



## TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

The lights shine out within the castle hall,  
 The sound of music echoes through the night,  
 And waxen tapers, clustered on the wall,  
 Glimmer above the banquet-table bright ;  
 For, year by year, fair youth and beauty meet  
 To jest and dance to strains of music sweet

Through waning hours around the banquet, there  
 They revel in the gay and festal scene ,  
 Yet on those lovely faces, unaware,  
 Rests oftentimes a discontented mien.  
 For all this life of ease and pleasure's sense'  
 They give no thanks, no worthy recompense.

Adown the winding road beside the brook  
 A vine-clad cottage stands upon the green ;  
 Full many years within this humble nook  
 An honest yeoman and his wife have been—  
 A still, sweet hamlet, where the even flow  
 Of winter days and summer come and go.

A grassy strip of fruitful garden-plot  
 The narrow limits of their circle bound ;  
 A life of toil and labor is their lot,  
 Yet, year by year, the family gathers round,  
 And tho' one sunny child is missing, there  
 The father calmly bows his head in prayer.

MABEL HAYDEN.



## An Autumn Hymn.

"He gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons."—Acts xiv. 17.

The year is swiftly waning ;  
 The summer days are past :  
 And life, brief life, is speeding ;  
 The end is nearing fast.

The ever changing seasons  
 In silence come and go ;  
 But Thou, Eternal Father,  
 No time or change canst know