

intimacies which have come into them. Then in family history, so eventful under the roof, so sacredly sheltered from the outside intrusion, what sweets have there been of the birthday and the bridal, and the glad personal anniversary! What secrets of happiness, as pronounced and far more numerous than the secrets of care! Let us remember the years of the right hand of the Most High, and, remembering, let us thank God and take courage.

Not one of us but has a long record of direct and individual causes of gratitude to God, in help received to conquer innate inclination to sin, to resist temptation and to put Satan under our feet. Then, too, if we have had moments of hallowed communion, sweet glimpses of our Lord, a sense at times of his nearness, an increasing and most helpful realization of his presence with us in our various experiences, in our weakness as in our strength, our grief as in our joy, for all these we can but offer our "humble and hearty thanks."

Thanksgiving Day is so fully and sacredly the home day in our country that we must never suffer its glory to wane, nor allow its celebration to fall into decadence. The land over, trains are loaded with the children going back to the homestead, fathers bringing their boys and girls to visit the dear old people who grow young with their grandchildren about them, sons hastening to the mother's side once more, city folk seeking the country, country folks turning to the town. Homeward ply the shuttles, and roll the wheels; the very winds grow merrier as they blow on Thanksgiving eve, and the snow, if it happened to come, falls with an air of holiday.

And in our grateful thanks let us never leave out a memory of those for whom defeat and strife and struggle are over, for those, still ours, all still dearly beloved, who are safe in the city of the King, beyond the last river, beyond the touch of death, forever free and forever living! Thanks be unto God for the great company of our kindred and friends who dwell where the song of praise is endless, in "Jerusalem the golden."

If they had cause for thankfulness  
Who crossed the bitter sea,  
To build within the wilderness  
The altar of the free,  
Who paused amid their bread of tears,  
In exile and in pain,  
To praise the God who hushed their fears,  
And gave them sun and rain,  
And seed that pierced the rocky soil,  
And harvest ere the snow,  
If they were glad, 'mid grief and toil,  
Our fathers, long ago,  
O! what rich chord of nobler song  
Should we this hour uplift,  
On whom so swift love's favors throng  
Who reap so large a gift,  
Father, from out thine open hand,  
Through all our border's wide,  
Drop bounties on our smiling land,  
No prayer or want denied.  
Receive our thanks that seek thee, Lord,  
Our words are weak to say  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Our heart-felt psalm this day.

Everything and everybody is glad on Thanksgiving,  
for

God's in his heaven  
All's right with his world.

—Congregationalist.

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### The Family of God.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

There are few more beautiful sights in this fallen world than that of a happy and harmonious family, where there are no secret heart-burnings, no jealousies, no envyings, no covert mistrust; but where the good of one is regarded as the good of all, the happiness of one as the happiness of all; where the strife is not so much who shall be first, as who shall be last, not so much who shall be ministered unto as who shall minister. Few, indeed, are the scenes on earth so lovely as this.

It is this most lovely of earthly scenes God takes to suggest to us something of the joys of heaven, and to picture to us something of what his church should be on earth. Many beautiful titles are used to describe his people, but not one is more beautiful than this, when he calls them a family—a term so suggestive of sympathy and love and union, and so laden with memories of home.

Let us remember as Christians that we have one family name to cherish.

"We bear the name of Christians,  
His name and sign we wear."

How careful we ought to be that we never disgrace the worthy name by which we are called. "Let every one who nameth the name of Christ be careful to depart from iniquity." Alexander said to his coward soldier who bore the same name: "Either you must change your name or change your ways." If we are unwilling to endure, to fight sin and hardships for Christ's sake, then let us change our name, and not call ourselves Christians.

But, on the other hand, if we glory in the name, then, like the Daughters of the King bearing their little silver cross, or the hands of Eudeayors with their badge of C. E. bright, let us, every time we look upon the "token of our birth," resolve anew that by God's loving help we will go nowhere, say nothing, do no act, that will tarnish in the least that dear name by which we are called.

Let us remember that as Christians we have one family interest to promote. In every true household there is more or less a family identity of interest. There is one family name to be honored, a united family prosperity to be promoted, a family distress to be relieved, or a common debt to be unburdened.

We are acquainted with a family of six strong sons, where there is a common treasury and one common effort. No one says, "Will this or that give me an advantage?" but "Will it promote the common cause and prosperity?" They are men in middle life, already rich, and always loving and contented. No one can doubt that much of their marked success is due to their putting always together their united strength.

Well we know that this may not be the wisest way for us all to live, but this principle of identity of interest should most surely be seen in every family, and it should also mark the members of the family of God.

Near akin to this identity of interest is the love and sympathy and mutual helpfulness which should be found among the children of God, as in the ideal family. Among the mountings of Switzerland, where the difficulties and dangers of travelers are great, they have a way of binding a group of adventurers together. Before they commence the slippery and perilous ascent, a strong cord is bound around the waist of each, and all are then tied together, so that every one helps the others, and if a brother slips they pull him up again.

Just so it will be with us fellow-members of the church of Christ, fellow-pilgrims up the broken, rugged steeps of life. Bound together should we be in one Christian association of mutual helpfulness and love. Every family should be a little church, and every church should be a large family.

But the Scriptures speak of this family as being "in heaven and in earth." Let us understand. God's people are one. Even death itself cannot separate or invade his great church. Only like a narrow sea does death divide this heavenly land from ours.

"Once, in a western town, they told us that the beauty of it lay in its suburbs and environs. And one of the enthusiastic residents remarked, as we admired the main street in particular, and especially commented on the fine show it made at the upper end upon the hill: 'Oh, yes! It is much more beautiful across the river!' Then he showed us how beneath steep banks a deep and rapid stream was running athwart the path just ahead. But he went on: 'These same streets are continued over on the other side; but they have more room over there, so the yards are finer and the fountains loftier, and the edifices are more substantial; indeed, it is wonderfully beautiful over there on the other side.'"

Do you think we can be wrong in taking this as a beautiful parable, telling us that all the streets of this life are continued on the other side, and that the gardens grow fairer, and the fountains finer, and the place more beautiful as the immortal road runs on?

Oh, who would not be a Christian? Who would not long to be adopted into the family of God? And who would not live in love and mutual sympathy as brethren, looking forward to that blessed family reunion, the home coming of the redeemed in the kingdom of God?—The Presbyterian.

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### Saintly Faces.

Sometimes, in passing through a crowd, we see a face that attracts us by its sweetness of expression. Perhaps it is an old face, crowned with the glory of hoary hairs; yet love, joy and peace shine out of every dot and wrinkle in it. Sometimes it is a young face that beams with health and purity and beauty. But whether old or young, when we see that unmistakable soul-light in a face, we know that the heart behind it is pure, the life is good, and that the body thus illuminated is the temple of the Holy Spirit. To keep the mind occupied with good, pure, useful, beautiful and divine thoughts precludes the possibility of thinking about, and thus being tempted by things sinful, low or gross. It is because Paul knew this that he says so earnestly: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things." In the well-formed habit of thinking pure thoughts lies the secret of being pure in heart; and in the daily and nightly meditation in the law of the Lord, is a safeguard against many of the sins which defile the carnal heart, and debase and blacken the countenance.—Scottish Reformer.

### Happiness and Greatness.

It is of no use for a person who is not habitually happy to count himself either very good or very great; for his gloom convicts him as lacking in faith and hope and love. And most surely no one amounts to much who does not excel in all three of these things. They are fundamental to high character. Little goodness without much love, and he in whom love abounds will certainly be glad, for in making others happy he can not fail to be happy himself. Little goodness if faith be small, for faith puts us in touch with God, who is the sole source of virtue, and a vigorous faith scatters the clouds, making sunshine in the soul. The man whose hope is scanty, who looks on the dark side of things and takes sad views will of course be sad, and must, to some degree, be bad, for he disregards the commandment of God, who says: "Rejoice." And as to true greatness, Christ settles that, and rules out the unhappy by putting the crown on those who serve. They who are occupied in genuine ministration to the needs of others have so little time or disposition to think of self that it is impossible for them to be unhappy.—Zion's Herald.

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How often we misjudge each other from a failure to look beyond the horizon of our own experience and environment. "She's a very proud woman," severely remarked one of these careless censors, on seeing a somewhat elderly neighbor wearing a becoming dress and her hair crimped. Yet in that particular locality it was a positive refreshment to others to see one woman beyond middle age who was not sallow and wrinkled and regardless of her appearance. Harper's Bazar mentions the case of a hard-working literary woman who scornfully exclaimed concerning a certain author, "A society woman writing! Well, I suppose I ought to be glad that there is one of them who can do something not frivolous even if she does take the money away from us." Another comment was, "I never realized before that any one who had been in society could have a single sincere or honest purpose." The same journal points out a common tendency to think of dirt as a necessary concomitant to poverty, as illustrated in the action of a charity visitor who refused to order coal and food sent to a poor woman because her stove was blacked and her windows washed! Verily the old injunction, "Judge not, still has need of enforcement in modern society.—Sel.

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Possibly no public man of recent time, in this country, has held a warmer place in the hearts of the reading public, and of the common people who knew him, than the late Phillips Brooks. His genial good nature, kindness of spirit and tenderness of heart won him love from all with whom he came in contact. His eminent good sense is illustrated by the following lines, quoted by Dean Farrar, who knew and loved him. In an article in the Independent, telling of Mr. Brooks' election to his bishopric and the opposition this aroused on the part of many, he says:

The virulence of the attacks made upon him pained him, and the work which his new office entailed upon him was overwhelming, and destroyed the peaceful, happy leisure which has been his delight. His admirably good-humored lines during the fury of the attacks which assailed him are worth recording. On seeing a caricature of himself in the columns of a certain journal, he wrote:

"And is this then the way he looks,  
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?  
No wonder, if 'tis thus he looks,  
The church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.  
Well, if he knows himself, he'll try  
To give these doubtful looks the lie.  
He dares not promise, but will seek  
Even as a bishop to be meek;  
To walk the way he shall be shown,  
To trust a strength that's not his own,  
To fill the years with honest work,  
To serve his day and not to shirk;  
To quite forget what folks have said,  
To keep his heart and keep his head,  
Until men, laying him to rest,  
Shall say, 'At least he did his best.' Amen."

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"The Adventures of François," the new novel by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, author of "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," will begin in the January Century. It is a story of the French Revolution, its hero a founding and adventurer. The tale is one of adventure throughout, but all of it portrayed with Dr. Mitchell's keen characterization and wit.

Rudyard Kipling's first "Just-So" story, which will appear in the Christmas number of St. Nicholas, is illustrated by Oliver Herford. It is the first of a series of fantastic stories about animals.