

Thanksgiving Day.

(Robert Bridges, in 'Collier's Weekly.')

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for armed legions, marching in their
might,
Not for the glory of the well-earned fight
Where brave men slay their brothers also
brave;
But for the millions of Thy sons who work—
And do Thy task with joy,—and never shirk,
And deem the idle man a burdened slave:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the turrets of our men-of-war—
The monstrous guns, and deadly steel they
pour
To crush our foes and make them bow the
knee;
But for the homely sailors of Thy deep,
The tireless fisher-folk who banish sleep
And lure a living from the miser sea:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the mighty men who pile up gold,
Not for the phantom millions, bought and sold,
And all the arrogance of pomp and greed;
But for the pioneers who plough the field,
Make deserts blossom, and the mountain yield
Its hidden treasures for man's daily need:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give Thee thanks, O Lord!
Not for the palaces that wealth has grown,
Where ease is worshipped—duty dimly known,
And Pleasure leads her dance the flowery
way;
But for the quiet homes where love is queen
And life is more than baubles, touched and
seen,
And old folks bless us, and dear children
play:
For these, O Lord, our thanks!
Therefore, praises to the throne!

The Deepest Thanksgiving.

Francis of Sales, a saint in nature and life
as well as in name, in enumerating some
causes of thanksgiving in the quaint lan-
guage of the seventeenth century, uses these
very suggestive words:

Consider the bodily gifts which God has
given you; what a body, what conveniences
to maintain it, what health and lawful com-
forts for it; what friends and assistances.
And consider all this in comparison with the
lot of so many other persons, much more
worthy than yourself, who are destitute of
all these blessings; some defective in body,
health, and limbs; others subjected to re-
proaches, contempt, and dishonor; others
weighed down with poverty; and God has not
suffered you to be so miserable.

Consider your gifts of mind. How many
are there in the world stupid, mad, foolish;
and why are you not among them? God has
favored you. How many are there who have
been brought up coarsely and in gross igno-
rance? And by God's providence you have
been well nurtured and educated.

Consider your spiritual graces. . . . God
has given you a knowledge of himself even
from your youth. How often has he given
you his sacraments? How often inspirations,
interior illuminations, and warnings for your
amendment? How often has he pardoned you
your faults? How often has he delivered you
from occasions of sin to which you have been
exposed? And have not your past years been
so much time and opportunity to advance the

good of your soul? Consider in detail how
good and gracious God has been to you.—'The
Outlook.'

Converted by Silence.

At the opening of each conference service
held in connection with the famous Mildmay
Deaconesses Institutions of London, Eng-
land, a season of silent prayer is observed,
usually for about five minutes. This is most
impressive,—a crowded house, all heads bow-
ed in prayer to him who, unseen, is 'in the
midst.'

Through the influence of one of these silent
seasons a gentleman was converted. He re-
lates the circumstances himself: 'Such a thing
as attending a gospel meeting on a week-night
I had not done for years. But to please a
dear sister and her friend, I promised to go
for just one evening to the Mildmay confer-
ence.

'What struck me first was the solemnity of
the silent prayer. To witness so many hun-
dreds bowed in solemn silence before the
throne of grace, pleading especially for the un-
converted there present, filled me with awe,
and made me feel decidedly uncomfortable. I
wondered whether I was to be really convert-
ed that night. To pray for such a thing was
impossible. I did not wish it.

'I left the hall anxious and miserable. Till
late in the morning I wrestled in prayer to
God for pardon and peace without obtaining
an answer, and, quite worn out, at 4 a.m. I
lay down to rest.' On Awakening, after prayer,
he found peace in reading St. Mark xi, 24-26.
—'C. E. World.'

The Shepherd.

(Mrs. John Mott.)

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not
want.'

I shall not want rest. 'He maketh me to
lie down in green pastures.'

I shall not want drink. 'He leadeth me be-
side the still waters.'

I shall not want forgiveness. 'He restoreth
my soul.'

I shall not want guidance. 'He guideth me
in the paths of righteousness for his name's
sake.'

I shall not want companionship. 'Yea,
though I walk through the valley of the shad-
ow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art
with me.'

I shall not want comfort. 'Thy rod and
thy staff they comfort me.'

I shall not want food. 'Thou preparest a
table before me in the presence of mine ene-
mies.'

I shall not want joy. 'Thou anintest my
head with oil.'

I shall not want anything. 'My cup runneth
over.'

I shall not want anything in this life.
'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life.'

I shall not want anything in eternity. 'For
I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

That is what David said he would find in
the Good Shepherd. And one day it occurred
to me to see how this twenty-third Psalm
was fulfilled in Christ. This is what I found
in Christ's own words:

'I am the Good Shepherd.'

Thou shalt not want rest. 'Come unto me
all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I
will give you rest.'

Thou shalt not want drink. 'If any man
thirst let him come unto me and drink.'

Thou shalt not want forgiveness. 'The Son
of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'

Thou shalt not want guidance. 'I am the
way and the truth and the life.'

Thou shalt not want companionship. 'Lo,
I am with you all the days.'

Thou shalt not want comfort. 'The Father
shall give you another Comforter.'

Thou shalt not want food. 'I am the Bread
of Life; he that cometh to me shall not hun-
ger.'

Thou shalt not want joy. 'That my joy
may be in you and that your joy may be
filled full.'

Thou shalt not want anything. 'If ye shall
ask anything of the Father in my name he
will give it to you.'

Thou shalt not want anything in this life.
'Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteous-
ness and all these things shall be added unto
you.'

Thou shalt not want anything in eternity.
'I go to prepare a place for you that where
I am there ye may be also.'—Northfield
Echoes.

For All.

(Eva Williams Malone, in 'Wellspring.')

Shall I but thank thee for the good
That comes to me through good,
Forgetful that ofttimes our grief
Is joy misunderstood?

Shall I but reckon blessings those
My holden eyes can see,
Unmindful of the viewless ills
Thy love keeps back from me?

For good, for ill, for joy, for pain,
My Lord shall I not bless,
Since each is measured unto me
With equal tenderness?

Short Sayings of Great Mis- sionaries.

If I am to go on the shelf, let that shelf be
Africa.—Livingstone.

If I had a thousand years to work for God,
I would work for God in China.—Rev. Isaac T.
Headland, D.D., of Pekin University.

Men who live near to God and are willing
to suffer anything for Christ's sake without
being proud of it—these are the men that we
want.—Judson.

To thee, O Lord, I offer myself, my children
and all I possess. May it please thee, who
did so humble thyself to the death of the
cross, to condescend to accept all that I give
thee that I and my wife and my children may
be thy lowly servants.—Raymond Lull, first
missionary to Mohammedans.

Yes, I feel willing to be placed in that sit-
uation in which I can do the most good, though
it were to carry the gospel to the distant,
benighted heathen.—Mrs. Ann H. Judson, the
first American woman foreign missionary.

I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought
not to talk when we remember the great sacri-
fice which he made who left his father's throne
on high to give himself for us.—Livingstone.

Whoever goes to preach the unsearchable
riches of Christ among the heathen, goes on a
warfare which requires all prayer and sup-
plication to keep his armor bright.—Dr. Mof-
fat.

I am born for God only. Christ is nearer
to me than father or mother or sister—a near-
er relative, a more affectionate friend; and
I rejoice to follow him and to love him.—
Henry Martyn.

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