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THANKSGIVING

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A Harvest Canticle.

(By Theron Brown, in 'The Independent'.)

What is bounty but love in the giver,
That waits for no plea to bestow,
The evergreen boon of the river
To the fields that are blessed by its flow?
Does the light when the morning uncloses,
Count the leagues of its flight on the plain?
Does the sky call the roll of the roses
That hold up their lips for its rain?

God is never at loss with his plenty,
And Nature, his handmaid, no more
Ripens sweets for the feast of the dainty
Than bread for the fare of the poor.
'Tis a loan with no burden thereafter,
'Tis a grace never measured nor weighed;
If the banquet turns weeping to laughter
The debt of the eater is paid.

O Goodness so grand in its doing!
Are there gluttons who starve at its
board;
Craven souls, whose insatiable suing
Has poisoned the comforts they hoard,
Who, insane with the joy of receiving,
Are glad for no sake but their own,
Who are deaf to the song of Thanksgiving
And tongueless to utter its tone?

Give us want, give us nothingness rather
Than this; better never be born
Than to harvest the fields of our Father
And leave him unthanked for the corn.
The just will pay measure for measure
And the selfish give love for a fee;
But they squander an infinite treasure
Who sin against love that is free.