

and I was converted on the spot. You see I wasn't so much to blame, for I had been reading up about women in the country going insane and all that nonsense. Actually I thought farmers lived on pickled pork and corn bread the year round. I see you had the same ideas," she went on innocently as Helen's face grew scarlet. "Well, never mind, dear. It's never too late to learn."

"That's true," observed Mr. Adams thoughtfully, "but it sometimes gets too late for some other things. What is the matter, Rose? Does your tooth ache again? Somehow your looks are not in accord with this joyful occasion."

"Let me help serve the ladies who waited on the table," begged Helen the instant dinner was over. In spite of all efforts on the part of Arthur and Mrs. Adams, the conversation clung to the ideas city people have of the country, and Helen really suffered during the merry chat. "I want to help a little to get some exercise."

"That's right, Miss Helen," said Mr. Adams heartily. "If I were able, I'd help too, but I'll have to leave that task to Arthur. He's younger than I am and more active."

"I suppose the city is as gay as ever," said Arthur, as they worked together dishing up food in the big deserted kitchen.

"Yes, the usual round of parties and entertainments is in full blast," answered Helen. "I did not know I was coming to your home when we started this morning. Mr. and Mrs. Adams said we were to spend the day at their cousin's, and I did not know her name until she introduced you."

"Does that mean you would not have come if you had known?" asked Arthur gravely.

"You know the answer to that question without my telling you," said Helen in a low tone. "I want to beg your pardon for all the unkind things I said about your home and to wish you much happiness. Mr. Adams told me you were to marry a—"

"Look here, John," interrupted Arthur, as that gentleman strolled carelessly past the kitchen door to excite his wife. "What have you been telling Helen? You know very well I am not paying attention to any young lady."

"Who said you were?" demanded Mr. Adams, in mock indignation. "Helen, remember what you said on the way out this morning. This looks danger—" But just then a firm hand was laid on his arm and the door was gently shut by Mrs. Adams.

Half an hour later the door was burst open by the same meddlesome gentleman, and he assumed an injured air as he told of the sufferings of the waiters in the dining room. "They would have starved without their dessert for the sake of politeness," he explained to Arthur and Helen, "but I'm going to save their lives. I promised at the altar to cherish and protect my wife and I'm going to do it. Good gracious! The pudding is stone cold and the dog has gobbled the pies that were on the window sill cooling."

"I only wish you were as eager to keep some of your other promises," said Mrs. Adams, severely. "Helen, when Arthur and I got up this little plan to have you out here for Thanksgiving, he promised solemnly to behave for one day, but you see the trouble he's caused. We all tried to make him—"

"Never mind, Rose. It's all settled and we're going to be married this very afternoon. Helen has no parents, you know, and I won't let her go this time. She may find another article about insane country women or salt pork. I take no more risks."

"Did you folks plan this?" gasped Helen. "I thought it was all accidental."

"Never an accident," laughed Mr. Adams. "Rose and Arthur have been working out the details for six months. I assure you it was premeditated, on my word of honor. I haven't thought or dreamed or heard of anything else for weeks and weeks. That is the reason I came near disclosing the secret so many times to-day. My mind is saturated with it, so as to speak."

From a mysterious bundle Rose produced with old-fashioned silver, china and glass, while savory odors did not suggest salt pork and heavy pies.

The relatives continued to arrive undressed a white frock and before the afternoon closed, a happy wedding took place in the old-fashioned parlor. All the pain and loneliness of the past months spent in feverishly rushing from one gay scene to another, slipped from Helen like a garment, and she looked in harmony with the beauty and peacefulness of the dying Autumn day as the ring was slipped on her finger.

"It will not be long that you will have to stay in the country, dear," whispered Mrs. Hanly as she kissed the bride tenderly. "I feel this is my last Thanksgiving until I celebrate it in my heavenly home."

"But I want to 'av,'" said Helen, tenderly. "I want to beg, my new life in this beautiful spot, and then I will never want to leave it."

"I have a great load off my mind," said Mr. Adams, as he and his wife said goodbye in the twilight. "I expect to get a little attention myself since all this excitement is over."

"So have we all had our minds relieved," said his wife. "The next time Arthur and I want to get up some plans for Thanksgiving, we will be careful not to tell you about them."

"Don't be too hard on him, Rose," laughed the happy bridegroom. "Our premeditated Thanksgiving was a complete success and we can afford to overlook his little failings."

BOMBAY, INDIA.

Bombay is one of the greatest cities of India. After Madras, the island upon which the city of Bombay stands is the oldest of the British possessions in India. It was occupied by the Portuguese in 1522, and was given to Charles II. in 1661 as part of the dowry of his queen. It is connected by railway with most of the large cities of India, and by telegraph and steamers with Great Britain.

"Bombay is a perpetual wonderland," writes a missionary. "Such a place for people and peoples; nations, races, tribes, tongues and complexions, from the four points of the compass, pass and repass in rushing trains and through crowded bazaars, like the pieces of colored glass in a kalidoscope. The whole world contributes to crowd these streets. In this strange city are five temples where the embers never cease glowing in fires kindled when Cyrus warred, Belshazzar feasted, and Daniel read strange words of fate traced by God's finger upon a wall. Whence came the 800,000 inhabitants? Last week a Greenlander called, seeking work. Two days after a man from Australia wrote me, asking a favour. A few weeks ago a West Indian came to attend to repairs on my house. Last Sunday night I preached to a congregation in which sat, side by side, a Russian from the Baltic and an Armenian from the foot of Mount Ararat. Among my parishioners are an Abyssinian, Turks from the Dardanelles, Greeks from the Adriatic, Sidhee boys from Zanzibar, Norwegians and South Africans live, do business and die in this human hive. Is it not a wonderland? God is working in this city. I found the Greenlander trusted Him. The Abyssinian wept as she talked of Him, and the Sidhee boy from Zanzibar needed Him."

CHILDHOOD ILLS.

Almost all the ills of babyhood and childhood are due to disorders of the stomach or bowels. Set them right and the little one will be well and happy. No other medicine can do this so promptly and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. Mrs. Ulric Delisle, Cap Sante, Que., says: "My baby suffered greatly from constipation and stomach troubles and nothing helped her until I gave her Baby's Own Tablets. The change they made in her condition was simply marvelous, and I strongly recommend the Tablets to all mothers. The mother using these Tablets has the guarantee of a Government analyst that they do not contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont."

THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say: "You make us most content,
Oh, honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
Don't think of being rude;
"Oh, noble, dear mamma," they say,
"We trust we don't intrude."
Instead of rushing into where
All day their mother combs her hair.

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

THE ACCOMMODATING SPANISH COW.

It was the first cow we had seen in Spain, and she had every right to be the haughty creature she was. A girl led her about the plaza at dusk, milking a thimbleful of the rare beverage at the house of the customers, and it is hard to say which of the three concerned was the most proud—the one who sold, the one who bought, or the one who gave the milk. She of the bovine race was decorated with an old chenille-fringed curtain, and, as though that was not enough to boast of, pulled along the streets a very unruly but bouncing daughter. The calf was tied to the tail of the cow by a rope, and had already learned the ineffable joy of hanging limp and being dragged by her fond parent. Fortunately the rope was not too long for disciplinary purposes, and when exasperated beyond all polite admonition, the cloven hoof of the mother set daughter upon her feet once more.—(Louis Closser Hale, in Harper's.)

The United Presbyterian publishes the statement that a delegate from the Japanese residents in San Francisco has been sent to Tokyo and has interviewed Count Hayashi, the foreign minister, saying that the feeling in America is directed against the undesirable immigrant and that there would be no objection to the coming of a limited number of honest and trustworthy Japanese. The delegate suggested that 900 immigrants monthly through San Francisco and Seattle would not be too many. Count Hayashi replied that half that number would be better. As to attempting to secure the privilege of naturalization for Japanese in America, he would never encourage the alienation of Japanese subjects, but would insist on securing for them rights equal to those granted to subjects of other powers.

Let us learn a lesson from the lark; rise toward heaven and keep singing as we go.