

or gloves, but I got the gloves, for I knew you like to have your hands look fine. And here, dear old Tom, is a cravat for you. And, dear little Bessie, I got you these warm gloves."

"Sarah, my dear child," said the mother, "if you had asked us all what we wanted most, you couldn't have pleased us more. You were inspired with your beautiful presents."

They never enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner so much. Sarah said, "There never was such a good turkey, never such good pies, never such a happy Thanksgiving Day."

"We all have so many blessings, and so much to be thankful for," they said at the White Farm. And they all said the same at the Blue.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

Summer is gone, autumn is here,
This is the harvest for all the year.
Corn in the crib, oats in the bin,
The wheat is all threshed, barley drawn in.

Carrots in cellars, beets by their side,
Full is the hayloft, what fun to ride!
Apples are barreled, nuts laid to dry,
Frost on the garden, winter is nigh.

Father in heaven, thank thee for all,
Winter and springtime, summer and fall.

All thine own gifts to thee we bring.
Help us to praise thee, our heavenly King.

—Songs for Little Children.

SHADOWED HOMES.

Says Margaret E. Sangster in the Woman's Home Companion: "Never dawns a bright anniversary that has not its shadowed side. Never is there a home to which sooner or later grief does not come. At the Thanksgiving board this year, as in other years, there will be vacant chairs, and the household of the sorrowing continually is recruited by those to whom has come the pang of loss. It is not easy to understand why trials so often come to those who seem to need no harsh discipline, and from our limited experience we cannot tell why it is that one is taken and another left. One thing we may do, and that is trust. We may safely trust a love that is greater than ours, and may safely leave our vanished dear ones in the care of Him who gave them to us."

If our hearts were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

IT TAKES TWO.

A lad of seventeen had been sent to a saloon to take the measure for a new counter. It was very cold, and he arrived with his teeth fairly chattering, for his coat was thin. The saloonkeeper mixed a hot drink and pushed it over the counter to him.

"It'll cost you nothing," he said. "Drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy."

"He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice as he told the story. "That's what made it harder to push it back and say I didn't want it."

"It must have been a big temptation," said a friend.

"Well," replied the lad, frankly, "it takes two to make a temptation. There's no saloonkeeper and no cold weather can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. It takes two every time to make a successful temptation."

"He tempted me" only explains one side of the temptation. The other side—the personal side—we must answer for, and no excuse will save us.—Exchange.

THE BIRDS AND THE SQUIRRELS.

"This bitter cold weather is very hard on the birds and little animals in the grove," said Papa Vance, one cold night. "We have had snow on the ground for a long time, and they will starve unless a thaw comes."

"Why, papa, I thought the squirrels always laid away plenty of nuts," said Dorothy. "Mamma said they carried them away to hollow trees."

"But you remember, my dear, the snow came before they had a chance to get plenty of food," said papa. "When we have an open winter, which means the ground is bare, the squirrels can dig under the fallen leaves even in winter and find food. The birds eat weed seeds, and all sorts of things they find, but when snow is deep they often go hungry."

"Let's feed them to-morrow, Dorothy," said Fred. "I'll scatter a lot of crumbs so they can have a feast."

"Won't the crumbs be lost in the snow?" asked wise little Dorothy.

"I am afraid they will, but the birds are too timid to come to the house where the ground is bare."

"We'll sweep a nice bare place under the trees," said Dorothy. "I don't want the birds to starve."

So early the next morning the children took two old brooms and hurried to the grove. It was hard work, and they were soon panting, but the thought of the hungry birds kept them at the task, even though their arms ached, and presently a nice, big table was all ready.

"Now for the wheat and crumbs," cried Fred, hurrying back to the house. "Breakfast will be served a little late this morning, but we can do better to-morrow."

Fred and Dorothy crept behind some big trees, and presently a bird flew down on the table. Another and another came, until there were crowds of hungry birds, as Dorothy called them, eating their breakfasts. It must have tasted very good, for they chattered and seemed to have a fine time with the crumbs and wheat.

After that it was great fun to watch the table when the meals were served. Rabbits, birds, squirrels, and even a stray cat came to enjoy the crumbs when the weather was very cold, and it took a great deal of food to keep the tiny bodies from freezing.

"I don't like it that the birds are all afraid of us," said Dorothy. "They all fly away whenever we come near."

"They will learn to trust you in time," said papa. "They are timid little creatures, and want to be sure you are their friends."

In a short time it was hard to get the tablecloth off without a lot of boards creaking on the table, as the children said when they had to brush off a new fall of snow. The little things found out that the children never would harm them, so all winter they flocked to their meals when they saw Fred and Dorothy coming. The children are planning to open their boarding house under the trees again this winter, and I wish there were hundreds of such kind little people all over the land during the bitter cold weather.

Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;

Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;

Lie not down weary 'neath Woe's weeping willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Amusement is an important part of education. Amusement of any kind is not wasting time, but economizing life.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties, there would be no successes.

BABY'S WELFARE

MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE.

Every mother is naturally anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. Equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. W. E. Stewart, St. George, N.B., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones for several years and have found them reliable in all emergencies. I cannot praise the Tablets too highly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A THANKSGIVING LEGEND.

Once upon a time two angels came down to earth to gather the prayers of mortals. One was the Angel of Thanks and the other was the Angel of Asking. The Angel of Thanks carried a very large bag thrown over her shoulder, for she thought: "God has given so many things to men, that I don't see how I can carry all the thanks I get. I really ought to have some one to help me, but I suppose God knew best when he told me to go alone. Perhaps I can make two trips." And the Angel of Thanks started very early in the morning in order to have time for all the work she had to do. The long, flowing robes that angels wear were bound up close about her, so that she could work very fast, and her crown was laid aside lest it should interfere.

But the Angel of Asking carried only a very small basket in her hand, for she thought: "God has given men so much that I really don't see what there is to ask for. I'll start out early and get it all done, and perhaps God will have something else for me to do then." For the angels are happiest when they have a great deal to do for God. And the Angel of Asking wore her crown and carried her harp, and let her long robes float loosely about her, for she thought her task was to be an easy one.

All day they wandered to and fro on earth, gathering the prayers of men. But the Angel of Asking came back very early. She had borrowed the great bag of the Thank Angel and was bending low under its weight. Her robes were torn and soiled with labor. It was so hard to hold all the wants of men; she wondered how they had managed to think of so many things to ask. She stopped every once in a while to be sure she had lost none.

Late at night the Angel of Thanks came back. She was very weary, for she had been all over the world, but she had only one little "Thank you," that rattled around in the bottom of her basket. And she was so ashamed that she hid her face before all the other angels.

Then she came to the great white throne where God was, and said "Oh, Father, I have worked all day and I have nothing to bring you but this one 'Thank you.' I am very, very sorrowful. Perhaps I can do better to-morrow."

But the Father said to her, very gently: "You are not to blame, my child. It is not your ingratitude, but the ingratitude of men; and they reject not your kindness, but the kindness of the Father who sent you."—Selected.

Happiness is not like a large and beautiful gem, so uncommon and rare that all search for it in vain, all efforts to obtain it hopeless; but it consists of a series of smaller and commoner gems, grouped and set together, forming a pleasing and graceful whole.