

to-day he will see the golden letters and know Whose gift it is—this new, bright day."

"To-night," said the little Angel, "we must come to take it back. I fear it will be like those other days, all marred and miserable."

"To-night," said the white Angel Hope, "we will come for it, and who knows but the golden letters may still be shining on it, a day still marked with the Holy Name?"

The little earth boy lay on his bed, and dreamed, and in his dream he saw, as we sometimes may, the two Angels, and heard their words. But as they passed, his dream faded away, and when the day broke he had forgotten the Angel Hope and the little Angel who feared for him.

But although he did not remember them, they had left a little, open door in his heart, through which some other good Angel might creep in time. And softly from the room below there came a sweet sound, the sound of his mother's voice, singing as she worked, and these words fell on his ears:

"Jesus, Name of wondrous love,
Name all other names above;
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility."

"It is the Golden Mark," said the little, earth boy; but he did not really remember his dream; it was as if some one spoke the words in his heart, and still the little door stood open, for the good Angel to enter in.

A little boy's day is not a very interesting thing to grown people who do not think. But to the angels, and to children, and to mothers whose hearts are wise with love, it is wonderful enough. So many bright hours to be busy in; so many happy plans; such eager hurrying to carry them out; such joyful surprises, such sad disappointments; so many hard battles; so many defeats; so many victories! In this little boy's days there had always been so many more defeats than victories that only the Angel Hope and his own mother believed in him. But still, the dear Father,

who gives the days with the Golden Mark to His children, sent their bright hours to him, and waited for their return.

The battles began early; with this little boy they always began early, but to-day a gentle voice in his heart was singing again and again:

"Jesus, Name of wondrous love," and again and again repeated, "It is the Golden Mark."

If we did but know it, so long as the golden letters shine bright and clear, so long we may have victory in the battles of the day. It is only when we lose sight of the Holy Name that defeat comes. All day long the voice was busy in our little warrior's heart. And when the naughty passions that are our cruel enemies came clamoring there, when the wish to do the wrong thing grew strong, they were met by the stronger angel who had crept in at the little, open door, and was keeping bright the Golden Mark.

With the evening came the white Angel and the little doubting Angel, to gather up the finished days. And here they found them round and bright and rich; and here they found them poor and dull; and here they found them broken and ruined; and some they gathered up with smiles, and some with tears. At last they stopped at the door where they had talked together in the early morning, and again the beautiful white Angel smiled,—this time with a smile as glowing, bright and joyous as the sun.

It was only a little earth boy's day that lay at the door, but the heart of the Angel Hope was full of joy as he bore it swiftly home to the Father's house. For he knew that it would make the Father glad, since shining clear and bright upon it still was the mark that He most dearly loves, the golden letters of the Holy Name.—*Selected.*

The man is not a man who has no family affection; the Christian is not a Christian who does not believe in Missions.—*Rev. Dr. Butler.*

JACK FROST.

They say there are no fairies, no brownies, elves or gnomes,
And no kind Santa Claus who comes on Christmas to our homes.
But I am sure they must be wrong, for someone came last night,
Who did not make a single sound, nor leave a track in sight.
But we could tell where he had passed across the garden bed,
For every flower his breath had touched was standing stark and dead.

It was not Lill, the dappled cow; she would have roamed around,
And cropped the growing plants, and left her footprints on the ground.
But there they stood, the balsams, the pinks and hollyhocks,
All pale and blighted looking, and drooping on their stalks.
The purple morning-glory cups, that nestled on the wall,
And peeped into my room at morn,—I loved them best of all.
Yet pale and limp they hung upon the trellis where they crept,—
Some wicked person must have come and killed them while they slept!

He crept into our chamber, too, this stranger, in the night,
And pinched our cheeks and noses as if he had the right.
He peeped, I'm sure, in every nook and cranny in the house,
And glided down the cellar stairs, as still as any mouse,
And tasted of the apples that were safely stored away,
To be chopped up in mince-meat for the pies, Thanksgiving Day.

He must have been a thief, I'm sure; for, lest some prying eye should chance to be a-watching his stealthy move to spy,
He frosted all the window-panes as nicely as could be,
And did not leave a loop-hole where the sharpest eye could see.
But though he did some damage, he wrought much good as well,—
He burst the chestnut's prickly burr, and freed its glossy shell.

The walnuts and the butter-nuts he dropped upon the ground,
And covered with a fuzzy bloom the pumpkins large and round.
And mamma says 'twas not a thief who made this sudden call;
She said it was a visitor who came to us each fall,
And spread a snow-white mantle on the meadow as he crossed,
And when I asked his name, she said 'twas honest old Jack Frost!
—*Helen Whitney Clark, in S. S. Times.*

A PEEP THROUGH A WINDOW.

An old physician, as well known for his shrewd philosophy as for