

HYMN.

Tune.—Talent. Laudes Domini.

God entrusts to all
Talents few or many,
None so young or small
That they have not any.
Tho' the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And I must not slumber.

Little drops of rain
Bring the spruiging flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?
God entrusts to all
Talents few or many,
None so young or small
That they have not any!

Field Study for November.

THANKSGIVING, CONFESSON, INCREASE OF
KNOWLEDGE AND OF LIBERALITY.

2 COR. IX. : 8, 11, 15.

This is the very time of year when thanksgiving fills the air. The ingathering of the fruits of the earth reminds us of our Father's goodness to us as a people. He has been mindful of the sowing and planting done in the early spring, and He has given us the glorious sunshine and the timely showers of rain, each to help in the growth and ripening of the harvest. And so, as we think of our many mercies, our hearts are full of praise to the Giver of all good. There is so much to be thankful for. I cannot believe that there is one of our many Mission Band girls, who is so poor, that she has no cause for thankfulness. God may not give us all riches of the same kind, but He always gives us riches of some kind; often she who is called the poorest girl is rich in a larger, better way than the girl whose father owns his millions.

But now comes the question, are we grateful? If so, how are we going to show forth our gratitude? I like the idea of thanksgiving and confession going together. It is a looking at God's side, and then with hearts filled with shame looking at our side, and regretting the smallness and unfaithfulness of our lives. And that makes us think of the text which stands with our subject for prayer. If God is willing and able to make all grace abound

to us, shall not we, having all sufficiency in everything, "abound unto every good work?" I wonder what that might mean, if it were worked out in each of our lives during the next year. Some one will say—"we would have more money in our mite boxes." No doubt we should, and more than that we would have better attendance at our meetings, and everyone more willing to do her share in making the meeting helpful. I am sure there would be more voices raised in prayer. And the "good work" would abound during the month or fortnight between our meeting together. Many of us need to abound in knowledge. Just as surely as we increase our knowledge of work done by Missionaries, and are more fully alive to their needs and difficulties, even so will our desire to bring greater gifts increase. Let us aim to gain information and to give it, and we would all do well to follow the example of "Jean" of whom we read in our last paper, and he determined to find some way of getting honest money for our treasury. We never can be so rich in our liberality that our gifts shall measure up to that great gift which God gave to us in His only son, but we can all do our best and angels could not do more. H. S. S.

Questions for November.

- Why does this time of the year remind us of God's goodness to us as a people?
- What has God done toward the harvest?
- How do we feel when we think of it?
- Have we anything to be thankful for?
- In what way can a poor girl be rich?
- What important question comes now?
- Why is the idea of thanksgiving and confession together a good one?
- What is the text for this month?
- If that were worked out in our lives next year, what would be the first result?
- The second result?
- Fourth and fifth?
- What do we need?
- Will you tell us what that knowledge is that we need and what it will do for us?
- What must we aim to do?
- In what should we follow Jean's example?
- How much can we do?

Words of Cheer for Weary Workers

"It is raining, little flower
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee,
T'will shine again,
The sky is very black, 'tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad again;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their weary work have done."