

of their habitation." Though the human means were often more than questionable, He that maketh the wrath of man to praise Him gave to Britain not only her island home, but all her other possessions in each quarter of the globe, to be held for liberty and religion. And thus,—as not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father, and the hairs of our heads are all numbered—every one of us can say, whether he has followed the leading of God or his own wayward will—"The lines have fallen unto me" where I am to-day, in this country, in my family relationships, in my outward circumstances. What an argument for contentment with the present, and hope for the future, is this, "HE shall choose our inheritance for us."

David also says, "I have a goodly heritage;"—that is, "I am not the first to inhabit these 'pleasant places,' but the 'lot' has come down to me from my fathers, from one generation to another." Now though the very acquisition of this country by the British Crown is so comparatively recent, that, beside the many centuries of our ancestors in the mother country, our one century in Canada seems scarcely to entitle it to be called our "heritage;" and, moreover, the fact that so many of us have left the place of our fathers' sepulchres to come here, generally deprives every farm homestead and city residence of the indescribably hallowed charm imparted by long association and family tradition,—the mere soil on which we stand and the houses we dwell in are not the whole of our "heritage" from former generations, as in a few moments we shall see: so that we, though strangers in a strange land, may still speak of our "goodly heritage."

Thus David traced up every feature of his happy condition, first to his fathers and then to the God of his fathers, and gave Him the glory. And so, "every good gift and every perfect gift," that we to-day enjoy, "is from above, and cometh from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither the shadow of turning." Let us survey our national estate in all its features of advantage, and see how each has been ordained from heaven, that we may offer our National Thanksgivings with some intelligent comprehension of their extent and value, and a gratitude in some measure proportionate to the grace of their Giver.

1. Let us first look at the soil of Canada. This is not a sandy desert, nor a land of barren rocks. The very "stony places" of our country often have the richest earth. But for the most part the soil is of the most fertile character, suited for all the productions appropriate to our climate. No better proof of this can be offered than that which every eye can see, alike in the native wildness and in the cultured finish of our farms. The grand old "forest primeval," encumbrance though we were forced to reckon so much of it, is the admiration of every stranger, as the growth of a soil abounding in every requisite of vegetable life, and, in its very decay, supplying the means of still further enriching the ground from which it sprang. On the other hand, the grasses, the grains, the fruits, the flowers, and vegetable products of every kind, which are brought together at our annual exhibitions, even more strikingly demonstrate the varied resources of our gardens,