

ment of the day—nay more, as we are all thankful to God and them for it—it is our, to spend the time to the best possible advantage while we are here, in meeting, so far as we can, the ends of the appointment, and in accomplishing the purposes of the day. As Christians met for the purpose of thanksgiving, let us endeavour, as far as possible, rationally and heartily, to give thanks to God for His goodness, and, in the language of the Psalmist, to declare the goodness of the Lord unto this His own land.

Much indeed, very much, have we as a People for which to thank God. We have had seasons of the year such as, on the whole, are enjoyed by but few countries on the face of the earth. I have no patience with those who are continually abusing our climate. They say that our winters are severe, our springs backward, and our summers short. True, but are they not invigorating withal? Our springs are backward, but much of our uneasiness over them is owing to the fact that we reckon them by wrong months. Our springs do not begin till May. If we were but satisfied to think so, it would add very much to our comfort.

Taken as a whole, where will you find a better? There are climates where the winters are less dreary, but what of their summers? They are simply unbearable. There are climates where the weather follows more fixed and definite laws, and where the inhabitants know to a certainty when to expect the fair and when the foul; but what is the penalty they pay? No less a serious one than this, that they know, from sad and bitter experience, when to expect their *sickly* season with equal certainty. Our winters may be blustry, our springs foggy; but our summers are neither insufferably hot, nor are they enervating in their effect upon the constitution. And our autumns! Range the world if you choose, and find me more glorious sunrises, more bracing and exhilarating breezes, and more gorgeous sunsets, than we have had this season. The Autumn must be held as compensating for any

drawbacks that may be connected with the other seasons of the year. Test your climate by its effects upon the race. In this respect we have no reason to be dissatisfied with it. Our race is hardy, our men are strong and vigorous, our women are fresh and graceful, and our children are lithe and merry. In the competition of mind with mind all the world over,—whether it be our boisterous air, or the hardy stock we descend from, or both combined, I am not prepared to say,—but this I know, that, with a fair field and no favour, we have never had reason to be ashamed of ourselves. Certainly if our climate were an enervating and unhealthy one, we would not be able to send sailors, brave and hardy, to every sea on the globe; mechanics, neat-handed and clear-brained, to bear honours from every centre of industry on earth; merchants, honorable and true, to make gain wherever buying, selling, or even barter, is done for wealth; and students, to every hall of learning eminent at this hour wherever our tongue is spoken and knowledge imparted. Have we failed? Where are the failures if we have? Tell me that, and I yield you the palm. No, we have not failed. Our Nova Scotians have studied with Englishmen, Scotchmen, Republican Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Mexicans, and the dusky sons of far-off India, and behind and below them we have never stood. Our cold winds have kindled within us a fire which will burn out only with death. Our snowbanks and our summer suns have brought us the fruits of the field without the diseases of other lands. And our glorious autumns have inspired us with a love for our land that all the wanderings of time can never drown. Thank God, I say, for our climate. Thank God for the seasons of the past year. Thank God for our frost and our snows, and our fogs, and our rains, and our gales. Thank God for our sunshine, and our moonlight and starlight, and cool night air. Thank God for the year, and the seasons now going back to dark, deep, past eternity. God give us such as we have had, and we shall forever