

Gratefulness.

(By George Herbert.)

O thou that hast giv'n so much to me,
Give thou one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more
And says. If he in this be crost,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy doore,
Tears sullyng thy transparent rooms
Gift upon gift; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on
And didst allow us all our noise;
Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone
Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, than grones can make;
But that these countrey-aies thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I erie, and erie again;
And in not quiet canst thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankfull, when it pleaseth me,
As if thy blessings had spare dayes;
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Hearts Full of Gratitude.

Thankfulness ought to be cultivated as a prime virtue. It is not half so egotistical as complacency. When the soul finds fault with the world it insinuates that the world is not half good enough for it. That soul says: 'Things do not suit me!' It is far better to suppress this egotism and enlarge all the outlying universe. No one knows what it is to live until one has reached the power to thank each little bird for singing, each butterfly for the down and color on its wings; the power to thank each friend for a 'Good morning,' each manly heart for its manly love; the rainbow for its arch; the sky for its blue; the violet for coming in the spring; the gentian for coming in the fall; the power to thank this country for its liberty and progress; the beautiful for their beauty; the good for their goodness; the deep wish to honor the memory of the dead generations for what they did for us, their children; to bless the name of the heroes and martyrs whose tears of long ago have been changed into our joy; the power to thank Jesus Christ for each step He took in Palestine, and for those words that composed our philosophy, and for the moral beauty that entranced our world. When the human heart thus bursts with thankfulness; then it is joy and heaven to live.—'Swing.'

Thanksgiving and Thanksliving.

Some writer has said, 'Thanksliving is better than thanksgiving.' And at the foundation of thanksgiving is the rendering of our all to God as our reasonable service, and then shall we be prepared to live in grateful praise and homage to the God of our life.

The sacred writers condemn thanksgiving without thanksliving. Isaiah says: 'The Lord said . . . this people draw nigh with their mouth, and with their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart far from me.' And our Saviour's complaint was, 'Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?'

In Eph. v., 15-20, we have the thanksliving shown in the first verses, and the thanksgiving described in the last. 'Look carefully how ye walk,' let your walk be accurate, exact, not as unwise, but wise. Thus shall we bring

honor to Him whose name we bear—this will be the thanksgiving He will prize. Throughout this whole passage there is the contrast between the life of a heathen and that of a Christian. Verse 19. The indwelling Spirit so fills our hearts with unrestrainable joy that we must give vent to our feelings with our voice. True thanksgiving thus expresses itself in sacred song (Col. iii., 15-17). Verse 20. Thanksgiving for the trials as well as the joys, for the pain as well as the pleasure, in time of adversity as well as prosperity. Thanksliving by our grateful acceptance of all that comes, be it weal or woe, knowing it is from the hand of a loving Heavenly Father.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Thanksgiving.

If you are grateful, say so. Thanksgiving is only half-thanksgiving till it blossoms into expression. Learn a lesson from the noble-hearted Indian, in whose village the missionary, passing through, had left a few pages of the gospel in the Indian tongue. Our Indian read and rejoiced. Measuring the missionary's footprint, he fitted it with magnificent moccasins, and travelled two hundred miles to give them to the missionary as an expression of his gratitude. Thus the missionary was enriched by the present, but the Indian was enriched far more by the thanksgiving.

The best thanksgiving is a happy heart. Blossoms mean nothing on a dead stick. When the Czar once 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 cotton famine in Lancashire, Eng. 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 waggon-load of cotton, the earnest of returning opportunity to labor. With what new eyes did the people look upon that common place material! They met the waggon 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 or not noticed at all, of which if we were deprived, their return would be welcomed with equal transports.

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 master 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 would live more out of doors; but we can all of us surround our work with the cheery atmosphere which our Father has breathed into all his works.

Some of the things for which we shall be most thankful some day are our apparent misfortunes. Looking back over my life, I can already see several places where my own will, which was thwarted to my great grief, would have spoiled my life; and one of my constant excuses for gratitude now is that God did not let me have my way. And if that is true of some things, with my imperfect knowledge, I am sure that in heaven's clear vision I shall see it to be true of all things. Col. Higginson has well voiced the thought in the following lines:

'An easy thing, O power divine!
To thank thee for these gifts of thine—
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearths that kindle, words that glow;
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss?'

—Amos N. Wells.

He who does not feel that no blessings could come from heaven unless forgiveness cleared the way for them, has yet to learn the deepest music of thankfulness.—Alexander McLaren, D.D.

Religious Notes.

We are accustomed to think of thank-offerings to the Lord as consisting always and only of money or its equivalent. But the Bishop of Dorking recently issued an inspiring call for 'a substantial and notable offering of men to go abroad,' and asks that ten clergymen of his diocese offer themselves. He offers his own name first. Why should not men, and women, too, offer themselves in gratitude and thanksgiving to go where the Lord wants them to go, and to do what He wants them to do?—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The Czar of Russia made an extraordinary exception to the rules of the Siberian Railroad and directed that passes be given R. C. Morse, general secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America and his party of delegates from the World's Student Conference at Tokio, across Siberia to St. Petersburg, that they may visit and address the new association called 'The Lighthouse,' in St. Petersburg. This now has nearly 1,500 members.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Bishop Foss writes in the 'Christian Advocate':

'The Island of Kangwha lies in the mouth of the Han River between Seoul and Chemulpo. It is almost twenty miles long and sixteen miles wide, and has an estimated population of about 17,000. Dr. George Heber Jones began work there in 1892, being the first missionary to gain a footing on the island. On his first visit he was turned back from the gate of the Prefectural City, not being permitted to enter because he was a foreigner. Shortly afterward a footing was secured in a small hamlet on the farther side from the Prefectural City, and from there the work has spread throughout the island; until now we have 31 groups of village churches, organized into three circuits with about 3,500 members, including probationers.

'Such surprising successes are by no means confined to our own church. Indeed the Presbyterians—four denominations of them now happily consolidating into one—have in the aggregate far outstripped us. One hundred thousand is believed to be a moderate estimate of the Christians in Korea, and of these the Presbyterian Church has the care of at least three-fifths. One of its pastors writes from the village of Syen Chyun: "Of the 3,000 people in the town, about 1,400 are enrolled as Sunday school scholars."

'Having recently had some opportunities for observation, and many for careful inquiry in India, Malaysia, China, Japan and Korea, I must say that the Korean Christian seems to me to take high rank among Oriental Christians for (1) Bible study; (2) prevailing prayer; (3) high moral standards; and (4) the effort at self-support in the churches.'

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