

THANKSGIVING

I THINK that when Youth quits the stage
And leaves it clear for Middle Age,
A brighter scene may be in store
Than many that have gone before.
Youth pants for rapture and success ;
The other draws its happiness
From the imperishable springs
Of old, familiar, kindly things.
Gone are the longings and the fears
That chafed and chilled the bygone years.
We find that woodland pools are fair
Though Woman is not mirrored there ;
And bluer are the summer skies
Than when they did but ape her eyes.
The sultry heats, the steaming rains,
Breed no strange trouble in the veins :
But, free from passion, free from strife,
We tread the tableland of life,
Amused, uneager, well content
To wait, not fashion, the event,
And see, at each fresh step, unfurled
More of the beauty of the world.