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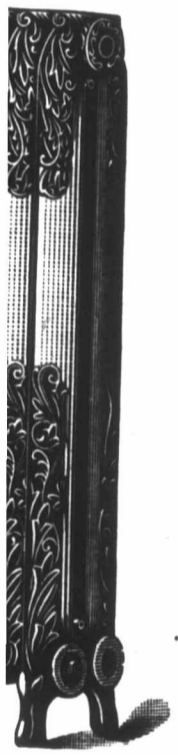
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"Why hast thou unstrung thy bow?" asked St. John.

"Because," he answered, "if I did not the bow would lose its spring and the string would grow slack."

"Just so," continued the apostle, "is the life of man. If it be continually bent on one thing it loses its power. Sleep is necessary to re-erect the worn-out system, and re-creation is necessary to secure good work."

Thus, you see, the legend teaches us a truth. Sleep, in reasonable length, is necessary, so are holidays: just, that is, to do better work. And now, though we may be very sorry to leave our pleasure-resort, yet, by the rest and change, we have laid in a new stock of energy and must expend it rightly.

It is only real, hard, dogged work, remember, that conquers difficulties and masters the world. —The Church Family Newspaper.

GRANDMA'S FOOTSTOVE.

The children had been rummaging in the garret, and they brought down such a funny-looking thing—a tin box set in a wooden frame, with little carved pillars.

"What is it for?" asked Jack. "And what's its name?" asked Patty.

"That is a foot-stove," said grandma, looking over her glasses. "We used to fill it with hot coals and carry it to church to keep our feet warm. You see, there was no fire in the church, and it was very cold in winter. The frost on the windows was often so thick that they looked like ground glass."

"I remember the first time that our folks let me carry a foot-stove myself. Mother was sick and father stayed at home to take care of her, so I went to church alone. How grown-up I felt, as I marched up the aisle, holding the foot-stove in mittened hand, and sat down by myself in one corner of the family pew!

"The backs of the pews were all so high that I could not see anyone except the minister, away over my head in the pulpit. He was a very wise man and used long words I couldn't understand at all, and I grew tired of watching his breath make little clouds while he was speaking."

"Then I thought how nice it would be to curl up on the seat and take a little nap. Nobody was in sight but the minister, and he had taken off his glasses, and laid them in the hymn book, and I knew without them he never could see me when he was out on his morning walk and passed me on my way to school. So I tucked my big muff of gray squirrels' fur under my head, and put the foot-stove to my feet, and felt so comfortable that I fell asleep in one wink."

"When I awoke I was surprised to see the pulpit empty and the sunset sparkling through the frosty west windows. I was astonished to find that I had slept a long

while; the people had all gone away without noticing me, and I was locked up alone in the church!"

"Oh, grandma, weren't you afraid?" said little Patty.

"Yes, for I knew it would be quite dark before evening service, when the church would be unlocked again. It was stinging cold, too, and I put my little numb fingers on the foot-stove and tried to get the tingle out of them."

"Pretty soon I heard someone unlock the door. I thought it was the sexton and stood up on the seat to see, peeping over the back of the pew. Oh, Patty and Jack, how I felt when I saw it was the dignified old minister himself! He had left his glasses in the hymn-book, and came back to get them. How I wished I had never taken that naughty nap."

"However, I told him just how rude I had been, and how I went to sleep in the middle of his sermon. I cried pretty hard as I told the disgraceful story, for I thought he would scold me, and all in dreadfully long words, too, but he never said a thing except: 'The poor little pussy!' and then he picked me up in his arms, foot-stove and all, and carried me safe home."

"But what an ashamed little girl he sat down on our doorstep!"

THANKSGIVING DAY.

In the days of our grandmothers, Thanksgiving Day meant a great deal. It stood for family reunions, for Church services to which everyone who was not too busy with pies and puddings went; and last, but not least, it stood for what the pies and puddings were the sign of, comfort and prosperity in the home.

It was a day all looked forward to and enjoyed. Can we say the same of it now? How many families will sit down together at

Hands Cracked

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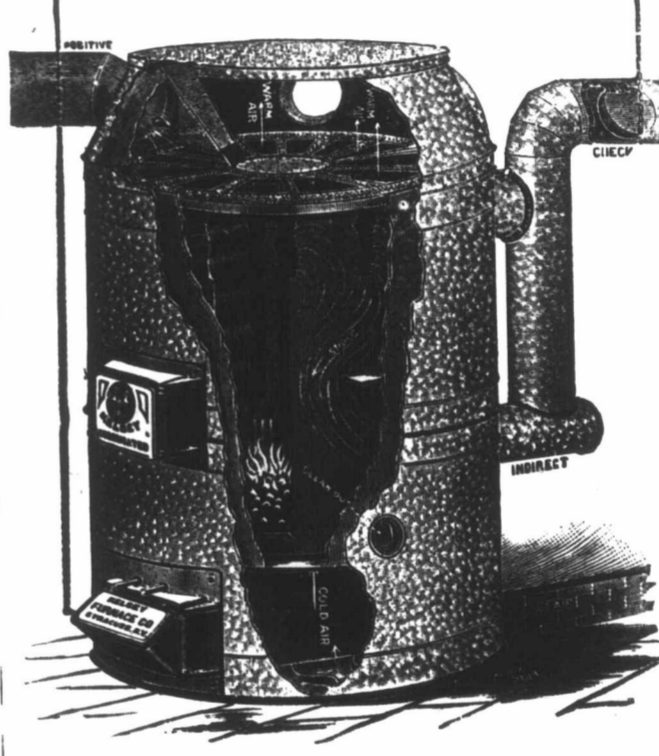
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the big well-loaded table this year? Has not life become too complicated, engagements too numerous, and other pleasures too engrossing for the old-fashioned family dinners?

How many of us will go to church? If it isn't a football game it is something else, and the Church service with the pumpkin pie goes into a book upon obsolete customs.

Changes in old customs are of course inevitable, but we ought at least to be careful not to lose the real point of the day we keep. The proclamation calls upon us in solemn words to give thanks for the blessings of the year. The Church endorses it by a special service, so we ought to feel that no Thanksgiving Day is well spent unless we remember either in public worship or private devotion to "praise God from whom all blessings flow." It is the one day in the year when the whole nation, as a nation, ought to sing the Doxology; for all our prosperity,

all our success, is under His law and love.

But although we give thanks for the great blessings of the year, it does not mean that we forget all we have been through, or the sufferings and hardships of the brave men who are still fighting for their country.

With our thanksgiving, then, let us join our earnest prayers that wars may cease, that the God of Nations will guide us in the right way, and that we and all others may enjoy the blessings of peace.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror, which it warms and fills.

—Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repining and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed.