

before they again bring themselves into their present situation, when many of them are glad to let their tenants stay on without paying rent at all. Side by side with bad harvests and over-preservation has come the pressure of American competition. There was a time when the popular toast at a farmers' ordinary was, or was supposed to be, "a short yield and a long war." Whether a long war is still desired we do not know; but a short yield is of course no longer accompanied by a more than corresponding rise of prices. It is impossible to foresee with any exactness what will be the ultimate effect of free trade on the position of English agriculture. Mr. Pell and Mr. Read, in their interesting report of what they saw in America, express the opinion that the American wheat cannot long continue to be sent over at its present price. The increased freights which expanded commerce brings will alone be sufficient to cause a substantial rise. The rapidly growing population of America itself will diminish the quantity which can be exported. Whatever be the proper weight to be attached to these considerations, the great influx of wheat into the English market from the other side of the Atlantic cannot but permanently affect the conditions of agriculture in this country. We shall in all probability grow less corn in the future than we have grown in the past. Perhaps a certain amount of arable land may be transformed into pasture, and the tables may be turned against American beef. Perhaps more attention will be paid to timber. It is not improbable that, as Mr. Gladstone suggested some time ago, the business of market gardening may be increased and extended. The inevitable tendency of free trade must be to diminish the number of industries in each country and to confine the energies of a nation to those products which are especially suited to the qualities of its soil and the character of its inhabitants.—*Daily News*.

THANKSGIVING IN QUEBEC.

Our Dominion has been highly privileged in having this year the nomination by the Governor-General of a general thanksgiving day for the whole country. The services were exceedingly interesting to the old city of Quebec. The unanimity with which the festival of harvest gratitude was observed among our Protestant brethren was pleasing. With Roman Catholics the difficulty was said to be that they have many days of celebration about this season. There was a grand display of decorations and impressive remarks from the pulpits, for the people had come together with the thought of the 65th Psalm: "Thou crownest the year with goodness, and Thy paths drop fatness. The pastures have been clothed with flocks, the valleys covered over with corn. They shout for joy; they also sing." At the Cathedral, in his sermon comparing this our modern service with the Jewish feast of Tabernacles, the Bishop said:—

"There was no ingathering of harvest in the wilderness, and hence this feast served to remind them also of God's blessings to them, and to give them feelings of thankfulness and gratitude for the regular recurrence of seed time and harvest. We too need a similar reminding. Too often year after year we gather in the harvest with no thought of God's goodness to us. We wonder as we contemplate the mystery of the earth's creation, but the mystery of the earth's preservation is as great as that of its existence. The bursting bud and the ripening ear are indeed mysteries. Life is a mystery, as well of a plant as of a man, and this as we think of it brings us into the presence of God, 'in whom we live and move and have our being.' In His handiwork the very perfection of the work hides from us the workman's hand. It is well that we should celebrate and remember the gratitude we owe to God for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of this life. In the working of the earth's production there is an element of uncertainty and vicissitude. Though we know that seed time and harvest shall not fail, yet experience teaches us that in some places and times the earth does not give its increase. Therefore it is natural and reasonable that we who have gathered safely in the fruits of a bountiful harvest, should be thankful and pour out our hearts to Him from whom all blessings flow. Thanks-offerings should always go with thanksgivings. What we think we must act. Devotional exercise alone without action must result in an unsentimental, unwholesome state of mind. Action grows stronger and feeling weaker every time it is put into use. On the contrary, where feeling is excited without corresponding action, a stimulated excitement ensues, and the result is nothing but a state of sensationalism, apart from practicability,—a most melancholy condition. The command 'Bear ye one another's burden' points out the way in which thankfulness may be put into effect. Life without obedience to this command is a delusion. The most fearful denunciation that ever fell from the Saviour's mouth was not addressed to evil-doers, but to those who do nothing: 'Depart from me into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.' This is not addressed to murderers, to robbers, or to adulterers, but to those who do no other harm than that they do no good."

At Chalmers' Church (Presbyterian) Rev. Dr. Matthews reminded us that "we have had no war in our land, and been saved the loss of life and property from which the United States suffered so long. The congregation had cause of thankfulness for its many privileges, and for anything God had enabled its members to do in the way of church work or Christian giving. And then as individuals, each had received many benefits, some of these being then enumerated by the preacher, after which, the sermon closed with an appeal to show their gratitude by taking Christ to be their Saviour, to cherish a spirit and sense of Christian stewardship, and to exhibit this in daily life, by more liberality, more activity, more holiness."

In the Methodist Church Rev. Mr. Chambers said:—"Only last year, deep necessity extorted the cry for help from unhappy Ireland, a land made dear to many of us as the land of our birth, or the birth place of our fathers.

And at the present hour even a severe famine prevails in that land of beauty and of sorrow; a famine of loyalty, followed by a famine of peace, and both eagerly owing to a famine of loyal men and true to counsel and encourage the kind-hearted, but impetuous multitudes of that fair country. How thankful we should be that we live in this land of peace and plenty. Let us show our gratitude not only by the expression of our lips, but also by the consecration of our lives to God and the best interests of humanity."

The Cathedral service in the morning was a union meeting, but the Revs. Dr. Cook, G. V. Houseman and W. Marsh also addressed eloquent discourses to their several congregations. And thus from our recognised pastors we have substantially learned that however proper and consolatory it may be to cultivate the subjective side of existence, that is not the whole duty of man under the Gospel. The pursuit of an object of beneficence with faithfulness and persistence—an object not in the first place, a selfish one may be more trying to the human spirit but it is a part of the true theory of Christ's teaching, as we may assert without our being able to penetrate the full meaning and scope of that teaching. The grand decorative display on this occasion was pleasing so far as it was a humble tribute to the Giver of all good and Preserver of our Nation and Empire, and the warmth of feeling called forth at this glad time might well extend to the stranger within our gates whether British or Foreign. He ought not to be left to perish either morally or physically through any defective arrangements on our part. It might be cynically urged that this expense and labour of decoration could have been saved and the money bestowed upon the poor whom, in one sense or other we have always with us. In Quebec the physically poor are not ill cared for. The somewhat too frequent solicitors of alms on the streets might often indeed have work provided for them. Our treatment of the immigrant has long been creditable to Canadians as a people, but with this the city has little to do. When we consider the multiform social pact upon which it is built up and sustained, a great and well governed city is a triumph under heaven, of Christian and material effort. But we must look at things as they are, and while our poor need not be neglected, we know that the condition of the seamen—the men by whom this port's prosperity is so greatly built up, forms a terribly urgent claim not so much for money as for better social and governmental arrangements. The providers of those votive offerings will certainly deduce from their Bibles that there could be no more acceptable tribute to the one Benefactor than a sacred and civic hospitality to the brave fellows who plough the wave. On their arrival in this port they are beset with grievous temptations, and it is a pity that no efforts have been made to remove these and provide innocent amusements. In Montreal there is a Sailors' Institute, in which concerts and prayer meetings are held, and which is well appreciated by the sailors.

Thoughts spring to my mind concerning decorations, which have their just place, as they always have had, in the social life; the soldier is ambitious to gain them; they typify rejoicing, or may be the emblems of woe. But that life in the world is something besides decorative, we need only take the following fine passage from the lecture of Archibald Forbes to prove. In reading it we may know even better than we had done before how much we have to be grateful for in this Canada of ours, in having been so constantly spared the bitter trials of human conflict, and may become impressed with the duty of giving practical effect to our Christian professions in the relief of pain and the promotion of smooth and comfort-bringing system in all our social life. Life-consuming neglects in business and pleasure travel, and in some departments of labour should not longer be allowed to continue. It is a joyful thing, and it is often not difficult in the way of organization and method to save life. The following is the extract which, in its grandeur of description, points these humble remarks as contrast:—

"Plevna," said the lecturer, "lay down yonder in its snug valley among the foliage, calm and serene like a sleeping babe amid a pack of raging wolves, the sunlight glinting on the spires of its church towers. Behind us the Russian cannon belching fire and iron. Close to us the general, with set face and terrible eager eyes, the working of his lips and fingers belying his forced composure. And at our feet hell itself, raging in all its lurid splendor, all its fell horror. A chaos of noises came back to us on the light summer wind—the crackle of the musketry fire, the ping of bullets, the crash of exploding shells, loud shouts of men bent on death or victory, shrieks and yells of anguish, aye, even groans, so near are we. Look at that swift rush; see the upheaval of the flashing bayonets; listen to the roar of triumph, sharpened by the clash of steel against steel. There is an answering hurrah from the gunners above us, for the Russian infantry have carried at the bayonet's point the first Turkish position. But they go no further. See the stubborn, gallant fellows there standing leaderless—for nearly all the officers are down—sternly waiting death for want of leaders either to cheer them forward or to march them back! A craving that is almost irresistible comes over one to abandon inaction and to do something—something, no matter what—in this acme, this climax of concentrated strife. The mad excitement of the battle surges up in the brain like strong drink. You, sitting quietly here, can have no idea how hard it is, in such a convulsion of emotion to bide at rest and write out a telegram, in pencil, with industrious accuracy—how difficult to compose coherently when the brain is on fire and the pulses are bounding as if they would burst. The Russians were repulsed, and then came the terrible work of the correspondents to get to Sistova, to telegraph the tale. The lecturer described the ride in graphic and touching terms, not without regrets for the horse which fell dead beneath him, leaving him six miles to walk and carry his saddle on his head. On reaching Bucharest, he despatched the memorable Plevna despatch 'which per-chance,' said he, 'some of you may remember to have read.'"