

Not Lost.

BY PASTOR A. CLARK.
Not lost are the friends we have cherished,
Although they have passed from our view;
The love of their hearts has not passed,
Nor ought that is holy and true.

Who know but their hands may yet guide us,
Although we discern not their touch;
Perchance, did we see them bridle us,
We should hinder their ministry much.

No sorrow, no sin can surprise them;
No earth waits their vision can dim,
No pleasure our Father denies them,
They live more unto him.

We inwardly treasure their features,
Their smile will never forget us;
They live in degree, and are like us,
Their blessing abides with us yet.

Born on us, by force superior,
The boundaries of those they have crossed;
But goodness and truth are eternal,
And love such as theirs is not lost.

Dass River, N. S.

An Embarrassing Partnership.

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE.

BY SUSAN CURTIS REDFIELD.

It all began with a turkey.
Aunt Polly Briskett's old mother turkey made her nest in the long grass in Farmer Lincoln's meadow and when the moving machine came along it cut off her legs. And then there were two little orphans left behind for Aunt Polly to bring up.

Certainly no stranger was more faithful to her trust, and when one warm morning she took her young charges out of the basket and bade them seek their fortunes in her back yard, she had right to considerable pride in the little flock.

"They look fine!" exclaimed Jonathan. "They'll be all right now, won't they?"

"Well, I was a say' erly 'oller' critter," I'd say yes, but there's no room what a day'll bring forth when young turkey is concerned, for there ain't soulin' on the face o' the earth so pony, and seen's those han't any ma neither. It's one thing to get 'em on their legs and it's another to keep 'em there."

The truth of this assertion was proved, for a few days later Aunt Polly ran over to Miss Winter's next door neighbor, with a worried expression.

"Just to think of it—after I'd got 'em all so far along, and they were to miss and fat! But they never did seem to fatten up until contested in their minds. I guess they wanted to have a fair chance, and they just stood round kinder disgruntled and complainin', acting for all the world as if they was lookin' out for excuses to feed. Well, they weren't long findin' 'em! Dear me!"

"Then comes the last one into the road in very mornin', on purpose to get run over. I said say! 'Mercy on us!' Jonathan come quick! There's Lincoln's dog after 'em, and he's shakin' the very life out of it."

Jonathan "came, he saw, he conquered," and presently laid in. Aunt Polly's hands a small fowl much the worse for fright and wet feathers.

"I should think you might give it to me now," said Jonathan.

"Well," said his mother carelessly, "I don't see what makes much difference where it is. If it's alive and flourishin' now. No wonder we'll have a Thanksgiving dinner of it, and if it isn't well go without. Thanksgiving."

"We'll have Thanksgiving," said Jonathan confidently.

November came, bringing dreams of silence and pumpkin pie, plum pudding, and above all, of turkeys, brown and savory. Aunt Polly was standing on the back doorstep with a smile on her face, and a general smile upon the magnificence of a complete smile.

"Reckon nobody in this house have occasion to go hungry Thanksgiving," she said.

"Jathan, it's only a week, did you know?"

"Yesh," answered Jonathan gloomily, "I wish it was a year."

"Why, I thought you liked it," exclaimed his mother. "You used to be fond enough of it."

"I'm just as fed of turkey as I ever was," said Jonathan, "but we know we're goin' to kill and eat one-half of that turkey, and leave the other half. Give it to me."

This extraordinary speech awoke both numerous ejaculations and interrogations from Aunt Polly, and it presently came out that Jonathan had sold one-half of the turkey to Bert Winters last July for firewood.

"Well," said Aunt Polly, "you'll just have to buy it back again. I ain't goin' to buy a Thanksgiving turkey with one scrawny leg."

Jonathan had forgotten his business interview with his partner, whom he found quite ready to buy the Briskett half of the turkey, but most unwilling to sell his share. Mrs. Winters and Mr. Briskett took the matter in hand, and after a lively discussion each returned to her kitchen, with the firm belief that her former friend was capable of almost anything.

From time to time Jonathan fastened the turkey in an old hutch, and left it every night, instead of allowing it to remain, as had been its custom. Still Aunt Polly felt uneasy about it, and the Monday before Thanksgiving she sent Jonathan to wash the hen house that evening. It so happened that Mr. Winters gave the same charge to Bert, and at nine o'clock the boys discovered each other and fought furiously, each being fully prepared to do his own bidding. The other boy, not along the way with the turkey.

"I'm just as fed of turkey as I ever was," said Jonathan, "but we know we're goin' to kill and eat one-half of that turkey, and leave the other half. Give it to me."

"You, mister, dat's just what I was thinkin' when we was all settin' 'round the table eatin' dat turkey, ay so I done see' de fedders take up a grin." Dead turkey's done make a terrible showin' when it's cut up, especially when it's cut up with a knife."

"You've got a dreadful wicked thing!"

"Yes, mister, dat's just what I was thinkin' when we was all settin' 'round the table eatin' dat turkey, ay so I done see' de fedders take up a grin." Dead turkey's done make a terrible showin' when it's cut up with a knife."

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