

THE

INDEPENDENT FORESTER

VOL. X.

JUNE, 1890

No. 12

THANKFULNESS.

By Susan Coolidge.

Thank God for life! Life is not sweet always,
Hands may be heavy laden, heart care full,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days ;
And dreams divine end in awakening dull,
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise ;
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing.
Prove me of Him who is of life the spring,
I am alive—and that is beautiful.

Thank God for love ; though love may hurt and wound,
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be ,
Roses are not of winter, all attuned
Must be the earth filled with soft air and free,
And warm ere dawns the rose upon its tree.
Fresh currents through my frozen pulses run,
My heart has tasted summer, tasted sun ,
And I thank thee, Lord, although not one
Of the many roses blooms for me.

Thank God for death : Bright thing with dreamy name ;
We wrong with mournful flowers her pure still brow,
We heap her with reproaches and with blame ;
Her sweetness and her fitness disallow,
Questioning bitterly on the why and how ,
But calmly mid our clamor and surmise
See touches each in turn, and each grow wise,
Taught by the light in her mysterious eyes,
I shall be glad, and I am thankful now.