A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! Of yore,
In the youth of the Nation,
When the harvest had yielded its store
There was feast and oblation.
Or when danger had lifted its hand,
From the lips of the living
There rang through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

Our home was a wilderness then
With the floods to enfold it;
To-day with its millions of men,
We rejoice to behold it.
From the sea to surge of the sea,
We have all for a treasure;
We are blest in the promised To-be
In a manifold measure.

War flaunts not a red pennon now,
For the olive is regal;
Like birds that are twin, on one bough
Sit the dove and the eagle.
The clash of the conflict that cleft
We in sorrow remember,
But the fire of the great fuel has left
In the ash scarce an ember.

For the fruit of the time of our toil;
For whate'er we have fought for;
Whether born of the brain or the soil
Be the meed we have sought for;
For the gifts we have had from His hand
Who is Lord of all living,
Let there ring through the length of the land
A Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

—Clinton Scollard.

BRAND'S THANKSGIVING.

BY W. BERT FOSTER

WELL, as long as you won't go with us, I s'pose you'll look after things," said Farmer Brand halting beside the woodpile where his eldest son was at work.

Farmer Brand was a man of sixty and much broken in health, as his stooping shoulders and attenuated frame showed. John Brand was a young giant of twenty-eight, handsome, with a certain savage kind of beauty, for his straight black hair, heavy brows and piercing eyes made him look more like an Indian than a white man. There was a savage scowl on his face this morning, too, as he swung his axe, sending its keen blade deep into the wood at every blow.

"I wish ye would go with us, John," said his father, after hesitating a moment, gently laying his hand on his son's shoulder. "Brother Eben will be right glad to see ye, an' ye know we never get over there 'cepting at Thanksgiving."

"I hate holidays," growled John, throwing off his father's hand roughly and continuing his attack on the wood.

Mr. Brand walked slowly away and climbed into the two-seated wagon beside his wife and little Billy. His appearance contrasted greatly with that of his wife. She was not more than thirty-five and was plump and good looking. The little boy, nearly five years old, sat between them.

"Here are the reins, father," she said, and smiled up at him, brightly. She knew that he was greatly disappointed by John's refusal, although she was rather glad herself to get away for one day from the surly fellow.

The back seat of the wagon was piled with extra wraps and hampers of pies and cakes to "piece out" at the dinner, should brother Eben's folks be short; but there was plenty of room for John if he would go. The farmer turned and looked at him, but the axe was going faster and harder than ever, every blow saying as plainly as could be: "I hate holidays!" Little Billy was impatient to start so Mr. Brand reluctantly "clucked" to the old horse and they rattled out of the yard.

It was a crisp November morning, the ground frozen as hard as a rock and a brittle covering of ice over all the puddles and in muddy ruts. The trees on the mountain-side back of the house were bare of leaves and their branches sighed and shivered in the wind. John Brand threw down his axe and gazed after the retreating wagon with lowering brow.

Ten years before his mother had died. He had loved his mother—almost worshiped her, in truth—and her death had made him feel very bitter against the fate which had taken her away. His father had never had any great share of his fierce young heart—he was so much different from his mother. But they always got along well together, and for the next four years, instead of striking out for himself, as he had intended, John put his best exertions into the work of running the great farm.

There were two hundred acres of it, woodland and meadow, hill and plain. It would all be his some day, so there was no use in John's going off for himself, so his father said, and John was accounted a fortunate fellow indeed by the neighbors.

But a change began to come over his father. John was slow to suspect the cause, although the neighbors, as neighbors will, saw and understood it from the first. John had been so wrapped up in his mother that never for an instant did he think that his father might see some other woman whom he might wish to make his wife. It therefore came like a thunder-clap when the farmer told him that he was about to marry a neighboring farmer's daughter, a young woman not much more than half his age.

John did not oppose the union by words. His father's determination seemed, in fact, to have made him dumb. He only looked his scorn, anger and contempt, and from that day was a changed being.

His sociability and wit had enlivened almost every gathering of young people in the region since his arrival at manhood. These gatherings knew him no more. He refused every invitation, retired within himself and brooded over the wrong which he fancied had been done his mother's memory and himself.

He would not even attend his father's wedding and when Mr. Brand brought his bride home all traces of his former wife—those little things which had become as familiar to him as the old house itself—had disappeared. Her picture which had been taken in her bridal dress and had hung over the high mantel in the parlor, her work table, the "cricket," on which her feet had rested during the long evenings when she sat and sewed or mended—all were gone and nothing but a heap of ashes and charred wood in the great open fireplace was left.

Mr. Brand had never taken John to task for this. He felt somehow as though he had no right to complain. The things had been more John's than his, for John was the one who had remained entirely faithful to the dead.

At first this new wife tried her best to gain John's favor; but the young man repelled all her advances and never spoke to her unless he was absolutely obliged. In fact, he spoke to no one unless forced to. He even carried his clothing to an old lady in the neighborhood to be mended, rather than have Mrs. Brand touch his garments.

The young wife did all she could to win his love, but to no avail, and before a year of her married life had passed she had something else to think of. A little baby came to the Brand house that John foresaw would eventually fill his place and possess his rights. John had passively endured the coming of the wife; he hated the baby with an almost murderous hatred.

He hoped that it would die, but little Billy grew up a strong, healthy boy, never having seen an ill day in his short life. He was the child of Farmer Brand's old age and before he was two years old completely owned the entire house and its contents—except John Brand. No amount of coaxing baby ways won his heart. John simply hated him the more for being so pretty and sweet-tempered. He would not even touch the child.

All the bitterness he had cherished for these six long years filled his heart on this Thanksgiving morning as he stood gazing after the departing wagon. There had been nothing to keep him at home from the Thanksgiving merrymaking except his own ugly feelings, for the farm work was all finished and everything made shipshape for winter. There was wood enough cut already to last an ordinary lifetime, but there was a certain fierce pleasure for him in forcing the axe into the knotty sticks.

He worked moodily on till noon, then fed the stock, and after locking the house went down to the village tavern and eat his dinner there.

It was almost dark when he returned to the farmhouse. He did the chores and went to bed before the others arrived—little Billy wild with delight over the festivities of the day, Mrs. Brand smiling and happy, and her husband with a sore spot in his old heart for his eldest son.

Winter came quickly after that Thanksgiving. The snow wrapped everything in its fleecy covering, drifted over fences and across the public roads, became crusted hard and snowed again, repeating the performance until it lay three or four feet deep all over the country side. Farmer Brand shelled corn or smoothed axe helves and hoe handles in the kitchen corner; John chopped wood all day long as though he had taken a contract to supply the whole village with kindling; little Billy, with Guard, the Scotch collie, played in the snow and came in rosy-cheeked and panting after his frolic with never a suspicion of "croup"—that bane of children who are brought up like hot house plants.

Sometimes Billy stopped near the scene of John's labors and watched the chips fly from the sticks with delight. They seemed to fly all the faster the longer he watched them; but John paid no attention to his childish prattle and his dark, scowling face soon drove him away.

It was quite a fortnight after Thanksgiving Day. The weather had been threatening for several days and the wiseacres declared a heavy storm brewing. John loaded up the wood-team during the forenoon with stove wood for the old lady who did his mending and washing. This was how he partly paid her for the work. As he climbed aboard and gathered up the reins Billy came round the corner of the house.

"Can I go to ride with you, please?" he asked, doubtfully. "I want to go to Mrs. Peckham's."

"Not on top of this load. You weigh so much that the horse couldn't draw it," growled John sarcastically.

But Billy took the reply in perfect good faith.

"Can I ride back when the team's empty?" he asked.

John growled something which might have meant yes, or nothing, and drove out of the yard. Billy started bravely in the rear, although it was quite two miles to Mrs. Peckham's. It was terribly cold and John turned up the collar of his rough coat and chirruped to the horses. The wheels creaked most musically over the hard snow and the little figure trudged sturdily along in the rear. Billy's short legs could not keep pace with the strides of the farmhorses and he gradually fell behind. John looked back at him with a scowl and started the horses into a brisk trot. Before many minutes a turn in the road hid the little fellow from sight.

"Little fool! he'll soon get sick of it," muttered John and thought no more about the child.

At noon when he arrived home Billy was not about. He had not seen him on the way and decided that the little fellow had become discouraged and gone back again. But he was not about the house, as he soon discovered.

"Have you seen Billy?" asked his step-mother, as John came in to dinner.

He growled out a negative and sat down to the table. His father was already out hunting for the boy and after putting the food on the table Mrs. Brand threw a shawl over her head and went outside, too. It was bitter cold and the first snow flakes of the coming storm were in the air. John eat his dinner moodily and apparently undisturbed.

"'Riah says she thought he followed you when you went to old Mis' Peckham's, John," said his father, coming in after an unsuccessful search of the premises. "Didn't you see him?"

"No, I haven't seen the brat!" responded his son, surlily.

Mrs. Brand began to cry and the old man's weather-beaten face worked pitifully as he said in a broken voice:

"Don't take on so, 'Riah. I'll get the neighbors roused and we'll find him, so don't you worry."

He hurried out on this mission and John soon followed him, unable to stand the accusing looks of his step-mother.

A half-dozen neighbors responded to the call for searchers and started out in different directions, expecting to find the child somewhere near the house. He certainly couldn't have gone far in the snow. John attacked the woodpile more fiercely than ever, feeling as though every blow of his axe was cutting the threads which bound little Billy to this life. The child could not live many hours wandering about in this weather, and he, John Brand, would be his murderer?

Suddenly he threw down his axe, unable to endure this self-torture longer. He unchained Guard, and with hasty strides started off down the road. His keen eyes examined every foot of the white drifts on either side of the beaten way. Somewhere little Billy must have turned out of the wagon-track.

Not far below the house the woodland began. Half a mile through this and he came to the place he had been looking for. There were the child's footprints where he had turned aside into the woods. He followed them rapidly. Guard sniffing excitedly at the prints of the little rubber boots.

A few yards back from the road was the log on which little Billy had seated himself to rest. When he arose from that he turned deeper into the woods instead of toward the road. John and the dog pressed on before the blast. The snow was coming faster now, and the footprints might soon be obliterated.

He shouted occasionally as he went on, but no answer reached him. The child had traveled an astonishing distance, and almost directly away from home. Before long John reached higher ground and found that the boy had climbed the mountain side.

Finally Guard bounded away with a short, sharp bark, and hurrying on John found him licking the cold face of his little master where he lay curled at the foot of a great gnarled oak. There was a strange feeling at John Brand's heart as he picked the boy up and strode down the hillside in the teeth of the blast.

The wind had risen to a gale and howled and shrieked through the woods in a perfect frenzy. Even Guard cowered before its strength. The keen wind cut John's bare hands and face like a knife, but he pressed on determinedly, sheltering the child's body as much as possible from the cold.

He was cold himself. John Brand could never remember being so cold in his life before; but somehow the unconscious body of the little child close against his breast was warming his cold heart and melting all his hard and bitter feelings.

Giant though he was in strength and endurance he had to fight for each step of the way. It was only by the aid and direction of a higher power than his own that he at last reached the farmhouse and was helped inside by the anxious men who had been driven back from the search some time before by the gale.

He had a very dim recollection a to how he got there, but some time later he found himself lying on the old settle in the chimney corner with his father holding a bowl of some hot decoction to his lips. He pushed it away and looked across the hearth to where his stepmother, tearful and smiling, was holding little Billy in her arms.

"Is he all right?" asked John huskily.

"Yes, thanks to the Almighty and to you, my son," replied his father reverently, and John smiled.

It was late, indeed, but this was John Brand's Thanksgiving.

A Little Premature.

"Well," said Antony to Cleopatra, as the end of November approached, "it will soon be Thanksgiving Day."

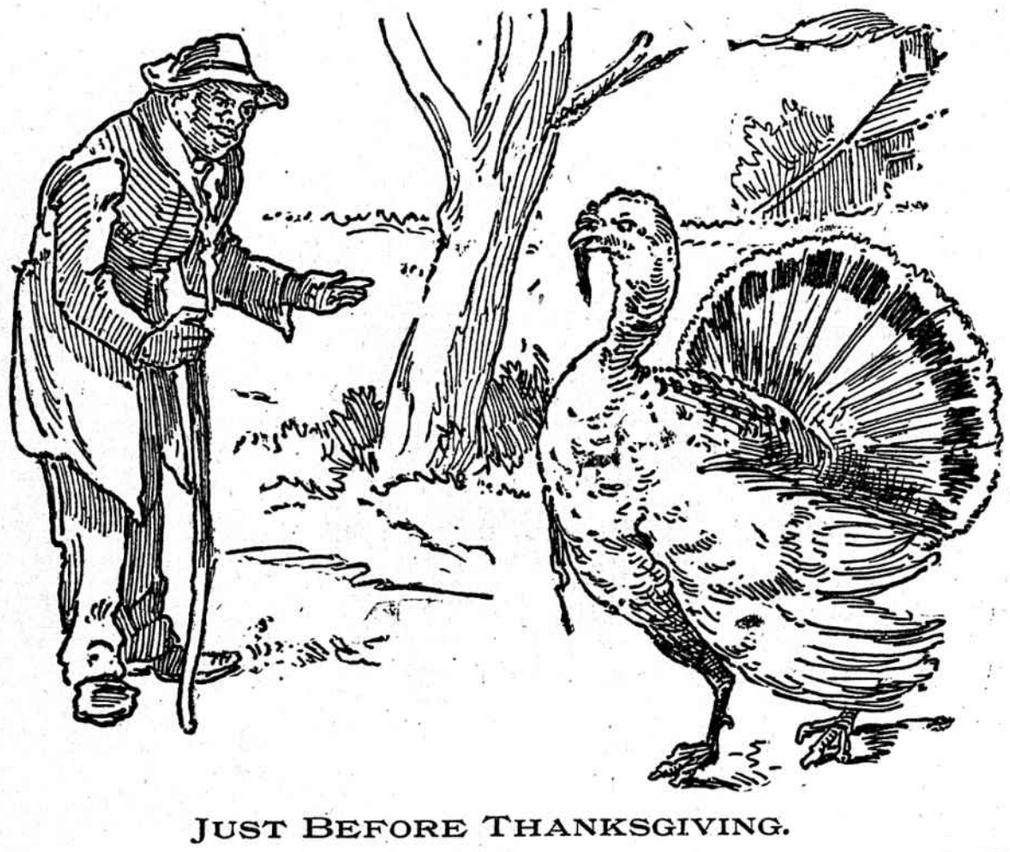
"What on earth are you thinking about, Tony?" replied the prize beauty. "Thanksgiving Day hasn't been invented yet."

"That's so," replied the man as he sank back into thoughtful silence.—Judge.

Thankful.

"I don't see what makes people go to football games on Thanksgiving Day," remarked his wife. "It hasn't anything to do with the spirit of the occasion."

"Oh, yes, it has," was the reply; "I never went to a football game in my life that I didn't feel tremendously thankful that I wasn't one of the players."



JUST BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

Historic Thanksgiving Pies.

Ever since the pie that held the four and twenty blackbirds was celebrated in song, there have been attempts to render certain individual pies historic, but it is mostly from old letters that we learn of the achievements of our foremothers in that line. Life was too stern for many flights of fancy, but the repressed poetry of their natures sometimes took form in preparing Thanksgiving dinners.

One of these records tells of a pie made by some "merry wives" and eaten upon a day of public rejoicing and thanks "for victory granted by our Lord to our men on the field." It would be interesting to know in what kind of a dish the pie was baked, for its diameter was eighteen inches. Its sides were walled up high, and on its broad cover was built up a curious representation of a fort attacked by savages.

In the first quarter of this fast-fading century, a colossal pie was made for Thanksgiving by a Dutch baker on one of the down-town streets of New York. It is described as having been baked in twelve triangular sections, each a foot broad in the largest part. The pieces were laid together to form a circle and the joints were covered by decorations of confectionery. This was a pumpkin pie, and in its luscious custardness was concealed a gold half-eagle, the prize of the lucky purchaser who found it in his piece. The prudent baker, after the pie had been sufficiently admired, cut it into even pieces at ten cents a slice, giving customers their choice of location, but refusing to take out a single piece till the whole pie was bespoken.

A beautifully decorated pie was presented to Washington's successor by some actual Daughters of the Revolution. It was given a prominent position in the White House, and kept on exhibition for several months. If at the end of that time the President ate it, we must reverence the memory of his good digestion.

And Was Detained.

Mme. Gobbler—"My children, I have sad news for you."

The Little Gobblers—"What?"

Mme. Gobbler (breaking into sobs)—"Your poor, dear father attended a Thanksgiving dinner yesterday."

Foresight.

"That's the chap what was always a pokin' fun at me 'cause I kept from eatin' all the stuff they gave me; I knowed what I was about. They couldn't fool me when Thanksgivin' was a comin"—Life.

DAY OF FEASTING.

SOME GOOD THINGS FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Approved Recipes for the Great American Feast Day—Roast Turkey and Stuffing—Pumpkin Pie.

THANKSGIVING is a purely American feast day. It is a day dedicated not only to the giving of thanks, but to dining, and rightly enough, for there is nothing which will inspire one to a feeling of thorough content and good fellowship with the world more than a good dinner.

The New York Herald gives its readers some excellent suggestions for dinner, with many proved recipes for the preparation of the different dishes.

Oyster Soup—To make a delicious soup out of these succulent bivalves observe the following directions: Have two nice agate or porcelain lined saucepans, one for milk and the other for the juice of the oysters. As this is a dinner for eight people, you must have good-sized saucepans. Put in one three pints of milk, with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt and two blades of mace. Stand over a slow fire. In the other saucepan put the liquor from two quarts of oysters, leaving the oysters in the colander through which the liquor has been drained until ready for use. Stand this over the hot part of the range, and as soon as the scum rises skim every fleck of it off with a silver or agate spoon—iron or other metal should not be used in cooking. After skimming stand the stewpan back where it does not boil; as soon as the milk begins to boil pour the oyster liquor into it, stirring gently to prevent curdling. Have ready two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour well mixed with cold milk; thicken the soup with this, stirring fast to break the lumps. If it is a bit lumpy strain through a fine colander into the empty stewpan. Put back in the range, and when it begins to boil drop the oysters in and let them cook until the edges curl. Put some fine chopped parsley and a pinch of powdered cloves in the bottom of the tureen. Pour the soup in, sprinkle in a little black pepper, and it is ready to serve.

To Roast a Turkey—A turkey should be stuffed, trussed and prepared for roasting the night before Thanksgiving, and, laying it on platter, put it in a cold, dry place till you are ready to put it in the oven. Then get out your big, deep dripping pan and place the turkey in it, laying it on its side. If the turkey is fat put no water in the pan, as it will baste itself; if not fat, put a little water in the bottom of the pan. A twelve pound turkey requires three hours' good roasting. A turkey that is not well done is a miserable thing and this is a Thanksgiving feast and everything must be perfect. Keep a tea kettle of boiling water on the range and once in a while as the turkey is roasting dash some water from the kettle over it; and do not fail to baste often.

Chestnut and Oyster Stuffing—Chestnut stuffing is delicious, but is more expensive than the bread crumbs and requires a good deal of care and pains to prepare properly. For a good sized turkey take three quarts of the large chestnuts, or French marrons, as they are called; peel them and cook them in a steamer until tender enough to stick a fork through; then put them in a bowl and mash them as you would potatoes. Season well with butter, salt and pepper, a bit of onion and chopped parsley; soften with cream and stuff the turkey. Oysters added to the bread crumb stuffing makes an oyster stuffing.

Chicken Pie—Cut a large, tender chicken in smaller pieces than for fricasseeing; put in a stew pan with half an onion, season with salt, cover with water and let it cook till tender; line a deep baking dish with a biscuit crust, put in the pieces of chicken, add some pieces of butter and sprinkle with pepper; thicken the gravy in the stew pan, having enough to cover the chicken in pie; cover with a biscuit crust; bake in a quick oven till crust is a delicate brown. This pie may be served hot or cold, but is better hot, and is delicious.

How to Make the Stuffing—Put in a chopping bowl half of an onion, a sprig of parsley and a good sized stalk of celery; chop these all very fine, then take a loaf of stale bread which has had the crust removed and been soaked in cold water until soft; put it in with the chopped herbs; flavor well with sweet majoram, salt and pepper, and after mixing all well together put it in the turkey. Sew up the aperture, and just before placing in the oven salt and pepper the turkey well outside.

Pumpkin Pie—To a quart of squash, which has been boiled and mashed through a colander, add the yolks of four eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt; sweeten with half molasses and half sugar; season well with powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and allspice; add the milk the last thing, making it the consistency of a thick batter; pour it in the pie pan, already lined with paste, and bake till a nice, rich brown; do not bake till watery, this spoils the pie.

Oyster Pie—Line a deep porcelain dish with a rich paste; put in two quarts of oysters well seasoned with salt and pepper, a little powdered mace, a few little pats of butter and some chopped parsley; stir in a cup of fine cracker crumbs put on a top crust and bake in a quick oven.

Celery Salad—Cut the celery in small dice and when ready to serve pour over it rich mayonnaise dressing; vinegar and salt may be added to taste when eating.

Cranberry Sauce—This should be made the day before so it will jelly nicely. To a quart of cranberries add eight heaping tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water; cook in a stew pan until all the berries have burst their skins and are almost like a jelly; then strain through a sieve into a mould and put away in a cool place till ready for use.

A live lobster, half red and half green, is one of the rarities on exhibition at one of the Portland (Me.) boat houses.

RELIGIOUS READING.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

There are those in the world who put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, no wonder, then, that some should mistake weakness, for strength, and strength for weakness.

I saw a vigorous man walking along with a light step and a laughing eye. The rosy tint of health was on his cheek, and his broad shoulders and muscular limbs were proofs of his bodily strength; but his bold language, and self-sufficient look told me that he trusted in himself, and that his heart glowed not in gratitude to the great Giver of the blessings he enjoyed.

I visited a sick man on his couch of affliction; his countenance was pale, and his body wasted by disease. He was as feeble as a child, and could not sit upright without being supported by pillows; but the Bible lay beside him; his lips at times moved in prayer; his looks were resigned and tranquil, and his language was, "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Psa. 46: 1.

I met one who had gained riches, and whose heart was lifted up on account of possessions. Puffed up with pride he talked scornfully of those who had not fine houses, and full purse, forgetful of the injunction. "If riches increase set not your heart upon them." Psa. 62: 10. Set your affections on things above not on things on earth." Col. 2:2.

I fell in with a poor man, who worked hard to gain a livelihood for himself and family. No complaint was on his lips when I asked after his welfare. He was thankful for health that enabled him to labor and praised God for the daily mercies he enjoyed.

I reflected on what I had heard and seen, and pondered on the characters that had occupied my attention. Two of them possessed what most of us desire, while the others seemed lowly and of little estimation. I compared the healthy and the rich with the sick and the poor, and the advantage was greatly on side of the cast down and the lowly. The depressed felt their own weakness, and trusted in the strong for strength, while the proud and puffed up, leaning on uncertain health and riches were unfit to encounter adversity, and still more so to meet their latter end. They were poor when they believed themselves rich; they were weak while they fancied themselves strong.

And can it be that man, proud man, vaunting himself on his intelligence, can fall into such an error as to think himself wise when he is foolish, rich when he is poor, and strong when he is perfect weakness? Even so. But now, reader, put the question to thyself, and ask if this error be thine. Art thou trusting in thine own strength, and putting confidence in aught below the skies? Or knowest thou, of a truth, that thy life, with all that it involves, is "a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away?" Jas. 4: 14. Put thy trust in Him only who changes not, but is the same "yesterday, today and forever." Heb. 13: 18.

Trust in a prince his word shall fail;
In friends, and they shall die;
In health, and wealth, and world's regard,
Alas how soon they fly!

Trust thine own heart, 'tis faultless all;
Thy life, 'tis insecure;
But he who trusteth in the Lord,
Forever shall endure.

SEEING EACH OTHER AS WE ARE.

One great cause of the infelicities of life among the best people, is their failure to fully understand and appreciate all the influences that enter into their conduct.

The natures and feelings are misconstrued. In the most intimate and endearing of all relations—that of husband and wife—there is often an wholly unnecessary and sad coldness and even an alienation of feeling from this cause. Of different temperament and make up constitutionally, in a different line of Christian experience and grade of spirituality of mind one moving largely amid the the giant forces of evil and the rivalries of business, becomes inhabituated to sterner forms of actions and expressions of feeling, which the other in the more quiet, loving and tender associations of culture and meditation interprets as loss of sympathy and weakening of heart-felt love, while there is a deeper and growing affection could they see each other as they are. Let death step in and take either from their side and the one left will tell you if they disclose their true feelings, that they never realized before how much they loved and what excellencies of character there were in the one departed which they failed to appreciate from leaving out of view their position and circumstances. Thus it is in various forms in all the associations of life.

If the Marthas and Marys could know each other as they are, Martha would not be grieved at her sister's comparative indifference to the conventionalities of life when they could enjoy the instructions of her Lord and Master, and the Marys would appreciate all their sisters' desires to show their interest in Christ by every act of attention possible to be shown for his comfort.

If the Peters and Johns could know each other as they are, the Peters would more appreciate their quiet trustful spirit, and Johns would more admire the naturally bold and sometimes impetuous spirit and zeal of the Peters for their Lord.

If the Pauls and Barnabuses could know each other as they are, the Pauls would probably not so spitefully reprove the Barnabuses for their attachment to their home duties and friends in preference to exposing themselves to persecutions among those so ill prepared to receive the Gospel, and the Barnabuses would more honor the Pauls and thank God for the grace and constraining love for Christ that enabled them to sacrifice cheerfully every earthly comfort and even life in the cause of Christ, and for the salvation of their fellow men.—Rel. Herald.

THE QUESTION.

The sceptical Mr. Brap augh was once lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in the most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but" —"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again, the feeling of the meeting gave vent in uproarious applause, and Mr. Bradlaugh had to go away discomfited by an old woman. —The Lutheran.

A poor, crippled woman, living in a tiny room on the ground floor of a dingy house, could only move on her hands and knees, and had not stood upright for fifteen years. A lady visiting the sufferer was pitying her for her inability to do anything in the world. While she spoke, two merry little children clattered into the room and seated themselves by the scrap of fire.

"Do these little children belong to you?" asked the lady.

"No, ma'am," was the reply, "they are my neighbor's children; she's just a poor washerwoman, and I look after her little ones to set her free to get a job of work. I can do just that, you see, thank the Lord."—Exchange.

Hold fast to love. If men move your heart, let them not sour or embitter it; let them not shut up or narrow it; let them only expand it more and more, and be always able to say with St. Paul, "My heart is enlarged."—F. W. Robertson.

Save Your Old Straw Hats.

One unexpected result of the war in the East, which will bring it home perhaps to our own people, is described in a report to the State Department from United States Consul Stephen, at Annaberg, Germany. He said:

The straw-plaiting industry, with its seat in Dresden, Saxony, is beginning to feel the effects of the war in Eastern Asia. The straw hat manufacturers usually draw their material, put up into straw braids, from China and Japan. The blockading of the ports from which these braids were exported has caused a scarcity and higher prices of the raw material. Manufacturers are beginning to look for other sources from which to supply their demands, and expect to be on the spring market—having nothing better—with home products.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR DECEMBER 2.

Lesson Text: "Christ's Testimony to John," Luke vii., 24-35—Golden Text: Luke vii., 27—Commentary.

24. And when the messengers of John were departed He began to speak unto the people concerning John. What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" It is possible that this lesson precedes in the order of events the lesson of last week. John, from the prison into which Herod had put him (Mark vi., 17; Math. vi., 2), had sent messengers to Jesus to inquire if He were the Christ. Jesus wrought miracles before them and said they should tell John what they had seen and heard, and add, "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Then Jesus begins to talk to the people about John and asks them if he was like a reed shaked with the wind, a weak one easily blown about.

25. "But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold they which are gorgeously apparaled and live delicately are in kings' courts." They knew John did not indulge in fine clothes nor luxurious living, but as it is written, "The same John had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locust and wild honey" (Math. iii., 4). He sought not earthly comforts nor self indulgence, but lived to make known and point out the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. He did not seek any greatness for himself (John i., 29; Jer. xiv., 5).

26. "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet." The father of John, filled with the Holy Spirit, after the birth of the child had said, "And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Highest, for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways" (Luke i., 76). A prophet was not necessarily one who predicted future events, but rather one who spoke for God. Abraham is the first one called a prophet in the Scriptures (Gen. xx., 7), but he uttered no predictions, yet he was God's representative. See Aaron, the prophet or spokesman for Moses (Ex. iv., 1; vii., 1).

27. "This is He of whom it is written, Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee." The Spirit, through Malachi, had said this some 400 years before (Mal. iii., 1), and about 300 years before Malachi the same Spirit had said through Isaiah that a voice would cry in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord" (Isa. xl., 3). How clear to God is the end and all the steps that lead to it from the very beginning, and He says, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all My pleasure" (Isa. xlvi., 10).

28. "For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist, but he that is least in the kingdom of God is greater than he." Gabriel said of him, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink, and he shall be filled with the Holy Spirit even from his mother's womb" (Luke i., 15). Although he was permitted by God to languish and die in prison, yet he ceased not to be great in the sight of the Lord.

29. "And all the people that heard Him and the publicans justified God, being baptized with the baptism of John." All who honor the messenger of God by believing and obeying His word thus honor God (Math. x., 40), but those who reject the message and the messenger dishonor God and make Him a liar because they believe not His message (I John v., 10).

30. "But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of Him." In chapter xvi., 14, it is written that "they derided Him, and He said unto them, "Ye are they which justify yourselves before men, but God knoweth your hearts, for that which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God." The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, and none can thoroughly know it but God (Jer. xvii., 9, 10); therefore His word of trust must be against it, and to reject the truth of God against ourselves proves us children of the devil.

31. "And the Lord said, Whereunto then shall I liken the men of this generation? And to what are they like?" He was ever finding analogies in nature and in people. He called Himself a vine, a door, a shepherd, the light, the way, the truth, the life. He compared the present condition of affairs, called the mystery of the kingdom, to a mustard tree, heaven, etc. He said through Hosea, "I have multiplied visions and used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets" (Hos. xii., 10).

32. "They are like unto children sitting in the market place and calling one to another and saying: We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced. We have mourned to you, and ye have not wept." The children could not please their fellows, and neither John nor Jesus could please that adulterous generation. But they did not try. They sought only to please God, and they did it. The Father testified from Heaven that He was well pleased with Jesus (Math. iii., 17; xvii., 5), and Jesus has just borne good testimony to John in this our lesson.

33. "For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say that he hath a devil." The Spirit through Isaiah wrote that in his day he that departed from evil was accounted mad (Isa. lix., 15, margin), and through Hosea: "The prophet is a fool. The spiritual man is mad" (Hos. ix., 7). Since the days of Cain men of God like Abel have been accounted beside themselves and not fit to live—fit only to be cut off from the land of the living (Jer. xi., 19).

34. "The Son of man is come eating and drinking, and ye say, Behold a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." Truly "the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be (Rom. viii., 7). Let us not grieve nor take it amiss if for His sake we are called unreasonable and uncalled for names. And if the things attributed to Him are the very farthest from the possibility of our doing the fellowship with Jesus is all the closer. Let us never seek to please people, but ever study to show ourselves approved unto God, ambitious to be well pleasing unto Him (II Tim. ii., 15; II Cor. v., 9, R. V., margin).

35. "But wisdom is justified of all her children." Self-condemnation justifies God, and God justifies those who condemn themselves. It is only when we take the place of the guilty, accepting God's testimony against us and receiving Jesus as our righteousness, that we are justified in His sight. All such honor Christ, who is the wisdom of God, and He honors all such by making them accepted in Him (I Cor. i., 24, 30, and Eph. i., c).—Lesson Helper.

Disasters to the British Farmer.

Lord Winchilsea is calling attention to the series of unparalleled disasters which have overtaken the British farmer of late years. He says something has to be done if the greatest industry is to be saved from extinction. This something should take the form of generous support of the National Agricultural Union, whose programme includes the readjustment of local taxation, the abolition of preferential railway rates for foreign produce, the provision of State-aided pensions for workingmen, more stringent legislation against fraud and adulteration, certain improvements in the agricultural holdings act, and power to advance money on approved security for the occasion of small holdings. They also aim at the establishment of a "produce post" which shall bring the small grower of fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, etc., into direct relation with the consumer, and foster combinations among British farmers similar to those which have enabled foreigners to supersede them in their own markets by supplying articles of uniform appearance and quality. His Lordship refers to recent successful experiments in the way of raising sugar beets.

Alaska Reindeer.

According to a report brought back from Alaska by the Bering Sea fleet, the reindeer taken to that Territory several years ago by Government officials are increasing so rapidly that in a few years they will be numerous enough to relieve the Government from the necessity of supplying the natives with food. The beginning of the work consisted in the bringing of sixteen of the animals from Siberia by the General Agent of Education for the Territory. His efforts attracted the attention of Congress, and an appropriation was made by means of which he was enabled to get 180 more reindeer and to obtain two Siberian herders to look after them.