

Thanksgiving Day, Monday, November 9th

Truly we have never had greater cause for Thanksgiving than at present. The crops have been bountiful this season. The weather has been fine and warm for perfecting the harvest and gathering it in, and for the walks and drives we have so much enjoyed. Now that the husbandman is resting from his labours and the meadows are bare and brown, he surveys with contentment the fruits of his toil and patience, and thanks God for all the blessings which he enjoys. It should be a day of peace and rest for the labourer; and the good cheer that crowns his board, the fruit of his work, he will partake of, in the midst of his family and friends, with a heart full of thankfulness and praise.

It is the birthday also of our good King Edward. That we are free from wars, and that peace is over the whole British Empire is due in great measure to his tactful solicitude for his people, and to his beneficent rule. He is a wise king, and a worthy successor of his beloved Queen-mother, whose good deeds and gracious sway will long be treasured in the hearts of her people. Let us hope that the peace throughout our King's dominions will long be undisturbed, and that the tie which binds the portions of this great Empire together will daily grow stronger. In no other part of his Dominions will there be a more devout prayer for his safety, nor a heartier ring to the National Anthem—"God Save Our Gracious King"—than from the school children of Canada.

So let us give thanks to God on Thanksgiving Day. It should be a pleasant duty, when we remember all the favours that we are daily receiving—good health, happiness, a beautiful and bounteous nature, kind friends and fellow-creatures, and freedom from severe trials.

A good friend once said to the writer: "I have so much cause to be thankful for that word 'Remember.' When I am despondent or in low spirits, I remember days of cheer and blessing and I feel my heart gradually warm up until I forget present trials. When my pupils are restless and trying to my nerves, and I am tempted to speak harsh words, I remember past happy days when everything went well; and I can feel the sunshine come into my face and see it reflected from the faces in front of me. When I am tempted, because of some unintentional slight, to speak ill of a friend, I remember the joys

of our friendship in days past, and a gentle influence of forbearance steals over my spirit. How thankful I am for that word 'Remember', and all that it has done for my spirit."

What a good word to adopt on Thanksgiving Day is that word "Remember."

Principal J. W. Robertson, LL.D., C.M.G.

"It is a great thing for Canada to have such a man within her borders," wrote a prominent Canadian, now living in London, to the REVIEW a few months ago. "Professor Robertson is the greatest political force in Canada," a distinguished newspaper writer has said. Would that we had many more politicians of the same stamp!

Already the Macdonald College, of St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, is attracting the attention of two continents. Delegations from America and Europe, country and city teachers, members of parliament single or in groups, are visiting it in numbers. And it is little more than a year old!

Macdonald College represents the product of the larger educational ideas and experiences of one man, backed by the good sense, public spirit and liberality of another. Sir William Macdonald, the successful man of business, has put his finger on weak spots in our educational systems, and is pouring out his wealth for the betterment of country schools. Principal Robertson, in his addresses to teachers, farmers and legislators throughout Eastern Canada, has inspired them with some of his own enthusiasm and ideals, so that Macdonald College, founded to train teachers for rural schools, has become an established institution of our country.

James Wilson Robertson, a Scotsman by birth, emigrated to this country more than thirty years ago, with an inborn enthusiasm, love of learning and a capacity for hard work—qualities that have made the race founders and colonizers the world over. Becoming interested in the agricultural and educational work of the country, he saw, with the intuition for which he is remarkable, that to make Canada great—morally, intellectually and physically—he must catch the Canadians young. By interesting children he has secured the interest of parents and teachers with remarkable results,—in dairying, yields of grain and the beginnings of a more modern