

## 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.