

announcing the loss of a bracelet, a gold bangle with a five-dollar gold piece attached. Carolyn watching, saw Lizzie Boyd change color, and fix her eyes on the books in her lap. She never raised them when Prof. Sloane dwelt on the dishonesty of retaining found property. Carolyn wrote her suspicions on a slip of paper, and passed it to Amy, who nodded mysteriously.

When, however, Carolyn related the matter to Lucy at recess she was furious.

'Ain't you ashamed?' she cried. 'I wouldn't be as suspicious as you, Carolyn Lindsey, not for a pretty. You're always hinting at things about people. When I am a friend I am one. "Once a friend always a friend."'

Carolyn said nothing, but later in the day shot a triumphant glance at Lucy, when Delia, the janitor's daughter, appeared in the Latin room, announcing that Miss Boyd was to report at once to the office.

'And she is to bring her books.'

Even Lucy wondered at Lizzie's white face, as she followed Delia from the room. It was to grow whiter still when she opened the office door and her eyes to grow big and frightened looking, for by the window sat a plain-featured woman in shabby black.

'O mother!' and Lizzie shrank back at the sight of that well known figure. Professor Sloane, standing by his desk, wheeled around and surveyed Lizzie with a look on his face, which made her cower, and bury her face in her hands.

'Sit down,' he said shortly.

'She done it. I know it now. You needn't ask her.' And her mother, giving one look at Lizzie's face, turned toward the window in an attempt to hide the tears that began streaming down her face.

'Miss Boyd,' asked the principal, ignoring the interruption, 'did you give this piece of money to Aunt Sally?' and he held out a five-dollar gold-piece with a hole drilled through it.

At the sight Lizzie burst into tears. 'I did it. I'm sorry,' and she sobbed convulsively. 'Oh, I wish we had stayed in the country! Oh, I wish I was dead.'

Out came the confession. There was no trouble about it. The poor child was only too willing to get rid of the burden that had been wearing her out day and night.

Professor Sloane, listening, felt more than sorry for this foolish little girl as he heard how she could not stand Amy and Carolyn thinking her poor. She wanted to do as they did. She didn't see why they had fine clothes and pocket-money and she none; and she was ashamed of being poor. She knew, she sobbed, that they thought she lived with Mrs. Arlington. She told how Aunt Sally had promised to wait a week for the money for the first luncheon. The professor frowned, remembering Aunt Sally's faithful promise. Then he heard how Lizzie had expected to sell some old school-books to pay the first debt, but nobody wanted them. Ashamed to own up to her friends she had kept on with her treats. The bill had grown until she was ashamed and afraid to ask her mother to help her. The temptation had come when Aunt Sally had threatened to report her. By accident, Miss Ward had sent her to the basement for the roll-book. On the steps lay the bracelet. In a moment it was slipped into her pocket.

'I did mean to give it back at first,' she sobbed, 'I meant to come up and give it to you, but Aunt Sally met me. She threatened to tell on me, and I paid her with the gold piece. I owed her five dollars.'

'Five dollars!' Her mother aghast, turned from the window. Five dollars spent in luncheon for rich girls, when her hours of sewing lasted until midnight. Five dollars for luncheons, and hardly the money in her purse to pay for the day's dinner. She looked toward her daughter, reproach in her eyes, but Professor Sloane was already giving the needed reproof.

'Didn't I forbid you girls going into debt? By accident I discovered this money in Aunt Sally's possession. She brings her earnings to my wife to keep for her. The step from debt to theft—you may well start at the ugly word—is but a short one.' Then his tone softened as he saw Lizzie's frightened face. 'You will find, my dear girl, that many of the people whom we call dishonest, are no more wicked at heart than you were when you asked Aunt Sally to credit you. It all comes, Mrs. Boyd,' and he frowned impatiently, 'of this American habit of ours of wanting to be as fine as our neighbors. See where it has led this child, into selfishness,

deceit, debt, and dishonesty. Be thankful, Lizzie, the check has come now while you are new to sin. What right had you to run up a bill with a poor, ignorant old woman struggling to get her bread? You had no means of repayment. You know that the very clothes you wear are given you by Mrs. Arlington. Above all, child, how could you, how could you, forget this mother, sewing day after day to give you an education? How could you forget the sacrifice she has made in coming to the city to send you to school, how could you in your enjoyment, forget her in her hard work and poverty? I know this hurts,' for Lizzie was crying bitterly.

'Never mind, Mrs. Boyd. It will do her good,' for the mother felt every word as keenly as a blow.

'Now, Lizzie,' he went on. 'You know that the just punishment for you is expulsion.'

She started and gave a cry of distress, while her mother's face turned white at this threatened disgrace.

(To be continued.)

The Little Brown Seed.

(Child Garden.)

A little brown seed way down in
the ground
Was sleeping so hard he heard not
a sound
Till the robin called in a voice so
shrill.
He sleepily said, 'Oh, robin, be
still!'

'Wake!' said the robin. 'Oh, Johnnie, jump up!
You're late. It's most time for
sweet buttercup.
You must come first, dear violet,
you know,
Johnnie, jump up, jump up and
grow!'

So Johnnie awoke and pushed out
of bed,
First his green leaves, then yellow
head,
It made him so happy to see the
sunlight
He bowed to the robin and said,
'You were right!'

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