

drawn curtains, exclaiming, "There's the man!"

"No, darling," said Adelaide. "There's no one there."

But Doty insisted upon a further examination; and to calm the little one's excitement, Adelaide carried her to the window, and allowed her to peep out.

"No one there," echoed Doty, mournfully, as they turned from the window. Then her aspect suddenly changed. "There he is," she screamed.

Sure enough the front door had noiselessly opened to admit the form of a large man of about twenty five who was intently watching the little group in the sitting room.

Every one stared for a moment; then there was a big general cry of "Tom!" And the newcomer, big as he was, had much ado to embrace all at once the four dear ones who crowded into his arms to welcome him. There were many tears and more smiles, while Tom explained that he had not been drowned with the remainder of the crew on the night of his vessel's wreck, but had escaped, and had, through sickness and innumerable trials and obstacles, found his way home at last. And what was the joy when he promised never again to leave them, in order to seek his fortune on the uncertain ocean, but to stay with them, and care for them all. Yet, of course, he was as ignorant as any one of the real senders of that dinner, and the affair forever remained a pleasant little mystery. And little Doty dreamed that night of turkeys galore; but at dinner next day she confessed that she no longer thought that savory bird "dreadful!"

III.

On Thanksgiving Day there was plenty of good solid ice, and the Flemming children went skating. When, on their return home, they rushed into the hall to warm their numb fingers, they were greeted by a series of loud, deep barks, that proceeded from the little study-room just beyond.

"Is it—" began Bronson, but paused, unable to proceed with his question.

"Yes," said Aunt Margaret, "it is Bruno! Your father decided, after all, to buy him for you, and the dog is waiting to see you. He's a splendid fellow, and I know you'll be delighted with him. We told your father of your plan to surprise the Morses; that pleased him, and he decided to surprise you, too. And—"

But the good lady's speech was never ended. The children had made a dash for the new pet, and found that he, indeed, exceeded all their wildest expectations. They and Bruno were soon the best of friends.

And that was the second Thanksgiving surprise!—Christian Intelligencer.

The Thanksgiving Feast—Ancient and Modern.

"Give thanks unto the Lord for He is Good: His mercy endureth for ever!"

"Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee."

Thanksgiving, the great gala day of our forefathers, is still observed as a religious and family festival, but in this age of ease and luxury there is little to suggest the ancient celebration. Our ancestors with hearts filled with gratitude to God for the protection and many mercies bestowed upon them in the new country of their adoption gave thanks under difficulties. Going to and from church in the snows and frequent storms of the bitter New England winter was in itself a test of courage and strength; as well as a severe test of gratitude and piety. The custom

reached, it was fireless, and in spite of the freezing atmosphere, the prayers and sermon long and although earnest, and fervent from the standpoint of to-day would be judged dull and tiresome. Nevertheless the Puritan fathers, mothers and children assembled, the warmth in their grateful hearts sustaining them to encounter and battle with the obstacles. Those were times of toil, hardship and self denial little understood or appreciated by the present generation. The simple life, regular habits, the strictly maintained custom of "early to bed and early rise," together with plain, wholesome food, active exercise and fresh pure air developed stalwart men and robust women, sound in mind and body. God-fearing, industrious, honest and sincere their descendants have much to be proud and thankful for in such noble ancestry.

In Colonial days the best of everything was brought forth for the Thanksgiving dinner, whether treasures of linen, china or silver, they were none too precious to use on that occasion, as housewives then had little of beauty or art to crown the feast.

The Thanksgiving menu of early times were told included oysters, clams, game of different sorts, turkey, vegetables, and as a special dainty the dish of Indian origin and preference—succotash. The same delicacies now appear (with many others unknown to Puritan cook) on the modern Thanksgiving board as suggestive of bygone days.

Except in the spirit of gratitude with which Christian hearts still overflow, how unlike the present celebration of the day to that of ancient times. Fair and costly temples consecrated to God's service are thronged with worshippers on the appointed morning. Amid organ peals, the music of sweet voices, lights and flowers, thanks are given for the mercies and blessings vouchsafed.

No life so barren and poor that if viewed aright there is not something to be grateful for. Whatever the sorrow, trial, or disappointment, however dark the overhanging cloud, by faith and love to see beyond, behold! God is still over all as friend, comforter and guide. Why should we doubt or fear?

A family festival as well, how sweet the reunions on this happy day! Masses of yellow chrysanthemums, veritable globes of

golden glory deck the table around which gather kith and kin from youngest to oldest. Through yellow shade candles shed a soft glow, and how perfect and artistic every appointment from first to last. The favors at each cover in vegetable forms, miniature potatoes, radishes, carrots, beets and other products of the kitchen garden all true to nature, but each and every one a dainty bon-bon box filled with "sweets." At all meals of ceremony "surprises" (things not what they seem) are now pleasing and attractive features.

The festival of Thanksgiving lacks in elements of true enjoyment whether in homes of the rich or poor, unless love, gratitude, good-will and contentment are guests. It matters little what the surroundings, appointments or menu, in such company the very atmosphere will be sweet with praise, joy and thanksgiving. Having remembered "God's poor who are always with us" to care for (one of our privileges in the service of the Master) may we not "give thanks and rejoice," assured of "the goodness and mercy that endureth forever," ours in the future, as in the past?—Table Talk.

"The Common Offering."

"It is not the deed we do,
Tho' the deed be never so fair—
But the love that the dear Lord looketh for,
In the heart of the deed so fair."

"The love is the priceless thing,
The treasure our treasure must hold,
Or ever the Lord will take the gift
Or tell the worth of the gold—
By the love that cannot be told."

"Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in The service draw near;
One consecrateth a precious coin
One dotheth only a tear:
Look master—the love is here!"
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it; and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it. There are always two sides of life on which we can look, according as we choose—the bright side or the gloomy. Encourage the disposition of looking at the brightest side of things instead of the darkest. By the power of *will*, and the eye of *hope*, pierce the cloud, for the "silver lining" is sure to be there.

Hot Rolls,

hot muffins, hot cakes,
made with Royal Baking
Powder may be freely
eaten without fear of
indigestion.