

of danger, and they take pleasure in making fun of your girl friends. These are faults found in most boys. But in spite of them, your brothers are worthy of your love. Think how bright they are, how quick to learn, how ready to do little services for me. They are generous fellows, too, always willing to divide their school-boy treasures with their companions. They are also brave, truthful, and until lately, not inclined to form bad habits. I am sure your brothers are worthy of your love.

Those three sisters could not deny that their brothers had these and other good qualities, which their mother proceeded to point out, but they defended their own lack of affection by pleading the boys' rudeness and their constant unwillingness to oblige them.

'You must not resent their faults by being faulty yourselves,' said the widow; 'your angry retorts only make them more rude and more neglectful. You possess a magic wand, which, if used as you can use it, if you choose, will charm away their rudeness, and cause them, instead of neglecting you, to find their sweetest pleasure in your society.'

'A magic wand! what is it?' exclaimed the girls, as with one voice.

'Sisterly affection!' replied the mother, with emphasis.

The three sisters looked into each other's faces, as if trying to read each other's thoughts, but made no reply.

'Yes,' continued their mother, 'despite all their pretences, a sister's love is an affection which most boys esteem as something pure and precious. With some it has more power than a mother's love. It is a silken cord by which they often delight to be charmed away from evil deeds and guided into paths of virtue. But the sisters must win a brother's love by gentle words of sympathy with his trials, by cheerfully meeting his requests for little acts of service, and by warm expressions of sisterly regard. Few brothers can resist such displays of a sister's love. Longfellow says to the maiden of his song:

'Bear a lily in this hand!  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand!'

That lily is the pure love of a sister, than which no other human love is more pure. Try its power on your brothers, my dear daughters. You will not try in vain.

These were new thoughts to those sisters. They led to much conversation on the duty of sisters, in the course of which the good widow told them how Caroline Herschel loved her brother, the great astronomer; how Dorothy Wordsworth by her affectionate attention led her brother into the studies which made him the poet of nature; and how Mary Lamb loved the gentle Charles Lamb, and won from him a love such as few brothers have ever cherished for a sister. This talk did these sisters good. It set them on a strong endeavor to win the regard of their brothers, and led them to begin that very Thanksgiving evening by greeting them on their return from their companions, not with frowns, but with such a smile on the lips as that which the poet Longfellow sings:

'And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art!'

—'Everybody's Magazine.'

## Aunt Debbie's Thanksgiving.

(By Ivy B. Powers.)

'And next week is Thanksgiving, oh, dear.'  
'Why, Debbie, to hear you talk one would think that you had nothing to be thankful

for, I'm sure you'd ought to be, what with this home and all, and no one to bother you. There never was anyone more independent than you will be. Now, look at me, with Maria on my hands, with her constant grumbling, and Josiah, so bad with the rheumatism that he has to be waited on at every step, and the children besides, and yet I was just thinking that I was tolerably thankful this year.'

'I didn't say I wasn't thankful, Rachel, only I don't think Thanksgiving alone is very pleasant.'

'Thanksgiving alone? Why, you'll go to John's, of course? He's quite set his heart on having you come, I know.'

'Yes, I did almost promise him I'd come, but I've been thinking it over, and I can't seem to make up my mind to leave home on that day. Why, Rachel, I was never away from home on Thanksgiving Day, no matter where I was the rest of the year, I'm getting too old to change my ways now.'

My, how well I remember the good times we used to have here when we were children, and then afterwards when we grew up, and th boys married, they always came home for Thanksgiving, and mother and I had all the pleasure of planning and working. Our one big day of the year, we used to call it. Then when Tom's wife died, and he brought the children and came home to live, we had them. I can't help wishing he hadn't married again, and gone West to live, for it seems pretty lonesome now, but I guess Deacon, (stroking the cat by her side), that you and Trusty and me must have our Thanksgiving all to ourselves.'

'Well, Debbie, you do beat all, when you might just as well go to John's, and have as big a crowd as need be.'

'Yes, I know, only I want one more Thanksgiving in the old home, and after that I don't believe I shall care so much. Perhaps I shall not live to see another.'

These two old friends; friends they had been since childhood; talked on into the twilight. Finally, as Rachel was putting on her things before leaving, she said:

'That was a powerful sermon Elder Parkes preached last Sunday, and I was just thinking of his text, and allowing you might act on it, about asking in the lame and the halt, but law, I don't know as there be any sech, 'ceptin' old Miss Vedder, and she's got plenty to do for her.'

'Well, I was thinking of that, too, but where will you find the lame and the halt in this town, I should like to know. Everybody seems to have enough, not but that that's as it should be. Why, even Jason is looking ahead, and doing all his chores, bringing me in wood enough to last over, and I do believe he intends to feed the stock extra the day before, so as to last them over, and he can have the hull day to himself. But don't you worry about me, Rachel, for I shall do well enough.'

It was the morning before Thanksgiving Day, and Aunt Debbie was looking out at the fowls, and wondering if she had better have Jason kill one of the turkey gobblers, or whether she shouldn't have anything extra the next day, or just have an ordinary dinner; when Jason came in with an armful of wood.

'I say, Miss Debber,' he began, in his slow, drawling way, 'I was coming by Jack Brewster's this morning, and I see smoke coming out of that little old house by the mill-pond, and I thought I'd make bold to see what it meant. Just as I come near the door, the raggedest little shaver you ever see come out.'

'"Hullo," says I, "who he you, anyway, and how long have you been living here?" "Come last night," says he, "and I ain't do-

ing no harm here." "Yes," says I, "no good to yourself, neither," and I just looked in, seeing the door part open, and I see a little girl sitting on a box with a coat round her, and that was all I see. I couldn't get no more out'n the boy, neither, so I come on. Now, who do you suppose they be?'

'Well, do tell, Jason; who could they be? Why, that old house ain't fit to live in this time of year. Come last night, did they, well, well, you can hitch up, Jason, and I'll drive down and see about it, and Debbie bustled around, putting things to rights, and by the time that Jason drove up to the door she was ready to go.'

It was not long before she was listening to the children's story. Their father, it seemed, had lived in the town when he was a young man, but had gone away no one knew where. He had married, but his wife died when the children were small, and he had taken care of them the best he could, until he was taken sick, and then realizing that his end was near, he told the boy to take his sister and go back to the old town; for, said he, they never let any one suffer there; not if they were honest and not afraid of work.' And so here the children were.

It is needless to say that the door of aunt Debbie's heart swung wide open, and both the children walked right in, never to go out again.

No need, either to tell how she hurried around the rest of the day, and though her preparations were late, for her, it must not be thought that they were any the less good.

And maybe it wasn't with thankful hearts that they gathered around the table next day, and how the children's eyes sparkled at the abundance of good things set before them; the turkey, done to a beautiful brown; the chicken pie, the golden squash, the crisp celery; not even to mention the jellies, mince pie, and all. Aunt Debbie, even, seemed to grow young again, and when she closed her eyes that night, she said to herself: 'It has been very like the old times, after all, and even the old and lonely can be just as happy if only they keep their hearts young.'

There were various opinions expressed over Aunt Debbie's charge, and a few offered to help, Rachel among them, but Debbie said no, the farm had always supported a family, and she guessed it could for a while longer.

When Elder Parkes came to hear of it, as he did very soon, he walked away, saying to himself: 'The age of human kindness has not died out of the world yet, and hearts still throb in response to the cry of distress.'

The people looked at one another and smiled, the next Sunday as they sat in their respective places in the church, when Elder Parkes read for his text: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in—and inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'—'The Inland.'

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), speaking of his recent visit to the United States, says: 'With regard to those parts of America where there is prohibition, I had no opportunity for personal examination into the success of the results or the working of the measures, but I made inquiries. I was assured by some of their absolute success; I was assured by others that they could be easily evaded, and that it was far better not to have measures which could be evaded. But everything can be evaded if people set their minds to evade. There is no doubt that the prohibition measures have been a great boon to America, and I do not see why they should not be of as great value to this country.'—'League Journal.'