

ways be to us what we make it to others. What we bestow on others will be the measure of our own merriment. Laughter of any other sort is not worth the having.

This truth is indelibly stamped even upon our language. When we wish to express the highest joy attainable we speak of being in an ecstasy, and what is the literal meaning of the "ecstasy" but to stand outside of one's self, to experience the meaning of Tennyson's exquisite lines in "Locksley Hall":

Love took up the harp of life, and smote  
on all the chords with might,  
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling,  
pass'd in music out of sight.

Not, then, by fighting particular sins, but by elevating the whole life, is the victory won. "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." Having learned to walk by the Spirit, the rest is easy.—*Rev. C. Spurgeon Medhurst, in Young Men's Era.*

#### FALLEN!

Once I was pure as the snow,—but I fell;  
Fell, like the snow flake from heaven—to  
hell;

Fell, to be trampled, like the filth of the  
street;

Fell, to be scoffed, derided, and beat.

Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,  
Still my soul to whomever would buy,  
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,  
Hating the living and fearing the dead.  
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?  
And yet I was once like this beautiful  
snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,  
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like  
its glow.

Once I was loved for my innocent grace,—  
Flattered and sought for the charm of my  
face.

Father, mother, sister, all,  
God and myself, I have lost by my fall.  
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,  
Will take a wide sweep lest I venture too  
nigh,  
For of all that is o'er or about me I know  
There is nothing that's pure but the  
beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,  
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low  
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,  
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning, bleeding, dying for thee,  
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree!  
His accents of mercy fall soft on thine ear.  
Is their mercy for me? Will He heed my  
weak prayer?

O God, in the stream that for sinners did  
flow,  
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than  
snow.

### Boys' and Girls' Corner.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International.	Institute.
Dec. 3—Neh. 13: 15-22.	Rom. 8: 8 to end.
" 10—Mal. 1: 6-11	
and 3: 8-12.	Neh. 13: 15-23.
" 17—Mal. 3: 13 to	Mal. 1: 6-12 and 3: 8.
4: 6	13.
" 24—Isa. 9: 2-7.	Luke 2: 1-17.
" 31—Review.	Luke 2: 21-41.
" Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."	

#### AUNT JANE'S PAPER OF PINS.

"I say now, Aunt Jane, what would you like for a Christmas present?"

Aunt Jane looked at her small nephew, who from his corner by the fire, hurled this question at her in the twilight. "What would I like?" she said briskly. "Oh, a set of Browning in Russia leather or 'Omar Khayyam,' or a new silk dress, or the 'Angelus,' the etching in a carved frame, or—"

"Oh, pshaw, now, Aunt Jane!" Fred interrupted. "You know we can't get one of those things. I meant—you know what I meant."

"You said what would I like?" answered Aunt Jane. She was rather fond of taking the children up for careless speaking, but Fred knew well enough the twinkle of fun that was in her eye now.

"Well, I meant what would you like that we could get," Fred said. "I do say picking and choosing is worse than anything, when you haven't much money; and we haven't, you know."

"No!" Aunt Jane said, dropping the long mitten she was knitting for Fred. "Well, then, a paper of pins."

"Oh, come now, Auntie; that isn't fair; that isn't any present."

"It's something I want, and something you can afford to buy—isn't it?" Aunt Jane said, laughing a little, as she picked up her knitting. "But be sure they are the best make, Fred; I can't use poor pins." And with that she left Master Fred to his meditations.

"A paper of pins—psaw! Aunt Jane just likes to tease us boys. If she wasn't just an up-and-down jewel of an aunt about kites and gingerbread, and paint-

ing sleds, and all the rest, I'd feel like taking her at her word. A paper of pins—hum!"

And herewith there crept into Fred's brain the first glimmer of an idea. Presently he shared it with Kate, the sister next older, and then with Will and Mary, and then with mamma; and the result was this:

On Christmas morning there appeared at Aunt Jane's door a procession of children, carrying a large roll, which, after due greetings, they solemnly unrolled on the bed where Aunt Jane lay. At the head of the sheet was a pretty lace-pin from mamma (a golden arrow in filigree), next a handsome shawl-pin in wrought silver from papa, then some fancy hair-pins in tortoise-shell from Kate, and then every variety of pins the shops afforded—large and small, black and white, milliner's pins, hat-pins, hair-pins, safety-pins, sleeve-button pins—all ranged neatly down the paper. And under all was fastened a handsome card—Mary's work—which stated that the linch-pin and the thole pin sent their compliments, which, they thought, would be more acceptable to a lady's toilet table than they themselves would be.—*Harper's Young People.*

#### THE GOLDEN MARK.

The beautiful white Angel, who carries the bag of days of the New Year, smiled as he stopped at a certain door. The little young Angel who went with him, and who had no experience, said, "Why do you smile? All the days of the old year that we gathered up at this door were broken and spoiled! See how this boy will treat these fair, new days. Will there be one that will be fit to carry back to the Great Father who sent them all?"

But the white Angel (whose name is Hope) smiled again. "See," he said, "these are all fresh and fair, and each is marked in golden letters with the Holy Name. So long as one of these is left, there is a chance that this little, earth boy will find out its worth and use it well. Perhaps