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# Northern Messenger

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## A Thanksgiving Melody

(Joel Benton, in 'Christian Herald.')



WAS it not bliss when  
rosy Spring  
Brought flowers, and birds  
upon the wing,  
With rainbows painted in the  
sky,  
And vocal brooks that babbled  
by?

Thanks warmed our hearts  
for Summer's green  
On woods and hills — and  
vales between ;  
For argosies of clouds that  
skim  
The sky, to the horizon's  
rim.

Soon golden grains brought  
us delight,  
Flushed orchards dazzled  
sense and sight—  
And, in their Titian-tinted  
trees  
Restored the famed Hes-  
perides !

In all the months, from green  
to sere,  
The panorama of the year,  
For past October's matchless  
glow  
Brought joy in reckless over-  
flow.

What if, to-day, our look per-  
ceives  
Only dull windrows of dead  
leaves—

The glory of a Summer gone,  
And desolated field and lawn ?

They, also, are the tokens fair  
Of beauty, exquisite and  
rare,—

Of gathered gifts throughout  
the year  
Certificating Nature's cheer.

When frost shall come and  
bleak winds blow,  
The spotless coverlet of snow  
Itself will clothe the earth  
with grace,  
And crown each yard and  
dwelling place.

So, over granary and bin  
Well stored, forgetfulness is  
sin ;  
Over the cellar amply filled  
Let murmurs and complaints  
be stilled.

Within unnumbered homes  
to-day,  
Let feasts prevail, let hearts  
be gay,  
And all the nations far and  
near  
Give thanks through each  
broad hemisphere.

