

THANKSGIVING.

"I thank you!" Easy words to say,
But very sweet to hear.
They're oft, I trust, upon the lips
Of all my children dear.

"I thank you!" when to parents said
Fills each fond heart with joy.
For gratitude's a virtue grand
To see in girl or boy.

"I thank you!" Easy words to say
For special gifts bestowed;
But I've been thinking they're forgot
Sometimes, though justly owed.

"I thank you!" Do not hold it back,
Nor be ashamed to tell.
Let gratefulness be on the tongue,
And in the heart—as well.

"I thank you!" If to human friends
You thus your love express,
Oh, greater far to God above
Should you your thanks confess.

"I thank you!" Easy words, indeed
Encourage them, I pray.
There's something to be thankful for
To-day and every day.

WHEN THE CAP FITTED.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging, there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. "Oh, let's run!" she cried. "He's going to bite us."

"No, he won't if we don't touch his bone." Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. "I don't know what makes him act so," she said, as the two girls walked on.

"Is he always as cross as he has been since I came?" asked Ruth.

"He didn't use to be," returned Marian, sorrowfully. "But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time."

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother, Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clinched. "I'm going straight to mamma, Miss!" he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. "We'll see if she lets you talk that way!"

"What way?" asked Marian in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her own brother, and felt very glad he was not as ill-tempered and unreasonable as Paul.

Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but went into the house slamming the door very hard. A few moments later, mamma's sweet voice called, "Marian, dear, I want to see you."

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad.

Paul sat by the window, and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to another in astonishment.

"How is this, my daughter?" mamma began. "Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser all the time."

Marian stared, then broke into a merry laugh. "Why, mamma,

we weren't talking about him at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser all the time."

"Oh!" said mamma, and then she, too, laughed. "Run back to your play, dear," she said cheerily. "It was only a mistake, it seems."

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that coloured them instead of anger. "I just heard them talking about being cross, and I s'posed that meant me," he explained.

"It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?" mamma asked. And Paul made no answer.

"If your father had overheard that conversation," mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, "would he have thought the girls were talking about him?"

"Of course not," said Paul, indignantly.

"But why not?" persisted mamma.

"Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him." Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's meaning look.

"Exactly," said mamma, nodding her head. "And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see if it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear."

"A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him."

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, it was time for a change.

THE LOVE SCHOLARSHIP.

It was Easter time, and Love was visiting in a great city far from home.

Someone was to speak about missions at a meeting one evening, and Love went to hear him because her friends asked her. The missionary was a clergyman, who had been in Japan for a long time, but he was not a very good speaker; perhaps he had preached to the Japanese in their own language for so many years that he had forgotten how to be fluent in his mother tongue. Love did not listen at first; but at last the speaker began telling of a school in one of the great cities of Japan, and of the work it had done, and of its needs. Love leaned forward;

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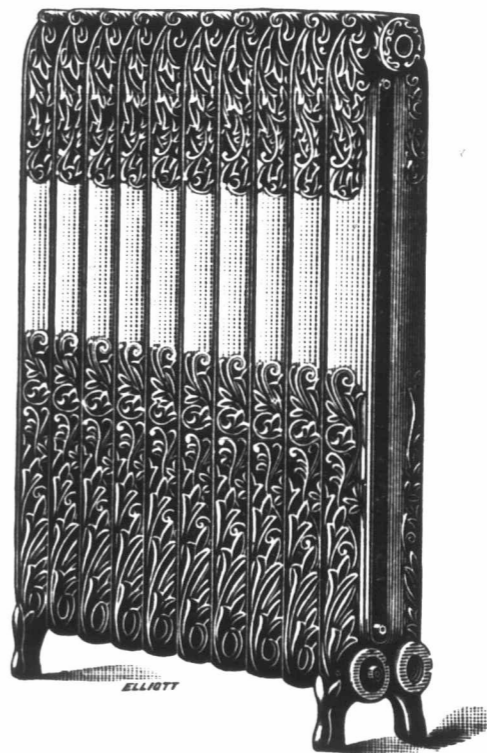
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