

# Northern Messenger

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## Thanksgiving.

(Eliza Wells, in 'Waif.')

Assemble all ye people,  
Your thankful voices raise,  
To God, the Lord of harvest,  
Whose goodness crowns our days;  
Our fathers trusted in Him,  
And ne'er were put to shame,—  
Of us He hath been mindful,  
All glory to His name.

O God, we praise and thank Thee,  
The Giver of all good,  
For health and strength and raiment,  
For home, for friends, for food;  
For peace with neighboring nations,  
For missionary zeal;  
We thank Thee that in Jesus,  
Thou didst Thyself reveal.

Not only do we thank Thee,  
For joy Thou dost bestow,  
We bless Thee, O our Father,  
For trial, grief and woe;  
It is through tribulation  
Thou winnowest the grain;  
O Lord, we pray Thee, cleanse us  
From every earthly stain.

And when, at last, thou comest  
To gather in the wheat,  
May we with holy gladness  
The Lord of harvest greet;  
Then, when the last sheaf's garnered,  
We'll celebrate Thy love  
At the Thanksgiving Supper  
Of Harvest-home above.  
—Eliza Willis.

## A Thanksgiving Day Lesson For Girls.

Thanksgiving is not an untroubled feast, a day of cloudless sunshine in every household. The table may groan beneath its dishes of tempting food, yet amid its luxuries there sometimes stands a goblet of grief, filled to the brim with sad memories of a departed father, mother, brother, or sister, and with bitter forebodings of coming evil.

Such a goblet was on the table of a widow, who with her two boys and three girls, was keeping her first Thanksgiving after her husband's death.

There were no guests at her table. All the family relatives had their homes too far away to be with her. Their absence caused her to think of those happier days when her Thanksgiving-table was surrounded with dear ones, now no more, or separated from her by vast distances. These memories forced a frequent sigh from her heart. They might have been kept down, perhaps, had her children been loving and gentle to her and to one another. But, instead of being so, they were unkind and quarrelsome. The boys had that day refused to join their sisters on a sleigh drive proposed by them for the afternoon. Their refusal had made their sisters cross. And the dinner, instead of being seasoned with the salt of pleasant speech, was spoiled by being mingled with the bitter herbs of strife and wrangling.

No sooner had the two brothers swallowed their last mouthful of mince-pie, than they pushed back their chairs, and with rude haste left the table. Seeing them about to leave the room, Fanny, the youngest sister, with a pleading look and voice said:

'Won't you go with us, Freddie?'

Now Frederick was the youngest of the two brothers, and was not wholly without affection for his sister. Her pleading tone



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SHALL NOT CEASE

Genesis, viii. 22

touched his better feelings as her previous scolding words had roused his bad feelings. He hesitated, looked toward his brother George, and was strongly disposed to yield to Fanny's wish. Perceiving his state of mind his brother, speaking sharply, said to him:

'Come, Fred, hurry up! Our fellows will be waiting for us.'

'Perhaps, we had better do as Fan wants us to do, after all,' replied his brother.

'Oh, he's too selfish for that!' exclaimed Alice, the eldest sister, before George made answer to Frederick.

This foolish remark, spoken in a sharp tone which touched both boys unpleasantly, made George very angry, and with a flush on his cheek and hardness in his tones, instead of replying to Alice, he said to his brother, 'If you choose to play spooney with these stupid girls, you may; but I'm going to have a good time with our fellows at the bowling-alley.'

The biting tone of Alice and George's allusion to a set of idle fellows who had recently drawn the widow's sons into evil resorts, quenched the kind feeling which had arisen in Fred's heart, and he replied, 'All right,

George, I'll go with you. It isn't any fun to go driving with giggling girls.' Having made this unbrotherly remark he followed George, leaving his sister vexed, and his mother more sad than ever. The affectionate spirit, proper to Thanksgiving Day, was not in them.

'Our Thanksgiving is spoiled just through their ugly, selfish tempers,' said Alice harshly, as the sisters sat round the parlor stove with their mother a little later in the afternoon.

'Not wholly by your brothers, my dear,' said the widow, 'but largely, I fear, through a lack of affection on the part of yourself and your sisters. None of you love your brothers with true sisterly love.'

'Who can love such selfish brothers as ours?' replied Alice, with a pout, which made her really pretty face look so repulsive that one could not call it 'a thing of beauty.'

'You can, my Alice, if you try. So can you all. It is your duty to love them, because they are your brothers. I know their ways are not like your ways. I know they are often rude in their speech, fond of teasing you, ever ready to laugh at you because you are so easily frightened at appearances.