THANKSGIVING.

O, men! grown sick with toil and care, Leave for a while the crowded mart; O. women! sinking with despair, Weary of limb and faint of heart, Forget your cares to-day, and come As children back to childhood's home!

Follow again the winding rills; Go to the places where you went, When, climbing up the summer hills, In their green lap you sat, content; And softly leaned your head to rest On nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sere and fading wood, So lightly trodden by your feet, When all you knew of life was good, And all you dreamed of life was sweet And let fond memory lead you back, O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs, Drink from the mossy well once more; Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows, With fresh, sweet clover running o'er; And count the treasures at your feet, Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go, sit beside the hearth again, Whose circle once was glad and gay: And if from out the precious chain Some shining links have dropped away, Then guard with tenderer heart and hand The remnant of our household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread, And if in the accustomed place, You see the father's reverend head, Or mother's patient, loving face; What'er your life way have of ill, Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been, you To-day in alien loneliness;

Though you may clasp no brother's hand, And claim no sister's tender kiss; Though with no friend or lover nigh, The past is all your company-

Thank God for friends your life has known, For every dear, departe! day; The blessed past is safe alone-God gives, but does not take away He only safely keeps above For us the treasures that we love

THANKSGIVING.BY MRS. C. E. WILDER.

My idea of Thanksgiving Day always locates it in a great New England farm-house, whose roof stretched on that day until it took in not only the grandfather and grandmether, but all the sons and daughters, the grandchildren and the great-grand children. The farmer son away out in the wilds of Michigan, with his wife and troops of merry children. The lawyer son from Philadelphia, whose wife wore rustling silk, and a daughter who brought a French doll with red hair. The country doctor with wife who was bern Ah! the family gatherings of the | was light and feathery, and melt old Thanksgiving time, how plea. ed and vanished, we know not how. sant they were! These memorial Plum pudding, plain pudding, PICKING UP THE CABLE. seasons were the mile-stones of mince pie, pumpkin pie and apple the years. The past was talked | pie. Who ever failed to eat from over; the present was good enough | each? without discussing, and the future dreamed about. On these holidays the whole earth wore a when God's benediction seemed to smile. Why, the very storm was rest upon the family. The childwelcomed, for in the fall of the hood loves were linked again. The snow-flakes was heard the jingling | fires on the heart's hearth stones of the bells.

Those great old white farmhouses of Now England! The green blinds that were never opened on the parlor-chamber side of the house except at Thanksgiving. ever thought of going in at the front door except on these state occasions? The lover may have leaned over that immaculate front gate, finding it hard to say, "Good night," but "Tressy" never went in at the front door after "Jimconcerned look" as she softly unlatched the gate and went round to the side door, to enter the family sitting-room.

The lilac and the white rose grew in the front yard. What "blue-blood" that lilac has. We must gather it up again as we do the old china and the spinningwheel. The southern-wood grew there, down at each side of the gate; the southern-wood that the girls always believed to be such a was met. The chrysanthemum had stood there all summer, but the tubs now held the plants, in the living-rooms, all covered with a wealth of blossoms, white and

red and yellow. On Thanksgiving even the front door to play on the broad, winding stairs, and enter the parlor. "My eyes make pictures, while they're shut." That parlor! The heavy, molded cornice at the top of the room; the paneled waincotting; the wooden shut-

green willows, and a man or woman stood by, overcome with grief as they read:

" Sacred to the Memory

Harriet Eliza,

Daughter of' The sampler hung over the mantle. That was the work of the grandmother, done as the sampler informed us when she was "aged eight." The grandfather's portrait, hung over the sofa, with all the vanity of ruffled shirt and banged hair. The grandmother's hung opposite, with wide hand-wrought Vandyke, and immense puffs of hair held up by invisible strips of lead. Pictures painted in those good old days when girls were not so taken up with the pleasures of this life, and before the young men played the fop in the eyes of the sensible maidens." The furniture was of mahogany and covered with the penitential haireloth. The round table, with astral lamp for the center or nament, held the gift books of the children and Mrs. Sigourney's poems. The family Bible was on a three-legged stand in the corner.

As we go into the sitting-room across the hall, where the long table is spread, what greater contrast could there be than that between the home comfort-the abundance from field and storehouse—and the cold outside and the brown barrenness of the fields sloping away from the farmhouse? No wonder that those who looked for seven months out of every twelve on such a stern face as Nature put on, grew to look like her, as the husband grows to look like the wife he has wedded, and the wife to speak like the husband.

heavens. The pair of chickens thanksgiving and into his courts charged him before this, if I had each side, separated in death. The with praise; be thankful unto him not been afraid of faring still cabbage and the lean pork. No and bless his name." New England dinner would be And then the more liberal mean- the table of the frogs who asked complete without that; and with ing-remember-to bestow. "If for a king, these, many a one-has been com- there be among you a poor man in pleted. The chicken pie was bak any of the gates of the land which ed in the brick oven, in a new milk the Lord thy God giveth thee, pan which came on the table with thou shalt not harden thy heart Just fancy! I have made a change all the beauty of a silver dish.

The potatoes, whole, and smash- brother." younger sons home from college. how to make! White bread that day?

> This was always a sacred feast. A kind of sacrament. A time were rekindled, and each unwittingly resolved that it should

never again flicker and grow dim. The evening by the great fire in the fire place. The old brass andirons with their great, bald, at a funeral or a wedding. Who shining heads. The shovel and tongs with handles likes burnished gold. The oak logs; the roasting chestnuts; the walnuts and butternuts; the popcorn and the cider fresh from the mill. Yet with all this, Thanksgiving would not have been Thanksgiving withmy" left. She stood there and out the stories. The ghost stordreamed her dreams, but the les about the house at the crosssmiles gave place to a very 'un- roads, where steps were heard on the stairs and the cradle rock- unerringly when the cable has Dr. Bramble used to live, where a cold hand was placed on the ankle if one went down cellar in the night. Why, it has taken twenty years to eradicate such nonsense heard by the children, and yet who wants to forget the delirious thrill of fear those stories stirred? And what a comfort it was to the children to learn that the parents and aunts and talisman when the future lover uncles played in school, rode wild colts, played ghost on dark nights and did all the disgraceful things they forbid their children doing.

How sweet the sleep in the canopy bed! Those curtains of patch, with pink birds and green roses. Or the white curtains of children were allowed to enter the dimity, trimmed with heavy fringe and spread to match. A valance all round the bed, into which the children climbed from a chair. The profiles on the wall, cut out of paper, laid over black silk and

framed in gilt. In the rough path or life, pic-

this way alone can we see the laughing faces, the tender eyes looking into ours, or feel the soft about thirteen years. clasp of the warm, loving hand. Alas! that in this dream we the step of the foot that never will those who are safely over, mingles on the air at the old home gathermingle, and when we look back to the delightful past, the regretful picture. When we know we at the same time reach out a supwe cannot have. How often, instead of letting the blessings and mercies rise before us, we crowd them back and see only the wants that are denied. We turn from the real good to the seeming evil and exclaim, "What have I to be thankful for?" Instead of looking at the loving face of our Lord, who never denies his own one really good thing, and who constantly stretches out an arm to help and save, we see only the waves around and cry out, "Lord, | fears. We cannot help, on this plaints. day, the joy of hope that enters the soul. Thanksgiving! what monsieur le pasteur! Ah, you Till, when the thanks of earth shall end, But that Thanksgiving! The dankjon, to think; to remember. brown turkey, steaming from its Give-geben, to bestow, to confer. great purple platter with an in- Remember the mercies bestowed cense that must have reached the on sus. " Enter His gates with

nor shut thy hand from thy poor

ed and fried. Turnips, squash, "Giving-thanks." "Rememonjons. Oh, those days when ber - to bestow." Wonderful under the roof, and whose children everybody ate onions and there word. The joy of gratitude and made the house ring with glee was no one to turn, shuddering the more blessed experience of the that sent the Philadelphia cousin away! Apple sauce and cran- joy of giving. Every one has in fear to her mother. The wid- berry sauce. Brown bread, such some special task assigned for each owed daughter and her girls, the as only the grandmothers knew day. What is the next duty to-

The machinery used for picking up a cable in both deep and shallow water is of the most simple description. It consists of a rope about an inch and a quarter in diameter, made from twisted strands of the strongest hemp with interwoven wires of fine steel. The grapnel at the end is merely a solid shaft of iron some two feet long, weighing about a hundred pounds, and prolonged into six blunt hooks which much resemble the partly closed fingers of the human hand. In picking up the cable in deep water the Minia, dawned upon him. after reaching the water near the break, lets out her rope and grapnel, then takes a course at right angles to the cable and at some distance from the fracture, so that the broken end may not slip through the grapnel. The grapnel rope is attached to a dynamometer, which exactly measures the strain on the rope, and shows ing in the attic. The house where been caught. If the grapnel fouls a rock the strain rises very suddenly to a high point: but the exact weight of the cable being known, the dynamometer signals by the steady rate of increase its hold on the cable far below. The ease and certainty with which cables are picked up in these days is amazing. A while ago one of the lines of the Anglo-American company was caught without trouble at a depth of two and a quarter miles near the middle of the Atlantic. Capt. Trott, of the Minia, who has won great fame for his skill and ingenuity in cable matters, but spliced and in working condition. So rapid has been the improve- consul-general to take refuge with You never saw anything like the I know you would like a picture ters and the window-seats just tures fade from memory. How ment in perfecting the modern him on a German war vessel, way in which it grew! Every of all the scholars of No. 42, who large enough for three. The car- little time we get to draw the easy cable that the resistance to the They preferred to run the risks of boy and girl in that school had set this ball-a-rolling; but there

every new cable laid. The working age of the modern cable is

at Heart's Content has brought have, too often, to listen for out a number of curious facts about cables and cable-operating. fall again. The far-off song of For instance, New York city sends and receives about two-thirds of with the old songs that quavered all the cable business of the United States. Philadelphia comes next, ings. To this inner vision the then Chicago; while some of the past and the present strangely smaller Southern cities, with their these days of trial the sisters dismessages relating to cotton sales. outrank more northern cities, like present will mar the beauty of the Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis, or seemed indeed to be under divine Cincinnati. It amazes the teleought to have our hearts filled graphers here to tell them of the The moment they were again unalone with praise and gratitude, importance of places like New dermilitary protection they prewe are saddened at the thought | Haven, Albany, Troy, or Buffalo, that our poor, weak natures must from which the cable business is so small that in the Heart's Conpliant's hand crying for blessings | tent station they are supposed to be little towns,—N. Y. Post.

THE CREAKING DOOR.

"John, be off and shut that door. It creaks intolerably. After that go immediately and seek some oil, and go over the hinges of every door in the house."

The servant thus addressed was just entering the room carrying upon a tray refreshments meant for a visitor seated near the ser- And for the weariness of heart we perish." Why are we so loth vant's master. He muttered to put on beauty for ashes? With something unintelligible and M.X. whom would we exchange places overcame this time his inclination that our lives might be more to reprimand him in the presence beautiful? Oh, the memories of of a stranger; but scarcely had past mercies. The Lord has John disappeared before his masalways been better to us than our ter gave full vent to his com-

"What a plague servants are, music in the name. Thank- have no idea of what I have to endure with this man. He is a stupid; in fact, he is a veritable ass, and as course as barley-bread, in addition. I should have disworse, and I say to myself, as in

> ' With this one be contented For fear of meeting with a worse."

three times in the course of the last three months and only to get out of Charybdis into Scylla. is astounding! We live in very sad times. No one now is will ing to submit to authority. don't know where it will stop.

"Let me give you a piece of ad- strange," said the missionary, quietly said the minister.

"O, most willingly. Help me,

beg of you." " Might you not make use of a remedy of which you have just know where to look for them." now spoken?" "Which is that?"

you have directed John to put on er saw a native convert, as you the hinges of the doors.'

"And you think that I ought in table?"—Shanghai Temperance the same way to allow myself to use oil a little? But in what respect, pray, should I be like the

All the time during which he was saying this M. X. had been blustering. A truth had just THANKSGIVING SHOWER.

"How must I then set to work?"

"Oh, that is quite simple. As sume a softer tone, go over each of your words with the oil of charity, and you will see results still more astounding than those which John obtains by oiling the hinges better. She looks awful. I saw she said. She clasped her two of your doors, when they creak."

this conversation, but we shall content ourselves with saying dark room. They're dreadful think we must all have died and that this "ass of a John" has poor." been several years with his mastime yet.

tage from this story.—Le Maga- starve some days." sin Mêthodiste.

BRAVE WOMEN.

The German deaconesses from recently picked up the French Arabs have received care and mecable 180 miles off St. Pierre, and dical attendance gratuitously. On days. The scholars could not for- window the night before; or mayin four hours from the time the the day of the famous massacre get Gertie; she had been one of be a picture of Gertie in an easy graphel was let go had the cable there were ten sisters in the hos- the best readers in the class, and chair in front of the stove in The spicing is a work of great Their fate seemed very doubtful, idea came to one of them. "Let's carpet on the floor, she with her delicacy and skill, and when ac- but the deaconesses refused to de- give her a thanksgiving!" I pre- feet on soft cushions, and soft complished by trained fingers the sert their charges, as did the Ger-sume to remark that one of the cushions at her back, and a soft, "spliced" part can scarcely be man pastor to abandon his post, boys did not see what Gertie had bright shawl around her, eating a distinguished from the main cord. though invited by the German to be thankful for suggested it. bit of Thanksgiving turkey. Ah, electric current has been reduced the bembardment, during which something they were ready to were over seventy of them, and Those "mourning pictures" where hands and drift back into child to one-quarter what it was twenty they all took refuge in the cellar give to help Gertie be thankful. how could I show you their phoa tombstone was nearly covered hood's hours. But with many of years ago, while the duplex system together with the well-known At first it was only flowers; but tographs? You must just imag-

back to the old hearthstone. In sages doubles the capacity of they protected from the fury of eat flowers and was often hungry, played the greatest composure, resolution and discipline. They protection, and to be aware of it. pared to resume their mission work. Their hospitals, throughout the Orient are like the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land. May they continue to trust and glory in the great Defense!

> THANKSGIVING. Thanks be to God! to whom earth owes Sunshine and breeze, The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose, Streamlet and seas, The snowdrop and the summer rose,

The many-voiced trees, Thanks for the sickness and the grief That none may flee; For loved ones standing now around The crystal sea;

That only rests in thee Thanks for thine own thrice blessed Work, And Sabbath rest; Thanks for the hope of glory stored in mansions blest .

And for the Spirit's comfort poured Into the trembling breast. Thanks, more than thanks, to him ascend Who died to win

Our life, and every trophy rand The thanks of heaven begin -F. R. Havergal.

DID NOT GO WHERE THEY "I've been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spake a colonel on board a steamer going to Bombay. Some days afterward the same colonel was telling of his hunting experiences, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle. "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table. "Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Because," pursued the missionary, explanatorially, "I thought you meant three." I "No, sir, thirty," this time with emphasis. "Well, now, that's "I've been in India twenty-five years and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel; "but that's because you didn't "Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a moment or two of apparent reflection; "but "I am thinking of the oil that may not that be reason you nevaffirmed the other evening at this Union.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The boys and girls of No. 42 talked about it all one day during recess.

" She's real sick," said one.

" Who is ?"

"Why, Gertie; and she don't We shall not relate the end of the window and talked to her. up, not at the basement window, She's real lonesome in that ugly, but above it, and murmured, "I

"I know it !" said Alice Burns. ter, who hopes to keep him a long "Her mother used to work in the factory, until she got rheumatism, More than one master or mis- and couldn't; and now her tather ress might perhaps reap advan- is out of work, and they 'most

"Where do they live?"

"Why, in Lewis' basement—a horrid, dark place! I've peeped through the window now and then, and talked to Gertie, and I the mother-house on the Rhine never saw such an ugly, black have long sustained a hospital at hole of a room as it is. I should Alexandria, where thousands of think she would die lying there."

pital and about sixty patients. was a favorite. At last a bright their bit of a dining-room, with a with a fountain of impossible us this is the only time we can go tem of sending and receiving mestraveller, Dr. Schweinfurth, whom when one girl said she couldn't ine it all.—The Pansy.

the fanatical Arabs. Several times and another said she couldn't their destruction seemed certain, sleep on them and had an awiul but at last there appeared a pro- Lard bed, and another said she The work in the operating room tection in the squad of twenty-two couldn't wear them and hadn't men from the German cannon- clothes enough to keep her warm, boat. Finally, when the hospital the flowers grew into sacks of was seized as a forepost against flour and bags of potatoes and the attack of Arabi, it was abso- chickens and confortables and lutely necessary for them all to blankets and a woolen wrapper, leave, when they did so, taking and ever so many other things. with them all their sick, and many Of course the mothers helped, women and children. During Mothers are almost always willtheir children have.

The next question was how to get the gifts to her. Every boy and girl wanted to go and take his and her offering; but frail little Gertie was too weak for that; so they finally thought out the queerest plan. All the soft presents they resolved upon throw. ing in that basement window, one after another, as quietly as it could be done. All the rest of the things? O, that is the nice part of the story! It was Celia Winters who said:

"After all, girls, what good will all the nice things do her if she has to live in that dark, old basement?"

"Yes, and if her father doesn't get some work to do," chimed in Charley Webster. He always a-

greed with Celia. After that the two talked a good deal, and no one could find out what they were going to throw down at Gertie, until at last they owned that, besides flowers from

their own greenhouses, they were not going to give her anything but two pieces of paper! But the papers! Celia's read that a cunning little house on Simmons-street, with three rooms and a kitchen, had been rented for a year, and the Winters' carriage would be all ready to take her to her new home on Thanksgiving morning. (I forgot to say that it had been planned to give the shower the day before Thanksgiving, so that Gertie could have the whole of that day in which to be thankful.) Charley's paper was for Gertie to give to her father; it contained an invitation from his father to

be foreman of a machine shop at good wages, which were to commence on Thanksgiving morning; and pasted in a corner of the paper, folded down and bearing Gertie's name, was a gold dollar of Charley's own. What fun they had, those boys and girls! It was so nice to go softly to that basement window. one by one, and drop down a bun-

dle right before Gertie's amazed eyes. At first they sent flowers, white ones, and they nearly spoiled the silence by a shout when they heard Gertie say, "Why, mother, it snows, right in here!" and then in the next breath, "O, mother, it snows flowers !" " Let it snow wool now !" said Bob Holden, and he dropped down a great blanket at Gertie's feet. It took a long time, and was the funniest frolic the young people ever had.

There is no use in my trying to tell you what Gertie and her mother said or did that afternoon. They were too astonished to do much besides look at one another and laugh; and as the great, soft, comfortable bundles kept dropping down, they looked at each other and cried for joy.

But what could they do or say when Celia's and Charley's papers dropped down on them, and were read and understood? Dear think she's ever going to be any little Gertie! let me tell you what her yesterday. I peeped in at thin hands together, and looked gone to heaven!"

There ought to be a picture of that cunning little house into which they moved next day to show you; everything that a neat little family of three could need, the seventy mothers-helped much by the seventy fathers-had put into it. O, I think you would like a picture of the handsome carriage and horses and coachman who came for Gertie on Thanksgiving morning and took her to the little new house; or maybe a picture of the dray that followed her, piled high with the things The talk lasted two or three that were showered through the

away (ver which It 18

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