

LET US GIVE THANKS.

Another year has come and gone
With blessings to the last,
And we, God's creatures, humbly give
Thanksgiving for the past.

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun,
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the cold winds run,

MABEL'S RECOMPENSE.

The high-pitched, insistent, penetrating tremolo of the electric doorbell rang through the Terry house, announcing the hasty visit of the letter-carrier with the morning mail.

Mabel sat beside Laura Easton in Sunday school the next day, and had the best possible chance to speak to her, but somehow she did not refer to Aunt Milly's invitation.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandt, when Mrs. Terry made her errand known, sitting in the Brandt parlor the next afternoon.

"O mamma!" exclaimed Mabel, as she finished reading, "Isn't it lovely of auntie to plan for anything so nice? But it's just like her. Which of the girls will I ask to go? There's my very particular friend, Laura Easton. I suppose she'll be the one."

you be proud to have Laura with us that day in church? You know what a lovely jacket with feathers she has, and a seal Eton jacket that would nearly knock the breath out of those country people."

"Mabel dear, I do not like to say to you, but I think I ought, that some of those same plain farmer-folk that you wish to startle could probably buy out the Eastons several times over. I have been sorry to see your growing fondness for Laura. The family have the reputation of trying to live much more stylishly than we can afford, and of not paying their bills."

"But surely that is not Laura's fault," said Mabel indignantly. "I do hope I can invite her to grandpa's."

Mabel had been whirling about the room at intervals, and her mother now asked her to be seated.

"You have plenty of time to decide this matter," Mrs. Terry said, kindly. "I want you to promise me that you will keep this entirely to yourself for one week. You might be very sorry if you should speak to the girls at once."

Mabel gave a reluctant consent, but said several times during the next week that it seemed as if the secret would choke her.

One morning at family prayer Mr. Terry read the story of Jesus in the Pharisee's house, when He told the proud, exclusive men who reclined there what sort of hospitality is pleasing to God and rewarded by Him.

Before night Anna had won the hearts of the whole household, for in the loving, cheery atmosphere of the Eliot home she emerged from her awkward shyness, and was so gentle, so gay, so delighted with everything about her that her presence added sunshine to the family gathering.

Mabel found that Anna was better company than Laura. She was not thinking of herself. She knew lots of stories and games, and had a great deal of latent, innocent fun in her, on which her new environment acted like spring sunlight on the budding anemones.

"There's one thing about that verse that afflicts me, mamma," said Mabel that night, as she slipped into her mother's room for a moment to say "good-night."

"What verse, dear?" asked Mrs. Terry. "Why, mamma, the one papa read the other morning. Jesus had been telling how, if we invite folks that can't do anything back for us, we shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. But I've had a recompense already, and it's only the first day. Isn't it just lovely to see Anna? and how we all like her, don't we?"

Long Valley had its mansion, a grand colonial house on West Hill. Squire Atwood had inherited it from his father, along with wide acres and a long bank account. He was a man now in late middle life, and his wife was a few years younger. If "Hillcrest," as the Atwood place was called, was the most beautiful house in Long Valley, and for miles around, it was also the loneliest.

"Yes, God is good," she repeated softly, "but I want my little girl—I want her!"

"Yes, I would," said the mother, tears rolling slowly over her cheeks. "Would you have her back to suffer pain and be disappointed and to sin and to be lonely, and to see us go away from her one of these days?"

who brought it all to me? And, mamma, when she put her arms around my neck, looking so happy and so rested, I tell you I didn't have to wait for the resurrection of the just for the whole of my recompense. I'm so glad that Jesus had his way with that invitation."—By Elizabeth Cheney in the Christian Advocate.

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. In the kitchen of the Hunter farm house, great preparations were being made for to-morrow's feast. Rows of pumpkin pies were ranged along the pantry shelves, and pies of cranberry were there also. And the fragrance of doughnuts was in the air, mingled with odors of fruit cake.

"That made John Henry's mouth water, every time he got a sniff of it. He had taken a stand by the kitchen table when the concocting of cakes and pies began, and that position he had steadfastly maintained all day, in spite of many peremptory orders and plaintive appeals from his mother to take himself off."

"I wish Thanksgiving'd come once a week," he said, after having cleaned off the last bit of frosting from the knife he had begged the privilege of licking. "If there's anything I like, it's cake, and pie, and turkey, and—"

"What's that independent man?" asked John Henry. "Is it him?" "That's the man!"

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the family gathering, precisely as if he were a member of the family, yet without any right to be there.

"No man has any right to treat a woman in this way," she told herself. "If I were in his place, I'd speak and let the worst be known, as they used to sing at conference meetings. I should think he could see what a ridiculous position it puts me in. But I suppose he can't help being peculiar. The Blairs always were, they say. I don't know, but he has a vague hope that some of these days I'll declare my feelings toward him, and that he's waiting for this to take place, before he declares his intentions—if he has any."

Thanksgiving Day ushered in no end of bustle in the Hunter homestead. Hugh's folks would arrive about ten o'clock, and there was a good deal of work to be done before they came.

"I wonder if Mr. Blair will like my looks?" she thought. "Poor man." And then she laughed as she thought of what his thoughts must be, during the day—this, if used to be supposed, he had intentions.

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that had filled his mind when he came downstairs, but he knew from past experience, that it must be faced and he suffered himself to be led out of the room in silent anguish, with the feelings of what was in store for him in the woods.

"Poor Mr. Blair! John Henry's question carried with it as much consternation as would have accompanied the explosion of a bomb. At first the poor man's face was red as fire. Then he grew pale, and he opened his mouth once or twice, as if to say something, but no words came. But as the door closed upon John Henry he made what was apparently a last desperate effort, and what do you think he said?"

"What—what—what's the reason we don't get married?"

"I suppose it's because you've never said anything about having such intentions. It isn't customary for women to talk about such things with a man until he, he—dear me! I don't just know what I meant to say. Anyway, it's his business to tell the woman, what he means, and give her a chance to say what she thinks about it."

"I know it," cried poor Mr. Blair. "But when I've tried, and tried hard, I can't say anything. I couldn't say a word. I don't believe I've ever dared to say as much as this, if that boy hadn't seen fit to help me out. He—he kind of broke the ice, an—now you know what I'd like to do, an—I hope you haven't any objections. Haven't you?"

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