

nuts and a big turkey. The children were wild with delight, for they needed no letter to tell them that it came from Grandpa and Grandma Emmons. Joe begged for one pumpkin to make a Jack-a-lantern. He enjoyed cutting it as he had seen Grandpa Emmons do, and before dinner it was all ready to light.

After the good Thanksgiving dinner of turkey and pumpkin-pie Joe said to his mother, "I wish we'd have prayers as Grandpa Emmons does." Joe had already told his mother about it.

"Well, Joe, we will," said his mother. "I've got a Bible in my box, but I haven't looked at it as much as I ought to."

Mrs. Fayther found the Bible and read a few verses, and then they all knelt down and prayed to God.

After that they blew out the candle and put the Jack-a-lantern on the table and lighted it. Oh, how happy they were!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1901.

A LETTER FOR ROY.

It was a pleasant morning, and little Roy was playing with Paul Martin on the pavement in front of their home. Presently, they saw the postman coming down the street, stopping at almost every door.

Roy ran up to him, and asked, eagerly, "Have you a letter for me?" Not that he was expecting one, but he thought, "Why shouldn't the postman bring a letter to me, as well as to other folks?"

But the postman shook his head, kindly, and said, "Not to-day, my little man."

Roy felt quite disappointed, and ran indoors to tell his mother about it.

That evening, before bedtime, Mrs. Wilson said, "Come, Roy, I will teach

you the Golden Text for next Sunday."

"I am tired of learning the Golden Texts," said Roy.

"I thought you wanted a letter this morning," said Mrs. Wilson.

"What has that to do with the Golden Text?" asked Roy, curiously.

"A good deal," answered his mother. "Do you know, Roy, that the Bible is like a postman's bag, full of beautiful letters, and that some of these seem written just for children? The golden text is a bit out of our heavenly Father's letter to you. Don't you want to hear it?"

"Yes, I do," Roy said, with great interest. "If I learn this golden text, I will have another letter next week, will I not mother?"

"Yes," Mrs. Wilson said; "and every letter will be full of love, because it is our Father's word."

The next Monday morning, Roy was playing out again, when the postman came down the street. This time he smiled at Roy, and said, "I have a letter for you to-day, my little man."

Roy could hardly believe the good news, but the postman handed him a white envelope, directed to Roy Wilson, Junior. So there could be no mistake. He ran into the house, shouting, "Mother, quick, quick! a letter for me!"

Mrs. Wilson opened the letter, and found that it was from Roy's father, telling the golden text for the next Sunday, and explaining it by a pretty story.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Is there no means by which we can persuade or reason our scholars into more study of the Bible? Is there no means by which we can induce the fathers and mothers and grandmothers and older sisters, who sit by the piano during practice hour to see that there is no shirking of the scales, who preside over the study table at night to see that the spelling books and grammars receive due attention, to bestow also somewhat proportionate pains upon preparation for the Sabbath lesson?

In many careful Christian homes it would seem as though the parents were thoroughly alive to the value to their children of every branch of education, except education in the Scriptures. After providing a Bible for each son and daughter, with the name and an appropriate text on the fly leaf, there the matter, to a great extent, drops. No questions are asked, very few reminders are given, no particular interest is shown, nor apparently is application expected. Latin they must learn, but about the Bible they may do as they like. We can hardly wonder that boys and girls who would feel to their finger tips the mortification of a slip in geography or spelling, laugh and are undisturbed when caught in the most flagrant Biblical blunders. Nor is it perhaps surprising that diligent and conscientious as to their week-day tasks, eager for pro-

gress and "promotion" in them, they really are ready to feel complacent and self-satisfied if, at the end of years of Sabbath-school attendance, they have risen high enough to stumble through the Golden Text of maybe twenty words, and to have skimmed over the lesson passage at home. Can we teachers do anything in our own or any other households to alter this state of feeling?

There are certain simple little methods which, if varied sufficiently, might bring about a moderate amount of preparation; and moderation in these things would be a pleasant advance. Give out a topic for the next Sabbath, and ask each scholar to hunt up in his Bible a text bearing upon it, which he is to copy out and bring to the class, or better, memorize and recite. For instance, a text about Christmas or New Year or Easter; about harvest time, or planting, or business. Then we may have a Promise Sabbath, calling for the beautiful Bible promises; or a Golden Text Sabbath, when each must select a new Golden Text for himself, which he thinks will fit the lesson almost as well as the one given us by authority.

I was told by a member of the committee which arranges our International Series that there is more discussion in the committee about choosing Golden Texts as well as more expostulation from the public after they are chosen, than on any other point; and I believed him. Older scholars might be asked to bring opinions or illustrations or facts about individual verses or clauses in the lesson.

WHERE TEN DINE ON ONE EGG.

One egg for ten guests, says a traveller, is the custom at the California ostrich farm.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression, he went to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich's egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard boiled egg was laid upon the plate.

But apart from its size, there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was one of the usual colour. It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg—and had no flavour peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to equal in weight the ostrich's egg which was cooked, it was evident the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare, and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that an ostrich egg is good fare.—*Junior Herald.*

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