

runners over the smooth-worn snow. They listened; they heard the mingled sounds of merry voices, and the chiming music bells, the accent of innocent tongues, and the laugh of gladsome hearts. Ah! what a philosopher's stone was that coin! How it turned everything first into gold and then into happiness! How it grouped around them kind and cheerful friends, and filled their cabin with kind voices! How it garlanded all hours that day with evergreens and full-blown roses! How it spread them a laden table, and crowded it with merry guests! and those guests, too, all satisfied and happy! O, what bright rays shone forth from that trifling coin of gold! Could it have been as bright in the child's or the man's dark pocket? No! else it had burned its way through, and lent its radiance to others. Could it have shone with such vision in the rich man's hands? No! else his avarice would have vanished at once, and his heart have overflowed with generosity! No, no, it was only to such as the widow and her child that it wore such a shine, and emitted such brilliant rays, and revealed such sweet and welcome visions! Only for such as they!

That night returned this angel boy to the bleak room, then filled with happiness and lighted with joy; but he was not alone, his own mother was with him. Blessed boy! He passed the whole of New Year's day in making other's happy. And how much happier was he himself! How his little heart warmed and glowed to see the child uncover the basket he had brought with him, and take out, one by one the gifts that were stowed there! And how overjoyed was he to see his mother offer the sick woman work and a new home and the sick woman grow

suddenly strong, and almost well, under the influence of kind offers! He wondered if their happiness could possibly be as deep as his own, if their New Year's was as bright to them as his was to him. He knew not how any one could be happier than he was at that moment.

Years have rolled away into the silent past. That little girl—Elsie Gray—is a lady. Not a lady only in name, but one in every deed, in heart, in conduct. She dwells in a sweet suburban cottage, and her husband is devoted only to her. The husband is no other than the generous boy who on New Year's festival accosted her so tenderly in the street, and went home with her.—Her poor mother sleeps quietly in the little church yard; yet she lived to know that God had provided for her child. She died resigned and happy. Are the coins either gold or silver, that must be locked away from sight on this day of the new year? Are there any containing within their depths such sweet visions, such happy sights, they must lie under lock and key all this day, lest happiness and comfort may become too universal.

Here is one. Where comes another?—*Flower Basket.*

From the New York Observer.

THE LOST LAMB.

Among the pets and playthings gathered in and about the beautiful mansion of Mr. Lee, few were more loved by the children of the family, or attracted more attention from visitors, than a little lamb, the property of sweet Annie Lee, a bright child of about six, the pride and darling of the house.

One morning Annie entered the breakfast room, her face drenched with tears, and running to her moth-