

THANKSGIVING.

RECITATION.

Thank God that on a thousand hills
His summer gift the landscape fills;
And reapers in the joyous morn
Are busy with the ripened corn.

Thank God for coverlets of snow
That kept the corn-seed warm below;
And for the patient Mother Earth,
That nursed and fed it from its birth.

Thank God for all the generous rains,
And the hot sunshine on the plains;
And that the season's gray and gold
Brought increase of a hundred-fold.

Children's M. S.

FIELD STUDY FOR NOVEMBER.

OUR subjects for prayer and study this month—
"Medical Missions, Deaconess Work." You will
find our Field Study in the October number.

We quote from the *Missionary Review*: "Livingstone used to say, 'God had only one Son, and He gave Him to be a Medical Missionary.' Medical missions often remove prejudice, for when a man is sick he will usually seek the physician from whom he has most hope of help.

In the science of medicine—if medicine can be called a science—while some valuable remedies should be ascribed to missionaries, their great work has been in disabusing the minds of whole nations and peoples on the power of charm and philters and superstitious knicknacks, and in displacing them with medicines of undoubted value."

DEACONESSSES.

These are the words of Bishop Newman of the M. E. Church: "There is nothing in the services of the church that breaks up the fountain of my nature and stirs the depth of my soul so much as when I consecrate these deaconesses to the Master, for I consecrate them to a life of suffering. There is all there is of it—not their own suffering, but the suffering of others; their's for the Master in this regard. Henceforth you are to go forward where the sick are to be cared for, where orphans are to be watched over, where the sinner is to be reclaimed. You have given yourselves a glorious mission; it is a consecration to a life of suffering. And today you leave the world, its pleasures and its honors, and before God and His holy angels and this congregation you consecrate yourselves to this life of suffering. God be with you!"—*Miss. Review*.

We have not found time to prepare the Field Study for December this month, but hope to get out that month's Palm Branch in time for the leaders to prepare it for the Bands. By the way, will not some one volunteer to write it for us? The subject is "The Extinction of the Liquor, Opium and Slave Trades, and all covetous hindrances to Christianity." It ought to be an easy thing for any Canadian to write it, now that Canada has so nobly acquitted herself in the late contest. We never felt before so proud of our growing country.

An urgent invitation has come to Mrs. Mary H. Hunt to visit Japan next year to introduce scientific temperance instruction into the public schools of the empire. Until lately the minister of education upon whom so much depends, was not approachable, was, in fact anti-foreign, but Hon. Hamo, former president of the Imperial University, now holds that office, and is most desirous of introducing western methods and teaching. The door is open—they want the text books on temperance physiology used in this country, and they are waiting for a leader.—*Miss. Review*.

When Miss Williard was once asked what was the greatest need in the temperance cause, she replied: "Keep pounding on the nail; I have no new revelation. I know of no magical method, but hard, honest work." Not only is this a great need in the temperance work, but in every other.—*Miss. Review*.

THE COMPANY WHO TRY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Yes, I love the little winner,
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honour list;—
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thousands—
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place,
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance slip by;
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band that try.

'Tis the trying that is noble;
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough,
All will praise the happy winners;
But, when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company who try.