

of a state governor issuing a proclamation locally supplementing that of the President was that of Governor Bissell, of Illinois, in 1858. This has been a common custom, however, since the issue, in 1863, of the following proclamation by President Abraham Lincoln, which practically instituted the regular annual Thanksgiving Day:

The year that is drawing to its close has been filled with blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of an extraordinary nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually in-enslaved to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God. In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has sometimes seemed to invite and provoke the aggressions of foreign states, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere except in the theater of military conflict, a while, but theater has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union. The needful divisions of wealth and strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle or the ship. The ax has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and of coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. The population has steadily increased, notwithstanding the waste that has been made by the camp, the siege and the field; and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect the continuance of years with a large increase of freedom. No human council hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the whole American people. And I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to our benefactor who dwelleth in the heavens; and I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble patience for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation, and to restore it as soon as may be consistent with the divine purposes to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity and union.

In testimony whereof, etc.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Stories for young folks, by students of English class C, B. Y. academy.

The last Thursday in November is a day set apart to acknowledge the goodness of God—a day when men should give freely of their store to the poor

even as the great Father bestows blessings upon his children. It is a day when the rich should give to the destitute so that all may feast and rejoice alike.

Few of us feel that we are in duty bound to lend a helping hand to those stricken with poverty. Hence, we may imagine the happy surprise the poor people of Pensacola met one Thanksgiving morning.

The baker of Pensacola believed that there were two classes of poor in his village. One whose poverty was due to accident, sickness, inability to secure work; the other, due to laziness, intemperance and ignorance. Yet, on this day, he determined to treat both classes alike.

On Nov. 28th, the advertisement of the village baker shop was somewhat changed. It was as follows:

COME, ONE AND ALL, POOR CHILDREN OF PENSACOLA TO MY SHOP NOVEMBER 28TH, 1888, AT 12 O'CLOCK AND EACH ONE SHALL RECEIVE A LOAF OF BREAD."

The news reached every girl and every boy in the town. Long before the time appointed hungry little urchins were seen making their way toward the baker shop. Some had left undone the little work they had to do. Others had failed to wash their feet, hands and faces. In short, they were very untidy.

Five minutes before 12 o'clock, Nellie, a little girl very neatly dressed, made her appearance at the shop door. She had been working all morning, and wished to get a loaf of bread for her mamma and little sister.

"Children, I bid you welcome; I have placed on the table a loaf of bread for each one of you. Come, help yourselves," said the baker.

The children rushed inside, each one trying to get the largest loaf, save Nellie, who stood back until the scramble was over. Then she stepped forward, picking up the smallest loaf, and thanking the baker at the same time, left the shop.

An hour later she returned, somewhat excited, as she said: "Mr. Baker, when mamma was cutting the bread I got here, she found this. Thinking that you were not aware it was there, I came to tell you."

The good baker answered smilingly, "Why, my little girl, I made that loaf very small and placed the silver dollar inside of it to teach the children a lesson. Have you learned one?" He paused a moment, looking into the face of the surprised and delighted child, and added: "Well, then, take the dollar home to your mamma, and tell her what you have learned."

A. C. CANDLAND.

Amy was a little fisher maiden. Every morning before the sun arose you might see her in a small boat on the river busily engaged in drawing from the water the food that supported herself and her aged parents. Later in the day she would be trudging along, with a basket of fish under her arm, toward the town, two miles distant. There she disposed of her load and with the means thus obtained managed to provide scanty living.

This kind of existence was very monotonous and often Amy was despondent. But just the day before Thanksgiving, had you seen her, you

would have thought a queen might envy her, for her eyes danced with delight and her whole face beamed with joy.

With that determination which always accompanies definiteness of purpose, she managed her little boat and dragged from the water the writhing unwilling fish. As she felt the weight increase her heart beat with pleasure, and when she set out for town the task seemed much lighter, although the load was heavier.

Slowly she sauntered back to her home, but much of the buoyancy was gone from her spirit. She said nothing to her parents of what had taken place and everything went on as usual.

As next day was Thanksgiving, Amy did not go to work. At home she made things as pleasant as possible for her father and mother and when the hands of the clock pointed to 12 she prepared their simple meal. They gathered round the board and her father had just returned thanks to their Heavenly Father when a loud rap was heard at the door. Amy opened it and a gentleman asked, "Is this where the little fisher maiden lives?"

Upon being told that it was, he entered and in answer to their look of inquiry said: "I was a witness of your noble act yesterday and as this is a day of thanksgiving, I wish to show God that I still love him by aiding the worthy poor," and placing a basket which he held in his hand upon the table, he hurriedly left the room.

In a short time she reached the store and anxiously watched the clerk as he weighed her basket. Then he announced, "Ten pounds extra today," and handed her the money for all, the look of anxiety disappeared and only of happiness took its place. Lightly she skipped into another department and asked, "Please sir, may I see a turkey?"

Just then she felt some one pull at her dress. Turning quickly she saw a little girl, her face pinched with cold and hunger, and her clothing only rags. Tremblingly the little girl begged, "Please ma'am some bread."

Amy looked at the bright coin in her hand and then at the suffering child. Tears came to her eyes, but closing her lips firmly, she stopped and placed the shining bit in the little girl's hand and then hurriedly left the room, brushing against a gentleman who had watched all her actions.

The three who sat at the table looked at each other in astonishment until Amy regained enough self-control to look into the basket. What met her eyes made her tremble with delight. There were cake and pie and turkey—in short everything for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Quietly she arranged the eatables and as she did so related the incident of the day before. Soon all was prepared and again Amy and her parents took their places at the table. As they gazed at the feast spread before them her father remarked: "Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days it shall return to you," and then solemnly added, "Aye, even fourfold."

"Yes," responded Amy, "only this time in a very few days."

DELTA COLE.

A home dramatic company has been organized at Preston, Idaho.