

# A SONG OF PRAISE.

**W**HEN winter clothes the earth in white,  
When coldest winds are blowing,  
When shortest day brings longest night,  
When icy streams are flowing—  
Then in the shelter of the home  
We know the joy of living.  
And in the cheerful fireside glow  
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath,  
When birds are gayly singing,  
When life prevails where once was death,  
Relief and gladness bringing—  
Then in the leading of the trees,  
In verdure new and tender,  
We see the work of Providence,  
And heartily praise we render.

When summer's dreamy days are o'ers,  
And in the vales and mountains  
We view the beauty of the flowers,  
The gleaming of the fountains—  
Then from the glory of the hills,  
From silences wide and bounding,  
From all things warm and bright and fair  
A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes,  
With all its weight of treasure,  
And rich reward of care and toil  
Bestows in fullest measure—  
A myriad orchards, fields, and vines  
Proclaim to all the living:  
"A loving God supplies your need."  
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"  
—Mary Joanna Porter, in Harper's Bazar.

## MARTHA GATES THANKSGIVING

ES," said Mrs. Gates, decidedly, "I'm goin' to do it!"

Her husband looked at her transfixed with horror. "But listen to reason, Marthy," he said, pleadingly. "You mean all right enough, but it's a terrible risky experiment. You'll pile the hull day for them and us too."

"Just wait and see, 'Bijah."

"A nice Thanksgiving we'll hev!" crooned Farmer Gates. "It's just reedikerlus the way ye're goin' to act. I'll go and tell Jane about it, and stop her comin'."

"Now see here, 'Bijah Gates," said his wife, turning around upon him quickly. "If there's any reedikerlus about this hull business, I reckon it'll all be owing to you. Here's Jane and John Roberts hain't spoke to each other for fifteen year—own brother and sister, too—all on account of nothin', as ye might say. She's livin' on the old farm all alone with old Jehu, growin' crankier an' bitterer ev'ry day. As for him, he's got a pretty little wife an' baby, an' yet I'll bet his heart keeps a hankerin' after the sister that was always a mother to him. An' I say it's a shame, an' I'm jest a goin' to bring 'em together!"

He shook his head. "It can't be done, Marthy," he said. "If you bring 'em together in this house it'll make it unpleasant for ev'ry one. Besides, it'll be a queer Thanksgiving for poor Tom and Susy, fur we've always had such good jolly times on this day. We'll all be like chunks o' ice."

Tom and Susy were as blue as their father over their mother's decision. "Lots of fun we'll have," complained Tom. "I don't see what mother can find in Aunt Jane, a regular straight-laced old maid. Her very looks would turn sweet milk sour."

"I know I shall laugh at her," said Susy. "I do just love to do something a little bit improper, just to see how shocked she looks. She thinks I'm the boldest, worst-mannered girl she ever met. I know she does. And she thinks Tom's the sulkiest."

"Susy," said Tom, scornfully, "I do wish you'd be a little more particular about your grammar. One would suppose I was the sulkiest girl she ever met. Don't underestimate my dignity any more than necessary. It'll be crushed enough when Aunt Jane comes. She isn't our aunt, either—only our second cousin, thank goodness!"

"Oh, mother," tauntingly cried Susy, "here's Tom talking about losing his dignity because my grammar made him out a girl. My goodness! I reckon there isn't any such thing as dignity unless it's connected with b-o-y, boy."

"Now do stop your quarreling," exclaimed Mrs. Gates. "It's very strange that you two can't talk without saying somethin' hateful to each other. I don't see why you can't behave and treat each other politely as you do other people's brothers and sisters."

"But Susy is so unsladylike," grumbled Tom.

"And Tom is so dignified," sarcastically retorted Susy, "that even his own sister can't touch him with a ten-foot pole!"

"Besides," said Mrs. Gates, severely, "Aunt Jane's had enough to make her stern and unloving. She was a pretty girl when her mother died and left John, only three years old. She was goin' to be married, but gave that and everything all up, to make a home for her father and John. Then her father got sick with old-fashioned consumption, and for long, weary years she took care of him and managed the farm, and took care of John, till her health give out an' her nerves got all unstrung. Then she grew awful fretty, an' ev'rythin' bothered her. An' John, he never understood how it was. An' after their father died they had a few words, which led to bigger ones, and John called her a mean, hateful old maid, that the world would be better off if she was out of it, and she retorted that that was all the thanks she got for givin' up ev'rythin' for him. So they parted. She give John half of what the place was worth, an' he bought another in Stamford. An' they never spoke since. But I know

she's most broke her heart over it, an' it's a shame."

"But how in the world, Marthy," said Mr. Gates, "kin you reconcile two people if they won't be reconciled?"

"That's jest what I'm goin' to try to find out, father," said his wife, "I reely don't know nothin' about it, but it does seem to me as if they two couldn't be in the same house together, an' at a Thanksgiving dinner, too, without thinkin' of the past an' kinder meltin'. An' there's the baby, too! I s'pose it will be kinder embarrassin' at first, but if we use tact, an' be reel keerful—"

The unsuspecting brother and sister both accepted their cousin's urgent invitation to spend Thanksgiving with her family. Poor 'Bijah's heart misgave him more and more as the time passed on. He didn't have the heart to speak his discouraging thoughts to his troubled wife, and he felt that it would not be loyal to her to appear to blame her to Tom and Susy, so he made a frequent confidant of old Sorrel, the horse, to whom he would shake his head and say: "I never looked for'ard with dread to Thanksgiving day before, Sorrel, an' I hope I never will ag'in."

On Thanksgiving eve, 'Bijah Gates and his wife were at the depot to meet their guests. The train from the east came in and deposited John and his pretty young wife, and his wonderful baby. Then the train puffed away westward. 'Bijah placed the three newcomers on the back seat, then they waited a few minutes before starting, ostensibly for the purpose of talking. Then the train from the west slid in.

Now Mrs. Gates' heart gave a great jump, and 'Bijah became very nervous and uneasy. What would Jane say when they brought her to the carriage, and she saw who were there?

Mrs. Gates slipped away to meet Jane. "Thank heaven, it's too dark for her to see! Now if the train'll only start before she finds it out! Then she can't do nothin', but come with us to-night; anyway, 'cause there isn't another train till to-morrow morning."

This train also puffed off. Mrs. Gates began to feel a little shaky, as she es-



"THAT CHILD HAS GOT THE MEMBRANOUS CROUP."

corted Jane to the carriage. What would Jane and John do?

"Wall, Jane," said Mr. Gates, heartily; "glad ye've come. Step right in on the front seat with Marthy and me." Then, with a fast-beating heart, to let her know who was in the back seat, he called out: "Now, John, I'll take care of Jane, an' leave you to take care of your wife an' baby."

They felt Jane suddenly start and then grow rigid, and then felt more and more sure, as the miserable time passed on, that she could never forgive them for their good-intentioned deception. She would not speak one word on the way home, but sat upright and motionless. The others talked to "keep up appearances," but a strange wall of ice seemed to have frozen up between each one there.

Tom and Susy met them at the door, filled with mingled humor and apprehension. They were too young and inexperienced and thoughtless to feel the tragedy in the scene before them. Their bright, inquisitive, laughing faces filled the lonely, middle-aged woman's heart with new bitterness. Then, when they entered the warm room, everybody crowded around the baby and John's pretty young wife. They tried to include Aunt Jane in the brightness, but she kept herself persistently aloof. She wouldn't even take off her hat and cloak, nor wait to warm her hands, but marching straight up to Mrs. Gates, said: "Martha, please tell me which room I'm to have." She added, sternly: "I'll never, never forgive you, Martha Gates!"

Poor Mrs. Gates showed her the room and left her. Then she went into the kitchen. 'Bijah was there alone. "Oh, Marthy, Marthy," he said, "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world."

"She's a goin' off on the six o'clock train in the mornin'!" half sobbed his wife, "an' she won't eat no supper nor breakfast, an' she says she'll never forgive me. Oh, 'Bijah, I did it all for the best! Surely, God'll help us out. He always did before when we did the best we could."

It was only about six o'clock in the evening when they reached home from the train. The day had been very mild and the heavy snow of the day before had rapidly disappeared in the warm sunshine. Suddenly, however, a keen,

sheer wind arose, and when John and his wife went to bed their punes were covered with a thick frost in spite of the fire in the little stove, which on this night proved inadequate to keep the large room warm.

John, too, was considerably annoyed at Martha Gates' deception. He would have done anything to spare his wife the unpleasantness of this ill-advised Thanksgiving gathering.

"I hope ma's satisfied now," said Tom, sulkily, as he and his sister were getting ready to go to their rooms.

"She probably is," tittered Susy.

"I think it's so silly for a girl to be giggling all the time," said Tom.

"And I think it's just delightful to have a dear brother find so much fault all the time," said Susy.

And even far into the night Mrs. Gates lay wakeful and restless beside her sleeping husband. Her strong, resolute spirit was completely humbled. "Oh, dear Lord," she whispered, "I meant it all for the best! Ain't there no way to bring 'em together? Oh, make a way!"

At last a feeling of sweet peace stole over her troubled senses and she slept.

She awoke very suddenly. Some one was moving about in the kitchen. She could hear the stove covers rattling and other sounds, then startled voices. She lit a lamp, half dressed herself and entered the kitchen. There were John and his wife, also half dressed, trying to give the baby a warm drink.

Everything was confusion for a little while. The only thing definitely known and understood was that the baby was dangerously ill.

Then 'Bijah was aroused and started off posthaste for the doctor. In the meantime the baby grew less and less able to breathe.

The young mother was crying piteously, as she held the baby to her breast. John walked about the kitchen in a perfectly frenzied condition and Martha looked on helplessly.

Suddenly a gaunt, stiff form appeared in the doorway. It was Jane.

"Don't any of you people know anything?" she exclaimed, vigorously. "That child's got the membranous

croup. Give him to me this minute. I saved a baby's life once before the doctor came, and I reckon I can do it again. Martha, I want steam. Set the kettles on boiling and give me steam."

How she did fly around! She made a little bed some way and raised over it a blanket tent. Then under cover of the blanket she slipped the spout of the teakettle, meanwhile ordering them to place the baby in the bed. Very soon the little tent was filled with warm, moist air, and a hot poultice was placed on the child's throat. When the doctor came the little one was breathing easily. Jane told him what had been the condition of the child and just what she had done and he said, very emphatically and respectfully: "Madam, you have undoubtedly saved the child's life. I should have come too late."

He remained a short time, then left, and there was a deep silence amid the little company. The pretty young mother went up to the stern, lonely old maid, put her arms around her neck and sobbed on her breast. "Jane," she said, "dear sister Jane!"

And John? John was crying like a big baby, and Martha's eyes shone, and Martha's lips said: "Oh, Lord, I thank thee!"—Rodney Blake, in American Agriculturist.

**Why Happpicus Was Thankful.**

"Well, Cynicus, Thanksgiving day is almost upon us," said Happpicus.

"Yes. I've employed a detective," said Cynicus.

"What for?"

"He's looking about to find what can be thankful for."

"Pooh! You are alive, aren't you?"

"Yes, but—ah—do you think the prolongation of misery is a good thing?"

"For misery—yes. As for me, I am thankful—very thankful that you are spared."

"Why, pray?"

"Because you are an object lesson to me. I am thankful because I'm not like you."

And Cynicus had really nothing to say.—Harper's Bazar.

**Something to Be Thankful For.**

If you have nothing else to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day, you can at least be thankful that you are not a turkey.—Athletic Globe.

# THANKSGIVING DAY

**T**HE cold gray sky broods dark on the field and hill,  
The singing children of the woods have fled,  
The hermit thrush's golden chime is still,  
The happy haunts of the grass are dead;  
The world is hushed with numb November's chill.

But in the spacious farmhouse, lo! the glare  
Of the hospitable hearth, and on the board  
The rich abundance of Thanksgiving fare,  
The year-long savings of the housewife's hoard,  
A harvest-home, though all the fields are bare.

Here sits the graybeard sire, and at his side  
The youngest of his line, a prattling child;  
And there the husband by the new-made bride;  
And next the low-browed lily maiden  
The soldier son, stern-featured, eagle-eyed.

From far they come by many parted ways  
To meet once more beneath the ancient roof,  
Dear ever with the love of childhood's days;  
And here again life's severed warp and woof  
Are joined, and time's swift wing a moment stays.

And memory makes the old man young again,  
He tells the oft-told tale, the outworn jest,  
Outdoor the snow falls fast on hill and plain,  
The distant church-clock tolls the hour of rest,  
And thanks are offered Heaven—not in vain.  
—Charles L. Hildreth, in Demorest's Magazine.

**THANKSGIVING.**

That fields have yielded ample store  
Of fruit and wheat and corn,  
That nights of restful blessedness  
Have followed each new morn;  
That flowers have blossomed by the paths  
That tread our working days,  
That love has filled us with delight,  
We offer heartfelt praise.

What shall we say of sorrow's hours,  
Of hunger and denial,  
Of tears, and loneliness, and loss,  
Of long and bitter trial?  
Oh, in the darkness have not we  
Seen new, resplendent stars?  
Have we not learned some song of faith  
Within our prison bars?

Not only for the earth's rich gifts,  
Strewn thick along our way,  
Her looks of constant loveliness,  
We thank our God to-day;  
But for the spirit's subtle growth,  
The higher, better part,  
The treasures gathered in the soul—  
The harvest of the heart.  
—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

**Mehetabel Brown's THANKSGIVING.**

IT'S BEEN the longest, dreariest year of my life, by all odds," said Miss Mehetabel Brown, dashing a stray tear from her faded blue eyes, as she meditatively lifted a huge brown potato from the shining basin which she held on her lap and proceeded to pare it.

"What with Lindy's dying and John's going away to college right here in my own house, the Green's, that I'd lived beside eight onto forty years, takin' it into their heads that they must move into the city and be somebody, and Ruth marryin' as she did and goin' off as a missionary to Feejee or Hottentot; Samantha Ingols, that I've known ever since she was Samantha Merry-math, and wore pink calico pinafores to deac-trial school, gettin' the western fever and settin' off with only a week's notice to take up a claim and fight Indians way out in Okelama, or some such place. Though why she couldn't be content on the nearest little forty acres in all Blair county, that poor Silas slaved so hard for and left her when he died of typhus, is, as I told Eleanor Winner, when we was talkin' it over at the mite society, the day it met at your house, Mis' Williams, a mystery to me, and allus will be. For my part I never was one o' them rovin' kind, and there ain't a citizen in all Brownsville that has stuck any closer than Mehetebel Brown for the past sixty odd years, if I can't vote and do say it as shouldn't."

"The Browns never was of that unstable disposition. There was my great grandfather, Ebenezer Brown; he settled on that eighty just south of the meetin' house when there wasn't a white man nearer than fifteen miles. He come to stay and he stayed. When he died my grandfather took the same place and I've heard him say he never went beyond the county line but once in thirty years, and that was in lookin' after some stray cattle. Then there was my father, Jacob Brown, no one can say he was any hand to be sky-larkin' over the country. He was one o' them peaceable, home-lovin' men, and liked to take a fit when he was subpoenaed on the jury to Millersburg the time Nat Williams stole them sheep."

"As for Lindy and me, you know as well as I do, we ain't kept outside this house in forty years, exceptin' the time when Cousin Emily was married, and gettin' would do but we must go to the wedding. It was all fuss and feathers. We

never got to bed 'till near midnight, and I like to never closed my eyes to sleep a wink the whole night. Lindy come home next day with a nervous headache that lasted her until Sunday mornin', and she wouldn't have gone out then only it was communion. But, poor girl, she's sleepin' quiet enough under the snow this winter," and Miss Mehetebel drew a long sigh and brushed aside another tear.

"As I was sayin', Mis' Williams, what with all these changes, to say nothin' of the beffy blowin' off the meetin' house and makin' it look so sort o' squatty, this has ben the longest, dreariest year of all my life. To be sure I ain't got anything to complain of so far as creature comforts is concerned," glancing approvingly around the tidy kitchen, and through the open door at the spotless dimity curtains of the best room. "But I don't seem to have no livin' soul to take an interest in, and nobody to take an interest in me, exceptin' Rover and the parrot, and they are both like to die of old age most any day."

"I ain't got no heart to eat nor work. It used to be so cozy like when Lindy and me was here together, she settin' on one side of the table and me the other. I always poured the tea and she dished the sauce. Lindy was good company—sort o' cheerful like, even after she took that hackin' cough that

wasn't nobody there, but sumpin' been thinkin' about it ever since. You your comin' over this mornin' and ag'in" the same thing makes it look so like an unknown providence.

"Tidy's my choice, and if she'll come nothin' as far as this world's goods goin'." But there! I've an idea. Why not have 'em all over here to dinner, and you and Mr. Williams come, too? That would make—let me see—twelve besides myself. The best china wouldn't hardly go 'round. But that don't matter. I can cut off one o' them blue plates just as well. Two turkeys ought to do, with plenty of mince pies and cranberry sauce. I've got 'em, too, as fat, sleek turkeys as ever was put on a platter. We could talk it over then, sort o' quiet, while the children played. It wouldn't be so lonesome as to look forward to settin' down all by myself. I feel more cheery already. But dear, dear how I have run on! It's quarter to twelve this minute, and these potatoes only half cooked, and you 'settin' by starvin' for your dinner."

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold without, but within the snug home of Miss Mehetebel Brown there was warmth and comfort. This was to be a great day in her quiet, uneventful life. Preparations had been making for days.

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Miss Mehetebel had taken from the upper bureau drawer in the spare bedroom that very morning sundry knitted tidies and mats, together with a pair of highly-colored and embroidered pillow-shams that never saw the light excepting upon state occasions. These, with a huge beaded pincushion, purchased by Miss Mehetebel's grandmother from a genuine Indian princess, and which now rested primly upon the old-fashioned dresser, showed that the occasion in her eyes was one of great and unusual interest.

In the snug pantry all was in readiness. There were rows of mince and pumpkin pies, tender and toothsome; dainty preserves and jellies all ready to "set on," while from the oven of the bright little range in the kitchen proceeded savory odors wondrously suggestive.

Miss Mehetebel herself was arrayed in her best brown merino, carefully protected by a neat white apron. She had hesitated in making her toilet between the ordinary gold breast-pin to fasten her linen collars and a pale green ribbon bow with white lace at the ends, which had been her one piece of extravagance at Cousin Emily's wedding.

"It isn't out of keepin' with this occasion," she murmured softly to herself at last, as the balance turned in favor of the latter. "It brightens me up a bit," and she carefully pinned it on and adjusted the ends. "Thanksgiving only comes once a year at best, and such a one as this but once or twice in a lifetime."

There was a sudden knock at the front door. In walked the preacher and his family, followed by Mrs. Ellis and her little flock, made as presentable as their scanty means would allow. All was excitement and merry talk, and soon the quiet house rang with the happy laughter of children.

Dinner was dispatched by and by, and what a dinner it was, to be sure—scarce to be forgotten by certain empty little stomachs.

The great matter was talked over after dinner, when they were cozily seated in the snug parlor. It was not all news to Mrs. Ellis, for she had received a gentle hint from the little pastor's wife a few days before, and had decided, like the brave, sensible woman she was, to hide the pain of the parting in her own heart and think only of the best interests of her little girl.

It was all settled at last, and the children were called in for a reading of the scriptures. As the pastor's wife was the only one who could read, she was called upon to read the passage which the pastor had given her. She read it with a voice that was clear and strong, and the children were all so attentive that she was almost surprised when she came to the end.

"I've never read it before, but I know it's a good passage," said the pastor's wife, as she looked at the children. "I've never read it before, but I know it's a good passage."



"WITH NOBODY TO CARE FOR 'EM."