



For what are we thankful? For all
The sunlight—the shadow—the song;
The blossoms may wither and fall,
But the world moves in music along.

THE DAY AND THE LESSONS

The divine that is in man constantly seeks after the infinite. Hence among all peoples there is an universal searching after God. As are the cult and the morals of the people, so their idealization of the preexistent. All, however, clothe Him with righteousness and confess Him to be the supreme almoner of the universe. Gratitude is neither dead nor asleep, and as men receive so the wells of thankfulness send forth bubbling waters whose ripples make music of praise. Among Christian nations, where conceptions of the All-God have reached greatest perfection, the lesson of gratitude is most frequently taught and most universally practiced. Long anterior to the birth of the American nation the people were wont at the close of the afternoon to set apart a day in which to consider the tender mercies, the boundless love, the generous hand of God, in order that their hearts might swell and throb in responsive touch to His beneficence. This practice, born amid the rocky hills of New England, has been perpetuated annually by a nation, which, above all peoples that have been and are, has most cause to be glad.

Here indeed do the rocks pour out rivers of oil, the earth yields marvelous increase and only the sins and shortcomings of men make possible want or suffering anywhere. Among this people is the greatest personal liberty, broadest interpretation of the rights of the individual, highest aspirations after comforts and luxuries and greatest general faith in the promise and fulfillment of a more exalted condition of universal happiness. With this people, as with no other people, are greater diversity of climate, more varied yields of vegetation and a wider range of employment for the masses than is found anywhere else upon the globe. In this country men have need to their comfort to employ less hours for labor and may devote more time to enjoyment and pleasure than their fellow-beings in other lands.

Recalling these superior benefits our people have cause indeed for gratitude: not because they enjoy privileges that would seem to be denied others but for the reason that their lines are cast in pleasant places. The grateful heart is best capable of appreciating, and he who remembers his blessings cannot fail of according praise where praise belongs. Retrospecting the year and its results there are suggestions that the barns are filled to fatness with golden grain, the wheels of industry whirl and whirl, the marts of trade are active with hurrying feet and the hope and promise of better things are potent. Remembering his divinity as well as his mortality; recalling the Providence that is over all and giveth all, he who receives should not fail of a grateful heart nor selfishly measure his own gifts by those of his neighbor.

There are those who sorrow, because from the beginning the laughter of the joyful has rung out amid the cry of hearts made desolate; but there is the universal promise of comfort to the mourner. At this season of the year the once green leaves are seer, fallen upon the ground, betridden under foot of man; but the naked trees, through which the chilly blast of the west wind now moans, shall, with the warming days of spring, put on new beauty and freshness. So the days that are to be give assurance of peace to spirits that may be troubled. The night comes, but the glad sun is on its course and its rays will spread life and light upon all. The mortality of man confirms suffering at intervals, but the divine that is in him lifts him up out of the depths, and in the higher life he sees and adores the beneficent God of all. It is a good thing to remember mercies, to forget afflictions and to give thanks to the All-Giver.

A MEMORABLE DINNER.

It was Thanksgiving, and the first time that joyous occasion had fallen since young Mrs. Lambkin had acquired her matronly title. All the relatives on both sides of the house had been invited to dine with the young pair, and all had accepted. Consequently, it was unfortunate that the cook had, that morning, decided that she "couldn't abide no such doings" and taken a triumphant leave.

Mrs. Lambkin sat weeping among the unwashed breakfast dishes when her husband appeared, staggering under a market basket laden with holiday fare. "Oh, Alpheus, my heart is broken!" she wailed. "What will your mother say?"

"But, you know, you have been so proud of your cookery; doubtless you can prepare dinner yourself."

"But I only told Laura how to do it," sobbed his wife. "Why was I ever born?"

"I can help," suggested Mr. Lambkin. "I was famous for making biscuit in camp, and I once made coffee which another man drank. He was



"AIN'T THE TURKEY DONE YET?"

going to see my sister at the time. They'll overlook things, anyhow."

"Alpheus, is your mother the woman to overlook her daughter-in-law's mistakes?" And Alpheus was silent.

However, by five o'clock—dinner was at six—matters had progressed fairly well. The turkey, somewhat flecked with feathers, was in the oven; the potatoes were on and a quantity of cranberry jelly had arrived from Mrs. Lambkin's mother, who was ill and unable to come herself.

"No other vegetables are necessary," remarked Mrs. Lambkin. "I—I once read that cold stew and canned tomatoes were unwholesome anyhow."

"Nobody wants more than turkey with jelly and potatoes," remarked her husband, sagely.

"Then there's wedding cake and fruit; we shall do finely."

"We shall. I will entertain our guests while you finish."

"And put on the best china with the prettiest linen. I only wish Laura could see the dinner."

At a quarter past seven, Mr. Lambkin cautiously opened the kitchen door, finding his wife kneeling by the stove.

"Isn't the turkey done yet," he hazarded, "they are all a little impatient. Mother says, though, she never knew anyone before who could cook a big dinner with no odor in the house."

"Alpheus, that turkey will never be done!"

"The man said it was tender."

"I know, but—but I forgot to light any fire in the stove."

That Thanksgiving day was memorable in the annals of the Lambkin family as the one on which they dined upon cheese, crackers and cranberry jelly. From that day also dated his mother's habit of referring to her son as "poor Alpheus."



Thanksgiving AT THE Homestead.

ROST has crimsoned all the leaves, But the barn is rich with sheaves, Ricks of clover scent the air, Fruits await the housewife's care, Haws are black above the rills, Kine are sleek upon the hills, And along the orchard wall Pipes the quail his cheerful call.

Fast beside the glowing grate (Locks as white as ocean foam!) Now the aged couple wait For "the children's" coming home— Children who from far and near At Thanksgiving gather here; Children bowed with toil and care, Girls with silver in their hair, Boys with beads like harvest grain, All "the children" come again, Mingling golden locks with gray On this peaceful, prayerful day.

Here the oaken table waits, Set with two long rows of plates That no Curlyhead may put, Lest the grown folks crowd him out. Even roving, wayward Tim Finds a place reserved for him, And ere grandma's prayer is done Dissolves a better course to run. Banished every doubt and fear From this hopeful atmosphere.

Blest the visions that arise! Grandpa looks in grandma's eyes, Girls that furrowed cheek and brow, Tears and sighs—forgotten now. Only sunshine floods the way Looking backward from to-day.

"Who who roset every where, Be our children still Thy care, On the sea or on the land Keep them ever in Thy hand, Guiding still in rain or sun, May Thy love still make us one And its sweetness ne'er depart From the homestead of the heart."

This is father's earnest prayer, And "the children" gathered there, Fed renewed the hopes of youth Flame again with love of truth, And new-armed for the fray Bless again Thanksgiving day.

CHARLES EDGEMAN BAKER.

THANKSGIVING AT KINGSLEY HALL.

Miss Victoria Kingsley, of Kingsley hall, could afford to be a little eccentric, people said. Not only was she rich and beautiful and highly accomplished, but she had reached the mature age of six-and-twenty and was mistress of her own fortune. Prior to the death of her parents, both of whom had succumbed in the same month to a prevailing fever, the family had resided in the city, spending a portion of each summer only at their handsome country seat. But soon after her bereavement the young lady had gone into seclusion at Kingsley hall, which was a part of her heritage, and had since lived in the strictest retirement there, receiving no visitors except when her younger brother, Robert, brought a party of his boon companions up from town for a few days' recreation during the shooting season.

It was now three years since Miss Kingsley had been left an orphan. At her age this was a long time to renounce society, and it was not strange that the world pronounced her eccentric. But that portion of the world residing in the wealthy and eminently respectable village of Pennstock began to have hopes for her when she suddenly emerged from her seclusion so far as to become the hostess of a Thanksgiving dinner party. The truth was that Miss Kingsley had been doing some serious thinking. It had occurred to her, upon reflection, that people had a right to conclude that she was supremely selfish and proud, and she decided to set aside this verdict, if possible, by giving a series of entertainments at her house. Thanksgiving day was at hand, and she began to put her plan into execution by inviting a number of her church acquaintances in the village to dine at Kingsley hall on that day.

Of course the invitations were all promptly accepted, and the event was looked forward to as something out of



"MAURICE GRANBY!" she said, in a low but distinct voice. "Can it be possible?" The recognition was evidently mutual. The stranger rose to his feet, a picture of astonishment and confusion. He was a strikingly handsome man, tall and straight as an arrow, with a drooping brown mustache. He certainly had not the appearance of a tramp, except that his clothing was threadbare, and even ragged in places, and he wore no overcoat.

"I beg pardon!" he stammered. "I did not know—"

But Miss Kingsley seemed to suddenly recover her self-possession. Turning to the cook she said:

"Never mind, Hannah; I will see this gentleman myself. He is an old friend of the family." Then, addressing the man: "Will you please come with me, Mr. Granby?"

He looked as if he would have preferred to sink through the floor, but she had turned and was leaving the kitchen before he could reply. He followed her hesitatingly, mechanically, like one in a dream. She led the way to a small room adjoining the library. There she turned and faced him.

"Mr. Granby, will you kindly tell me what this means?"

He stood before her, fumbling his hat in his hands. Her question seemed to increase his confusion, and he had to clear his throat several times before he could find his voice.

"It is all an unfortunate blunder," he exclaimed at last. "I did not know that this was your home. I chanced to be passing, and I thought—well, I was hungry, and I—I will not sit down," as she waved her hand toward a chair. "If you will be good enough to let me go now I will be careful not to intrude upon you again."

"You mistake my meaning," said Miss Kingsley, with a look of distress. "I am not asking why you are here. God knows I am glad to see you. What I want to know is what has brought you to this—this—condition? I cannot believe that you have voluntarily adopted the life of a—"

"Of a tramp?" he said, finishing her sentence with a bitter smile.

"Pardon me," she added, hastily; "I have no right to question you. Pray, don't misjudge my motive. I know that you are not to blame for the change in your fortunes; I know that you are incapable of a wrong act."

He gave her a sharp look, as if he would read her thoughts.

"That is a remarkable statement," he said, slowly. "Can it be that you have forgotten why I ran away from home five years ago?"

"I have not forgotten the miserable story that was told at that time," she replied, firmly; "but I have heard a different story since. Mr. Granby, my unhappy brother has told me everything."

The man started.

"He has told me," continued the woman, her face white with suppressed excitement, "that it was he and not you who forged the check for \$15,000!"

"He told you that? Good heavens! does your father know?"

"My father and mother have both gone to another world, Mr. Granby. Robert and I have been orphans for three years. It was not until after their death that he made his confession to me. He told me of his youthful infatuation for gambling and horse races; how he became so deeply involved that in a moment of desperation, to avert the disgrace he saw staring him in the face, he forged the signature of a depositor in father's bank, hoping thus to retrieve his losses and replace the money before its withdrawal was discovered. You, as teller of the bank, cashed the check without suspicion. Afterward, when the money was squandered, and Robert realized that he could not hope to conceal his crime, he confided in you and begged you to help him out of his trouble. He said that his exposure would kill his mother, bring disgrace upon his family, and cause his father to forever disown him. Then it was that you sacrificed yourself to save him and his family. You told him you would divert suspicion from him if he would keep his own counsel and promise on his oath to never gamble again. You kept your word by suddenly disappearing, thus bringing suspicion upon yourself, so that when the forgery was discovered nobody could doubt that you were the criminal, and that you had fled to escape the consequences of your crime. Oh, it was a noble thing to do. Not one man in a million could have made such a sacrifice!" Miss Kingsley's voice betrayed her agitation now, and there were tears in her eyes. "But you do not know what a shock it was to—father and the rest of us to be forced to believe you guilty. We had

such faith in you. Thank heaven, the story never got into the papers. Robert and I have tried hard for two years to find some trace of you, that we might make such reparation as lay in our power. And Robert says that in some mysterious way the bank has recovered the amount that was lost on the forged check, including the interest."

Maurice Granby, by this time, was smiling with the air of a man who has had a great burden lifted from his mind. "I am glad you know the truth," he said, with an expression of profound relief. "When I left New York I went west and enlisted in the regular army under an assumed name. I served five years. But I was in communication with an intimate friend—a young lawyer—and when my aunt in Vermont died last spring, making me her sole heir, I had my friend convert the property into cash and turn it over to the bank. There was just enough, with what I had been able to save from my pay as a soldier, to replace the \$15,000 with the accrued interest. I had assumed the debt, you know, and thought I ought to pay it. On leaving the army I started back to New York, where I still have a few friends. I had not money enough to take me clear through, so I concluded that a tramp of a hundred miles or so would do me no harm. I am accustomed to marching."

"You have outdone Don Quixote himself!" exclaimed Miss Kingsley. "Of course, every dollar of that money will

be returned to you, and my fortune and Robert's are at your disposal."

"But, after all," said Granby, seriously, "you must not give me too much credit for what I have done. Perhaps I should have hesitated if your answer to that audacious note of mine had not made me wretched. Do you remember it? I felt that I had nothing to live for after that. Of course, I don't blame you; it was the worst kind of presumption on my part, a poor man, to offer myself—"

"Don't say that!" she interrupted, with a note of entreaty in her voice. "I could go down upon my knees to you now, in your rags, and beg your forgiveness for wounding you. I was young then, and scarcely knew my own mind, but I—I found out—afterward—"

"Victorial!"

"But we are wasting precious time," she said, hastily, glancing at her watch. "Do you know this is Thanksgiving day? I am to have some guests for dinner. You are to stay and dine with us."

"In these clothes?"

"My brother has a room and a wardrobe here, and I am sure his clothes will just fit you. You will hear everything you need. No; I will hear no excuses. I will call a servant to show you upstairs, and will send up a luncheon at once. To-night you will stop at the village hotel, and to-morrow you will come and see me before resuming your journey to New York."

And so it came about that Maurice Granby, transformed from a tramp into a conventional gentleman in evening dress, sat at the right hand of the hostess at the grand turkey dinner that evening, having been introduced to the other guests as an old friend of the family. At least two persons at that table were in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, for their hearts throbbed with gratitude and joy during the whole of that Thanksgiving feast.

It was only two months later that Kingsley hall was the scene of a brilliant wedding reception, and Maurice Granby had come there to stay.

Out and Dried.

Clara Norris—I invited Mr. Sandstone to dinner on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Norris—Good gracious me! Didn't you know that it was a strictly family affair?

Clara—That's all right. He's going to be one of the family.—Brooklyn Life.



THE GRAND TURKEY DINNER.

William Rosser Cobbe.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Sacred wine of love's libation
To the Father ever more,
Gratitude and consecration
From our hearts we'll daily pour.

In the hand extended o'er us,
In the golden days behind,
In the sky-brit hopes before us,
Thy compassion we may find.

For the friendships that enight us,
For affection's sacred flame,
For Thy love which doth convert us,
We would magnify Thy name.

Thanks we give for home and nation,
For the blood that made us free,
Seeking still the consummation
Of our perfect liberty.

For the altar fires glowing
With religion's holy light;
For the spirit breezes blowing;
For the faith transcending sight;

For the storm, the sun, the rainbow,
For the pastures, pleasant ways—
For Thy mercies' constant inflow
Hear our orisons of praise.

—Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, in Christian Register.

All Depends on the Turkey.

"How are you going to spend Thanksgiving, Uncle Jack?"

"Well, sub, hit's des 'ordin' red de turkey. Ef he's quiet, en don roo' too high, I'll spen' de day at home; but ef he's noisy, en I mek' any mistakes, dey's no tellin' whar I'll fotch up!"—Detroit Free Press.

No Doubt He Will.

"What a flighty, fat young thing that sassy turk is!" said Mrs. Gobbler to her husband.

"True," replied Mr. Gobbler as he thought of the passing days before Thanksgiving. "I'm looking every day for him to toss his head entirely."—Judge.

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

NOT PROVIDED FOR.

Twickenham—Don't you think our Thanksgiving dinner will be a great success?

Mrs. Twickenham—I am afraid not.

Twickenham—Why not?

Mrs. Twickenham—Not one of the men you invited knows how to carve.—Brooklyn Life.

Seasonable.

The most conclusive test that we know the significance of a word is our ability to use it in its proper connection.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'foresight' means?"

"Yes'm."

"Can you give me an illustration?"

"Yes'm."

"You may do so."

"Last night my mamma told the doctor he might as well call round and see me Thanksgiving night."—Washington Star.

Asking Too Much.

Mr. Yalemman (tragically)—My darling, won't you name the day for our marriage? I shall be utterly wretched until I can call you my own.

She—Very well. Say Thanksgiving day.

Mr. Yalemman—Great Scott, girl are you crazy? That's football day!—Judge.



A CONUNDRUM.

The Goose—What's the difference between the Easter girl and the Thanksgiving turkey?

The Turkey—I dunno.

The Goose—Why, one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.—Truth.

The Borrowing Habit.

Pater (at Thanksgiving dinner)—What? No turkey?

Mater—No, my dear. We had one, but our neighbor sent over this morning and borrowed it.—Harper's Bazar.

As the Day Approaches.

He is filled with dark forebodings. The turkey, old enough; He presently'll be filled with sage, And giblet sauce and stuff.—Detroit Tribune.

CHARLES EDGEMAN BAKER.

A WISE BIRD'S SOLILOQUY.

That's the chap that was always pokin' fun at me 'cause I kept from eatin' all the stuff they gave me; I knowed what I was about. They couldn't fool me when Thanksgiving was comin'."—Montreal Herald.

Struck the Keynote.

Mr. D'Board—I am thankful that most people are better off than I am to-day.

Mr. Rushington—Well, I am thankful that I am not living without hope!

Miss Gush—And I, that I usually eat my Thanksgiving dinner at the De-Styles.

Mr. Greathand—And I am thankful that this Thanksgiving finds me in the best boarding-house in this country.

Landlady—Pass your plate, Mr. Greathand, and allow me to help you to another piece of turkey.—Puck.

A Joyful Surprise.

Mr. Border (after the boarding-house repast)—Your Thanksgiving dinner put me right in the spirit of the day, Mrs. Mulletem.

Mrs. Mulletem (his landlady)—I'm glad to hear you say that.

Mr. Border—Well, it's true. It made me feel so thankful that the dinner wasn't as bad as it might have been.—Chicago Record.

Poor Bird!

The turkey is not a brilliant bird, When all is done and said, For on all great occasions He's sure to lose his head.—Chicago Interior Ocean.

Kismet.

The turkey looks around and sighs: "What is the use of living, When Christmas makes a grab for what is not devoured Thanksgiving?"—Detroit Free Press.



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