

We fill our barns and store-houses as if the property were wholly and solely ours; and it is a rare thing if in this age a farmer devotes a tenth, a twentieth, a hundredth part of his soil's produce as a thank-offering to Jehovah.

Of what avail to us would be houses full of silver and gold were God to withhold the fruitful harvest? Our daily bread is as surely a gift from Heaven as were the multiplied loaves and fishes beside the sea of Galilee. Well may we sing: "Thou visitest the earth and watered it. Thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided for it. Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness. The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." Our songs should be ever new like our mercies. Our gratitude should never cease, for the bounties of Providence are unceasing.

And now, in the presence of God's great bounty and never failing mercy, in view of all He has done for our peaceful, lovely and happy land, what are we to do for Him? How are we to show forth our gratitude? Shall we sulk and grumble because something has been kept from us which we desired? Perhaps some one crop has been a partial failure. Perhaps the weather has been too wet, too hot, too cold, or too dry. No matter; the men who have it in their hearts to murmur will not fail to find excuses enough and to spare. Instead of hearts overflowing with loving thanks, and bright faces looking Heavenward, must we appear before God with faces grim and gloomy—with hearts hardened and degraded by the power of greed and selfishness—with souls debased to the moral level of the devil and his angels? Farmers—tillers of the soil—ye highly favored fellow-workers with God—open your hearts and souls to Him. Open your hands and pour out your thanks-offerings; lift up your voices in songs of praise. Let the stain be wiped out forever that our agricultural districts are meaner, harder, closer-fisted, greedier, more grovelling than any class of the community. If there be the slightest foundation for such a charge, let it

vanish forever. Who comes—at least who *should* come—so close to God in daily toil as the man who plows, sows, reaps—who works in the free air of Heaven and in the blessed light of the sun? God's best earthly gift—the precious wealth of harvest—comes at first hand to the farmer: comes as if direct from the hand of the Creator, and should be so received. Then let the stored treasures of autumn—the beauty and the beneficence that have crowned the year—bring us nearer to God. And as we enjoy the bread that perishes, let us not forget the Bread of Life. We are at our Father's table: the God of Providence is the God of Grace.

The gathered harvest of the year reminds of that other Harvest whose whitened fields invite the energies of many labourers. Winter is coming and that Harvest is still not gathered. Lift up your eyes and see—millions of our race perishing. What are we doing to save them? Let every reader ask himself this question, and answer it calmly in the sight of the Searcher of Hearts. God has wrought with us in the harvests which furnish our daily bread; He invites us to be fellow-laborers with Him in the Gospel of His Son—in gathering in a vast harvest of ransomed souls. Let us not refuse His invitation.

THE MONTREAL COMMITTEE.

When the union was consummated, much remained to be done, in order to the harmonious working of the various schemes prosecuted by the four Churches, now happily one. The 600 gathered from all parts of the Dominion constituted too large an assembly for deliberation. Nor was there time left to take up, discuss and determine the difficult problems requiring solution. It was therefore decided to appoint a large Committee, representing nearly every Presbytery in the body, to meet, and to prepare recommendations on selected subjects for next General Assembly. On the matter of Periodicals however the Committee was authorized to decide, and should they see proper, to make arrangements.