



Again God's bounteous hand has spread  
The tables of the poor with bread—  
Again our grateful fervent songs  
Ascend to Whom all praise belongs;  
Accept, O God, our thankful lay  
To Thee on this Thanksgiving Day.

The husbandman has sown the seed,  
And Thou didst bless his work indeed;  
He trusted in Thy sacred Word,  
And harvest great was his reward;  
So on Thy promises we stay  
On this our blest Thanksgiving Day.

The cattle on a thousand hills,  
The wild bird with his thrilling trills,  
Fish of the sea—the lion, bear,  
All yield to Thy protecting care;  
May all creation own Thy sway,  
Thou God of this Thanksgiving Day.

We thank Thee for the sun's bright light,  
The silvery moon, the stars of night,  
For water pure—for fragrant air,  
And for Thy tender watchful care—  
For blessings all that with us stay  
On this our blest Thanksgiving Day.

We thank Thee for the Gospel truth,  
For blest old age—for hopeful youth,  
E'en troubles great—for grief and care,  
Knowing they will our souls prepare,  
Straighten the path and clear the way  
For God's own blest Thanksgiving Day.

Great God, accept our thankful songs,  
While hymns of praise swell on our  
tongues;  
Guide Thou our feet o'er life's rough  
path—  
Teach us in mercy, not in wrath;  
Grant we may ever with Thee stay  
And join in heaven's Thanksgiving Day.

—John T. Wye.



O turk, you who strutted the summer away,  
Abundant attention you're getting today,  
We praise you beyond all the bird or fowl kind;  
Our feelings to you are with favor inclined.  
We thanks, too, give for you, O creature of pride,  
And all the fruits of the season beside.  
Though slighted you were, in the days that are past,  
Attention long due you are getting at last.

—Arthur J. Burdick, in Sunset Magazine.



**T**HANKSGIVING day is a proper and convenient occasion for considering both the duty and the grace of gratitude to the great Giver of all good. But Thanksgiving day is not simply for the abstract discussion of general ideas present in thought or stirring the emotions. This day does—or should—have a direct governing relation to the ministries of the hand and the unfolding of the wallet. . . . When it is celebrated in the spirit of the scriptural exhortation to thankfulness, it becomes a time of rejoicing in the truest, fullest sense, because it joins praise to God with practical ministry to the poor and unfortunate. Thanksgiving should issue in thanksgiving. Praise should become a temper and tendency of the life. So will God be glorified and gratified, and men, by their cordial and constant recognition of his goodness, be lifted in the scale of being and be the better fitted to receive from heaven more favors still.—Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

The best thanksgiving is a happy heart. Blossoms mean nothing on a dead stick. Once when the czar visited Paris the ingenious French, it being winter, fastened to the bare boughs of the trees innumerable paper flowers, very pretty as a spectacle, but very unworthy as a symbol, since they were false. Our praise will be quite valueless unless it is rooted in the daily life. Train yourself to be grateful for the common blessings. There had been a great cotton famine in Lancashire, England. For lack of material to work upon, the mills had been idle for months, and there was great distress among the operatives. At last came the first wagon-load of cotton,

### The Spirit of Thanksgiving



**T**HANKSGIVING day stands out by itself on the calendar. There is no other day with so many delightful associations and tender memories, no day upon which the heart so spontaneously pours out its grateful tribute to the Father above for all his goodness through the year. And this applies equally to ourselves as a nation, as communities and as individuals. For peace within our borders, for generous harvests, for the health and welfare of our communities, we owe to God a debt of love and gratitude which finds expression in prayer, praise and the festivities appropriate to the annual festival of Thanksgiving. We are usually so much engrossed with the active business of life as a nation that we leave too little time for reflection on the divine goodness; yet every day we are surrounded by blessings. Sleeping and waking, on the farm, in the store, the office, the workshop, we are still the objects of his wondrous bounty and care. Whatever re-

the earnest of returning opportunity to labor. With what new eyes did the people look upon that commonplace material! They met the wagon in an exultant procession. They hugged the bales. At last, moved by a common impulse, they broke out in the noble hymn, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." There are in every life a thousand blessings, now little noticed at all, of which if we were deprived, their return would be welcomed with equal transports. But the going does not excuse us from the sending any more than sending excuses us from going. If giving still went by the rule of the tenth, as in the scriptural days, then ten average Christians could anywhere constitute themselves into a church and support a pastor; and twenty could support both a pastor and a missionary. No work is done at its best until it is done in an atmosphere of thanksgiving. Beethoven understood this. He had his piano placed in the middle of a field, and there, under the smiling sky, with birds singing around him, flowers shining and grain glistening in the sun, the musician composed some of his great oratorios. Few of us can take our work into the fields, though all of us would carry lighter hearts if we could live more out of doors; but we can all of us surround our work with cheery atmosphere which our Father has breathed into all his works.

verses we encounter, he enables us to overcome them. So, while the passing year has had its sorrows, we feel that the joys have outweighed them, and that we are still God's debtors in thanks for multitudinous blessings. Let us show our gratitude for all of these mercies by reaching out a helping hand to others who have been less fortunate than ourselves. Remember the poor at Thanksgiving—the sick, the destitute, the hungry, the unemployed. In every community there are those to whom a kindly word or a generous hospitality would bring a real touch of the spirit of the festival. Pass on your blessings. By so doing, you will make your own heart the lighter, your own home the brighter and your own Thanksgiving table more enjoyable to all who sit around it.

**Thank Him for All.**  
"Giving thanks for all things unto God."—Eph. v. 20.  
Thanksgiving is the mark of a truly religious man. If we are always begging God for his mercies without expressing to him our sincere gratitude, we become selfish in our demands. God delights to impart his mercies to us, but he also takes pleasure in our gratitude to him for his benefits. Only an appreciative heart is able to fully enjoy God's unfeeling goodness. It is certain that the more we try to praise, the more we will see how our path and our daily way are beset with mercies, and that the God of love is ever watching to do us good.

### Tipping Tips.

The commercial travelers of the United States are planning an organized warfare on the tip system in hotels. Only a little organization on the part of its millions of victims is needed to overthrow this un-American and undemocratic abuse.—New York Tribune.

The announced intention of the commercial travelers of the country to begin a campaign against hotel tipping is the best assurance the tip mulcted public could have of possible relief from this form of tribute. The drummers are numerous and powerful enough to deal tipping a deathblow if they will.—New York World.

### Town Topics.

Why are they fussing so about gambling in Chicago? Life at its best in that city is nothing but a gamble.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

In New York there are 50,000 living rooms without a window. But, then, that's all right. The tenants needn't see how badly off they are.—Detroit News.

"The unaided eye" is the choice euphemism employed by the Boston Globe in remarking that the Brooks comet can be seen without a telescope. Nothing can exceed the native modesty of the Bostonians.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

### Fruits In England.

Raspberries, strawberries and cherries were unknown in England until the time of King Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth.

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### Thanksgiving A DUTY AND A GRACE

"And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body and be ye thankful."—Col. 3: 15.

**B**E ye thankful!" said an inspired apostle, writing to a company of early Christians, who even in stormy times of possible or actual persecution were exhorted to be of good cheer and to "count up their mercies." Paul's words are not only hortatory, but also mandatory. It is the duty of the Christian, amid all vicissitudes, to be thankful. A believer is never justified in forgetting God's benefits to him. He is expected to figure out every now and then the sum of the divine favors that have been shown to him, or what might be called the statistics of salvation. It is true that divine mercies have been innumerable, and cannot be tabulated with anything like completeness; yet the Christian believer is exhorted to dwell upon these mercies in thought and to render vivid to his mind, by frequent reflection, so many of the visitations of divine favor as he can discern providentially unfolded in his past life.

There is, then, a duty of thanksgiving. Praise is the expected thing gratitude is demanded. God is disappointed, and even angered, when men receive his gifts without returning thanks. The Lord is gracious, but that is no reason why the children of men should be ungraciously thankful. Thanksgiving is a part of the code of duty of a Christian, it is an integral portion of the decalogue of moral action. It is not a kind of extra service, or superfluous activity added on to the body of duty otherwise complete, but is of the warp and woof of the Christian's obligation. "Be thankful" was not the idle, chance remark of a sentimental apostle, but is the New Testament interpretation of the Old Testament burden of blessing.

But if thankfulness is a duty, it is none the less on that account a grace. If it is not optional, it may certainly be ornamental. The fact that a thing or a trait is demanded by the moral law does not render the sacrifice of that trait any the less noble or lovely. The grace of gratitude in particular is a peculiarly lovely virtue. There is even, we may say, an aesthetic quality to thankfulness. "Praise is comely for the upright," said the Psalmist, who was an authority on the beauty of holiness. Even the world appreciates the aesthetic value of gratitude—as well as its earning power, acquisitive of future favors, as a practical asset of life—and poets in all ages have sung of the charm of a grateful spirit, the nobility of a responsive nature. Even

the birds look up when they drink, as if in mute recognition of the heavenly source of the bits of blessing which fall to them, and certainly man, much more richly endowed and blessed, should do at least as much, and express his "Thank you!" both by the testimony of the lips and the generous actions of the life.

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**For These Things We Give Thanks.**  
Thanksgiving day we should all be able to give thanks to our parents for these things:

For a clean name, unsullied by questionable transactions, honorable in human relations.

For an untainted birth, with such health as purity transmits, and for the brooding tenderness that guarded and cherished us before birth and made careful preparation for our coming.

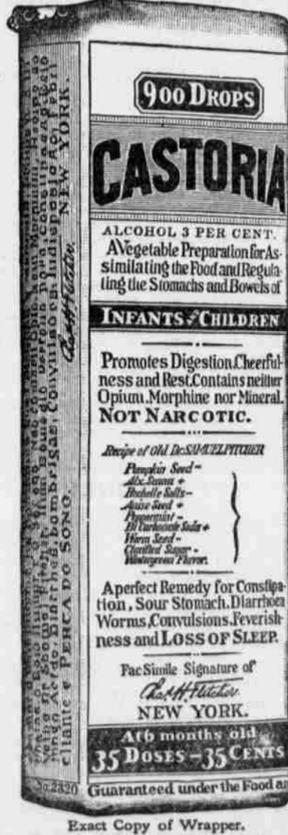
For wholesome food, sufficient clothing, and comfortable shelter until our coming of age, or during the lifetime of our parents.

For education, according to the best standards of which they knew suited to our individual needs and possibilities, and preparing us to earn our own livings.

For such knowledge of our bodies and minds, and such reverence for them as makes intemperance impossible.

**Forget Not His Benefits.**  
Why not rejoice more? Count up your golden mercies; count up your opportunities to do good; count up your "exceeding great and precious promises;" count up your joys of heirship to an incorruptible inheritance, and then march on the road heavenward. "Forget not all his benefits." "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name," is the declaration of an appreciative heart.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

**Washington's Proclamation.**  
The first Thanksgiving day proclamation ever issued by a president was signed by George Washington in 1789. The original is said to be in the possession of Rev. J. W. Wellman, who inherited it from his grandfather, William Ripley of Cornish, N. H. This proclamation was issued by request of both houses of congress through their joint committee.



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