

us study the Word of God, and get acquainted with the God of Israel, and then we will have faith in Him. You can't find a man or woman that is acquainted with God, but that has strong faith in God.—*D. L. Moody.*

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn ;
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill ;
I must grind out the golden grain ;
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadow flows ;
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain ;
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May count if we try again.

The path that hath once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet ;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storms and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

—*Selected.*

THANKSGIVING ANN.

KATE W. HAMILTON.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite

in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Johnny, don't play dar in de water, chile!"

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Take care o' dat bressed baby! Here's some gingerbread for him."

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody."

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann: her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early usual breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a fine batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen window; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin; an' wouldn't pay it if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied in his chase. "Wa-ll, I came up with him—told ye I would give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a generous jonation—equal to your master's; which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and