

from the neat and serviceable shoes that covered my cold feet to the sunlight shining on the hill-tops. My school-friends, my play, my fun, my mother's kiss, the baby sister in her cradle—all these I learned to consider separately, and of every one to say, "He gave it to me."

"This practice taught me the habit of thankfulness." It kept my heart near to him, kept it light and happy. These everyday blessings were not to me mere matters of course, but special, loving touches from his paternal hand. No pain or sorrow could outweigh them.

We all have a store of richer jewels than the heathen king; and, unlike the crown regalia, these jewels are our own, given us by our Father.

How many of us mutter over, as the day begins, some perfunctory words of thanks which mean nothing? How many number their mercies, tasting the delight and joy of each, and out of glad hearts thanking the Giver?

And how many quite forget to think either of them or of him?

What better time than Thanksgiving Day in which to begin anew to cultivate a grateful temper? — 'Youth's Companion.'

The Skate Up Long Pond.

(N.Y. 'Observer.')

They sat in the twilight, Charlie Stevens and his mother, talking busily away while the light of the open fire fell over them and draped them with its robes of gold.

"Hem!" exclaimed Charlie, "I—I—wanted to tell you—you—about it. Hem! I—I—well, I am only one—but lots of us boys have been interested in the meetings that have been held, and think it's about time for you—for us to start."

"What those special services in the churches?"

"Yes, that is it, mother."

"And you think it is time to start to serve God?"

"That—is it—that is—it, mother! I wanted to tell you."

"I am delighted to have you, Charlie, and I would start out now. Haven't you decided?"

"Well, I am thinking about it, mother."

"What keeps you from deciding? Where is the hitch, Charlie?"

"Well, it seems a good deal to do. It is starting out, well, the way seems a long one, and I know how other boys feel and I feel, and we sort of hold back, for we don't know as we will hold out.' Tom knows it is a long way."

"But, Charlie, it isn't just your way. It is God's way. There are lots of helps in the way—and Oh, you will come out right! Why, the way runs to the heavenly gates—why, sitting here, it seems to me as if I could see right to the end. It is our Father's way to the Father's house!"

Here Mrs. Stevens looked at the open fire, as if the flames sweeping up from the burning logs she could see gates of gold shining afar.

"That's lovely, mother, but—"

Then came a pause, a long pause. Mother and son sat in silence before the open fire, looking at the golden gates shining afar. Soon there came from without the sound of a call, a clear, sweet boy-call. Charlie rose and went to the window.

"Just excuse me a moment. I think that is one of the boys wanting me. Sounds like Dave Pomeroy's call. Yes, I can make out Dave there in the electric light. He is beckoning. Just a moment, excuse me."

Charlie was gone longer than a moment. When he came back, he was very much in earnest about a piece of news the messenger with the musical boy-call had brought.

"Oh, mother, the moon rises at seven, full moon, you know, and may I go up Long Pond on a skate?"

"Oh, Charlie!"

If Mrs. Stevens had said 'No,' that would have ended it, but this kind of an answer might lead to a 'Yes,' and Charlie, planting himself before the gates of gold, fast crumbling in the fire excitedly began:

"You see, mother, we are going—"

"Who are going?"

"Well, Dave Pomeroy, Charlie Weeks, Ben Weeks, Tim Dove, all nice boys—"

"Yes, I know that."

"And then, there is Billy Grant, he is going to be our leader, Dave says. You know Billy is first-class. He is a splendid skater, and he knows all about Long Pond. He is strong, too, and he is always ready to help. Why, the other day, when Joe Selden gave out, Billy just boosted him up and took him on his back. Wasn't that splendid?"

"Yes."

"He's that sort of a feller. And he will be our leader. He knows just where to go, too, knows all about it. He says he will keep right near us and lead us, and we needn't be afraid, and he guarantees, if we start at seven, he will get us back at eight. Now that isn't bad. Billy says he doesn't believe in late skating, or skating when the ice is at all thin, and he will look after us. Now isn't that a good case, mother, back at eight, you know, and behind a good leader, not half a mile behind, but close up—isn't it a good case, mother?"

"Yes; you may go."

At seven there were half a dozen boy-forms on the ice clustered about a stalwart young fellow of whose muscular prowess the boys were proud, and they were all proud to be intimate enough to call him 'Billy,' and each one recognized in him an excellent kind of personal friend.

"All ready, boys!" shouted the leader. "Skates just right. Now follow me. I don't mean to get ahead much, but if I do, any one behind just sing out, 'Billy,' or give three whistles. I am back there with you. Ready! One, two, three! Hum now."

Long Pond was like an oblong shield of purest silver, while above it, in the sky, was another silver shield, but circular, and the two shields, the moon and the pond, shone at one another, not in rivalry, but in a glow of mutual admiration.

All the boys had recently been studying about ancient Athens, and Billy had proposed that they call different localities along the shores of the pond, after places of interest in old-time Athens.

As the party swept up the icy way, Dave called out as they neared an old boulder about four feet high:

"This, boys, is the mighty Acropolis of Athens."

The name was greeted with a shout.

A slight rise was next approached, where Farmer Jones' flock of sheep loved to browse, for somehow it had the sweetest grass in all that neighborhood.

"Mars Hill," cried Joe Sheldon.

This was received with a shout:

"Grove of the Academy," called out Ben Weeks, as they passed an orchard of gnarled old apple trees.

A shout welcomed this also.

So they skated on, reaching the journey's end, and then turning about, struck merrily homeward. At one point Charlie's skates began to weaken. He halted, knelt to strengthen their hold on his feet, but when he arose he was alone. Not a skater was in

sight! A solitary white moon looked down on a lonely white pond, and one boy on the pond.

"Why, where have they gone?" wondered Charlie. "Our leader said he would keep near us."

He was sounding the call that had been agreed upon, when round a near point glided a trim, compact figure.

"Charlie, Charlie, hullo!"

"That you, Billy?"

"Yes, I missed you, and came back."

"I thought you had forgotten me."

"I haven't taken my thoughts off from you for a moment, it doesn't seem to me. You know I said I would look after you."

"Give us your hand, Charlie. Away we go! Away—away—away!"

They soon joined the rest of the party and in a little while all were at home.

Charlie found his mother still by the open fireplace, her work in her lap.

"Oh, mother, it was fine!"

"You are a good boy to be back when you said."

"We had a good leader."

"Tell us about it."

In his enthusiastic way he told about the party, the way and the leadership.

"Charlie, if it were a new way to you, a new pond, and Billy should come to you and tell you that he had been there and knew about the way, would you hesitate about following?"

"Why, no, mother, he would bring me out all right."

There was a pause, and Charlie's mother watched the fire intently as if expecting the gates of gold there would open. Then she spoke:

"Charlie, before you left for the pond, we were talking about starting out in the way leading to the heavenly gates. You were afraid you might not hold out. Now you have one that offers to be your leader and guide, the Lord Jesus. He knows all the way. He promises not to leave you. You said your leader to-night thought of you and came back for you. Will Jesus do less? Can't you trust him? Don't hesitate to take him for your leader and guide. You will take him and follow him, will you not?"

What word, soft and low, Charlie whispered, his mother did not clearly hear. But he gave an answer to Another when he knelt down in prayer that night in his chamber, and the light of the moon fell over him as if it were a softened lustre stream. He had set his face that way, and he took Jesus as his leader and guide.

EDWARD A. RAND.

Never Worth While.

It is never worth while to be cross. Do you know why? For one thing, it makes you a coward. If you have trouble and are cross, it shows you are not bold enough to meet it. If you are cross with those who love you, it proves that you do not appreciate their kindness. So it goes on; it is never worth while to be cross, no matter what happens.—'Sunbeam.'

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England sixty years ago, the Fiji Islanders were a race of peculiarly ferocious cannibals. It was not safe for a white man to set foot on the shore. Through missionary labors the islands are wholly Christianized, and the grandchildren of these fierce cannibals have sent \$4,000 for relief of the famine sufferers in India.