

vious she had been placed in a convent many miles away, as the confinement in the city was undermining her health. Assurances, however, were given that she was being well cared for, and fast becoming an accomplished young lady.

After her husband's death, the poor mother became a confirmed invalid, and the fact of her daughter's separation from her did not tend to help her. When a year had passed by, and Eva had not returned to London, Mrs. Mason felt she could stand it no longer, and sent to the Sisters, demanding that her daughter, if alive, be returned to her. They coolly informed her that Eva's whereabouts were unknown to them, and so her request could not be granted. She had escaped from the convent some time before, and where she had fled, they knew not. Threats to expose their carelessness were of no avail. Eva could not be found, and her mother mourned for her as dead.

Years passed. Mrs. Mason felt herself doubly bereft; her husband was dead, and her daughter was not. The boys had now grown to be sturdy youths, but needed the strong hand of the father to guide them. About this time Mrs. Mason's brother decided to move to Canada, and as he had no children of his own, begged his sister to allow him to adopt one of her boys. The poor mother felt that this would be the best for her son, and so consented to part with Willie, saying with breaking heart, "If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

After an absence of ten years, Willie returned to visit his mother and brother; and one evening, while they were seated around the hearth, the mother told them the oft repeated tale of Eva and her fate. "Could I be sure she were really dead," said she, "I could rest contentedly, but this suspense is killing me."

"Mother," said her elder son, "I too feel the same way, and if she is alive, I will find her."

"God bless you, my son," and prosper your undertaking," replied the broken-hearted mother.

The next morning the two boys interviewed a detective, and left the matter in his hands, telling him to find their sister, cost what it might. Two years dragged slowly by, and still no news; but one day a message came to Ernest that Eva was found. He hastened to the office and there learned that after careful search they had discovered that when she was removed from the "Convent of the Sacred Heart," she had been placed in a convent in Spain, and kept there until she was a woman. Her education had been by no means neglected, for she was mistress of three languages—English, French and Spanish—and besides had a thorough knowledge of music, art, and needlework, but, sad to relate, she had become a confirmed Roman Catholic.

Upon leaving the convent she obtained a position as governess in a nobleman's family, the little boys who were her pupils being companions of the little king of Spain. The poor girl was overjoyed when she was informed that her mother and brothers were still alive. She had been told that they were all dead, and had learned to look upon the Church of Rome as her mother. On account of her ability and accomplishments she had become invaluable to the church and was guarded as their prize.

She gladly gave up her position and returned home,

but no longer could she feel contented there. This was a foreign element, and after vainly endeavoring to convert her mother and Ernest to the Roman Catholic religion, she came to Canada, and took up her abode with Willie, who now had a home of his own. Her efforts to turn him to her new faith were also fruitless, and in a year or two, in despair she entered a convent, took the white veil and finally the black, and to-day, as we read her sad story, she is living, immured in her self-made prison.

Now, dear boys and girls, my story would fail of its purpose if it did not sound forth a note of warning to each of you. When we remember that to-day thousands of Protestant children are being instructed in Roman Catholic convents, and many leave these institutions confirmed Catholics, we see that this warning is not useless. The idea of many, that a superior education can be obtained in a convent than in our Protestant schools, is false. Our institutions are second to none in the land. Let us be loyal to them, and take warning from the sad fate of Eva Mason.

A. E. W.

EASTER JEWELS.

["Easter Jewels" could be prettily represented if the children would wear gilt crowns, each jewelled with colors to match the precious stone in his or her verse. Make the crowns of paste-board, covered with gilt paper. Point the crown in front, and paste on the point and around the band bits of colored paper. Sashes of paper cambric across the shoulder and under the other arm may bear the mottoes, *Love, Truth, Hope, Faith, Joy*, and *Praise*, in colors to match the jewels.]

All—

We're little Easter jewels,
And brightly we will glow,
That all the world about us
Our Saviour's love may know.

Little Girl—

A Ruby of *Love* am I,
As bright as a sunset sky;
I shed my light along the way,
To celebrate this Easter day.

Little Boy—

A Sapphire of *Truth* I bring,
A message from Christ my King;
'Tis this: be true, your Lord adore,
And He will bless you evermore.

Little Girl—

A Diamond of *Hope* I come
To point you to heaven, my home;
Look up to the Land above the blue,
Where Jesus has ready a home for you.

Little Boy—

I, as an Emerald shine,
And bring, as my chosen sign,
An evergreen branch to wave on high
For *Faith*; for faith can never die.

Little Girl—

A golden Topaz, friends, am I,
My right to shine you can't deny;
And so I make my emblem *Joy*,
And shining is my best employ.

Little Boy—

A Garnet, with rosy rays,
I come, a sign of *Praise*,
And gratefully I sing
Hosannas to my King.

All together—

Oh, brightly we will shine for Christ,
Who saved our souls from sin;