

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

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!

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 grandmother, but all the sons and daughters, the grandchildren and the great-grand children.

Those great old white farm-houses of New England! The green blinds that were never opened on the parlor-chamber side of the house except at Thanksgiving, at a funeral or a wedding.

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 spinning-wheel.

On Thanksgiving even the children were allowed to enter 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 panelled wainscoting; the wooden shutters and the window-seats just large enough for three.

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

"Sacred to the Memory of 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.

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?

But that Thanksgiving! The brown turkey, steaming from its great purple platter with an incense that must have reached the heavens. The pair of chickens each side, separated in death. The cabbage and the lean pork.

The potatoes, whole, and smashed and fried. Turnips, squash, onions. Oh, those days when everybody ate onions and there was no one to turn, shuddering away! Apple sauce and cranberry sauce. Brown bread, such as only the grandmothers knew how to make!

This was always a sacred feast. A kind of sacrament. A time when God's benediction seemed to rest upon the family. The childhood loves were linked again. The fires on the hearth stones 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, shining heads. The shovel and tongs with handles like burnished gold. The oak logs; the roasting chestnuts; the walnuts and butternuts; the popcorn and the cider fresh from the mill.

How sweet the sleep in the canopy bed! Those curtains of patch, with pink birds and green roses. Or the white curtains of dimity, trimmed with heavy fringe and spread to match.

In the rough path of life, pictures fade from memory. How little time we get to draw the easy chair and drift back into childhood's hours. But with many of us this is the only time we can go

back to the old hearthstone. In this way alone can we see the laughing faces, the tender eyes looking into ours, or feel the soft clasp of the warm, loving hand. Alas! that in this dream we have, too often, to listen for the step of the foot that never will fall again.

The servant thus addressed was just entering the room carrying upon a tray refreshments meant for a visitor seated near the servant's master. He muttered something unintelligible and M.X. overcame this time his inclination to reprimand him in the presence of a stranger; but scarcely had John disappeared before his master gave full vent to his complaints.

And then the more liberal meaning—remember—to bestow. "If there be among you a poor man in any of the gates of the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother."

PICKING UP THE CABLE.

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.

More than one master or mistress might perhaps reap advantage from this story.—Le Mayasin Methodiste.

sages doubles the capacity of every new cable laid. The working age of the modern cable is about thirteen years.

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."

"What a plague servants are, monsieur le pasteur! Ah, you 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 discharged him before this, if I had not been afraid of faring still worse, and I say to myself, as in the table of the frogs who asked for a king,

Just fancy! I have made a change three times in the course of the last three months and only to get out of Charybdis into Scylla. It is astounding! No one now is willing to submit to authority. I don't know where it will stop.

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

"Let me give you a piece of advice, my dear friend," quietly said the minister. "O, most willingly. Help me, I beg of you."

"Might you not make use of a remedy of which you have just now spoken?"

"Which is that?"

"I am thinking of the oil that you have directed John to put on the hinges of the doors."

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

"How must I then set to work?"

"Oh, that is quite simple. Assume 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 of your doors, when they creak."

We shall not relate the end of this conversation, but we shall content ourselves with saying that this "ass of a John" has been several years with his master, who hopes to keep him a long time yet.

More than one master or mistress might perhaps reap advantage from this story.—Le Mayasin Methodiste.

BRAVE WOMEN.

The German deaconesses from the mother-house on the Rhine have long sustained a hospital at Alexandria, where thousands of Arabs have received care and medical attendance gratuitously. On the day of the famous massacre there were ten sisters in the hospital and about sixty patients. Their fate seemed very doubtful, but the deaconesses refused to desert their charges, as did the German pastor to abandon his post, though invited by the German consul-general to take refuge with him on a German war vessel.

They preferred to run the risks of the bombardment, during which they all took refuge in the cellar together with the well-known traveller, Dr. Schweinfurth, whom they protected from the fury of the fanatical Arabs. Several times their destruction seemed certain, but at last there appeared a protection in the squad of twenty-two men from the German cannon-boat. Finally, when the hospital was seized as a prepost against the attack of Arabi, it was absolutely necessary for them all to leave, when they did so, taking with them all their sick, and many women and children.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks be to God! to whom earth owes sunshine and breeze, The health-clad hill, the vale's repose, Streamlet and sea, 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; And for the weariness of heart That only rests in thee.

Thanks for these own thrice blessed Work, And sabbath rest; Thanks for the hope of glory stored In mansions bright; And for the Spirit's comfort poured Into the troubling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to him ascend Who died to win Our life, and every trophy round From death and sin; Till, when the thanks of earth shall end, The thanks of heaven begin. —F. R. Havergal.

DID NOT GO WHERE THEY WERE. "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, explanatorily, "I thought you meant three."

"No, sir, thirty," this time with emphasis. "Well, now, that's strange," said the missionary, "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 know where to look for them."

"Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a moment or two of apparent reflection; "but may not that be reason you never saw a native convert, as you affirmed the other evening at this table?"—Shanghai Temperance Union.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A THANKSGIVING SHOWER. 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 think she's ever going to be any better. She looks awful. I saw her yesterday. I peeped in at the window and talked to her. She's real lonesome in that ugly, dark room. They're dreadful poor."

"I know it!" said Alice Burns. "Her mother used to work in the factory, until she got rheumatism, and couldn't; and now her father is out of work, and they 'most starve some days."

"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 never saw such an ugly, black hole of a room as it is. I should think she would die lying there."

eat flowers—and was often hungry, and another said she couldn't sleep on them and had an awful hard bed, and another said she couldn't wear them and hadn't clothes enough to keep her warm, the flowers grew into sacks of flour and bags of potatoes and chickens and comfortable blankets and a woolen wrapper, and ever so many other things. Of course the mothers helped. Mothers are almost always willing to help sweet thoughts that their 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 throwing 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 agreed 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 bundle 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 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 little Gertie! let me tell you what she said. She clasped her two thin hands together, and looked up, not at the basement window, but above it, and murmured, "I think we must all have died and 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 day that followed her, piled high with the things that were showered through the window the night before; or maybe a picture of Gertie in an easy chair in front of the stove in their bit of a dining-room, with a carpet on the floor, she with her feet on soft cushions, and soft cushions at her back, and a soft, bright shawl around her, eating a bit of Thanksgiving turkey. Ah, I know you would like a picture of all the scholars of No. 42, who set this balla-rolling; but there were over seventy of them, and how could I show you their photographs? You must just imagine it all.—The Pansy.