

glad and happy again, and went and watched them lay the strange baby in its churchyard bed, where it was going to sleep sweetly till the Day of Resurrection.—'Buds of Promise.'

### A Song of Easter Eggs.

Pink and blue and yellow and green—  
 Prettiest eggs that ever were seen!  
 Eggs with pictures of birds and bees;  
 Eggs with tracings of vines and trees;  
 Eggs with gilding, and eggs without;  
 Eggs with ribbons round about;  
 Beautiful eggs for hands that are small—  
 And Little Maid Margery owns them all!

A big white room where nurses go  
 With softest footfalls to and fro;  
 Row upon row of little white beds,  
 Row upon row of restless heads;  
 And Little Maid Margery up and down,  
 Carrying eggs in a basket brown—  
 Beautiful eggs for hands that are small—  
 And the hospital children own them all!—Emma C. Dowd.

### Lizzie's Treats.

(By Eva A. Madden, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

(Continued.)

'Do you think a girl who has acted as you have deserves a better fate?' her teacher asked. 'You have brought all this on your good mother, and for what? That you might have for friends girls who will drop you in a moment when they know of your true position in life. No, do not protest, I know the world better than you, my child. The first to desert us are those for whom we do wrong.'

He paused, waiting the effect of his words.'

Lizzie instinctively turned to her mother, always her refuge in trouble.

'Oh, mamma,' she sobbed, 'I'm sorry, indeed I am. Please, please, ask him to let me stay. I mustn't lose my education. I want to teach and take care of you.'

For once her mother failed her. The girl's imploring voice had no effect.

'If you want book-learning, Lizzie, you'll have to get it yourself. You've 'bout broken my heart. None of my family have ever stolen before—I call it stealing,' and she gave a sigh that made her daughter sob afresh.

'And, professor,' she continued, 'I'll do my best to pay back that money to Aunt Sally.' Lizzie had forgotten for the moment that the debt was still unpaid.

'Am I expelled?' the girl asked, glancing hesitatingly up at the principal.

'I hate not to give you a chance to redeem yourself,' he answered slowly. 'Go home now, and think over what I am going to propose. To-morrow, give me your answer. For your mother's sake.' He lingered with emphasis on the words, 'You can withdraw from school, and I will hush the matter entirely up and nobody will be the wiser. Or you may continue in school on probation with the penalty that you tell your friends your true position in life. As to Aunt Sally, your mother must not pay her.' Lizzie shook her head. 'I need some one in the office to copy for me. I will pay in return, a small sum each week. You may, if you choose, do this work. I had meant to engage Delia. Remember, Lizzie, this means a great deal of work. You must study your lessons entirely at home, for I shall need you in study hours, at recess, and after school. Never mind your answer now,' for 'I will do it, sir,' was forming on Lizzie's lips.

'Think over it, and don't forget your friends will know you are to be my office girl, just like Delia. Go home now, and let us hope this is a beginning of better things for you.'

The next morning she came timidly to the office. 'I'll do it,' she said humbly. Professor Sloane smiled approvingly, already noting a change in the girl's manner. Was this the Lizzie of the bounteous luncheons, this girl meekly thanking him for letting her be 'office girl'? At recess came her trial. Instead of Aunt Sally's goodies, for it was her day to treat, she produced four sandwiches. Caroline stared in surprise and even Lucy opened her blue eyes, for the bread was thick and the napkin of the coarsest quality.

'I can't afford Aunt Sally, girls,' said Lizzie, bravely, swallowing her pride, and trying not to see Carolyn give Amy a pinch on the arm. 'Will you have a sandwich?' and she held them toward Amy?

'Thank you,' said Lucy, quickly, interrupting Amy's 'I never eat ham,' and taking the thickest one. 'I'm awfully fond of sandwiches,' she hastily went on. 'These look good. Try one Carrie,' and she passed them to Carolyn, ignoring the latter's disdain.

'Girls,' went on Lizzie, who, having made the first step towards right-doing, found the second less difficult. 'I ought never to have afforded those luncheons. I owe Aunt Sally for them now, and I'm going to do office work to pay for them.'

It was out now, and she stood waiting the result, her face crimson with shame. Her friends were dumb with astonishment. This,

then, was the explanation of the talks with Aunt Sally.

Carolyn, with an air of 'I told you so,' drew herself up haughtily. 'I can afford,' she began, when Lucy's hand slipped over her mouth.

'Don't,' she said, in a low voice. 'That's too bad, Lizzie,' turning to the miserable-looking girl, 'for that means we cannot see you at recess, doesn't it? None of us, you know, return next year, and our pleasant times together are over. We begin with Professor Wharton in September, you see. Perhaps, though, you could spend some afternoon with us?'

Lizzie shook her head. 'After this,' she said heroically, 'I'm going to help mother with the sewing. She sews for a living.'

'Your mother! Sewing!' exclaimed Carolyn and Amy, while Lucy asked in surprise, 'Why, Lizzie, we thought—don't you live with Mrs. Arlington at Third and Chestnut?'

Lizzie shook her head. 'I live on Ninth street,' she said without looking at Carolyn.

'And the bundles I saw you with?'—put in that young lady.

'Were sewing for mother from Mrs. Arlington, or' and here poor Lizzie's courage almost failed her, 'Miss Emily's dresses to be made over for me.'

The enormity of the disclosures amazed even Carolyn. Shrugging her shoulders she turned towards Amy, and began discussing the latter's luncheon, until now kept secret from Lizzie, since she was not to be invited. Lucy, with quick tact, plunged into a discussion of the Latin lesson, and when the bell rang, asked her discomfited companion if she wouldn't come some time and see her.

Lizzie thanked her but never went. With her repentance, came the realization that her life could never be one with these girls, whose sinful friendship had so flattered her foolish vanity. It was a hard lesson, but she learned it, and when years later coming or going from the school, where she was a valued teacher, she would chance to pass Lucy's handsome home, or receive a well-bred stare from Carolyn, or a nod from Amy in her pretty carriage she would blush to remember her foolish pride and where it had led her.

'To think,' she would say, 'it was for those girls I was willing to break mother's heart.'

(The End.)

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