

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Henry, "that I really must——"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Kate.

"No, look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Kate, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Henry; then read aloud: "*March 8. Ben lent me his new hat. Here again: June 4. When I lost my shilling Ben kindly made it up to me. Well,*" observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "*Ben is a good fellow, after all!*"

"What do you note down in that book?" said Kate, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that ever are shewn me; you would wonder how many they are! I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory; so I hope that I am not ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humoured again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down," said Kate.

"Let me glance over a page:—"

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed."

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings."

"Old Martha asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put 'Father and Mother' at the top of every page?" asked Kate.

"Oh, they show me such kindness that I cannot put it all down, so I just write their names, to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I never can pay it! And see what I have put at the beginning of my book,—'*Every good gift is from above*;' this is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have, were given to me by God, and that while I am grateful to them, I should, first of all, be thankful to Him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time would find it an excellent plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down yet keep a book of remembrance of past kindness in their hearts!—*Union Magazine.*