The Night Before Thanksgiving

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

There was a sad heart in the low- | "I feel just as if somethin' was storeyed, dark little house that stood goin' to happen," she said. "Poor humbly by the roadside under some Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' tall elms. Small as her house was, o' me, if he's alive." old Mrs. Robb found it too large for It was dark now out of doors, and what nobody else ever attempts to do,

"Who's there?" she called as she

herself alone; she only needed the there were tiny clicks against the win- but to the man who does best what kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led dow. It was beginning to snow, and multitudes do well .- Macaulay. out of it, and there still remained the the great elm creaked in the rising, best room and a bedroom, with the wind overhead. low garret overhead.

There had been a time, after she! A dead limb of one of the old trees was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could had fallen that autumn, and poor fire-pier-more blessed, less accursed! It help those who were poorer than her- wood as it might be, it was Mrs. Robb's is work for a God.-Carlyle. self. She was strong enough not only own, and she had burnt it most to do a woman's work inside her thankfully: . . . at least house, but almost a man's work out- could have the luxury of a fire. side in her piece of garden ground. She had a feeling that it was her Render an honest and a perfect man

At last sickness and age had comet last night at home, and with strange hand in hand, those two relentless recklessness began to fill the stove as enemies of the poor, and together she used to do in better days. they had wasted her strength and "It'll get me good an' warm," she substance. She had always been look- said, still talking to herself, as lonely ed upon by her neighbors as being people do. "It's comin' on to storm." independent, but now she was left. The snow clicked faster and faster kame-footed and lame-handed, with a against the window, and she sat alone debt to carry and her bare land, and thinking in the dark. the house ill-provisioned to stand the! "There's lots of folks I love." siege of time. said once. "They'd be sorry I ain't

For a while she managed to get on, got nobody to come, an' no supper but at last it began to be whispered the night before Thanksgivin'. I'm about that there was no use for any- dreadful glad they don't know." And one to be so proud; it was easier for she drew a little nearer to the fire the whole town to care for her than and laid her head back drowsily in a few neighbors, and Mrs. Robb had the old rocking-chair. better go to the poorhouse before win- It seemed only a moment before

there was a loud kocking, and some-At this terrible suggestion her body lifted the latch of the door. The brave heart seemed to stand still. The fire shone bright through the front people whom she cared for most hap- of the stove and made a little light pened to be poor, and she could no in the room, but Mary Ann Robb lenger go into their households to waked up frightened and bewildered. make herself of use.

The very elms everhead seemed to found her crutch and went to the door. say "Oh, no!" as they groaned in the She was only conscious of her one late autumn winds, and there was great fear. "They're come to take me something appealing even to the to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst strange passerby in the look of the into tears. little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's There was a tall man, not John pale, worried face at the window. Mander, who seemed to fill the nar-

row doorway. Some one has said that anniversar-"Come, let me in!" he said gaily. ies are days to make other people "It's a cold night. You didn't expect happy in, but sometimes when they me, did you, Mother Robb?" come they seem to be full of shadows, "Dear me, what is it?" she falterand the power of giving joy to others, ed, stepping back as he came in, and that inclienable right which ought to dropping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'? lighten the saddest heart, the most I was a-dreamin' about-oh, there, indifferent sympathy, sometimes even what was I a-sayin'? 'Tain't true! No! I've made some kind of a misthis seems to be withdrawn.

So poor Mary Ann Robb sat at her take.' window on the afternoon before Yes, and this was the man who Thanksgiving and felt herself poor kept the poorhouse, and she would go and sorrowful, indeed. Across the without complaint; they might have frozen road she looked eastward over given her notice, but she must not a great stretch of cold meadowland, fret. brown and windswept and crossed by "Sit down, sir," she said, turning toward him with touching patience.

ley ditches. It seemed to her as if before this, "You'll have to give me a little time. in all the troubles that she had known If I'd been notified I wouldn't have and carried, there had always been kept you waitin' a minute this stormy some hope to hold; as if she had never night." looked poverty full in the face and It was not the keeper of the poorseen its cold and pitiless look before. house. The man by the door took

She looked anxiously down the road, one step forward and put his arm with a horrible shrinking and dread around her and kissed her. at the thought of being asked, out of "What are you talking about?" pity, to join in some Thanksgiving said John Harris. "You ain't goin' feast, but there was nobody coming to make me feel like a stranger? I've with gifts in hand. Once she had been come all the way from Alberta to full of love for such days, whether at spend Thanksgivin'. There's all sorts home or abroad, but something chilled o' things out here in the wagon, an' a her very heart now. man to help get 'em in.

Her nearest neighbor had been fore- "Why, don't cry so, Mother Robb. most of those who wished her to go I thought you'd have a great laugh to the town farm, and he had said if I came and surprised you. Don't more than once that it was the only you remember I always said I should sensible thing. But John Mander was come?" walking impatiently to get her tiny It was John Harris, indeed. The farm into his own hands; he had ad- poor soul could say nothing. She felt vanced some money upon it in her now as if her heart was going to extremity and pretended that there break with joy. He left her in the was still a debt, after he cleared her rocking-chair and came and went in wood lot to pay himself back. his old boyish way, bringing in the

He would plow over the graves in store of gifts and provisions. It was the field corner and fell the great better than any dream. elms, and waited now like a spider He laughed and talked and went for his poor prey. He often reproach- out to send away the man to bring ed her for being too generous to a wagonful of wood from John Manworthless people in the past and com- der's and came in himself, laden with ing to be a charge to others now. Oh. pieces of the nearest fence to keep If she could only die in her own house the fire going in the mean time. and not suffer the pain of homeless- They must cook the beefsteak for ness and dependence! supper right away; they must find the

It was just at sunset, and as she pound of tea among all the other looked out hopelessly across the gray bundles; they must get good fires fields there was a sudden gleam of started in both the cold bedrooms. light far away on the low hills be- Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be yond; the clouds opened in the west ready for company from out West! and let the sunshine through. The great cheerful fellow hurried

One lovely gleam shot swift as an about the tiny house, and the little arrow and brightened a far cold hill- old woman limped after him, forgetside where it fell, and at the same ting everything but hospitality. Had moment a sudden gleam of hope not she a house for John to come to? brightened the winter landscape of Were not her old chairs and tables

in their places still? And he remsoldier's son. Left an orphan and were a girl. distressed. Old John Mander scolded, He had found plenty of hard times, but I couldn't see the poor boy in but luck had come at last. He had want. I kept him that year after he struck luck, and this was the end of got hurt, spite o' what anybody said, a great year. an' he he'ped me what little he could. "No, I couldn't seem to write let-He said I was the only mother he'd ters; no use to complain o' the worst, ever had. 'I'm going out West. Moth- an' I wanted to tell you the best when er Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back I came"; and he told it while she till I get rich,' an' then he'd look at cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin'

me an' laugh, so pleasant and boyish. to write no foolish letters," John re-"He wasn't one that liked to write. peated. I don't think he was doin' very well He was afraid he should cry him- guests, was wearing a fluffy white they would all go on the sheet of plete the circuit was hailed as the winwhen I heard—there, it's most four self when he found out how bad things frock that appeared to be all popcorn. yellow paper. years ago now. I always thought if had been, and they sat down to supgeneral there it's most four self when he found out how bad things frock that appeared to be an popcorn. Then each child signed his or her about the room to the music of the famous as "Brownies") tann or gladness, making everything within its vicinity to freshen into a good home for him to come to. when he was a homeless orphan boy gingham, by running a gathering collected and laid out on the table for The phonograph came into use

The light faded out of doors and kinder now than she was then, but just the shape of a frilly round pop- called Indians and settlers. Indians unshelled ear of popcorn, and told to again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood be- she looked so poor and old! fore her. Yet it was not so dark as He saw her taste her cup of tea The first amusement was Popcorn feathers to wear. Settlers had wide dren arranged themselves in a musiit had been in her sad heart. She still and set it down again with a trembling Art. All the girls and boys sat around brimmed brown paper hats. A space cal-boking group and put their pop carried home as souvenire from Polly For our wants to be supplied:

Gems of Thought.

Demostic biles is worth more than all the glory in the world.

The caracity to enjoy simple things characterizes all great souls.

The world generally gives its ad

To make some rook of God's creation a little fruitfulier, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, monfuller, hap-

Man is his own star; and the soul that warmth to those around you

comfortable long's you live, Mother Consciousness.

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready Thee, O Lord: and Thou givest these as a means of securing a return 28 years. the night before Thanksgiving.

No matter how unfortunate your environment, or how unpromising your present condition, if .you cling to your vision and keep struggling with a your might toward its realization, you are mentally building, enlarging your ideal, increasing the power of your mental magnet to attract your own .- O. S. Marden.

Keen in the sunshine as much

Commands all light, all influence, all not dulled the sense of its inner vi- readjustment of wages, but withal, of the Ottawa Government has been and served by charity to little people sion, is the belief that we are one we have experienced in only minor established especially for the purpose who, because they have no small Nothing to him fall's early or too late. with some great unknown, unseen degree the depression which is caus- of answering enquiries regarding our homes have to be loved and cuddled power; and that we are somehow in- ing so much suffering in other coun- natural resources. separably connected with the Infinite tries. For this happy position we are Canada's area is 3,729,665 square These two people were poor but

> The eyes of all wait upon -Ps. 145: 15.

Thanksgiving Day, 1921

countries; what can we discern on debt. the horizon of our national life that What, however, do our natural re- long ago? and Canadians?

as escaped. Canada, fortunately, has that denotes the student?

and a happy guest had come; it was them their meat in due season. of prosperity, of employment, and of plenty. The rich heritage which Na- is equal to nearly twenty million When Thanksgiving time came

With the recurrence of our national, ture has provided, in our forests, our day of thanksgiving the question na- waterways, our fisheries, mines and turally arises: What definite reason our fertile soil, is yielding up treasure has Canada to be thankful; what out- at the call of man to such an extent standing feature of our nationhood that we may well say it is from our

augurs well for the future of Canada sources mean to the average Canpression. No country has entirely has he the intimate and close touch tween Thanksgiving Days.

The water-power energy of Canada bare. is developed from water-power. Canada has the only two coal re- derful things.

of the world's supply.

The Mackenzie oil field is in process pected thanksgivings. gallons per ton.

for pulpwood.

of the world's requirements of as- wind-and called it "nothing." tive at an early date.

of invaluable worth.

statesmen who, in 1867, sponsored the and thanksgiving. creation of this great Dominion of Long ago, my friend Alhambra and Canada.

in time to the real music. The chil- the spring, white mecessin flowers in dren entered into the spirit of the their season, four-leaved-clovers all fun, and became almost too enthusi- the days of grass and agates where astic in their mimfery.

The rest of the children were eager the first and the most. While I would to try it, so harmonicas were sup- be saying. "There are none!" she plied for everyone. (It is best to let would gather from under my very the two groups take turns, as an eyes. We used to call it luck. We audience is needed.)

Charades followed, under the lead- her treasure basket never was empty. ership of Dorothy's mother and big My treasure basket of something-

called a Wild Turkey Hunt. No-they about-not what they have or give. didn't hide paper turkeys around the I used to think I was lucky in folks. room to find. No!

ribbon. The rest of the children were blindfolded, and called the hunters. Of course, their object was to catch the turkey, whose bell jingled at | every step. Once caught, the turkey and a little white baby doll lay in a became a hunter, and the hunter who caught him turned into the turkey. The game was really a rival relay | Ready enough for supper were the The idea of this contest was to select then they turned hastily and ran back circled the table—one in front of each a promising popcorn kernel—one that to their separate teams, handing their place on a plate. Each bore a child's suggested a picture—then stick it by prizes to the next in line, who, in turn, name "Indianfied." Thus, Dick Brown The breezes and the sunshine, means of the library paste to the ran to deposit the prizes in wigwam had Dickqua, Bessie Perkins had Besyellow paper, and with the pencil draw and cradle, as first found. These run- siesoit, Bently Stevens had Bently- All good things around us

baked beans. With them were served

The ice cream was enclosed in indi- and how truly is a kind heart a foun-

The favore were a great surprise welcome him."

weather while he was crippled and squares and drawing them up into could not work. She could not be little fat white bunches. Her cap was popcorn chorus. Each was given an jack with a big popcorn ball molded.

All is conformation. over his wooden head as a foundation. All is safely gathered in, were given headbands with gay pretend it was a harmonica. The "popcorn jacks," with their possi- Ere the winter storms begin;

GREATHEARTS

(An Appreciation.)

have we that is not common to all natural resources we will pay our war you read your blue-and-gold copy of Pilgrim's Progress, ever and ever so

ladian? How much does he know I meet them every day. They are During the past year the world has about them. When challenged to sup- the folk who keep the stream of been passing through a period of de- port his country's claim to greatness, thanksgiving from freezing over, be-

May I tell you about some of them! you can, and impart some of the not been greatly affected. True, we | Some information supplied by the | Two of them lived in the heart of have felt a slackness in business, we Natural Resources Intelligence a great city. It was winter. Winter have our unemployment problem, and Branch of the Department of the In- in very cold in cities. Colder still, in Deep within every heart that has we are passing through a period of terior may be of interest. This branch city homes where dinners are cooked

undoubtedly largely indebted to our miles, of which 3.37 per cent. is water. they used to talk about a Rich Father. abundant and varied natural re- It equals in area the United States quite as if they knew him, and even sources. Our people are looking and all her possessions. Canada has when their own cupboard was bareish earnestly to the development of more than doubled her population in they managed, greatheartedly, to slip gifts into curboards that were very

horse-power, of which Ontario has 5,- around they said to each other, "We 800 000 h.p. and Quebec 6,000,000 h.p. must fill the baskets." So there were Approximately 1,652,650 h.p. used by four baskets filled with: Bacon, coffee, central stations for electrical energy sugar, apples, eggs, celery, nuts raising, warm socks-oh, many won-

gions on the sea coasts of North Am- They sat down to a dinner of poach erica, in Nova Scotia and British ed eggs and milk and baked apples Columbia, while Alberta possesses and their cup ran over-filled to the coal deposits estimated at 15 per cent. brim with the gratitude of those whose lips they had turned to unex-

of development, but sufficient work | Another was a lonely man, a one has not as yet been performed to armed man living alone on a western prove its value. Oil shales are found homestead. He was saddened and in quantity in Nova Scotia and New embittered by some past happening Brunswick. In each province, known he never told about. But he was a deposits must total over a billion tons, Greatheart, too. One bitter day, he with an oil content of from 20 to 110 turned his broncho several miles of the trail that led to his own cabin The total area of land covered by because he had "a hunch" a solitary forests in Canada is estimated at be- woman on another lonely homestead tween 500 and 600 million acres. Com- "might be wanting something." Sure mercial timber covers 225 million enough, he found she was nearly out acres and the remainder is suitable of water and wood, so until darkness fell, he served her need and then turn-Canada supplies over 87 per cent. ed the restless horse to face the night

bestos. This is largely produced in Another of these Greathearts lives Quebec. Of nickel, Ontario's output on a rented farm. She is a girl with represents 80 per cent. of the world's two talents-one for music and ansupply. Developments are taking other for writing. But there's a lame place in the nickel situation which sister at home who cannot go to should make this industry again ac- school and there is no one to teach her. So the talented girl devotes her-The above are but a few of the self to farm living and lets the talents outstanding features of Canada's na- go, keeping silent about it, and only tural resources. Her agriculture and He whom they call the Recording fisheries, her transportation systems Angel, knows her heart or can really by land and water, and the indom- measure how her noble sperit swells itable spirit of her people are essets the tide of the world's thanksgiving.

It would take me hours just to list What has Canada to be thankful all the Greathearts I have knownfor? It is obvious that Nature has from the patient mother and friends been very generous to Canada, and, and teachers who put up with my own with such boundless resources we may careless and indifferent youth, deterwith pride in our country look for- mined to make something of me, out ward to the day when the northern and up, in ever increasing numbers. half of the American continent will until when I stop to count them, contain a large and contented popula- give up in a flood of gratitude and tion, a credit to the pioneers who decide that the world is a heavenly blazed the original trails from coast place and the only songs there are to coast, and to those far-sighted room for are songs of praisegiving

I, being very young, had great huntings for such treasures as violets in agates are found. She always found know better now. She could see and

to-be-thankful-for is always full. I The last game before supper was should better may, some folks-to-beperhaps the jolliest of all. It was thankful. It is folks we're grateful I know better now. I have a seeing One child was chosen as turkey, and eye and I can find Greathearts everyhad a bell tied around the neck on a where! So can you, if you try.

Harvest Hymn.

We plough the fields and scatter The good seed on the land. But it is fed and watered

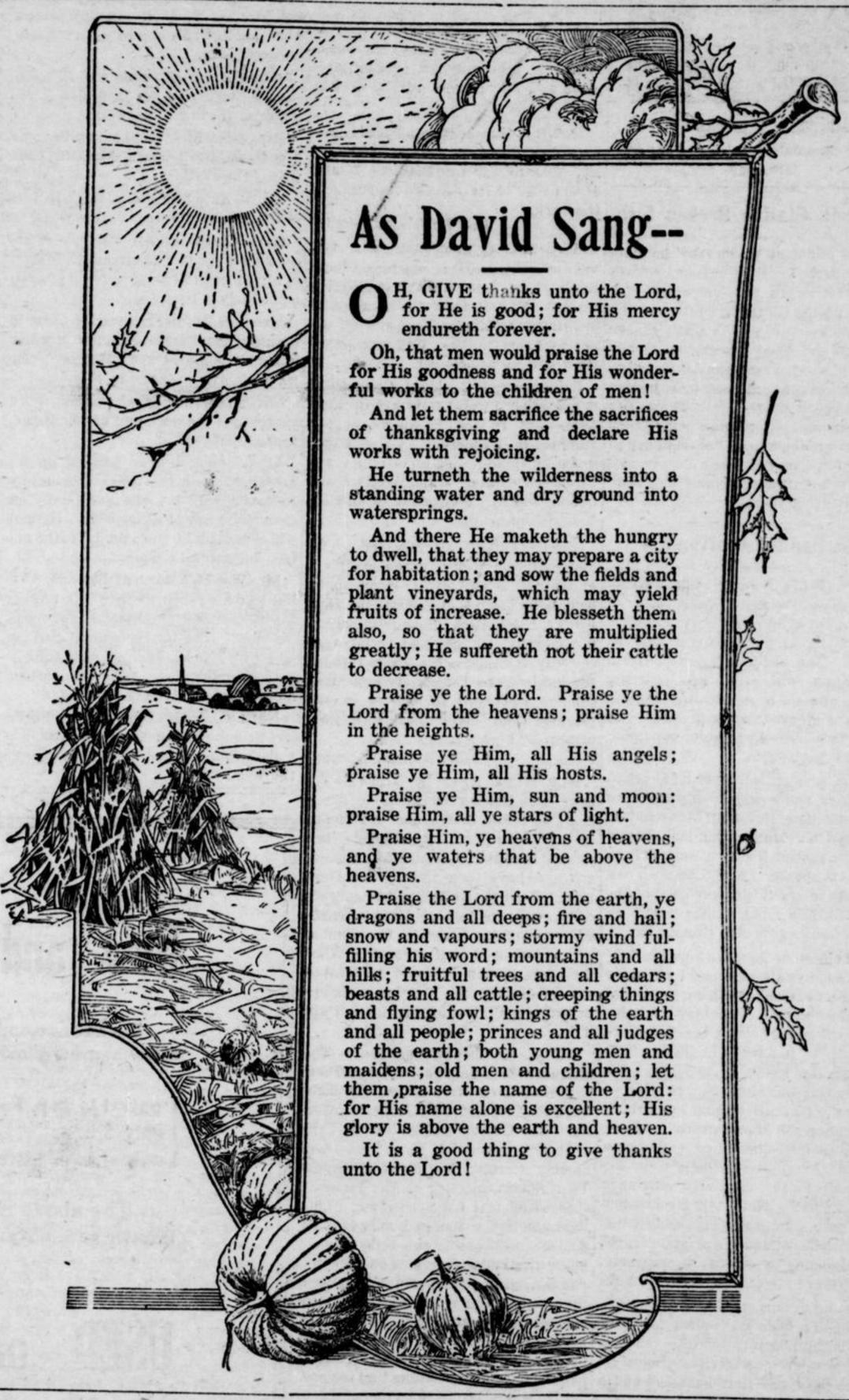
By God's almighty hand: He sends the snow in winter. The warmth to swell the grain. And soft refreshing rain.

Are sent from Heaven above. Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord. For all His love.

How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him smiles.-Washington Irving.

Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Ps. 65: 11.



An Autumn Party

Everybody's invitation came wrap- You know what queer shapes corn the first Settler started for their res- to the dining table, where now, in-"There was Johnny Harris," said embered everything, and kissed her ped up in a reddish-greenish-brownish pops into—a face, or a head, a cat, a pective goals; the Indian snatched the stead of the Popcorn Art Exhibit, a Mary Ann Robb softly. "He was a as they stood before the fire as if she crepe-paper cornhusk, and this is monkey, a spider, an Eskimo's hut. white doll, the Settler the papoose; row of tiny brown paper wigwams

Polly Popcorn bids thee to a Pioneer Party at three o'clock

afternoon of Thanksgiving at Dorothy Smith's house Watch out for ye Indians

There's poor Ezra Blake, the deaf whom nobody else wanted in winter stitch around edges of the white an art exhibit, later, of course, to be again for the next game. Ten chil-

ped popcorn kernel

the picture.

Legs, tails, whiskers, bodies, back and snatch the prizes in their turn, movable, and disclosed tiny pots of yards, all sorts of things you can and so back to the team. imagine, were added, and the results Thus the runners alternately stole popcorn sandwiches—rounds of baked Polly Popcorn, who looked suspici- were very funny. Each child was and returned the papoose and the brown bread shutting together over ously like Dorothy Smith to her little permitted to make three, provided white baby. The first team to com-

doll's cradle.

race. At a signal the first Indian and children when they were summoned whatever else was needed to complete ners, on returning, touched hands with quee. the next in line, who then had to run | The wigwams were found to be re-

and a curious feeling of nearness and a curious feeling of nearness and acurious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-hearted as

ONTARIO ARCHIVES **TORONTO**

peak det Peak. officers 3 giving fd ing its r peak had half of I Septembe a dense, tended

curve be

appeared

great cha appeared. Rock, hav trance to to the w a survey existed a across, W fathoms 4 south wa the dange

ly to brea tion at an

merely re