

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THANKSGIVING.

"There is so much to thank Him for." So much, so much! What if the sky is clouded? It screens the torrid blaze of summer's heat; And if the way be rough and fog-enshrouded, It makes the resting at the end more sweet; 'Tis still His sky although it is beclouded, And 'tis His path though rugged 'neath our feet.

A THANKSGIVING STORY FOR SOME MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"They have written for me to come home to New England to spend Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Nickerson, who lived in a rose-wreathed cottage among the golden grain-fields of Sonoma County, California, "but I dread to go. I know from uncomfortable experience just how it will be with my sister. She lives at the old Bromley homestead, and you know whoever stays in the homestead always catches all the family visitors. A half dozen other sons and daughters may marry and settle down in the same neighborhood, but the old roof-tree shelters all the relations from the nest, and the old neighbors and their descendants even, when they come back to visit the old spot, with memories of the old church and the school-house, and the well, and the orchard, and the trout-brook. Now, sister Eliza has stayed right along at the Bromley homestead, and worked herself almost to death, keeping up the credit of the Bromley dairy, and the Bromley kitchen, and the Bromley pickles and preserves, while her husband has let the buildings and the fences on the mortgaged farm run down and go to decay. The last time I visited her she was nothing but a shadow, and actually I didn't have a chance to sit down with her for a good long talk while I was there. All our visiting had to be done in the big kitchen, with poor Eliza on a perpetual jump; and I felt so guilty to be sitting still while she was slaving so that I worked much harder myself than I ever do at home, and went back all tired out. 'Hain't she daughters? O, yes, one, a young lady now, and sister Eliza makes a lady of her. When brother John was here two years ago he said it vexed him beyond all endurance to see how Eliza managed that girl—let her grow up in idleness. But Eliza would tell him that Julia should have the easy times she, her mother, had missed all her life. That is largely a fashion in rural New England, you know. The daughters are 'ladies' and the mothers are slaves. I am going home to Eliza's to Thanksgiving all the same, to be sure, but I shall dread the visit with her every foot of the journey."

the senseless wrong done by mothers to themselves as well as to their daughters by bringing them up to shirk every thing useful in the household, especially whatever is difficult or distasteful, to read novels, and, after squandering the public money by keeping the district school a term or two in a feeble, incompetent, and ignorant way, to get married and settle down as housekeepers themselves, with every thing practical in their station to learn after marriage. Mrs. Nickerson missed a connection at Troy, and so came down over the Fitchburg line, through the great tunnel in the gray of the morning, and as she left the cars at Charlemont lying like a gem in the beautiful Deerfield Valley, she said to her last car acquaintance, "I know it sounds strange for me to say it, but I absolutely dread to reach my journey's end. They are looking for me some day this week, so my niece Julia will run out to meet me, as the morning stage drives up, as fresh and dainty as a rose bud. That will make me as vexed as I can be at the very outset; and I shall have a better heart to box Eliza's ears than to kiss her when she comes wearily out of the back door wiping her hands on her kitchen apron, with her hair done up in a little hard knot at the back of her head, and one eye toward the rising bread and one ear alert for the boiling pot, even while she is saying, 'How do you do?' Then, if I have her at all to myself I shall be obliged to sit down in the kitchen, where I shall get so full of Thanksgiving smells before Thursday that I shall not feel like eating a mouthful of the bountiful dinner. Then, I know the carpets will be threadbare, the paint worn off all over the house, inside and outside, the door-yard fence half down, and the gate hanging by one hinge. I know how things go when once they get to going down hill. John Harding's brother went to Illinois, and left John with the mortgaged homestead, and no matter how hard Eliza may try to keep things up, they will go down in spite of her."

know, and what did she do but invite herself down here to make a visit, and she took Julia in hand. I can see now that I did wrong. I looked upon her as a mere child, and I wanted her to have a good time; so I let her pass it, when out of school, as she pleased—in fancy work, when the mood took her, in attending dances, and so on. Julia wasn't wholly to blame, for nothing useful had ever been required of her. I had no leisure for reading, or for any recreation when I was young, so in my false, foolish pride, I would have her grow up in idleness, and came near ruining her. She is a great deal happier now, with something useful to do; and she has had much encouragement, too. Her Uncle Joseph was on from New York, not long ago, and he was so pleased with Julia's amiable manner and helpful ways and her excellence as a cook, that he paid off the mortgage and repaired and painted the buildings. But he wasn't contented with that. One day said he, 'Julia is just like a girl out of a story book, for girls in real life don't often step up on the higher plane of cheerful industry and usefulness so quickly and easily, so I will help complete the story.' He then handed her a check, and told her to fix up the inside of the house, and refurnish it the best way the means would let her. And the necessary house-cleaning, and other extra work, hasn't hurt her a bit. In fact, she is all the better for it. She wouldn't have taught school nor learned a trade; and I have renewed my age, as you see."

GOODNESS AND LOVING KINDNESS.

Flowers do not always bloom about our way, Sometimes the night is long; But aye there is some sunshine in the day, Some cause for joy and song. Each morning brings some token of the love That watches over all, And help comes to us from its source above Whenever we may call. And every time the busy day doth close, Its sorrows also cease; God gives us with his blessing of repose His benison of peace. And so, although we live where pain has sway, And troubles press around, And sin and weakness, change and decay, On every hand abound, We may be glad; for whatsoever our lot, Sure and true is the boon of his love, God's loving-kindness lasts and changes not And so our hearts have rest. This is the thought that cheers the sick and sad, And lights the path we tread; Oh, weary toiler of the earth, be glad, And lift the drooping head! God cares, God loves, God pities, He will aid When other help is none; Trust in His goodness, and be not afraid; This is the victory, won! Marianne Farrington.

BUSINESS FAILURES—WHY SO MANY.

Our American characteristic is constant hurry. We eat in a hurry, drink in a hurry, sleep in a hurry, do business in a hurry—in short we live in a hurry and, too soon, die in a hurry. Our fathers took more time to everything than their sprightly sons. This intense activity means nervous over-tension, which in turn means nervous disorders, insanity, sudden death. Haste to be rich is the tap-root of this biteness. It works evil in two ways. It dwarfs brain and heart, mind and soul of the young, besides sending the middle-aged to hopeless premature graves. The determination to win fortune at any cost prevents many a young man from yielding to noble impulses, and causes him to trample upon his own better self. But, even in this, the vast majority place a bar to true, lasting success. How else do we account for the many wrecks along the highway. Mercantile life presents to the majority of young men inducements above any other. The field is vast and easy of access. Many seem to have reaped golden harvests; why may not others? Yet statistics tell us that fewer than five per cent. of all who thrust in the sickle garner a competence. The vast army of failures have dropped out of sight—only successful ones are seen. There must be some reason for the vast disproportion between the number who fail and those who secure a competence. Disregard of moral principle no doubt accounts for much, yet lack of an ample preparation, it seems to me, is the reason more not succeeded. How much culture and discipline of mind is considered requisite for engaging in trade? Some schools professedly prepare young men for practical (?) life in from three to six months. Those who are to become business men, to whom are to be committed the vast concerns of the business world are to be fitted for their duties, trials, and responsibilities by learning a lot of forms which can be mastered in a few weeks. And this, forsooth, is called practical education! Do not understand me to decry business training. What I object to is too little training, and at the wrong time. I depreciate the encouragement of the too prevalent thought that a longer course is not of practical value. Business colleges and normal schools should be strictly professional schools, the same as law and theological schools. After a young man has had thorough mental discipline, he may with great profit pursue a professional course, not before. Schools which offer, and sometimes for mercenary ends encourage, short cuts to education are doing much harm to the rising generation. Many a young man, deceived by them, fails to secure a substantial basis for permanent success, and will go down with the first adverse wind—if indeed he ever reaches the open ocean. As I have already intimated, false ideas of what is impractical are incultured. Mind culture—learning how to think and to think properly, to judge accurately and act promptly—in short, well-trained, well-balanced intellect, and the ability to direct all its faculties toward the accomplishment of a desired end, seem to me to be highly practical. Whoever diverts the young from obtaining this ability and culture inflicts a lasting and irreparable

injury. It takes time to prepare for good work. The boy cannot be grown in a month. Years are required to form and harden and train bone, muscle and tendon. The father who places manhood's burdens upon a mere lad is justly censurable. What must be thought of him who proposes a man's task to a mind immature and uncultured? Many see the folly of educational short-cuts and are thoroughly equipping themselves for life's battles. Most of these, however, are looking toward the professions. This proves that young men need to be disabused of the idea that merchandising is a business of so low an order that trained minds are not necessary for its successful prosecution. Statistics abundantly prove that education has a money value in all trades and professions. Even manual labor is improved and made more remunerative by mental culture. Statistics are only collated facts, and "facts are stubborn things."—Prof. J. B. Albrook, in *Loica Prohibitionist*.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

"One of my first lessons," said Mr. Surges, the eminent merchant, "was in 1813, when I was eleven years old. My grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep, was sent with me, but left the whole work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said: 'Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep, you will have the sheep.' "What does grandfather mean by that? I said to myself, 'I don't expect to have a sheep.' I could not exactly make out in my mind what it was, but I had great confidence in him, for he was a judge, and had been in Congress in Washington's time; so I concluded it was all right, and went back contentedly to the sheep. After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson. 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' I began to see through it: 'Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful and you will have your reward.' "I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Lyman Reed. A merchant from Ohio who knew me came to buy goods, and said: 'Make yourself so useful that you can not do without you.' I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. "Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. Reed offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. James Goery, the old tea-merchant, called in to congratulate me, and he said: 'You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you: Be careful whom you walk the streets with.' And that was lesson number three. "And what valuable lessons, they are: Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take these lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success."

may not exceed two or three years; it may be even less."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TRHEE LITTLE BASKETS.

A THANKSGIVING STORY. "O for something new under the sun. It's the same old routine year after year. Can't you suggest something different, Hattie?" "What about, my dear friend?" "A Thanksgiving dinner, to be sure; what else is any worrying about just now? It's the same old story, year after year. Turkey, cranberry, jelly, all sorts of pies and cakes, plum-pudding, nuts, fruits and confections, a big company, an exciting evening, and after all a doctor's bill, for some of us are sure to be sick after such a spree. "We are going to have a decided change at our house this year, Nell, and if you will promise me to tell, I will let you into my secret. I ought to say our secret, for I owe it all to the children, bless their dear hearts!" "Your children won't live long, Hattie; they are so unlike other children. My boys often tell me of their strange notions; but what about Thanksgiving?" "It's a long story, and I ought to be home this minute, but I'll try to cut it short, for I'd like you to hear it. Last Friday I was rummaging among some old boxes, and I heard the children in the next room talking in a strain something like this: 'Won't it be fun? We will buy one of these cute little baskets at the corner grocery, and fill it full of goodies, and take it ourselves. O my, I can't wait so long; I wish Christmas was tomorrow.' Then Janie said: 'Why can't we take it on Thanksgiving day as well as Christmas, and we won't have to wait so long?' I went into the store to buy wax yesterday, and after I just thought how mamma can't bear to see us chew wax, and then asked Mr. Brown the price of those little green baskets, and he said five cents, and I did not have but three cents, and he said to-morrow he would have some pretty little red baskets for two cents apiece, and they would hold a small handful of nuts or candy; and I told him I would come in to-morrow and get one.' 'But it won't hold enough for three children,' Gertrude said. 'I guess we can buy three baskets, and mamma always has lots of nuts and raisins, and candy, too, on Thanksgiving-day, and we can put our share in the little red baskets, and I'll take my other penny and get a marble or two for Ralph, for boys like marbles better than sweets.' "This was spoken by Blanche, and the others soon joined with her, and it was decided that three baskets be bought and filled with 'goodies' for Mrs. Watson's three fatherless children, and carried to them on Thanksgiving evening. They live in the first narrow street back of our avenue. I stood wondering if they would confide their plans to me, when I heard Janie say, 'we must go before dark, else we will have to ask papa to go with us, or have George take us.' Then Gertrude said, 'We don't want George to take us. We would look well riding and carrying such little baskets as we could put in our pockets. They started down stairs to look for mamma, and I hastened through with my work, and went down to meet them in the sitting-room, where they soon confided to me all their little surprise. They do not intend to reserve a single penny for their own use. Their self-denial taught me a lesson. The price of three or four pounds of nut and candies will buy a small turkey and quart of cranberries for Mrs. Watson; and a basket of potatoes and a sack of flour would not come amiss in her humble home. We can save it all out of our usual Thanksgiving dinner, and then have an abundance left. Some of our extra pies that are almost loathed by full stomachs shall go too, to help out the three little baskets."

SUNDAY NOVEMBER SOLOMON I KINGS 1. The sin of Solomon instance of departure God. His early such promise, his of his fall is the dious excess of light The sin of idolat which the Jewish pe liable to fall. The worship of whom Ashoreth, Milcom, mosh, Ashoreth (v. pal goddess of the their principal god, was symbolised by times by the plant (ver. 5) also called The fire god of the they honored by The name means his describe his in figure, with a bull stretched arms, and by Diodorus. The was of metal, was hot by a fire kind the children laid off into the fiery la victims still the cr victims by bond them—for their w been unpropitious were afterwards. of flutes and kettl Hours with the B See Deut. 12: 31; 106: 37, 38. (Ch tional deity of the 21: 29; Jer 48: 7, 11: 24, he also ap the Ammonites; ever, he identified account of these t the worship paid found in Milton's I, where the chief leaders of the beginning with Molech, horrid ki blood of human ent's tears, etc. Solomon gave a sion to the "strat to worship their that city. He pla in the false worsh place for Chemos 7), and for Ashit 13), "in the hill the lem"; that is Oly temple right age God, on that opp ton). He "went went after Ashore an expression alv idolatry. There attempt on his p worship of God w idols. He "wen Lord" (verse 6). ment to the effect, as he had been times in the year and peace offerin which he built u "burn incense up before the Lord" The aggravati guilt were very the case of one w reason are after of age. Although could not have b possibly he was s stem (1 Kings 1 the throne at an teen and twenty, of life when reas mature, and leas ed by circumsta two special re appeared to him 3: 5; and again him on the com ple (1 Kings 9: commandments commands had mon concerning (1 Kings 9: 6). gift of wisdom d sibility is p ilege. 2.—Increasing magnificence, a with nations, b all seem to hav destroying sens in Solomon, an indifference to tween truth as wrong. The p ever, was his with "women monites, Edon Hittites." "H his heart after c The danger ha before the time tiplication of marriages with press command the subject (De The evil influ not result in. There is an ol effect that no deny. He w gin by allowi worship their help them by and finally, he in their idolat "Evil compa mners" (1 Version.) 3.—The L Solomon" (ver. Lord said unt 11, 12, 13). nounced was t bent from his servant—"to Two alleviat