

FOR THE CANADIAN QUEEN.

A HAPPY THANKSGIVING.

(BY NELLIE L—AGED 14).

MARGUERITE! This faint call came from the lips of a pale weak lady lying on a low couch in a dimly lighted room.

At the sound the slight form of a girl about fifteen years of age was seen hurrying to the bed-side of her dying mother, and bending tenderly over her she said, "Yes, mother dear, I am here. What can I do for you?" The mother, less audibly than before replied, "I am dying, my child, and when I am gone go to Aunt Lillias. Perhaps she will forgive all when I am dead and take you into her family. Then there is Aunt Kate Barrington, who, though she is very poor, would receive you if Aunt Lillias refused."

Saying this, she closed her eyes and thus passed into the sleep that knows no waking.

A few days have elapsed, and this poor heart-broken girl, who has seen her mother laid to rest, has summoned up courage to visit her rich Aunt Lillias Curtis, on Jarvis Street. Now she rings the great door bell which resounds through the house, filling it with its rich and mellow sound. A servant in livery answers the door and she is ushered into a spacious hall where she is told to await the coming of the mistress of the house. In about five minutes a richly dressed lady made her appearance, and abruptly asked Marguerite what was her business.

Marguerite said "I am your niece, Marguerite Stanton. My mother died three days ago, leaving me penniless, for you know my father died a poor man, and I have come to you in my need, for Mother said she thought that you would care for me when you knew that she was dead.

Well! what do you expect me to do for you? Can you sew or do you think you would be able to take a servant's place in this house?

Without giving her time to reply she bade the servant bring her pocket-book and turning to Marguerite said, "You need not answer me now, but consider the matter and if you think yourself fitted to take the position as under house-maid, you can return to me in the course of a week, and here is some money to help you along in the meantime.

Marguerite did not offer to take the gift, and it fell to the ground, and with just one glance of scorn at her aunt she left the house.

Upon returning home she found her Aunt Kate, who had just learned of her mother's death. She was waiting to take her home with her. Although every day brought sad thoughts of her mother yet she found her Aunt Kate so kind and good that she tried to be as cheerful as possible, and as time went on she took advantage of the opportunities offered her of obtaining a good education and was soon quite an accomplished young lady.

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Three years have elapsed, and it is just a week before Thanksgiving day. The sun was setting in the west when a stranger knocked at the door of Aunt Kate's lowly cottage. A neat maid answered the call. She was asked whether Miss Kate Barrington lived there. He was conducted into the parlor and upon Miss Barrington's appearance he explained that he was Marguerite's uncle and her father's brother, George Stanton, who had been in South Africa for many years, where he had amassed a fortune and had returned to Montreal a few weeks before, where he had heard the sad news of his brother's death and that he had left one child. He said that he was tired of leading a lonely life and, having no intention of marrying, it was

the greatest desire of his heart to make his brother's child mistress of his home.

Marguerite was then called and was tenderly embraced by her uncle.

Now began preparations for their departure. Aunt Kate, although sorrowful at losing her darling, could not but rejoice at her good fortune. After a very tedious journey with her uncle, she found herself in Montreal, on Thanksgiving day. From the depot they were conveyed in a most luxurious carriage to a beautiful mansion where all was light and gayety, for her uncle had made arrangements for a party of young people to welcome his niece.

It was like a scene from fairyland. She was dazzled by the brightness around her and when her uncle informed her that it was all her own she was quite overcome with joy and warmly thanked him with many kisses for her bright and beautiful "Thanksgiving gift."

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READING.

It cannot be too well remembered by young people who are anxious to obtain knowledge and have not the means to attend school, that schools are not indispensable. Many eminent men and women never had the opportunity to attend school. Indeed, we venture to say that where one has to depend on himself the extra diligence and delving required will contribute to a more thorough mastery of any subject, than would be secured where a master is always at hand to prompt.

The first thing necessary to acquire knowledge is to consider seriously; "What shall I read?" The novel and all fictitious stories may be very amusing and entertaining but some of them are far from being enlightening or instructive. Young people do not know into what company they may be thrown, and if they are incapable of talking about anything save the latest opera, concert, or somebody's new hat, they will find themselves placed in very awkward positions many a time. A wise selection and diligent use of instructive books will go far towards making them fit to take their place among cultured people, and cultured people are the rule, not the exception, in our day.

High schools and colleges are multiplying rapidly, but schools do not make students. Think what numbers are graduated every year from colleges, and high schools, who have but a very superficial knowledge of anything that will be of use to them in after years. Many a self-educated youth will go far ahead of them and make a greater success in life. Let all who have not had the privilege of attending college, set themselves to work. Pursue a course of useful reading. Anyone who has health, time and books need never despair. He may educate himself and go out into the world without fear.

A KIND WORD.

A KIND word costs but little, but it may bless all day the one to whom it is spoken. Nay, have not kind words been spoken to you which have lived in your heart through years, and borne fruit of joy and hope? Let us speak kindly to one another. We have burdens and worries, but let us not, therefore, rasp and irritate those near us, those we love, those whom Christ would have us to save. Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs move along smoothly. Speak kindly at night, for it may be before dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be too late to ask forgiveness