

Thanksgiving.

O men, grown sick with toil and care,
 Leave for a while the crowded mart;
 O women, sinking with despair,
 Weary of limb and faint of heart,
 Forget your years to-day and come
 As children back to childhood's home.

Walk through the sere and fading wood,
 So lightly trodden by your feet,
 When all you knew of life was good,
 And all you dreamed of life was sweet
 And ever fondly looking back
 O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruits from the orchard
 boughs;

Drink from the mossy well once more;
 Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
 With fresh, sweet clover running o'er,
 And count the treasures at your feet,
 Of silver rye and golden wheat.

Go sit beside the hearth again,

Whose circle once was glad and gay;
 And if from out the precious chain
 Some shining links have dropped away,
 Then guard with tender heart and hand
 The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
 And if in the accustomed place

You see the father's reverend head,
 Or mother's patient, loving face,
 What'er your life may have of ill,
 Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home has been you stand
 To-day in alien loneliness;

Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
 And claim no sister's tender kiss;
 Though with no friend nor lover nigh,
 The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
 For every dear, departed day;

The blessed past is safe alone—

God gives, but does not take away;
 He only safely keeps above
 For us the treasures that we love.

—Phoebe Cary.

What is Thanksgiving to You?

Beloved, what Thanksgiving Day is to us, what voices speak to us to-day, depends upon what we have been looking for and listening to in the days that are gone. If to-day you find yourself inclined to murmur, seeing much that is hard to bear, seeing little to be thankful for; if you find fault, instead of saying grace; if you groan, and cannot sing; if, as Whittier says:

'You see the cloud which overhangs
 A world of sin and loss,
 I hear the Lord's beatitudes,
 His prayer upon the cross;'

if, in a word, you see only the dark side, I am sorry. But it can be helped swiftly to-day by an act of faith; more slowly in the year to come by obedience to God's laws. God can immediately open your eyes. You remember Elijah and the terrified young man who thought they were friendless and helpless—'Lord, open thou the young man's eyes,' prayed the prophet; and lo, 'the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire.'

Like a piece of cold iron in sand and metal filings, which brings no iron out, you see no special mercies. But wind a coil of wire about the iron, and the invisible current so aspires it that every scrap of iron leaps to meet it. You, too, can be so filled with the Spirit of

Jesus to-day that God's benefits will swiftly greet your eyes and cluster about your heart.

But for the future I appeal to you, friends under the clouds, friends of the minor key, knights of the rueful countenance, missing the voice of angels, hearing only the thunder, see what can be done by your will and God's in a year. Make three resolutions:

First, resolve to do—the seraphic rather than the stormy thing; do the thoughtful thing and cause a thankful response; it will affect the air outside you, and change the tone and temper of your mind.

Second, resolve to say thankful words. However you feel, you are not obliged to talk. It is seldom your duty to say: 'What disagreeable weather!' 'What a headache I have!' There is always an appreciative word that can be uttered. As a rule, we can say what we choose. Why not choose what we say by the rule of love?

Third, resolve to look for causes for thankfulness. 'Seek, and ye shall find,' is a principle as well as a promise. Look for trouble, for sin, shame, ash-heaps, broken dishes, you will find them. Look for goodness, good people, good apples, you will find them. Look for God's goodness to-day; only so will you come to see life in its fullness.—Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.

Thanksgiving.

Once more the circle of the seasons brings to us the joyous feast of Thanksgiving. As we glance backward over the months, the retrospect reveals abundant cause for gratitude. The mercies have far outweighed all the misfortunes; the year has been full of blessings. In the nation, peace and prosperity; in the fields, a multiplied harvest of cotton, corn, wheat, and all manner of fruits; in most homes, health happiness and generous friendship. So many have been the tokens of our Heavenly Father's goodness, that the heart overflows with the sense of gratitude, which seeks to find expression at the lips.

At this season, let us not forget those whom prosperity has passed by—the poor and the needy. Let them have a share with ourselves in the general rejoicing. In order that on this day of all days they may not be unmindful of God's goodness, let us see to it that no poor family within our reach, no home where sickness or accident has prostrated the bread-winner, no widow left with her little brood to struggle single-handed with the world, is destitute of a good, substantial Thanksgiving dinner. What you give, let it be given with a liberal hand and a glad heart—

Even the humblest may spare
 To poorer poor a kindly share.

When the Day is Gone.

How quiet the home is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we can talk and laugh and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us an faint, sweet, far-away whispers that have no sound, so that we only hear their very stillness?

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers as I raise my head. I start to leave the table and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little 'First Reader.' He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient

because he could not read the simple little lesson, such an easy lesson, and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him and pushed him away from me. I remember now, I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his mother's brave and patient cheerfulness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome lesson, such a simple, easy lesson; any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it was to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs, and goes away from the lesson he cannot read to play that comforts him. And there lies the little book just as he left it. Ah, me! I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooling word from prattling lips that quivered when I turned away? I hate the book I read, I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world, I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips cannot teach me? Do you know, I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I chose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

Ah, friend, we do not waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, those busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours, are wasted when we take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your book-shelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blindest may read—a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.—R. J. Burdette.

Family Prayer.

(By M. H. W. Jaquith.)

This was the subject of one of our late prayer meetings.

'When I was a young man,' said one, 'I was boarding with my employer, who was a devoted Christian, and had prayers with his assembled family night and morning. He urged it upon me that even if I was careless and indifferent it was still my duty to pray, and called upon me sometimes to lead the family devotions. I bought a book of prayer to use, and one morning this sentence that I was thoughtlessly reading struck home to my heart: 'Oh, Lord, let us not mock Thee by making confession of sin with our lips while our hearts have no true sorrow for it.'

'The Spirit of God pressed this sentence home to me with such force that I could not proceed with the reading, and from that moment I found no peace till I laid my burden at the foot of the cross.'

A gray-haired man said, 'When a boy I lived on a farm in Vermont, where the hay crop