

Just as they were sitting down to breakfast next morning came the postman's ring. Great was Mary's surprise to receive the two little gilt-edged notes. She could hardly wait to give Nellie her's before she opened her own. Great was the delight of both when they found they were invited to a Thanksgiving party at Alice Dunn's, the big house on the corner, which was just like the one they were going to have when they were grown up and married. The tears almost came into Mrs. Baker's eyes at the sudden turn the children's Thanksgiving had taken. She was so glad and so thankful. Why it would be like fairyland to them, and so much better than anything she could have planned. She felt a little ashamed of her distrust of the evening before, and after breakfast, when the three knelt down to give thanks to the Father and ask His guidance for the day, she felt the comfort and wondrous blessing of the close presence of Jesus, that wonderful Saviour who rules in the hearts and lives of men, bringing joy and good will into every heart where He may enter!

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for all the children to be taken home to grandma's for Thanksgiving dinner. Grandmother lived with the Dunn's, however, so there was no need for them to go out.

On the way home from church Mrs. Dunn had a call to make on a sick woman and her baby, so Amy and Alice walked on alone.

"I'm gladder than ever, Amy, that we asked a few of 'the halt' for to-night. I'd have felt awfully mean after that sermon if I'd just been going to have the old crowd."

"The halt, the lame, and the blind," mused Alice. "Don't you think it means all people whose lives aren't as bright as ours? They don't need to be poor, all of them; some of the rich people want happiness worse than the poor."

"Have you noticed how restless and queer Marian is lately? I wish—I wish she'd let Christ into her life."

"She'd be happy enough then, wouldn't she, dear?" said Amy as she put her arm caressingly round her cousin.

"Yes," answered Alice, as she went through the door, "if she'd only 'trust and obey.'"

About five o'clock the girls began to arrive, and soon all were in the brightly-lighted drawing rooms.

Alice had been a little afraid that the guests "wouldn't mix," as she expressed it. But what with mother's tact and Amy's pleasant manner, she soon saw that every one was at ease.

Supper was soon announced, and the procession, led by grandmother and Mr. Dunn, went to the dining-room. And such a merry time as they had! By the time the nuts were passed it was difficult to tell who was having the most fun, or whose tongue could go the fastest.

Things quieted down a little after they re-entered the parlour, and at the first real lull Alice proposed a game.

She and Amy had cut advertisements out of the covers of old magazines, cutting off the names and pasting the pictures only on cards. Each girl was given five of these and a slip of paper. The cards were numbered, and the business which the picture advertised was to be written on the slip opposite the corresponding number.

Soon every girl was bending with intent look on the cards in front of her.

Suddenly little Mary Baker called out, "Oh! I know," and began to scratch away as fast as possible with the pencil.

"I've got one, too," cried Marian. "So have I!" "So have I!" called out two more voices.

Again there was silence, and then the pencils began to write thick and fast.

"Humph!" growled Mr. Dunn, "I'd like to know what this stands for. Some girls packing a trunk, clothes lying about to be packed, another girl calmly seated holding a box. It might mean anything from a trunk establishment to a dry-goods store."

"Oh, papa! You've seen that advertisement a dozen times in *Harper*. Don't you know what it is?"

"No, I don't. Come over here and help me, Marian."

"That's not fair!" came on all sides.

"Well, I'll have to resign myself to the inevitable, then, and puzzle it out. Hum, I've got it! She's holding the soap."

"Good for you, uncle!" said Amy, approvingly. "That's one of the hardest."

"Time's up!" called Alice, and rang the bell.

Great was the fun when the slips were read and the pictures shown. Most of the pictures could be readily guessed, but each had one hard one, and there was much laughing at the funny guesses that had been made.

Eleven o'clock came all too soon, and, tired and happy, the girls began to say good-night.

"Let us sing a little before we go," said Mrs. Dunn.

Alice rose and went to the piano, and all joined in the dear old evening hymn, "Sun of My Soul." Good nights were soon said, and presently the lights were all out. The Thanksgiving party was over. Quite over? Somehow the memory of that little evening stayed with more than one of those girls for many a day.

I AM MY OWN MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master."

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such