

### A Thanksgiving to God.

Lord, Thou has given me a cell, wherein to dwell;  
 A little house whose humble roof is weather proof;  
 Under the spars of which I lie both soft and dry—  
 Where Thou, my chamber for to ward, has sent a guard  
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep me, while I sleep.  
 Low is my porch, as is my fate—both void of state,  
 And yet the threshold of my door is worn by poor  
 Who thither come, and freely get good words, or meat.  
 Like as my parlor, so my hall and kitchen's small,  
 A little buttery, and therein a little bin  
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread unchipt, unfled.  
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar make me a fire,  
 Close by whose living coal I sit, and glow like it.  
 Lord, I confess, too, when I dine, the pulse is Thine,  
 And all those other bits that be there placed by Thee—  
 The worts, the purslane and the mess of water-cress,  
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent; and my content  
 Makes these and my beloved beet to be more sweet.  
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth with guiltless mirth,  
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink spiced to the brink,  
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand that soils my land,  
 And giv'st me from my bushel sown twice ten for one;  
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay her egg each day;  
 Besides my healthful ewes to bear the twins each year—  
 The while the conduits of my Rhine run cream for wine.  
 All these and better Thou do'st send me to this end—  
 That I should render, for my part, a thankful heart;  
 Which, fired with incense, I resign as wholly Thine;  
 But the acceptance, that must be, my Christ, by Thee.  
 —Robert Herrick (1594-1634).

### Was This Your Mother?

Nowadays, when there are several children in the household, the task of aiding all of them with their lessons becomes rather a serious problem. One overburdened mother, who was obliged to decline an invitation to pay a visit, went on to give her reasons.

'No,' she said, 'I can't possibly leave my home for a whole half-day. You see, I'm obliged to spend all my time helping the children with their lessons, their teachers give them all so much outside work to do. It takes me from seven to ten every night to solve Harold's problems in algebra, from four to six every evening I have to look up historical topics at the library for Isabel while she is struggling with her Latin, and from one until four I am either looking for pieces for little Henry to speak in the fifth grade or pressing Isabel's botanical specimens or translating Nellie's French—the poor child's not very strong, you know, and I don't like to have her sit up too late at night.'  
 'Then why not come to me in the morn-

ing?' asked her friend. 'This very morning, for instance.'

'No,' replied the busy mother, with evident reluctance. 'I'd really like to, but I promised to spend this morning doing something for Robert. The poor child would be so disappointed if I failed him!'

'What are you going to do for Robert?' asked the friend.

'Well,' returned the devoted mother, 'I'm going to the swamp back of the cemetery to catch a large green frog for him to take this afternoon to his biology class at his school.'  
 —Exchange.

## Cash Prizes Being Sacrificed.

### Second Week.

It cannot be helped. We offered prizes—and the prizes aggregating \$350.00 cash must be awarded to the successful competitors no matter how little they do for us. So far the prizes have stimulated hardly any effort. Everybody seems to have concluded that anybody else could do better.

The result of this reasoning is that few people have entered the competition.

The prizes for last week are awarded as follows:—

**\$10.00 TO JOHN BUCHANAN, NOVA SCOTIA,** who sends us six dollars worth of subscriptions. Mr. Buchanan says "The publications are worth the full value, so I do not deduct my commission."

**\$5.00 to Mr. ROBERT M. CRAM, Ontario,** who sends \$2.35. Mr. M. Cram gets also \$1.86 commission—netting him \$6.86 profit. In other words we give him almost three times as much as he sent us.

It will be noticed that the prizes for the second week were won on even smaller lists than those for the first week of the competition.

What is the matter? It is quite evident that the boys and girls have not so much as read our offers, or they at least would have started to work at once.

An occasional five or ten dollar bill is a great thing to a school boy, if not to older people, and he has as good a chance for the two hundred dollar prize as anyone else—especially if he can say he is working for a scholarship for himself or someone else.

So far Mr. Newcomb of Nova Scotia, with his remittance of \$12.25 has not only already made \$18.23 for himself, but will take the \$200.00 prize besides, unless some one else sends more than that.

If there is no canvass being made in your particular district, it offers a fine chance for some one.

Both of these have also an interest in the large season prize to be awarded next June.

The third weekly competition will close Saturday, November 5th. Who will head the list next week?

These weekly competitions will continue until December 24th.

**These Prizes were despatched on Monday.**