

At Easter Time.

At Eastertime, O who can doubt
That He who calls the violets out
Of their brown graves beneath the
rime
Will wake us, too, in his good time?
Are we not more than many
flowers?
O sweet the lesson of the hours
At Eastertime.
—May Riley Smith.

Betty's Thank-Offering.

(Emily Huntington Miller, in 'Children's Missionary Friend.')

Poor little Betty! It is hard enough to be sick at any time, but to be sick at Easter, when they were planning such lovely things for her own Mission Band, and she alone of all the class must fail—that seemed to Betty almost too much to bear.

She could not even be sick in her own pretty room, for Betty had scarlet fever, and that was too near the baby, so they took her up to what the children called the sky-parlor, all clean and white and sunny, but without any rugs and curtains and pretty little furbelows.

'You can have your rose, Betty,' said the nurse, and she set the sweet thing in the window, where it went on growing and blossoming as if it liked sky-parlors.

Betty was not very sick, but her heart ached. She knew why nobody could come and see her, but it made her feel neglected and abused, and sometimes when the nurse thought she was asleep, she would cuddle down in the pillows, and cry a little very softly and say to herself, 'I'm just like a little heathen girl, put out in the woods to die,' and that sounded so dreadful she felt worse than ever.

But Betty knew they didn't forget her. Every day they sent her up a wonder-box, and everybody, even the baby, put something in. After she had been bathed, and rubbed and had eaten her breakfast the pretty box was put in her lap, and she untied the ribbons, and took off the tissue paper, and opened the little packages one after another. It was great fun, but it made her want to see them more than ever, and that Easter Sunday, when her mamma came and talked to her

through a crack in the door, she called out in a very pitiful way,

'O mamma, I'm just starving to have you hug and kiss me!'

'My poor, brave little girlie,' said mamma; 'I'm "just starving" too, but it will only be two more days. Now open your wonder-box and you'll find something very special for Easter.'

There was something special on the very top, a bunch of yellow daffodils, that fairly seemed to twinkle as they said good-morning to Betty. Then a pretty pink box, and inside of it fifty bright new pennies, and a letter from mamma that said:—

'MY PRECIOUS GIRLIE:

"You know in the Sunday-school to-day they are going to make an offering to send the good news of our Saviour to the people who have not learned to know and love him. Miss Ray planned a surprise for the Mission Band, but because you cannot be there, I will tell you what it is. On the table in the chancel will be a beautiful ship, with white sails, ropes of flowers, and a silken banner, and each class will bring up its offering in a pretty little barrel, and tell why they make this gift of thanks. The superintendent will load the ship as the gifts are brought up, and then your Mission Band will sing:

Sail away ship, with your message so sweet,
Message of peace from the Father above;
Wonderful tidings of Jesus who brings
Light for their darkness and comfort and
love.

'Katharine will take up a barrel for all of us, because we are so glad we have kept our dear girlie, and hope to have her well again so soon, and papa sends you these pennies for your own special gift, earned by being brave and pleasant and patient. Put them one at a time in the barrel, and see if you can think of fifty things you are very thankful for'—

'I should think I can,' said Betty, stopping to kiss a smeary little place on the paper where the baby had squeezed his honey-sweet lips, 'I know more'n fifty hundred. Why, my teacher knows of a girl, a real nice girl and smart as anything, and she stayed away from the missionary school in India, I

believe it was, and the missionary went to see what had become of her. And she was sick, and they had put her out in the cow's house, right on the dirt floor, and nobody to do a thing for her, because the priest said the idols were angry at her for going to learn about Jesus. I'm going to put in the very first penny, because I'm glad my mamma isn't a heathen, nor my papa, and I know Jesus loves me.'

'That's three things,' said the nurse, smiling.

'Well,' said Betty, 'there'll have to be more than one thing or the pennies will be used up too soon.'

It was very much as Betty had said. She thought of so many things—her father and mother, her pleasant home, her friends, her kind nurse, her good times, her Bible, her Sunday-school, her teachers, her books—she held each penny a long time before she let it drop, and at the end she gave a tired little sigh and said:—

'I've left out lots of things, but I guess having papa and mamma and knowing about "Jesus loves me" takes in most everything else.'

Then nurse sent the barrel down after first dipping its pennies and all in a cleansing fluid.

Keep Your Troubles to Yourself

Keep your troubles to yourself,
Put them on an upper shelf;
Far away as they may be
Where no eye but God's can see.

Other people have their share
Of affliction, pain and care;
Why should you, though sorely tried,
Burden them with yours beside?

Give of treasures you possess,
Loving care and tenderness.
Cheerful smiles or sordid pelf,
But keep your troubles to yourself.
—Josephine Pollard.

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