

Spring.

Spring came once on Summer wing,
With a wreath of snowdrops on her brow,
She brought a smile, and the birds did sing,
As she opened the leaves on the bough.
She painted the dandelions with gold,
And settled the birds on their nest,
Then away she ran with Winter bold,
And said she had gone to rest.

Lizzie Rorison.

"The Lamentation of Eaton's Catalogue."

"Well this is hard luck!" Here am I "Eaton's famous catalogue," thrown in the waste-basket; as though I had never been of any use in my life. All my past service is forgotten, and I am treated as a useless servant.

Although I am only about seven months old, how much has happened to me in that time! When just an infant I was sent to the girls of All Hallows School. What a reception I had! What joyful shouts of "Eaton's Catalogue" went up; and now I am forgotten and left to die.

For about a week after my welcomed arrival I was the object of much curiosity. I was always closely watched, and even early in the morning I was awakened to show my dresses or shoes to the curious girls.

How I was flattered! I became really proud of myself, and who could help being so if she were told her dresses were "beautiful," shoes "just perfect," and ribbons "wonderful."

But alas! "pride always comes before a fall." One day I saw the triumph which I had met with repeated, with even more "vim." I wondered what new mystery had unfolded itself to my school friends when I beheld—my greatest rival—Simpson's Catalogue usurping my place in the heart of every girl and receiving even a greater welcome than I had had.

What humiliation I suffered! I was compared with the new arrival, "what horrid hats I had, not fit to be compared with the ones of the smart, well-dressed Toronto girl." I was thrown down, trodden under foot, and torn, then left to die a death of shame.