

It opened showing a satin-lining on which lay an egg of a lovely rose tint. It had a white lily painted upon one side, and a wreath of blue violets ran quite around it. Jessie lifted it and turned it over. It was the first one she had ever seen that was not of home manufacture.

"It is pretty," she said to herself, "and heavy—I wonder what it is made of."

Then she turned to Susie's box. It, too, was satin-lined, and, it too, held an Easter egg. This egg was of a greyish colour—"and looks as if it might be sort of transparent," thought Jessie. She took it in her hand and noticed that there was a small opening in the top, surrounded by a kind of tiny, fluted ruffle.

Jessie at once applied her eye to the hole, and, in spite of herself, gave a cry of admiration and delight. She had never in all her life before seen anything she thought was half so beautiful. She seemed to be looking into a grotto of purest crystal, which sparkled, and glittered, and fell into rainbow tints with every slightest movement of her hand. In front of the grotto were palm trees and tall white lilies, all of crystal; and at its entrance, one on either side, knelt two angel figures with folded wings and raised heads, their faces full of joyous triumph, and their hands laid together as if in prayer.

For a moment Jessie could only see and admire; then thought began to return and other emotions filled her mind. Hers was pretty enough, well enough, as her things always were—but this—this wonder—this miracle of beauty was for Susie who again, and forever, was to have the best. Oh, it was too, too much; she could not bear it. She laid the egg back upon its satin bed, locked the drawer and went away.

That night, which was Easter Eve, there came to Jessie a terrible dream. She dreamed that when every one else was asleep she came back again, unlocked the drawer and *changed the eggs*. It was all so vivid that when Jessie awoke in the morning she almost believed she had really done it.

At breakfast the boxes lay upon their plates. When the children appeared Jessie's head was drooping, her cheeks flushed, her hands hot and trembling. Both her mother and Uncle Tom noticed it, and were full of tender concern and loving questions.

How Jessie's heart beat. Oh, if she had never looked at them. *Had* she changed the eggs? She could not tell—it must be that it was all a dream, and yet it seemed so real—and her head throbbed so, and there were such noises in her ears that she could not be sure. Oh, what *should* she do? Susie was opening her box. She saw the egg within it—it was the grey egg—the right one—Susie's own egg. Jessie's breath came back, and Susie was dancing with delight.

"And now, dearie, come and look at your Easter gifts," said Uncle Tom.

Jessie still hung back, strangely reluctant; but her uncle opened the box and taking up the egg pressed upon a tiny spring hidden in the heart of one of the violets in the encircling wreath. The egg flew open, and inside upon the lining of white velvet lay a beautiful Swiss watch, all gold, enamel and tiny diamonds; and coiled about it was the very prettiest chain that ever was seen.

Jessie burst into tears and sobbed as if her heart was breaking. Her mother's arms were around her in a moment. "Why, my child, what is it? What *is* the matter Jessie?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma! I have been so wicked; you never, never can forgive me, and I don't deserve you should." Then came a full confession.

After breakfast there was a serious talk with her mother and Uncle Tom—but it was hardly needed. Jessie had had a lesson which she never would forget.

Some Delicious Ways

OF COOKING EGGS FOR EASTER.

An egg on our breakfast tables, is a very simple and unassuming dish. From its very abundance it is apt to be cheated out of its due share of credit in our household management.

It is, however, one of those "stand-by" every day comforts that make themselves felt perhaps more by their absence than by their presence. It is like a potato in this way. We little know what we owe to eggs and potatoes till the morning that the larder is without either, and we are some miles from a hen or a potato-bin.

Eggs, like potatoes, are apt to be treated with too much familiarity. We think anything good enough for them. They are quiet and patient creatures, and little inclined to protest against the abuses that take place on the cooking-range.

But if ever two things are distinct from each other it is just the right way and the wrong way of cooking eggs and potatoes, and if ever two other things are distinct from each other it is just the beautiful lines that the eggs and potatoes themselves draw between the two modes of treatment.

In order that our young Canadian's may learn to distinguish these two modes we have pleasure in giving a few samples, leaving our breakfast and tea tables on Easter Day to decide which is best. The samples are not clipped out of the first cookery book that came to hand. They are all the tried, tested and valued friends of

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Scalloped Eggs.

Make a force-meat of chopped ham, (ground is better) fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt, a little minced parsley, and some melted butter. Moisten with milk to a soft paste, and half fill some patty—or scallop shells with the mixture. Break an egg carefully upon the top of each, dust with pepper and salt, and sift some very finely powdered cracker over all. Set in the oven and bake, until the eggs are *well* set, about eight minutes. Eat hot. Very nice.

Poached Eggs with Sauce.

Make the sauce by putting half a cupful of hot water in a sauce-pan, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of veal or chicken broth (strained), pepper, salt, mace, a tablespoonful of butter with a little minced parsley. Boil slowly ten minutes, and stir in a well whipped egg, carefully, lest it should curdle. Have ready some poached eggs in a deep dish and pour the sauce over them.

Egg Baskets.

Make these for breakfast the day after you have had roast chicken, duck, or turkey for dinner. Boil six eggs hard, cut neatly in half, and take out the yolks. Rub these to a paste with some melted butter, pepper, and salt, and set aside. Pound the minced meat of the cold fowl fine in the same manner, and mix with the egg paste, moistening it with melted butter as you proceed, or with a little gravy if you have it to spare. Cut off a slice from the bottom of the hollowed whites of the eggs, to make them stand; fill with the paste, arrange close together upon a flat dish, and pour over them the gravy left from yesterday's roast, heated boiling hot, and mellowed by a few spoonfuls of cream or rich milk.