

business of the state will not admit of delay."

The next morning the Queen and the court went to church and listened to a sermon on "The Christian Sabbath: Its Duties and Obligations," the Queen having sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. Not a word was said about the state papers during the day, but in the evening Victoria said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into those papers."

"I could not think of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour," replied the minister; "nine o'clock will be quite soon enough."
—*Selected.*

A GRACIOUS WOMAN.

"Her head is crowned with many a care,
That turns to gray her shining hair;
Her hands know well what labor is,
Versed in all gentle mysteries.
Good works have hung their jewels there,
Such as the holy angels wear.
Her heart hath known both joy and grief,
Sunshine and shadow, pain, relief;
And ever at its inner gate
Two guardian angels smile and wait.
Sweet Love and meek-eyed Patience aye,
The gentle mother's heart obey!"
—*Selected.*

YOUR EXAMPLE COUNTS.

A railroad conductor once went with a large company of conductors on an excursion to a southern city. They arrived on Saturday night. An attractive trip had been planned for the next day. In the morning, this gentleman was observed to be taking more than usual care with his attire, and a friend said to him:

"Of course, you are going with us on the excursion?"

"No," he replied, quietly, "I am going to church; that is my habit on Sunday."

Another questioner received the same reply.

Soon comment on it began to pass around, and discussion followed. When he set out for church, he was accompanied by 150 men whom his quiet example had turned from a Sunday excursion to the place of worship.
—*Parish Visitor.*

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

Dec. 2.—St. Mark xix. 16-28.
Dec. 9.—St. Mark x. 46-52.
Dec. 16.—St. Luke xix. 1-10.
Dec. 23.—St. Matt. ii. 1-11.
Dec. 30.—St. Luke xix. 11-27.

Sunday-school lessons should be studied as diligently as any other lessons, and yea of all studies that of the Word of God is most important, for it is given us "To be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path."

SOMETHING EACH DAY.

Something each day—a smile:
It is not much to give;
And the little gifts of life
Make sweet the days we live.
The world has weary hearts
That we can bless and cheer,
And a smile for every day
Makes sunshine all the year.

Something each day—a deed
Of kindness and of good,
To link in closer bonds
All human brotherhood.
Oh, thus the heavenly will
We may all do while here;
For a good deed every day
Makes blessed all the year.—*Ex.*

FOUR PENNIES—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By ALICE EDDY CURTIS.

It was Christmas eve, clear and cold, with snow lying every where on the ground. The children were asleep, and the Christmas angels had gathered up all their evening prayers and the hymns that they had sung before they went to bed. And on this beautiful, holy, starry night two angels stopped at a little vine-covered church and entered. The moon was just rising among the stars, a long silvery ray went in with the shining ones, and lighted up the place, falling full on the communion table, where something lay sparkling like jewels among the shadows.

"What are these?" asked the younger angel.

"Those are four coins, which dropped from the collection box," said the older angel. "To-morrow they will be found, and added to the rest, and those who find them will see only four bits of copper just alike. It is only the eyes of our Lord that see things as they are. He leaves it to His people to carry His love to

the poor, and He takes every gift as something done for Himself."

"But one of these coins is of lead!" said the younger angel, his happy face growing startled and pained. "Could any earthly child bring lead as an offering to the Lord of Glory?"

The other sighed as he touched the dull metal.

"Poor child!" he murmured. "It was a boy who grudged his money, and only gave it because he was bidden. He would rather have spent it for sweets, or saved it towards some toy. Such a gift could bring only sadness to the dear Lord's eyes—and at this holy time, too! May our Lord lead him higher before another Christmas day!"

A tear fell from the eye of the younger spirit. "I thought that all who came here must surely love our Lord," he said sorrowfully. "How could any child lay a leaden offering at the feet of Him who blessed the little children long ago! And there is one of copper. What is this?"

"That was dropped carelessly into the box by a laughing little girl," said the other. "Some one had put it into her hand to give, and she gave it, with no thought of where it was going or what it might do. Her thoughts were all of the coming festival and of the Christmas tree to-morrow, and she had no ears for the story of those other children who need her help. She will learn to love the Christ-child more some day, I think; but now her offering lies here, just a copper cent and nothing more, though the dear Lord smiles upon her still, and leaves His blessing on her happy play. But it might have been a happier day still for her, if she had not missed the joy of giving."

"But surely these others, at least, are of more worth," said the younger, his downcast face lighting up as he looked at the shining coins which lay beside the dull ones. "Look, this is the purest silver, and the other is of sparkling gold! It would have been very sad if only lead and copper had lain on the Lord's table this Christmas eve!"

The elder angel smiled once