

small could well look; but he lifted up his gruff little voice courageously.

'Shure, I niver knew that a craythur could be a paycock widout a tail, at all, at all,' he said piteously, 'an' seein' it war n't manin' any harrum I was, an' the hairt ov me quite broke intoirely, an' me mither's—an' we not havin' anythin' barrin' praties for our Thanksgivin' dinner, shure ye moit lave me off, Miss Appleby, mum,—an' shure I'll niver come where I hear the voice ov a paycock agin.'

Aunt Doxy was so happy to have her dear Princess restored that she could blame no one. 'Never mind Barty, you needn't feely bardy,' she said. 'You shall have the turkey I promised you; a fine, fat one, and all ready for the oven. —But, oh, dear,' she exclaimed, 'if I only had n't written that letter.'

Barty's woe-begone look gave place to a beam of happiness; but as he and his mother went off with a fine turkey in the big basket, he still protested that 'shure it was not a right baste at all, at all, that pertinded to be a paycock an' had n't no iligint tail-feathers.'

Aunt Doxy was still bemoaning her sad mistake when Martha Washington, who felt that perhaps she was somewhat to blame in the matter, came in with a letter.

'Oh, dear, is it the answer?' said Aunt Doxy. 'Reckon not, Miss Doxy, it dont come froo de post-offis,' replied Martha Washington, scanning it closely, 'Pears like it might be from Miss Sarah Wilhelmina.'

'Oh, oh!' cried Aunt Doxy, as she read the letter, 'what do you suppose Sarah Wilhelmina says? She says that Mrs. Gracey knows the people in the cottage very well, and that she congratulates me on having such delightful neighbors. They are Mr. A——, the celebrated artist, and his family; and Mrs. A—— is a daughter of my old minister, Dr. Forristall, who is going to spend Thanksgiving with them!'

Aunt Doxy dropped the letter in her lap. 'Oh, that letter, that dreadful letter!' she said. 'What must they think of me?'

But now Thaddy looked up suddenly from a thoughtful consideration of the yellow kitten's eyes.

'Are you sorry you wrote it, Aunt Doxy; true as you live, and never do so again?' he asked solemnly, 'and would you be a little easy on a fellow if—if an accident had happened to that letter?'

'Why, Thaddeus, what do you mean? Tell me instantly,' said Aunt Doxy.

'Well, confessed Thaddy, 'you see, before I rang the bell at the cottage Rupert asked me to play with him, and we went out to the grove back of the house, and he was making a kazoo on a comb and wanted a piece of paper, and so I pulled that letter out of my pocket, without thinking what it was, and tore it up, and I'm awful sorry, but—'

'Thaddy, it was very, very wrong of you to be so careless and disobedient,' said Aunt Doxy; 'but this time I do believe it was an interposition of Providence.'

And soon another letter was despatched to the cottage, and Aunt Doxy followed it with an invitation to dinner. And Mr. A—— and Mrs. A—— and Rupert and Marguerite all came up from the cottage, and so did Dr. Forristall. And so it came to pass that they had a jolly Thanksgiving at Pine Hill Farm after all. And Barty O'Flanagan had his turkey, too.

Some Things to be Thankful For.

Our Eyes.—I looked into the sightless eyes of an old friend of mine, some years ago, and heard him say that he had never seen the sun rise, and had never looked upon his mother's face; and I realized that all my life I had been using my eyes, and never once had thanked God for them.

Our Reason.—I visited an insane asylum, and saw one of the most brilliant men this country has produced with reason dethroned, imagining himself a beast of the field, splendid in his physical proportions, but with mind entirely gone, and I turned away in shame to

acknowledge that I had never thanked God for my reason.

Our Feet.—A certain beggar was crying out along the roadside that he was the brother of a king, and was without shoes. 'What a shame,' he said, 'that a king's brother should go unshod!' and then he saw a poor beggar carried by without feet, and in confusion he began to thank God that he was better off than he. In ten thousand ways God has blessed us, for which we have not thought to render praise to him.—Exchange.

Only Heroes

He calls not where the silver light
Lies on the waveless sea,
Where idly rock the pleasure-boats,
And summer winds move merrily.
His course is o'er the stormy deep,
He calls to stress and strain;
Who mans the life-boat for His sake
Must toil all night the wreck to gain.
Where wild winds rage and billows roar,
And death is waiting nigh,
The Christ calls, 'Who will follow me?'
He must be brave who answers, 'I.'

Yet round about the Master stands
A group of hero souls,
And he is in good company
Who in that list his name enrolls.
No coward hearts, no wavering wills,
Are in that matchless crowd;
But those who lift the cross on high,
And serve their Master, meekly proud.
Is it too much to ask of thee
The labor and the loss?
Unworthy thou to follow Him;
Heroes alone can bear His cross.
—Selected.

No Cheap Purchase.

I know not by what authority I should offer you the noble life on cheap and easy terms. To be a Christian is not easy; character is not to be bought at a bargain; and you know the severe terms on which excellence in business or professional life must be purchased will not expect to gain Christian character without strenuous effort and serious sacrifice.—William DeWitt Hyde.

This Life is What We Make It.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones;
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it.
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.

We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps to wake it.
Bright happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

—'Christian Churchman.'

Pete's Thanksgiving.

(Francis S. Veirs, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

A short while before Thanksgiving Pete had come home from church one Sunday with a dull and hopeless look on his face. The minister had told all the Sunday school pupils that he wished them to try and bring something on Thanksgiving toward helping to pay off the debt of the church, and all the other children had listened with joy in their hearts over the opportunity. It made them feel big, they said, to give to the grown people's debt.

But Pete was poor. There was a large family to support, his father made small wages, and his mother was sickly. So he had no means of getting money for the church or for anything else. By dint of saving his mother had managed to give him a penny a week for Sunday school; but for more than that he

felt that he did not have any right to ask.

Pete was proud. He felt the sting of poverty more than most boys do. So tossing aside his book, he sat down and hung his head gloomily. When dinner was ready he ate sparingly, and his mother wondered what ailed him. Still he said nothing, and presently arose and went out doors. Hardly had he gone a square, though, when he came face to face with Mary Barton, a little girl around the corner.

'Well, Pete!' she called, cheerily. 'What's the matter?'

'Nothing,' said Pete, gloomily.

'Yes, there is, too. Come, tell me about it. won't you, Pete?'

Pete was silent.

Mary, where are you going?

'Nowhere, particular.'

'Indeed! May I go along?'

'If you care to,' Mary laughed.

Then, rattling on in an easy, breezy way, she bit by bit, led Pete on to talk. It was a hard matter, at first, for although never before had he refused to tell her about his troubles and grievances, it cut him to the quick to speak of his poverty to anyone, and particularly to Mary. Still there was no way out of it. Mary had always been sympathetic, and had often helped him out of his difficulties. And she seemed anxious to know, to help him, that almost before he realized it he had told her about the Thanksgiving money the minister had asked them to bring. Then somehow she knew the rest—about his being too poor to give it, and everything.

'How much is your class to give?' she asked.

'A dollar apiece.'

'Pshaw! You can easily raise that.'

Pete knew he could not, so said nothing.

'You have plenty of time Saturdays and other days, after school hours,' said Mary. 'Why not earn it?'

'I haven't any work.'

'Get some.'

'I can't.'

'Have you tried?'

'Yes, at other times, and failed.'

'Try again. Nothing beats a trial, and because you've failed once or twice it doesn't follow that you will fail always. Papa says he hates boys that haven't any pluck, and that they ought to have been girls in grandma's days. When I want a thing I just keep right on till I get it, and I'm a girl.'

Pete winced and walked on quietly. Mary knew he thought her parents had plenty to gratify all her wishes, and that was why she got everything she wanted, and she would have offered to have helped him, only she knew he would not have accepted it. Besides, she wanted to show him how to carry a point, to stand up and fight, and to win. It was a lesson he should know, she thought.

'Look here, Pete, you're down-hearted. Now, listen to me. You've nearly a whole month to make that dollar, and lots of boys not as smart as you, and without your health and strength, make ten times that much. So why do you give up? Go round to the stores and places and try for work. Plenty of them would pay you for carrying bundles and things. Papa would, I know, and I'll ask him to-night. I'll tell him why you wish to do it, and—and—everything.'

Pete's face brightened. 'Sure enough Mary?'

'Sure enough,' she promised, laughing and dancing gayly with her new project.

Pete went home with a light heart. Mary had helped him out of another trouble, so he would try and prove himself worthy of her help. In the morning he would go bright and early around to Mr. Barton's store, and if there was anything to do he would work with a willing grace.

When morning came, though, and Pete appeared at the store, Mr. Barton eyed him closely. He had tried the boy before and had found him slow and lazy. Besides, he was not just then in need of anyone.

Pete, being very much disappointed, hung his head and walked away. Mr. Barton watched him go down the street, then presently, when he reached the corner, called him back. 'What do you want to do?'

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