

## Thanksgiving.

For the days when nothing happens,  
For the cares that leave no trace,  
For the love of little children,  
For each sunny dwelling-place,  
For the altars of our fathers,  
And the closets where we pray,  
Take, O gracious God and Father,  
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.

For our harvests safe ingathered,  
For our golden store of wheat,  
For the cornlands and the vinelands,  
For the flowers up-springing sweet,  
For our coasts from want protected,  
For each inlet, river, bay,  
By Thy bounty rich and flowing,  
Take our praise this joyful day.

For the dangers to the nation,  
Warded hence by sovereign love,  
For the country, strong and hopeful,  
Songs arise to God above.  
Never people called and chosen  
Had such loving-kindness shown  
As this people, God-defended!

For our dear ones lifted higher  
Through the darkness to the light,  
Ours to love and ours to cherish  
In dear memory, beyond sight,  
For our kindred and acquaintance  
In Thy heaven who safely stay,  
We uplift our psalms of triumph,  
Lord, on this Thanksgiving Day.

For the quiet, uneventful,  
Blessed progress of our lives,  
For the love of friends and neighbors,  
Parents, children, husbands, wives,  
For the ever-present knowledge  
That our Saviour is our own,  
On this day of glad Thanksgiving  
Praises rise to reach the throne.

For the hours when heaven is nearest  
And the earth-mood does not cling,  
For the very gloom oft broken  
By our looking for the King,  
By our thought that He is coming,  
For our courage on the way,  
Take, O Friend, unseen, eternal,  
Praises this Thanksgiving Day.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

## A Thanksgiving Conversion.

(C. L. Walsworth, in 'Ram's Horn'.)

Sim's wife had about given up praying for him. She, poor woman, had carried his case to God for long, weary years, and year after year had seen her hopes deferred, until she wellnigh lost faith in her drunken husband's ultimate conversion. They had one child, a daughter, and together, mother and child had prayed ever since the lisping lips could frame the words; but Sim's appetite for drink was of thirty years' cultivation, yes, longer, for it was an inherited appetite.

Sim was anxious to reform. He believed in the power of religion to help him overcome his temptation, and every time extra meetings were held, he would go to the altar and then try to live a different life. But in a few days Sim would be drunk again, and it had become a sort of joke among the sinners when he made a new start that Sim was 'converted again,' and they watched for the usual spree.

But at last the church people gave up coming to Sim when they had extra meetings. It only hurt the cause to have him start. 'There is no use fussing with him, he will never quit drinking.' So Sim was dropped as a hopeless case, and left pretty much to himself. Then it

was that the Lord took him up. We will let Sim tell the story:

'It was on Thanksgiving Day. For the past two weeks I had been uglier than sin, until my wife told me there was no living with me, and there wasn't. But as I see it now, I was under conviction, the strongest kind of conviction, and mad at myself, I was snarly and irritable toward my wife and my daughter, Mary. May God forgive me for those days and years of suffering that I occasioned my loved ones!

'That Thanksgiving Day, Bob, the butcher, and I were at the slaughter house killing hogs. Bob and I had always drunk together, had gone on sprees together, and the expectation was that we would come home at night almost too drunk to sit in the waggon. We had a jug of hard cider and a quart bottle of whiskey, and purposed to celebrate Thanksgiving Day while we worked. But somehow I couldn't drink. I felt as if something were going to happen, I didn't know what, and I was afraid to drink, lest that should have something to do with it. So I wouldn't drink and Bob wouldn't drink alone, and when the night came, we were both as sober as I am now.

'My wife, of course, expected to see me come staggering in as usual, and was surprised when I shouldered one of the hogs and carried it down cellar, and began to wonder what had happened. I did the chores around the barn, and then went in to supper. I didn't have much to say, and they didn't say anything, for fear of stirring me up: they did not know just what condition I was in, and so the meal was eaten in silence.

'My daughter, Mary, always had the lamp lighted in the sitting-room and a big chair drawn up by the stove so as to have things look cosy and keep me in the house evenings. Usually after supper I sat in the kitchen and smoked for a few minutes. Now, for some reason or other, I guess I was led there, I went into the sitting-room and sat down by the stove to think the whole matter over.

'As I sat there looking at the stove, my eyes fell on the name plate, and the letters seemed to spell the word, "To-night." Now, I knew that the name of the stove was "Westminster," but all that I could make out of the letters was "To-night," "To-night."

'I know what that reads," I said aloud: "that reads 'Westminster.' You can't fool me. I know what it says." And I squinted and blinked at it, shut my eyes and then opened them, trying to make it spell "Westminster." But there it read as plainly as if it were spelled in huge capitals of fire shining up in my face—"To-night." I turned away my eyes, and then looked again, but there was the same solemn warning like the handwriting on the wall.

By this time I was feeling nervous. I felt as if the Spirit of God were there, for I knew enough about religion to know what this meant. I picked up a book lying on the desk at my elbow, and read the name of the book, "The Road to Heaven." This did not give me any relief, and back I turned my eyes as quick as a flash and those shining letters still stared at me. And then I jumped up again, for, on the other end of the name-plate now shone the words, "your last call," and into one another the two messages ran like waves of light, "To-night—Your Last Call." Then I heard a voice say distinctly: "Sim, it is your last call." I leaned forward and pointed at the words and said: "It would not make any difference, Sim; you could not keep it if you got it."

'My wife had heard me muttering, from the next room, and she began to be afraid of me, and so she came in and asked: "What is the matter with you to-night?" I turned her off with the words. "Guess someone is praying for me," and she went back.

'A great heavy weight was on my chest pressing me so that I could hardly breathe. I was desperate, and I cried out: "Oh Lord, what shall I do? I will do anything, if you will take away this load from my heart." I felt that I must have relief.

'Then the Lord said to me as plainly as though I were talking to any person: "Will you spill that cider in the barn cellar?"

'Yes, I'll do it," I said, and I started for the kitchen.

'Both looked up at me in astonishment as I entered, for my hands were on my chest, I was gasping for breath, and exclaiming, "Oh, there is such a load on me, it seems as though it would kill me! O Lord, if you will only take it away!" This, I kept repeating until I got the lantern lighted and started for the barn.

'My wife and Mary had heard me say, "I'll do it." I had threatened several times to take my life, and so Mary followed me to see what it was I intended to do. So, while my daughter was peeping around the edge of the barn door that Thanksgiving evening, I knocked the bung out of that barrel and let the cider run. Every gulp and gurgle it gave made the load lighter, but it didn't run fast enough. If I had had an axe, I would have knocked in the head. When I tipped it up on end, and let the last drop run out, I felt better. I gave the barrel a kick and went back to my seat by the fire. "Well," I said, "some of that load is gone. Lord, I'll do anything else you tell me to do."

'Then I went to the bedroom and tried to pray, but relief was slow in coming. My wife went to sleep, but I kept up the struggle, wandering back and forth in an anxiety between the bedroom and the sitting room. I thought of my irritable temper, my bad habits—all that I must give up, and then I made a complete surrender, and at just 1.30 o'clock the burden rolled away, I got up to note the time.

'I did not tell my wife of the change, until the morning.

'Then she asked me, "How do you feel?"

'First rate!' I answered.

'Praise the Lord.'

'I wanted to go and see my brother, who was a Christian, and tell him about it, but I had to cut up the hog first. While I was busy sharpening the knife, he drove into the yard.

'He came up to me and said: "Simeon, have you given up ever being saved? I have been praying for you, you know, and last night at about 1.30 I felt no burden of prayer for you, and I was afraid that God's spirit had left you, and I couldn't do anything till I came to see. Have you given up ever being saved?"

'Well, I rather guess not!" was my answer, and you ought to have seen how surprised he looked. "At 1.30 o'clock, you say? That was just the time the Lord cleansed me from all my sin."

'It is now six years since that day, and every Thanksgiving my wife, Mary, and I have a little extra celebration, in which we give thanks to the God who keeps, as well as saves.'

## Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.