

Thanksgiving Day, 1905

Great God who rulest all things here,
Whose gifts unnumbered crown the year,
Before Thy throne our thanks we bring,
And worship Thee, our gracious King.

Thy love supreme has clothed our fields,
In richest wealth that nature yields;
Our gardens filled with fruits and flowers,
Like Eden in its sweetest hours.

The golden harvest of the year,
Has filled the reapers' hearts with cheer,
And songs of "Harvest Home" are sung,
With thankful heart, and joyful tongue.

The flocks to greenest pastures led,
Have on the sweetest herbage fed,
And panting neath the summer heat,
Have drunk from fountains cool and sweet.

Pale winter came, a welcome guest,
With fleecy wrappings on her breast,
Her tender care, in love to show,
The sleeping earth, she wrapped in snow.

And when to us she bade goodbye,
We know the youthful Spring was nigh;
With birds and blooms upon her bowers,
Delight she brought with sun and showers.

And when to leave, her time, she knew,
She mildly bowed a sweet adieu;
The summer came in roses clad,
And made all nature gay and glad.

The autumn green's with us now,
With golden leaves upon her brow,
The richest of the year's band,
With cornucopia in her hand.—

By wisdom infinite designed,
All art and nature have combined
And made our land in song and worth,
A Paradise again on earth.

Now, since the bounties of the year,
Have brought us naught but love and cheer,
Here in our heart of hearts we raise,
Memorials of love and praise.

Inscribe them to the Lord Most High
Whose blessings all our wants supply,
And publish to the world abroad,
The lovingkindness of our God.

D. O. Parker.

The Old Folks.

If you would make the aged happy, lead them to feel that there is still a place for them where they can be useful. When you see their powers failing, do not notice it. It is enough for them to feel it, without a reminder. Do not humiliate them by doing things after them. Accept their offered services, and do not let them see you taking off the dust their poor eyesight has left undisturbed, or wiping up the liquid their trembling hands have spilled; rather let the dust remain, and the liquid stain the carpet, than rob them of their self-respect by seeing you cover their deficiencies. You may give them the best room in your house, you may garnish it with pictures, and flowers; you may yield them the best seat in your church pew, the easiest chair in your parlor, the highest seat of honor at your table; but if you lead, or leave, them to feel that they have passed their usefulness, you plant a thorn in their bosom that will rattle them while life lasts. If they are capable of doing nothing but preparing your kindlings, or darning your stockings, indulge them in those things, but never let them feel that it is because they can do nothing else; rather that they do this so well.

Do not ignore their taste and judgment. It may be that in their early days, and in the circle where they moved, they were as much sought and honored as you are now; until you arrive at that place, you can ill imagine your feelings should you be considered entirely void of these qualities, be regarded essential to no one, and your opinions be unsought, or discarded if given. They may have been active and successful in the training of children and youth in the way they should go; and will they not feel it keenly if no attempt is made to draw from this rich experience?

Indulge them as far as possible in their old habits. The various forms of society in which they were educated may be as dear to them as yours are now to you; and can they see them slighted or disowned without a pang? If they relish their meals better by turning their tea into the saucer, having their butter on the same plate with their food, or eating with both knife and fork, do not in word or deed imply to them that the customs of their days are obnoxious in good society, and that they are stepping down from respectability as they descend the hillside of life. Always bear in mind that the customers of which you are now so tenacious may be equally repugnant to the next generation.

In this connection I will say, do not notice the pronunciation of the aged. They speak as they were taught, and yours may be just as uncourtly to the generations following. I was once taught a lesson on this subject, which I shall never forget

while memory hold its sway. I was dining where a father brought his son to take charge of a literary institution. He was intelligent, but had not received the early advantages which he had labored to procure for his son; and his language was quite a contrast to that of the cultivated youth. But the attention and deference he gave to his father's quaint though wise remarks, placed him on a higher pinnacle in my mind than he was ever placed by his world-wide reputation as a scholar and writer.—Congregationalist.

An Altar in a Shack.

A minister from Eastern Canada was attending the Assembly of his church in Vancouver. On his way back, he stopped to visit two young men, brothers, who had taken up adjoining farms, and who were "baching" in the same "shack." The boys easily persuaded him to stay a few days with them, assuring him that they could cook and he would enjoy himself.

The visit proved a very enjoyable one and one of the happiest remembrances was the first evening spent together. They had a long talk over the old home and its surroundings. When it was time to retire, the oldest brother brought him a Bible containing the metre version of the Psalms.

"We have only two books," said he, "but J—and I can look on together."

"What Psalm shall we sing, then, boys?"

"We're beginning at the first, again, tonight," said J.—"We finished the last just this morning."

"I lead when we're alone," said J.—"I can try 'Shall we sing, boys?'" asked the minister. "I can't lead."

They began, the minister joining them as well as he could—his heart was full. He then opened the book, and they read, verse about, the fourth chapter of John; the boys were reading the New Testament in course, and this was their portion for the evening. The minister then offered a fervent prayer of thankfulness to God for his kindness to them, and for his blessing upon his young parishioners in their new home.

When they had risen, turning to the boys, he said: "Boys, I'm glad you worship together. Not many young fellows begin as early as you. What put it into your hearts to start it?"

Said the elder brother: "We promised mother the last night we were at home that we'd have worship every night and morning just as we had at home, and we've kept our word. They're singing and reading the same portions at home to-night. Mother sends us the Psalms and chapters ahead, every fortnight."

After a three days' visit the minister bade the boys good-bye and returned to his work. "But," he said, "that visit with the boys was worth the whole trip. I'll do my work better the rest of my life."

Every lone shack may have its altar and its holy of holies. Happy is the frontier settlement where there are altar fires burning, and blessed be the old homes that supply praying pioneers.—Rev. F. W. Murray, in Christian Endeavor World.

Losing Faith When Things go Well.

People say, "It is easy to trust God when things are going well with us." That is quite true. But let us not forget that it is a great deal easier to stop trusting God or thinking about him when things are going well with us, and we do not seem to need him so much as in the hours of darkness. There is danger of losing faith when things go well. And it is this danger from uninterrupted prosperity the Psalmist is referring to when he says: "Because they have no changes therefore they fear not God." Certainly prosperity and untroubled lives have their own most searching trials of faith.

There are disadvantages of having things go well. One, as we have mentioned, is forgetfulness of God. It is a strange perversity of human nature that we are so likely to leave God out of mind when things are going well with us, while we call upon him most quickly when in trouble. Another is pride and self-sufficiency. It does not take uninterrupted prosperity long to engender these feelings in most of men. It takes a large measure of grace to successfully resist the tendency. There are diseases that are common to the north,—the dark, ice-bound regions of the earth; but let us not forget there are a great many more that belong to the tropics. It is not well for us to live always in the sunshine. At least, it takes more grace to live well there amid the noticed, though unseen, dangers. "Because they have no changes therefore they fear not God."

There are advantages of having faith tested. The Edomite saint must have looked into birds' nests when he used the comparison. "I said, I shall die in my nest." This is what a good many people say. They build each a nest for himself, and not for a summer, but for a life. They say that they shall die in it after many years of enjoyment of it. But they need the treatment the mother-bird gives her young. Her first step is to make the nest uncomfortable. "As an eagle stirreth upon her nest," she mixeth the thorny outside with the downy inside. So God by his testing providences make the place of

rest one of unrest to us, and thus lures us out to trust ourselves to his care and guidance over untried ways. And so he brings us to a stronger, maturer, more useful life. The wind roots the tree deeper in the soil. The stormy waves cause the anchor to take a stronger grip. There are advantages in disadvantages. Disappointments have proven God's best appointments. Financial ruin has proven a man's salvation. Sickness has brought to many people their highest health. The uses of faith-testing have been corrective, instructive, sanctifying, satisfying. The trial of faith is often "found unto praise and honor and glory."—G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Interesting Lives.

"My life has been an interesting one" were the first words in the autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe, which two friends were beginning together. The reader read the sentence once and then again.

"I wonder," she said suddenly, "how many people could say that."

"Miss Co' be had an exceptional life," the other argued. "It was full of work and travel and splendid friendships; anybody would find such a life interesting to live. If it had been spent in a farmhouse kitchen now, or behind a counter, she wouldn't have written that."

But the reader shook her head. "No," she said, "I believe that's putting it the wrong way about it. It wasn't things that brought the interest; it was her deep, vital interest in life and humanity that called the things to her. I've tried to argue your way when I've been discontented and impatient, but it wouldn't go. I kept thinking of Apassiz finding a whole world of interest in his back yard, and of Stevenson, living so richly in exile—of Agassizes and Stevensons that the world will never know, who are living no less full and happy lives and, in spite of pain and imprisonment, finding life good. Do you know Miss Jones, in the Home for Incurables? Do you know that she has fifty correspondents, sick people, prisoners, missionaries in out-of-the-way parts of the world? Why she lives fifty lives in one. And don't you remember that dear old lady up in the Vermont hills who said she never was lonely because there were so many things in the world to love? I don't believe God ever meant any human being to have an uninteresting life."

"I believe you are right," the other answered slowly.—Forward.

Profaneness is an unmanly and silly vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy that bolsters up an opinion does not make it any more correct. Nay, the use of loose expletives argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side. And, if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion.—Dr Chapin.

He wants us to have hope, but hope is impossible without faith. He wants us to love Him supremely, but one cannot love a God he distrusts. He wants our obedience, but it is folly to speak of obeying one you deny. He wants our service, but no one will serve a God he discredits. Thus faith is back of all God seeks to develop in this life.—W. H. Griffith Thomas.

When we read our Lord's history we are often surprised at His hearty recognition of faith among men, and the unexpectedness of the joy it seemed to bring Him. "O woman, great is thy faith." "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole." "I have not found such great faith, no, not in Israel." "Let her alone, she hath done what she could." It almost seems as if there lay on our Lord a sense of gloom, an oppression of somberness, due, perhaps, to what he foresaw before Him, which made Him hardly anticipate such things among men; and when He found them, they broke the gloom and overjoyed Him.—A. B. Davidson.

Saints are not people living in cloisters after a fantastic ideal, but men and women immersed in the the scales on the counter, and the hubbub of the vulgar work of everyday life and worried by the small prosaic anxieties which fret us all, who amidst the whirr of the spindle in the mill, and the clink of the scales on the counter, and the hubbub of the market-place and the jangle of the courts are yet living lives of conscious devotion to God. The root idea of the word, which is an Old Testament word, is not moral purity, but separation to God.—A. McLaren.

God can do for you just what you need should be done. If it is not possible to take hold by faith, it is possible to ask for the faith to hold.—R. J. Campbell.

Make yourself a necessity to the world by what you contribute in the way of personal comfort, by what you are in embodying before men all that is gentle, generous and pure.—M. Dana.