

THANKSGIVING.

INEZ V. SLADE.

Dear Lord, Thou knowest in my heart
I thank Thee. First of all
For thine own self, so near, so dear,
I cannot faint nor fall.

Then for the friends Thou givest me,
For kind words, care and love
For a heart to know and a mind to see
That all comes from above.

I thank Thee for the fields and hills,
For light and air, for rain and gloom—
For who would know the joy of light,
If shadows there were none.

I thank Thee for a tongue to speak,
A voice to sing Thy praise,
O may I use them but for Thee,
Nor wander from Thy ways.

And though one day is set apart,
To thank Thee, Father, dear,
May our lives glad thanks arise
On every day of every year.
Fillmore, N. Y., —In Wes. Methodist.

WHERE ARE THE MEN TO HOLD THEM?

There are thousands of pastors and churches, who desire revivals of religion that will save the lost, increase the membership, deepen piety, stimulate spiritual zeal, increase the attendance at Sabbath school and prayer-meeting, quicken the missionary spirit and produce holiness in the hearts and lives of the people, building up the whole kingdom of God in the earth. But where are the men to hold these revivals? Scores, yes hundreds of letters come to the editor of this paper begging for some one to help in revivals.

Men of true piety, solid, practical sense, and a good degree of culture, kind hearted, sunshiny, enthusiastic soul-winners are in demand for revival work. The demand cannot be supplied.

These men must be Spirit-filled, and God-sent, and their message must have the authority of the Bible, the ring of sincerity, and the odor of love. They must have a knowledge of how to manage men, interest, draw, instruct, convince, and lead them to Jesus Christ. They must be respectful to the old, kind to the young and perfectly discreet in their manner, and attitude toward women. They are not wanted to rave and whoop and rage and tell an endless story of their exploits and victories elsewhere, but they are wanted to preach the gospel.

The people will pack the churches, not all churches, but many of them; and in the long run most of them will come to hear the gospel. They will listen eagerly to sermons on the crucifixion, repentance, restoration, faith, regeneration, sanctification, the future punishment of the lost, the judgment day, and all practical evangelical subjects. The fields are white to the harvest. The people are hungry for the bread of life. Where are the evangelists to push out, singing the songs, and preaching the gospel of triumph into these fields? Stop—it is not whiners, fault-finders, complainers, or abusers that are wanted.

The people are not hungering and thirsting to hear you scold at the times, abuse some ecclesiastic, or predict the death and destruction of all mankind, and lament the impossibility of a revival of religion. Don't deepen their darkness with your own gloom. Turn on the light. Don't beat their hungry faces with last year's cornstalks—give them bread. Don't put up the iron bars of doubt between them, and a Saviour. Take the sledge-hammer of eternal truth and burst the prison doors of their captivity and set them free.

I say in defiance of all devils, and doubting men, that the great tree of God's infinite mercy and love spreads over us, with every limb bending beneath the weight of a gracious revival—the great need is men of faith, and prayer, and courage, and endurance to shake the limbs, that their precious fruits may fall upon the hungry multitudes. But where must we begin? Begin, begin anywhere, begin on any street corner, village school house, or old millshed. Call with the voice of a heavensent messenger and the people will come. Feed them with the bread of life, and they will come back. But there will be opposition, of course. The Russians opposed the Japanese taking Port Arthur, but they took it. Christ met with opposition, but He was able to say, "I have finished the work which

thou gavest me to do."

Paul met with opposition, but he could say none of these things move me. Martin Luther, John Bunyan, John Wesley, and every other heroic soul that has ever undertaken to do good has met with opposition; but they persisted and prevailed. What others have done we may do. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" —Pentecostal Herald.

THE LIQUOR INTERESTS TURN.

The strongest blow aimed at the liquor interests in these latter days is the concerted action of the great business corporations in discriminating in their employment against those who are addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks and beer. The blow is having its effect. There is no man so dull and besotted but that he can feel and understand the force of the argument. The liquor dealers have become alarmed, and they have turned. The distilling and brewing interests have straitly threatened those railroad corporations which have discriminated against liquor-drinking employees with the boycott unless they withdraw their orders and ease up in their antagonism to the liquor interests. These distilling and brewing companies have been making large shipments of their commodities over the railroads to the great profit of these roads.

These shipments they propose to "withdraw from the roads that have made discrimination and to give them to other roads which have made no discrimination. There are nearly a million and a half railroad employees in the United States and their custom is worth striving for by the liquor interests. While formerly the best customers of the saloon were said to be railroad men, now their patronage amounts to practically nothing. Of course if a boycott would ease up this stringency on the part of the railroads, the boycott would be instituted forthwith. In view of the threat we like this stand taken and the utterance of the vice-president of one of the implicated railroads. He says: "It is true the whiskey and brewing interests are after the railroads on account of the rules adopted by us against the drinking of intoxicating liquors by our employees. The liquor people threaten to boycott the lines that have promulgated those rules, the threat being that their output will be shipped over roads that still allow their employees more 'personal liberty.' While the revenue to the railroads from the transportation of whiskey and beer, particularly the latter, is large, we will not change our rules. Our rules against drinking were made to protect human life and property. Now it looks to us as though it were a question of trading human lives and property for the business of the whiskey and brewing interests; that is exactly what is asked of us, for we do not consider the lives of our passengers safe with a drunken engineer in the cab, and unless we have strong rules against it, we are liable to have intoxicated employees in charge of our trains, passenger and freight. Railroad employees to-day represent, we think, the highest class of labor. There has never been a single protest on the part of our men against the rule prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquor, except from those who have been discharged, and the latter protestations are never countenanced by the brotherhoods representing the employees."—Methodist Recorder.

Professors of religion should never satisfy themselves, or expect a revival just by starting out of their slumbers and blustering about, and talking to sinners. They must get the fallow ground of their hearts broken up.

It is utterly inphilosophical to think of getting engaged in religion in this manner. If your fallow ground is broken up, then the way to get more feeling is to go out and see sinners on the road to hell, and talk to them, and you will get more feeling. You may get into an excitement without this breaking up; you may shew a kind of zeal, but it will not last long, and it will not take hold of sinners unless your hearts are broken up. The reason is you go about it mechanically and have not broken up your fallow ground.—fancy

A DOUBLE DANGER THREATENING THE NATION.

Three facts should be faced at once by every citizen of this country: First, that the manufacture and consumption of patent medicines as carried on in the United States has become a gigantic evil, tending to fasten upon multitudes of people the drink habit; second, this fact grows out of another fact, that these medicines in nearly every instance are composed of a poor grade of whiskey, with a little drug of some sort to give a flavor and disguise the deception; third, the recent ruling of the department at Washington that these medicines containing a certain per cent. of alcohol can be sold only after the manufacturers have paid the internal revenue required for other alcoholic liquors and that druggists must take out a licence for selling these medicines the same as for dispensing other alcoholic liquors is good and right and to the point but should be supplemented by state legislation which would be almost prohibitive of the manufacture and sale of all such so-called remedies. Collier's Weekly for November 4th contains an article and exhibit showing why the newspapers of the country are so slow to take up this issue. We wish each of our readers could see and read this article, but inasmuch as many of them cannot we epitomize here a few points for the benefit of those who will not be able to secure the original article. First of all a student of this subject must remember that the greater part of the income of almost all of the newspapers of the country is derived from advertising, hence whatever touches the advertising of a newspaper touches a vital point. Then let it be remembered that the manufacturers of patent medicines are the largest advertisers in the world, and the connection between the silence of the papers and the reason for that silence is easy to be understood. But there is a fact of far deeper significance, the manufacturers of these medicines, evidently knowing the viciousness of their work and foreseeing the war sure to come, have forestalled any use of the newspapers in the war against the patent medicine form of the liquor traffic by advertising largely in the newspapers, and they have entered into contracts with the papers in which they advertise, which are of such a nature as to make it almost suicidal to open the columns of a paper to anything against these medicines, which are very little more than drugged whiskey. The plot here revealed shows a foresight and ingenuity of gigantic proportions. Usually the public looks to the newspapers to expose evils, but here are almost all of the papers of the nation padlocked by financial interests and contracts against saying a word against one of the giant evils of the times. How long will the American public consent to a press that dares not expose an evil like that of making drunkards by the use of medicine?—Wesleyan Methodist.

KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS.

Alcohol is known by its fruits. Let us not judge it by the unopened bud nor by the unfolding blossoms, but by its ripened fruit. We must go to the prisons and insane asylums to study the completed product. We find it in the hospitals, where doctors fight a hopeless battle against incurable diseases. We see it in the sanitarium where wrecks of men struggle to revive exhausted will power. In wretched homes, in the faces of children who shrink from father's homecoming, in almost every form of vice, in nearly every phase of suffering, we find its ripened fruit.

Known by its fruits! Who will praise the fragrance of the blossom which matures in misery and death?—Sel.

The evils of alcoholism are set forth at great length on a municipal poster, with which the streets of Lambeth have been placarded. A great point is made of the connection between physical deterioration and alcoholism. The manifesto concludes, "The sins of alcoholic parents are often visited upon the children in the form of paralysis, epilepsy, idiocy on other brain troubles, by which such children are permanently disabled, if not killed outright. In short, alcoholism is the most terrible enemy to personal health, to family happiness and to national prosperity, and even to the future of the race."—Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A SMART BOY.

A boy with a sling-shot went out one day to practice shooting. He took careful aim at a little dog and pulled the rubber hard. The stone went straight for the poor dog and hit him so cruelly that he yelped with fear and pain. The boy was very proud of his skill.

Next he saw an empty dwelling with a window-glass broken. He hit and broke another, and shouted to see how much he could do.

Pretty soon he saw a robin swinging on the limb of a tree. The bird had a nest in the tree, and had brought a nice fat worm to the little robins, and was just going to find another bit of dinner for them. The boy with the sling-shot said to himself, "I believe I can hit that bird." He crept up quietly, for he was a pretty smart boy, and raised his good sling and fired. The poor mother robin came tumbling to the ground, and the boy ran shouting to pick her up. Her wing was broken so that she could only flutter about in weakness and pain.

The boy felt almost sorry, but he carried the bird to show to his mother. After going a little way he began to think that he would not care to tell his mother that he had hurt the little bird. He laid the poor thing down on the grass and it soon died. Yet the boy was real proud of himself as he thought how the boys would open their eyes when he told them of hitting a bird with his gun.

Those little robins in the nest cried for their mother a long time, and two of them that were very hungry stretched their necks up and wriggled until they fell out of the nest and a big cat ate them.

The two little birds left in the nest without mother or supper cried piteously as it grew dark. Before morning they became too weak to cry, and when the boy was eating a good breakfast they died of cold and hunger. Widow Robin's home was despoiled, and only a few little feathers and bones were left.

The boy was very much pleased that he could hit dogs and birds, but at night he was glad to have his mother tuck him in bed and kiss him. It made him feel safer. When the lightning and thunder frightened him he hoped that God would care for him. He forgot that his God made the birds, and that he saw that poor robin fall to the ground.

A boy who needs so much tender care should love and protect the little birds that God made and feeds.—Charles Mack in The Advance.

THE PRAYING DAUGHTER.

Evangelist Milton L. Haney in his story of his life gives an incident of the prayers of a girl of eleven years, which occurred at St. David's, Ontario, in the year 1900, during the progress of one of his meetings.

She was the middle one of three daughters of Pastor Dyke. What great faith a child may have!

What teaching of God and of faith this child must have enjoyed!

The incident is as follows:

Each one of these children was a beautiful Christian. But the middle one I marked as having a remarkable knowledge of God.

Each of them had her father's work on her heart, and was in daily prayer for the meeting.

I rested on the second or third Sabbath in the forenoon, while the pastor preached at another point.

There seemed to be no one in the house but the middle child and myself, and I heard her in fervent prayer.

Coming out of my room into the hall, I could hear her distinctly, and found she was not praying for herself at all, but for the afternoon meeting.

It was a case of real supplication. I have no power to write it as it occurred to me.

The child seemed in lone audience with God. Her soul insisted that God should melt the hearts of the people, and bring them to the altar of prayer. The altar must be filled at that hour.

She would nearly reach the climax, and then relax a little, but take hold with a firmer grasp, till she came the third time—and prevailed.

When God answered she ceased at once to pray, and poured out her soul in praise; clapping her little hands, and shouting

aloud her praises. Then she sang a hymn of triumph, and came down stairs.

I gave no intimation that I had heard her, but I think I never saw a calmer or more settled soul.

When her mamma came in, she told her the altar was going to be filled with seekers at three o'clock.

The father came directly to the church, and knew nothing of what had occurred.

I preached, and had no unusual liberty. But when the call was made, the people came at once from every part of the church, and filled the altar from right to left.

The child expected what occurred, as though she had seen it all before hand, and after the altar was filled, went and knelt near a penitent sinner.

Her father, thinking she was there as a seeker, came and asked her if she was in trouble of soul for herself, to which she replied, "O, no, papa; but I am here praying for these dear sinners!"

In all of this ministry, I have not witnessed a more wonderful case of prevailing prayer.

Shall we ever learn our rights at the Throne?—Christian Harvester.

REMARKABLY APPROPRIATE.

At the Grand Central Palace in New York has been held recently a tobacco show, and one of the means of making the advertising features of this show more than ordinarily effective was a human being dressed exactly like the devil as seen in pictures. This man was given so much attention in a certain saloon that he forgot to return to his place in the show and sauntered down Wall street where he threw some of the financiers of the world almost into spasms, but was later captured and properly restored to his place. Seldom have we heard of a more appropriate method of advertising tobacco, it is almost astonishing in keeping with the effect produced by the use of that vile weed. That Satan should be called upon to help advertise a thing of which he makes such horrible use in the destruction of men is not at all strange.—Wesleyan Methodist.

RECOGNIZING OUR BEST FRIEND.

Is God our last hope or our first? Many a man has turned to his Heavenly Father only in his extremity, as a last resource. Men who have not prayed for years have dropped upon their knees—or asked some one else to do so—on the deck of a sinking ship, or when the last hope in the universe, for this life and for the next, was God. Other men, in the midst of physical safety and prosperity, are nevertheless turning to God daily and hourly, not as their last, forlorn hope, but as the glorious assembling of all their hope: as the richest blessing beyond all other blessings in this present hour of blessing. How much more the Father can do for those who are ready to find in Him every good thing, than for those who leave Him until every other hope has been tried and proved false! He will do all He can for those who turn to Him last; but His greatest blessings are for those who seek Him first.—S. S. Times.

There is a legend which tells of two angels—the Angel of Requests and the Angel of Thanksgiving, leaving heaven to gather the petitions of men to be carried up to God. Each had a great basket in his hand. The Angel of Requests soon had his basket so filled that he could scarcely carry it, while the basket of the Angel of Thanksgiving was almost empty. God hears a great many cries for help and pleadings for favors, but not so many glad voices of praise. Of ten lepers who were healed only one returned to give thanks. So it is with most of us; we eagerly flee to God when we need help and call upon him for deliverance and for relief; but when the blessing we sought is given to us, how many of us return to God to thank him for the good things he has done for us?—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.—Lubbock.