

of a man eating his Thanksgiving dinner alone give one the same shock? Perhaps one who is not a New Englander or a Puritan underrates the intensity of New England and Puritan feeling. But Mrs. Beecher Stowe is a New Englander, and she shows us in her *Pogonuc* how, when the burst of anti-Anglican feeling connected with the Revolution was over, Christmas, with its little Church pageantries and its genial memories, stole back to its place in the hearts of all but the most austere Puritanical portion of the people. The children even of the Puritan minister cannot keep away. One thing is certain, Thanksgiving can never, like Christmas, be a feast of mankind or of Christendom, since the time of harvest will always differ in different parts of the world. Christmas, it is true, we are apt to associate with winter, with snow, and with the storms which raging out-of-doors endear by contrast the bright fire and the happy circle within. But it may be kept, and is kept, at once in England, in America, in Australia, and in Hindostan. If the supporters of Thanksgiving Day fling any stones at Christmas on account of its association with a sacred season of the heathen, the stones may be flung back; for nothing is more certain than that the heathen were in the habit of offering the first fruits to their gods.

Let me say, however, that there have been two occasions on which I have myself been made to feel as warmly as any New Englander about Thanksgiving. Both were in the time of the Civil War. Just when the fury of the war was at its height, and the North was intensely