

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

International. Dec. 5th. Phil. ii., 1-11. Joel ii., 12-17.
 " 12th. 2 Tim. iv., 1-8.
 " 16-18. 1 Kings viii., 35-44.
 " 19th. 1 John i., 5, to ii., 6. Isaiah ix., 1-8.
 " 26th. 1 John iv., 9-16. Acts vii., 44 to end.

CHRISTMAS.

The inn was full at Bethlehem ;
 A busy crowd was there ;
 And some were rich, and some were wise,
 And some were young and fair ;
 But who or what they were, to-day
 There is not one to care ;
 But in the cattle's manger
 There lay a baby stranger,
 Soft nestled, like a snow-white dove, among
 the scented hay ;
 And lo, through Him was given
 Our song to earth and heaven,
 The song two worlds together sing upon a
 Christmas day :
 " Glory to God ! Good-will to men ! "
 Oh listen ! Wake it once again !
 " Peace upon earth ! Good-will to men ! "

They sing it, those who sang it first,
 The angels strong and high ;
 They sing, in shining white, the saints
 Who died long years gone by ;
 And all the fluttering cherub throng,
 The children of the sky ;
 They sing, the patient, waiting souls
 Who still faith's conflicts know ;
 They sing, life's happy innocents,
 Their faces all aglow ;
 One melody fills heaven above,
 And floats from earth below,
 The song of that sweet stranger,
 Who in the cattle's manger
 Lay, nineteen hundred years ago, among
 the scented hay !
 All sin and wrong forgiven,
 Earth seems close kin of heaven,
 And sweet two worlds together sing upon
 a Christmas day.
 —Marian Douglas, in *Harper's Bazar*.

PATTY.

By ADELE E. THOMPSON.
 (Concluded from last issue.)

Homer Lane was the oldest son of his house, "a fine young fellow," as people said, but the face shaded by his gray felt hat was at that moment anything but a pleasant or a cheerful one.

His forehead was clouded with a frown, there was an angry light in his downcast eyes, and his lips seemed still trembling with the angry words that had so lately passed them, and that to his father.

There had been a measure of provocation, and Homer, smarting under it, felt entirely justified in

what he had said; nor was this the first occasion of friction between father and son. Mr. Lane was a man of business cares, nervous, often petulant, sometimes exacting, especially towards those of his own household.

This at the best of times, and for the past two months an accident at the works had made him a prisoner in his own room, where pain and enforced inaction had together made his temper more irritable than ever before.

Of this, Homer who in the spring had entered the foundry, had to bear the most frequent expression; and most unjustly as he thought. For not only was he working hard to master the details of the business, and carry out his father's directions, but because of his accident he had given up his promised vacation, and instead of the anticipated excursion, had spent the month in a steady fag.

And with all that, because he had misunderstood his father, and written a letter declining a contract, instead of accepting it, he had brought a torrent of wrath on his head.

"Such dulness!" Mr. Lane had cried at the end of some remarks that had been anything but flattering, "you don't begin to save the trouble you make. A ten-year old child ought to have a better head for business than yours. If a clerk had made such a blunder, I would discharge him on the spot."

"You can fill my place as soon as you like," Homer had retorted hotly. "I will be only too glad to work for somebody else."

"Work," his father had repeated scornfully, "who do you suppose will give you your salt for your work?"

It was aggravating, certainly; and forgetting filial respect and duty, Homer flamed into a passion, and telling his father that he would never set foot inside the foundry again if he starved, had flung himself out of the room and the house with a determination to leave home then and there, and prove to his father that he was perfectly able to take care of himself.

In that state of mind it was that he dashed off through the meadow, with no clear idea of where he was going, nor did he look up till he reached the fence, and lifted his head to see Patty standing under the apple tree so near him.

But for the tears in her eyes she might have seen something unusual in his face, though hers was always the blindness of unsuspicion. As it was she turned to him with a misty smile. "How strange that you should come up just as I was thinking of you," she said. "This is the apple tree you helped Rob plant. I remember the day so well. I stood by and watched you. It was the last thing Rob ever did before he was taken sick, and now it is bearing for the first time. See; you must have some of the apples."

"I remember it all," said Homer. "Such a sunny April day, and how little we thought it was his last work. What a fine fellow Rob was, too. There never was any boy I cared for as I did for him."

"I know you and he were always together, almost like brothers. I never see you but I think of Rob, and oh, I am so glad, so glad always, that you are spared to your home, to your father, and mother, and your brothers."

The memory of his friend had touched and softened Homer's heart, and he blushed at the sharp contrast between her words and the real cause that had brought him there. "But I am not good as Rob was," he stammered, "I am no help to anybody."

"Oh, yes, you are." Patty's usually smiling face was earnest, and her brown eyes held the wistful look that often came with the thought of her dead brother. "You don't know what an older brother is to younger ones, and how much they imitate him, and are influenced by what he does. Ralph and Joe were always doing the things Rob did, and even now I often hear them saying, 'Rob did this, or wouldn't do that.'"

A sting of compunction pricked