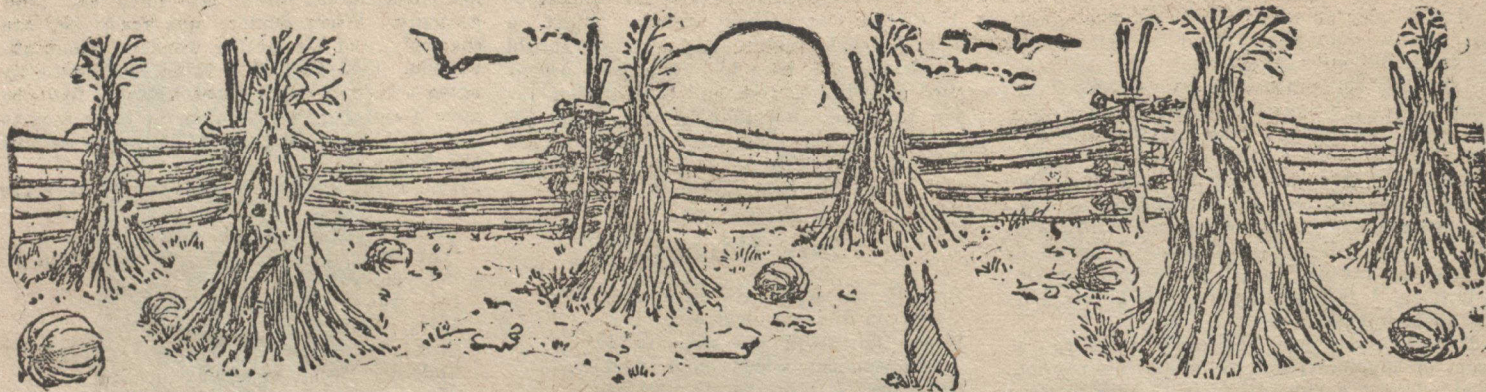


Harvest Hymn.



Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

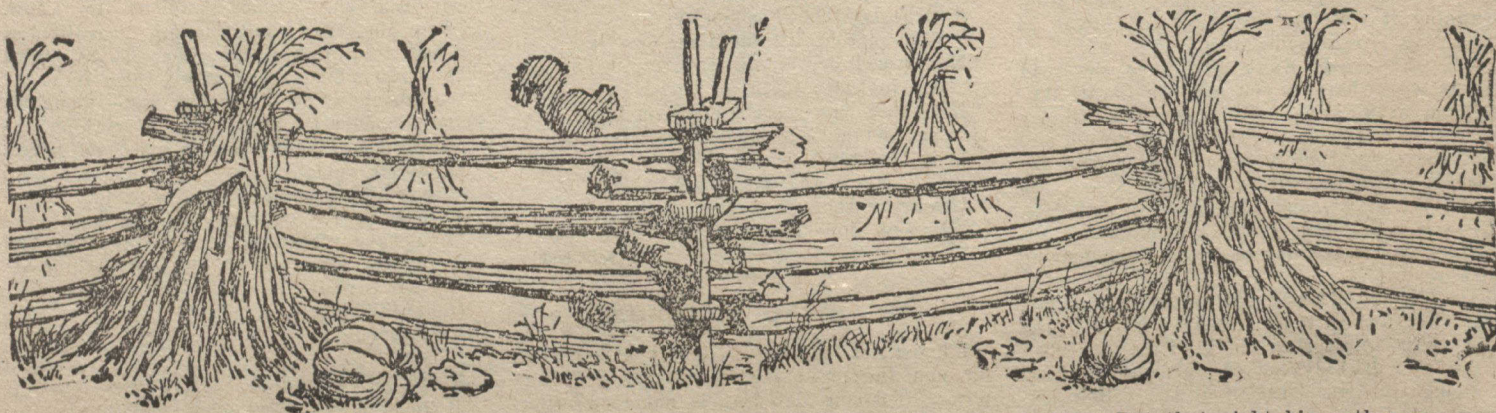
Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruit to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Besides the bounteous board of home?

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields of fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.—Whittier.



'Anything I can get, sir.'
'Ah! you didn't used to talk that way. You used to pick and choose.'
'I've learned better now, sir.'
'Glad to hear it, my boy.' Then, as Pete seemed sorry, Mr. Barton sent him to a friend who had odd jobs to do.

Mr. Hobbs, though, was hard to please, as well as hard and close, so that Pete had to work very steadily to earn even a little bit of money. Still, spurred on by Mary, he worked with a ready hand until, at last, a week before Thanksgiving he had raised the desired amount.

He went home that night feeling very proud and whistling merrily. Little did he know of the sad news awaiting him; but when he arrived home he found his mother ill unto death, and no money in the house to buy medicine. So Pete took out all of his Thanksgiving money and gave it to his father. Then he went around and told Mary what he had done.

'Never mind,' said Mary, with sympathy. 'The money has gone in a good cause.'

'It isn't that that's bothering me. I'm glad I had it to give. It's—it's my mother.'

Then Pete broke down and cried bitterly.

'It's too hard,' said Mary, gently, laying her hand on his head, and smoothing his hair. 'I wish I could help you in some way. Maybe your mother won't die; maybe she'll be better in the morning. Try and bear up, Pete. Maybe she will.'

But when morning came his mother was no better, and Pete still sat by her bedside where he had watched and waited all night long. Mary found him there when she brought her mother around to help with the nursing, and cheered him the best she could in her own little way as he started back to his work with Mr. Hobbs.

'There is more need than ever for you to help,' she had said; so Pete worked still harder, and Mr. Hobbs, having heard the story of his life and of his mother's illness from Mary's father, noticed his willingness and industry, and on the evening before Thanksgiving called him up to his desk.

'Well, Pete, the jobs are all finished,' he said, 'and here is this week's pay. Now, my boy, may I ask how you are going to spend it?'

'Give it to my father, sir.'

'I thought you wanted it for the church—

to help pay off the debt, Pete?'

'So I did, sir; but my mother is ill and my father needs it for medicine and other things.'

He tried to speak stoutly, but his eyes filled with tears, and Mr. Hobbs saw them.

'You're disappointed, then, Pete?'

'Not so much that, sir—as I am—about my mother's illness. Oh, Mr. Hobbs, you don't know—about my mother and—everything.'

Mr. Hobbs was silent for awhile, for although he was a hard and close man he was also a just one, and having testified Pete's willingness to work on a little pay decided to give him the regular price.

'Well,' he said, 'you are right to help your father and mother, and as I didn't give you as much as it would have cost me to have had the jobs done by anyone else, I'll give you the rest. Then you can return after to-morrow and set in at my regular price.'

Pete's heart bounded as he started home. He had the week's wages and the other money

besides. But that night his mother was very ill. The crisis had come and life hung upon a thread. Mary and her mother nursed faithfully, yet the hours passed slowly and no change came.

In the morning the doctor shook his head and went away. Pete watched him, knew what he meant, and sat quite still and silent in the next room, waiting. A long time passed; how long he did not know; but by and by, when the church bells rang out for the Thanksgiving service, Mary like a little fairy angel came to him, put her arms around his neck, said that his mother was better, and that Pete's money had saved her life. And Pete, listening with joy in his heart, knew that it had also made a man of him, taught him how to work, to earn a living for himself instead of depending on other people. So with a look of glad joy in his face he thanked Mary for all she had done for him, and said that ever afterward he would earn his own church money.

Put Your Thanks in the Present Tense



'HOW MUCH I WILL HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR WHEN I AM RICH AND DON'T HAVE TO WORK'



'HOW MUCH I HAD TO BE THANKFUL FOR WHEN I WAS YOUNG AND STRONG ENOUGH TO WORK'

—'Home Herald.'