

Sharing.

I counted up my little store.

Why was to others given more?

Why were their lips with honey fed,
While mine had Labor's hard-earned bread?

A weary, hopeless task seemed living.

I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door.

I shared with him my scanty store;

When, lo! my sense of want had flown,

And rarest riches were my own!

So sweet is Love's divided bread,

I seemed with Heaven's own manna fed.

What blessed joy there was in living!

I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

—Marian Douglas.

His Chance Came.

(Cora S. Day.)

'If I only had a chance—'

John did not finish the sentence, but drew tighter the reins of the horse he was riding, while his eyes grew bright with the mentally finished wish.

'The chance for what?' asked Harry, his companion, on a big bay that trotted beside John's own gray mount. Both boys were employed at the livery stable just down the street, and were out exercising the horses, as a part of their regular morning duties.

'If I had the chance, I'd learn all about wheels and things—machinery, you know. I love it,' replied John. As he spoke he drew his horse up and to one side of the village street to let an automobile pass. It was a small one, one-seated only, and occupied by a man and a little girl whose sunny curls were blown across her face by the breeze of their swift pace. She tossed them back with a smile at the boys as they passed.

John's big gray was fearless of all such objects as automobiles or trains; but Harry was having some trouble to keep his more nervous mount from bolting.

'That was Dr. Reese and his little girl,' said John, as Harry brought his horse down to a walk beside the quiet gray again.

'Was it?' said Harry. 'I was too busy to notice. This bay will make trouble for somebody one of these days, if they don't know just how to manage him when one of those affairs comes along.'

'Old gray does not mind them at all. I'd love to run one—day and night,' said John, enthusiastically. Harry laughed heartily.

'They're nice enough, but a real live horse is my choice,' and he patted the proudly arched neck of the still excited bay. John shook his head.

'I'd drop this work in a minute if I could get to run one of those for somebody. I know how, too. I've helped a good bit about them down at the station, just for a chance to learn about the machinery of them. I hope they will give me a job there some day. It's fine,' and the enthusiast on 'wheels and things' sighed a real sigh at thought of the chance which was not yet his.

'I guess we had better turn back now,' said Harry, after they had gone on a little farther.

'All right,' responded John, and turning the horses toward the stables they started back.

A little beyond where they had passed the automobile they saw it standing in front of a house, with only the little girl in it. Evidently the doctor was making a call upon a patient, and had left her to wait for him.

Both horses went along quietly enough this time, though the bay pricked up his ears sus-

piciously, even at the motionless car. Then, just as they came up beside it, something happened.

The spirit of mischief must have prompted the child in the car. Leaning forward suddenly, with a backward, smiling glance at the boys, she seized the starting lever with both small hands. The next instant the big bay sprang madly forward and dashed down the street at the sound of the starting car, with the automobile close behind him, and the helpless, frightened child clinging to the lever and increasing the speed every moment.

John saw her danger and her only chance of escape together.

'Come, boy,' he cried, giving the gray a sharp slap; 'come, we'll have to catch that and stop it, or there will be trouble,' and obediently gathering himself together, the horse started on the mad race as if he understood every word.

The automobile was not going very fast yet. If the child would only let the lever alone John could easily overtake it and carry out his plan. But even as he thought this the car started forward with redoubled speed, and he saw that if he was to stop it at all, it must be done soon.

Digging his knees into the horse's side for a firmer seat, the boy slapped him again and again, and the spirited animal responded nobly. Breaking into a run he tore down the street, slowly but surely gaining upon the runaway car with its precious freight.

Down the street a little group, warned by Harry as he passed, cheered the horse and rider on. The child turned her white, tear-wet face back toward the pursuer, and sobbed piteously for 'papa.'

'I'll help you,' shouted John, as the big gray pounded on, close behind the car now. 'Get over on the other side, out of my way. Let go of the lever—don't pull it a bit,' and he guided the running horse as close to the car as he dared.

The time had come for him to make the last move. It meant safety for the child if he did not fail. If he did fail, it meant for himself—

'Lord help me to do it, and not get hurt,' he said in his heart, and leaped for the car.

The big gray stopped as soon as it was possible for him to do so, from simple astonishment at losing his rider so suddenly. A half dozen men and boys were officiously holding him, to his mild annoyance, when John came up with the car he had captured so cleverly, the frightened little girl huddled close up to him, but smiling already through her tears, too young to realize the danger she had escaped.

It was a pale-faced father who took her in his arms a few minutes later, and then turned to John.

'That was the bravest thing I ever heard of,' he said. 'Where did you learn to run an automobile?' And John told him briefly. 'Come home with me—or, no—you have your horse to take back to the stables, and I am in a hurry. Come around this evening, and I'll have a talk with you,' said the busy doctor, taking his place in the automobile beside the little girl.

John promised and kept his word.

That talk brought out John's ambition; and then and there he found his chance. The doctor engaged him to run his car for him in place of a young man lately dismissed; and more than that, and more to the point for John and his ambition, he promised the boy a chance to attend classes in which he could learn all about the wheels and things in which his heart delighted; and so fit himself for the work he was sure to love and do well, and in which he could best serve himself and the world.—'Classmate.'

Thanksgiving in a Lumber Camp.

(Hope Daring, in the 'North-Western Advocate'.)

'Ray, my boy, what does Thanksgivin' mean, anyhow?'

Raymond Lee started. It was the daybreak hour of an autumnal day. In the dim light the two men were threading their way through a pine forest. On either hand the straight trunks rose like pillars and, far above the heads of the passing men, the branches formed a dense green canopy. Under foot a carpet of pine needles deadened the sound of their foot-falls.

'Surely, Tim, you know what Thanksgiving is!'

'I'm 'shamed to say I don't, not rightly. You see, my boy, I don't know much,' and the gray eyes of Tim Brown, the 'half-wit' of Haskins' lumber-camp, frankly met those of his companion.

Tim was short and humpbacked, with long, sinewy arms. Notwithstanding his deformity and his tangled dark hair and beard, it was a kindly if not a clever face which peered up at Raymond.

'You see,' Tim went on, 'I heard cook say we was to have a slap-up dinner—turkey and oysters—on Thursday, 'cause it was Thanksgivin'. I guess we'll all be thankful for such a blowout, if that's what it means.'

Raymond turned away his face. 'Thanksgiving!' he murmured impatiently. 'Thanksgiving here!'

The younger man formed a most decided contrast to Tim. Raymond was tall, broad-shouldered and carried himself proudly erect. He had a fair, clear-cut face and steel-blue eyes.

'I'm sorry I axed ye, if ye care,' Tim said, feeling that something was wrong.

'Never mind, Tim. Thanksgiving is a day set aside by—well, by our country at large as a time of family reunions and thanksgiving to God for his blessings.'

'And I never knowed! Most of the boys won't care, but, Ray, ye've got a lot to be thankful for.'

'I?'

'Yes,' and Tim cheerily refused to note the scorn in the other's voice. 'I don't jest know what's in the few years behind ye nor what brought the likes of ye here, but ye're straight and strong, ye know books and ye've had a chance. The boys here air different, but ye've had a chance, Ray.'

They had reached an opening in the forest. Tim threw aside his coat, seized an ax and began, with sturdy strokes, to chop down a tall pine. Raymond stood lost in thought. A chance? Yes, he had had that, and he had thrown it away.

'It's nobody's business but my own,' he said to himself, trying to forget the bowed form, scholarly face and white head that would rise up before him.

With a sudden start he came back to his present. The sun was rising, painting the eastern sky with varying tints of yellow and rose. The wind in the pines sang a low, sad refrain.

'But I've no time to think of color and harmony,' and under his tawny mustache Raymond's lip curled. 'Those things belong to the past, to college halls and parlors. I'm only a lumberman. Well, I'm free from the old superstitions, yet I sometimes ask myself if freedom is worth the price I paid for it.'