

children and their children's children will serve Him also. I love to sing those sweet Psalms because they are God's blessed truth; but I love them none the less because my fathers in this and other lands for generations back, have sung them—often in poverty and persecution, “when days were dark and friends were few.” I love this Holy Book because it comforts me in sorrow, directs me in difficulty, and gives me a hope beyond the grave, but I love it none the less because it has done all this for the fathers and their fathers. Shall we prove ourselves the worthy sons of noble sires? They died in the hope that we would fill their places; shall not their hope be realized in fact? Will any be found trampling under foot a father's remonstrance and a mother's prayers?

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

We must not live in the past. Yesterday's bread will not sustain us to-day. Last winter's fire will not warm our homes next winter. Last summer's sunshine will not paint the flowers of this summer. We cannot live on memories.

“Act, act in the living present
Hearts within and God o'er head.”

The nobility of our fathers will not necessarily make us noble. Let us so live that our descendants may be as proud of us as we are to-day of our ancestors. Ascent is better than descent. Better the foundation of a new pyramid than the tapering apex of an old one. What will the future be? No one can think of the extent of this Dominion; the variety of its climate, the richness of its soil, the vast resources of its lakes and rivers, fields and forests, and still doubt that there is a great future before this Canada of ours, if Canadians are true to the privileges bequeathed them. We are only awakening to realize the bright day. With fast steamship lines on the Atlantic and the Pacific, and a great railway running from ocean to ocean, who can doubt but this Dominion will yet be