with yourself in the evenings,—when you don't go out," she added quickly, with an apologetic smile.

"Well," said Eva, "I read or sew a little, and sometimes have children in to see me, or one of the girls, if I don't go out, but I often spend part of the evening at the Helping Hand Mission. It is just a few steps from where I live, and they have something every night. I am reading one of Henty's books now on Tuesdays and Fridays to my landlady's little boys, and a girl who lives next door brings her sewing in so as to listen. It's great fun."

Effie walked to the window with a little gesture of impatience, but she controlled herself at once, and said politely, "I have no doubt you find that pleasant."

She looked out of the window for a few minutes and then up at the clock. Then she looked down and said in a hard, weary tone, "There is no use in trying to do as if one were rich. I could have been respected and snubbed as a governess in my cousin's house, but that is just what I won't be. The head of our department is going to take me to the theatre to-night. I do not think much of him, you know, but I must have some life and I will not have it just by other people's sufferance. You are one of the good kind, but I have given up thinking that any thing matters. If God had wanted me to be good, he needn't have taken away my father and my money." Her hopeless, defiant, manner turned to a haughty one and she walked away without looking at the companion to whom she had been telling her thoughts as she seldom told them.

Evangeline looked up at the slight figure and well-poised head disappearing through the door way, with a sort of helpless fear. It is the sorrow of a frank and kindly nature that attracts confidences even where it has no power to help. And as she worked away at button holes two feelings made her heart sick and her mind rebel; the horror of a danger she had never been near, and the echo of a bitter thought she knew too well, "He needn't have taken away my father."

"Are you sick to-day, Miss Evans," one of the girls asked, "you have looked white ever since noon."

"I feel all right, thank you," said Eva with a smile, "you look tired yourself, Miss Smith, don't get up, I'll go for the pattern-book," and as she walked across the room she hummed unconsciously a little bit of a tune from one of the hymns they had sung the night before at the mission:

"There's no one to save you but Jesus."

Yes, that was the hope for Effie as it had been for her. She had been saved from a morbid rebellious selfish life—how dear she had been to it after her parents died! And though it might seem harder for Effie to be saved out of her differing temptation, it was really just as possible for God. Jesus does save. She wore a brighter face the rest of the afternoon and got a good deal of work done. She could pray for Effie if she could do nothing else for her. She could not see her that evening as the girls downstairs went home a little earlier than the dress-makers, and she did not know where Miss

Stowell lived, so she had no possible responsibility just now for "the other fatherless girl," except to pray for her.

It was with rather a faint heart that Eva gathered her little group of children about her that Monday evening for their bible lesson at the mission hall, but this, too, was part of her duty. She must try not to think of Miss Stowell, but of Robbie Deans and Pete Phelan and Perky (Jim) whose other name was Edward Moran. She had some good pictures illustrating the life of David, and the one she showed this evening was that of Samuel anointing the shepherd boy to be king.

"Who's them?" shouted one of the boys as soon as she held it up.

"Wait till every one gets a good look at it," she answered. "Now, I'll tell you. That man in the middle is Samuel."

"Man! I thought it was a lady. And who's the other blokes?"

(To be Continued.)

Her Easter Offering.

(By Isabelle E. Mackay, in 'Endeavor Herald'.)

The afternoon sunshine of a glorious day, in early spring fell softly over the fields and meadows of Broadview Farm; it shone warmly through the branches of the yet leafless trees, making bright reflections in the flowing pails of sap standing ready for busy sugar-makers, and danced gladly on the merry brook where the first fisherman of the season enticed minnows with a primeval fish hook of bended pins. In fact, it seemed determined to creep in everywhere, this sweet spring sunshine, even the drawn blinds and closed shutters of the best parlor at the farmhouse could not shut it out; it peered through the chinks and crevices with a perseverance worthy of its good cause, and fell through the slanted shutters in broad bars of yellow light.

Perhaps you wonder what the sunlight found attractive in Broadview parlor—certainly not the stiff, high chairs and hair-cloth sofa all swathed in dingy linen wrappers, and certainly not the case of glaring worsted flowers, or the cold, blank fire-place, or the crazy wood-cuts in tarnished frames done up in pink netting to keep the flies off ("As if any fly could live in that room!" said Marjorie). No, there was nothing sweet or lovely in the damp, misty, chilling air of this carefully shut up "best" room, which was only opened when the minister came to call, and he always had a cold after it, poor fellow. But the room had a visitor this morning in the person of Miss Marjorie Elliott, step-daughter of the lady of the house, and perhaps it was she who brought the sunshine. At any rate, it was a common saying that she did, and I, for one, wouldn't accuse the sunshine of bad taste, as a prettier, kinder, sweeter girl than Marjorie never lived. A great many of her friends agreed with me in this, especially Tom McDonald—but then, Tom, though a handsome, jolly Scotchman was a little wild, and not half good enough for Marjorie.

On this particular morning she was engaged in cleaning the parlor, generally a thankless and tiresome task—shaking out the heavy, ugly rag rugs, dusting the centre table with its usual weight of unread and unreadable books, and carefully removing on the corner of her apron any grains of dust which might have lodged in the ears of the china dogs on the mantel-piece. I am almost tempted to let you imagine Marjorie for yourselves, but on second thought, as