

LET US GIVE THANKS.

For all that God in mercy sends:
For health and children, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thought and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hymn of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for streams and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood—
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky;
For these and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts to Thee we lift,
For everything give thanks!

—[Ellen Isabelle Tupper.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY CECIL CHARLES.

"Down on my luck! Well, I should say so." Cory Dickinson shouldered his pack and got up. He left the shadow of the mountain foliage reluctantly and began again his toilsome ascent of the road. The blaze of the tropical sun produced upon him a strange sensation. It did not blind him; on the contrary, it seemed to stimulate his faculties. Or was it wholly the varied atmosphere as he climbed higher and higher? No, it was the sun, he decided. The atmosphere was partly responsible, but the sun—the tropical sun—seemed to show him constantly new, strange sights, somewhat even as the tropical night sky with its thousand new stars, had divulged new secrets to his marvelling senses.

So he trudged under his small pack over the mountains to reach the capital.

Meeting him, one would have hardly suspected him to be "down on his luck" as he had but lately declared. Tall, good looking, well dressed, barely thirty years of age, Cory Dickinson looked like the son of a rich man out on a pleasure tramp—not like a self-exiled wader of the law seeking an unknown field in a remote Central American republic.

But that was what Cory Dickinson was doing.

As he plodded along the dusty road in the afternoon splendor, his thoughts wandered far away from his actual surroundings. He lost sight of the distant, dreamy peaks, the still bollows, the intense emerald hues of foliage, the trickling, musical mountain streams and saw only the small New England town whence he had lately fled, late Autumn-somber, staid, matter-of-fact and Sunday-observing. He saw his late home, his stern-faced uncle, his invalid aunt, Mason, the hired man, with his grim scowl, and Hannah, the servant girl. Mason's face and Hannah's stood out particularly clear and obnoxious. Mason had rejoiced at his trouble, revengeful of the day when Cory had come upon him brutally kicking the poor old family horse, and struck him a smart blow with his umbrella. Mason had never forgotten that blow nor the way in which Cory had threatened him if he ever ill-treated the animal again. Hannah, too, had been overjoyed at his disgrace; she was Mason's sweetheart.

Then, all at once, there came another face that Cory could only see in a thick blur of—something like mist. The face of little Lydia Post, the school teacher, the only one of those who knew, who believed in him.

He had to dash something away from his eyes as he stood.

Late in the afternoon he came to the first outskirts of the town and entered a small road-side dwelling. He could speak no Spanish; the woman with her numerous children clinging to her could speak no English. But she looked at him with generous eyes and made him sit down on the best seat in the poor room. He made a motion of drinking and said appealingly "Aqua!" For he had not paused to drink at the last mountain stream, fearing night might overtake him on the way. She brought water quickly, and when he would have risen, made signs for him to wait, that she might prepare food for him. He drew out the last bit of money left him—less than a dollar, for he had little remaining when he left the steamer at the port—but she waved it away and made him see that she desired no pay.

The humble food of the country was very good, he thought. He had had nothing but a biscuit since early morning. He ate the eggs and black beans and tortillas and drank the black coffee that had grown and blossomed out a few miles away as if they were the choicest delicacies. As he sat eating he wondered what they were doing at home; it was their supper time, and it was a bleak autumn day—a late November day, almost the last of the month. Something rose in his throat, lump like, and he made haste to finish, fearful of breaking down. The woman would take no pay; he thanked her over and over in words that the could not comprehend, but with looks that she surely read, and continued on his way. But continuing on, he found that this was but a small village and that there were yet some few miles to traverse before he came to the capital.

The upland scenery seemed less strange to him now, but for the queer, low houses, with the heavy tile roofs, he could almost have fancied himself back in the States. Only, all at once, the twilight had turned to a marsh gloom and he remembered that he was very far off from home—under the equator—with no place to lay his head.

He sat down by the roadside, utterly exhausted. "I cannot go any further. I'm dead tired," he murmured exhaustedly. He leaned his head back against a kind of stone wall that seemed to protect property of some sort, possibly a deserted country house. It had been getting chilly since sandown, but the ground was dry. He began to undo his pack to take out the blanket. He spread it out and dropped his weary head upon it. He could have fallen asleep at that instant, only that he was startled by the clatter of horse's hoofs that seemed to ride up his side.

"Ola!" said a voice, and other words that he could not understand.

He sat up and spoke with appealing gestures in the clear starlight.

"No speak Spanish; I American."

The rider dismounted.

"American, are you?" He spoke with hardly any accent, a tall, fine-looking fellow, not quite middle-aged. "Just arrived! But why do you lie on the ground? It's not good. You'll have fever. You're not acclimated."

Cory was on his feet.

"This is providential," he cried. "If you knew sir, how terrible it is to be dumb—unable to ask for anything. I've just come up from the port—walked up from the end of the railroad line."

"A pretty long walk. I don't wonder you feel it. And it's a good five miles on

to the city. I've only this one little horse, you see. It won't carry double or I'd take you along. Who are you, by the way?"

"My name is Dickinson," said Cory. "I suppose I've come down here on a fool's errand. Had a quarrel with my relatives and left in a hurry. Brought no money. Just a dollar left in the world." Unconsciously he adopted the short phrases of the others, as if thus to be more easily comprehended.

"Well, you are not the first," said his new acquaintance. "Some succeed, some don't. If you only knew a little Spanish, you see. However, by the way, this is an old hacienda of mine. There's a house and you can sleep in it—under shelter, you know. There's the plank of a bed, that used to be a servant's. You'll be safer inside. Come, I'll take you in. To-morrow come into town and inquire for Julio Vargas Verea; he's a man with a J in English and pronounced like an H, remember."

Cory had followed him in with a feeling of unreality. Julio struck a match and showed him the boards on trestles that should be his bed. "By Jove! there's a bit of candle," he said. "Put your blanket double on the boards and creep into it. Wrap it well around you. You'll be safe from insects, snakes and the like. I'm off now. Lock the door carefully in the morning and come to town as early as possible. You can take coffee with me if you're in before eight. Good-night."

Cory locked the door after him and heard him ride away in the calm night; then went back and crept between his blanket folds and blew out the candle.

As he drifted into a first doze he suddenly remembered that this was Thursday—the last Thursday of the month—and therefore it was Thanksgiving Day at home.

Sadly he realized one evening that it was the 10th of November, just a year since he had left home. A day or two later he fell ill. It was not from the climate, not from the heat. The plantation was not as deadly as Vargas Verea had believed. But it was the snapping of his last hope—his hope of Lydia. It was more of a low nervous fever. And he could not rise from his bed any more. And he did not care if death came. There was no doctor near; there were a few simple remedies on the shelves of his canna hut, but he hardly cared to take them.

One night his fever was higher—much higher—and he raved of Lydia to the Indian woman who sat beside him and the negro servant who liked him well.

The next day he was conscious again but very weak. He felt as if he could easily slip away. And he asked the negro to send to the post a certain letter that was going to the United States, thousands of miles away. Hardly had he done giving his few, feeble instructions when some of the Indian boys came hurrying in to tell him that a canoe had come up the river with people, white, tall, and a lady, with many bundles and other things. A beautiful young lady. Cory wondered vaguely until a shadow fell upon the threshold—and a moment later, as if an angel dawning from heaven, Lydia stood beside him and bent to take him into her arms.

"I knew," she sobbed softly, and in her tears her face felt as cool and refreshed and joy-lighted as a rose in the Summer rain. "I knew that you would be ill. And I would not write—for I was almost ready to fetch you. For I knew you would not come back alone. And I had been working and saving the money for months—and only a few weeks were lacking. So I would not write—but came. And your uncle asks you to forgive and forget. For it was Mason who stole the money—with Hannah's help. And so you will go back with me."

"Lydia," he whispered, "how could you come to this place—thousands of miles—through all these dangers—by land and sea and sea and land? Am I dreaming, Lydia? Have you come all this way alone? Through all these strange ways?"

"Do you think," she sobbed, "do you think there is any road so long, too hard for a woman to travel if the one she loves is at the end?"

"No road," said Cory, softly. "But I knew I loved you—even before my letter—and then you knew it again. And you took wings and flew to me. And so we shall go back together, dearest!"

Another shadow crossed the threshold. Julio Vargas Verea, also on his way to find Cory, having heard of his illness, had met with Lydia at the port and had come with her in a sailboat and canoe. He had discreetly remained outside the hut until after the meeting of the lovers.

Not many days later there was a wedding at the capital. Cory and Lydia were married by the American Minister, and Julio Vargas Verea stood sponsor to the bride. It was Thursday—and Thanksgiving Day.

is away from all civilization. There is only an Indian settlement and some negroes. The climate is bad—it is very hot—and there are marshes just below. It is a four day's journey at the very best, and mails are a week in coming and going. I'm afraid you will have the fever at once."

"I am not afraid," said Cory. "I shall have fever if I stay here, my dear friend. You are good as gold to me, but I can't stand idleness. For heaven's sake, let me go."

And so he went.

Out into the wilds—impenetrable, peaceful, silent, tropical wilds. And he went faithfully to work and became happy with a new hope. He did not take the fever. He got fairly started by the following midsummer. That is, what was midsummer at home, for it was always midsummer in this new country. But he had never ceased to reckon by the seasons of the far North. And by midsummer he wrote to Lydia Post.

After he had written he counted the days. A week to take the letter to the port. A fortnight more—allowing for delay of the steamer to sail as he had expected—for it to reach the United States. In three weeks Lydia would have it. In three weeks more he would have her reply. He knew that his fingers would tremble so that he could hardly open it. Alas! the six weeks had passed, and yet another and another. And no reply. And as another month drifted along and November was begun, Cory began to give up hope. Had she not received his letter? Had she not cared to reply? Was he lost to her—even to little Lydia—of whose faith he had dreamed in darkest hours?

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