

more in his eyes than the fat acres of Euphrates or Nile, and so of that bit of rock land he sang of "lines fallen to him in pleasant places" and of his "goodly heritage."

As Canadians we should be animated by a like love of country. There should be no country like ours to us. It is our home land. We were born in it. We grew up in it, or we are growing up in it. We learned our first lessons in it. We heard the Gospel here, bowed in prayer, felt our need of Jesus and found him, looked up and saw God and heaven so near our soul. A father's and mother's precious dust lies yonder over the hill.

True its winters are long and rigorous. Its snows deep. Its woodlands and wastes so wild. And it is not so advanced in the culture and progress that are the glory of other lands. But we are not true Canadians, if, after having seen other countries; sunny Italy, beautiful France, the land of Luther, the rich Orient, we do not come back to Canada, saying:—Canada is good enough for me. Here let me live and labor. Here let me pray and work for my country's good. She has possibilities before her, a future awaiting her, that no country on the face of the earth has. Let me believe in Canada. Let me sing the praises of Canada. Let me feel that God has his eye on this land for good, and that he wants to bless her people with his choicest blessings.

Thus this thanksgiving day, I would like to preach love to our country, loyalty to her institutions, devotion to her interests. Instead of croaking at the way things are managed, or mismanaged, praising every country and seeing good in every country but our own; let us change our tune, let us harp on another string, even as the patriotic psalmist teaches us here, and let us count ourselves happy that we are Canadians, and sing of the lines that have "fallen to us in pleasant places" and of our "goodly heritage," our glorious Dominion.

Opposition enlivens trade, even in miracles. For long, the Redemptorists have had their famed shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, with its alleged miracles and immense pilgrimage, enriching the coffers of the Order. Now the blatant Fathers are competing for the homage and the pence of the faithful. Their shrine at Cap la Madeline, near Three Rivers, Que., is rapidly gaining fame for its healing power, and bidding for a first place among Canada's wonder-working resorts. It is said that during the past summer one hundred thousand pilgrims visited the shrine.

There has recently been erected a number of hotels and boarding houses, and a magnificent church, costing \$180,000. Progress backward!

Two sister churches have, during the past two weeks and months, lost each two men, whose names and work have long been prominent.

The Auld Kirk in Scotland is poorer by the passing of two notable men, Principal Caird and Dr. John McLeod. The former lacked but two of fourscore years, and was called away by death on the very day that his resignation of the long-filled Principulship of Glasgow University was to take effect. The latter, younger by a score, carried off in his prime by typhoid, had been Minister of Govan for twenty-three years; his presentation to that parish being the last time that Glasgow University exercised this privilege before the abolition of patronage in 1875.

More recently the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has lost Dr. John Hall and Dr. Mutchmore, both nearing the seventies, men of great stature, with a great life work well done.

Dr. Hall had gone, as usual, for his summer vacation to "dear old Ulster," as I heard him once say in a sermon in Cooke's Church, Toronto. He never returned.

Dr. Mutchmore, besides the pastorate of one of the largest churches in Philadelphia, has for years been proprietor and editor-in-chief of the *Presbyterian*, a bulwark of Evangelical orthodoxy, and one of the leading religious weeklies of the U.S.A., and at his two-fold ministry, he wrought till near the end.

In other churches, as in our own, the workers change, the work goes on. Let our "shift" be well done.

LETTING SELF GO.

There is no greater source of misery than being occupied with one's self. The habit develops an excessive sensitiveness to every breath of opinion and comment, and a suspiciousness of such comment where none is uttered. The mind comes to a state like that of the body in which every prick of a pin festers, and turns to a sore. Nothing is a more wholesome cure for this than the power and practice of getting outside of self, and becoming interested in the men and women around us. It is one of the great uses that childhood renders us that it gives us human beings of wonderful interest, who awaken in us no false sensitiveness, and charm us into forgetfulness of our claims, our sores, our private griefs. The world is kept young by having this fresh life poured into its bosom that we may forget our selfishness and our grievances. The man whose interests are with those around him has no time nor opportunity for selfish misery.—Sel.