

Editorial

Thanksgiving

THE Government of Canada has asked that October 14 be observed as a day of national thanksgiving. Usually people do not pay much attention to requests of this kind. They accept the day as a feast day or holiday, but thanksgiving is in many cases the last thing in their minds. It is not that men and women are lacking in gratitude, but that they cannot bring themselves to be thankful according to order. True thanksgiving like true prayers is spontaneous. Its origin is in the heart of man rather than in an official document. As a matter of fact it does little good for people to join in saying they are thankful unless their own hearts prompt them to an expression of gratitude.

This year, however, there is so much for which all Canadians have to be grateful that it is easy for them to unite wholeheartedly in a chorus of praise and thanksgiving. They can well take to heart the words the children sing on Sundays:

"Count your blessings, name them one by one
And it will surprise you what the Lord has done."

The blessings of the past year are beyond number, and it will do us no harm to recall them in order that our hearts may be stirred to sincere gratitude. Thus will the day set apart be really what it was intended to be—a day of national thanksgiving.

First should we be thankful that the overthrow of the arch-enemies of all time is certain and near at hand, that the world henceforth is safe for democracy, that a league of nations making for peace is in the making, is indeed already made, that truth and honor are triumphant over brutality and disregard for obligation, that God reigns on earth as in heaven, and that all's well with the world. We may have doubted in the darker days, but now we rejoice in the light of victory.

We should be thankful, too, that we as a nation have been permitted to take part in this great task of setting the world right. It is not given to every people to be chosen for such a great honor. One nation is chosen to give the world a code of ethics, another gives ideals of beauty, another a conception of law and order, it has been for us to assist in asserting the right of the humblest citizen and the smallest nation to freedom of thought and action. And for all this we can return thanks.

Then we have reason for gratitude that when the call to service came our men and women willingly yielded their sons to become defenders of the world. Our western land has been described as a paradise, a land of illimitable possibilities, the home of the wealthy. None of these terms describe it rightly. Its greatness consists in the devotion of its men and women to principle, their willingness to sacrifice their most precious possessions in order that truth and honor shall be preserved to the world. Thank God, our people are sound at heart.

Above all these things we can be thankful that our young men failed us not when the supreme task was assigned them. Through all the tedious months and years they maintained their unbroken courage, and when the final trial came they stood every test. Because of their unflinching courage the name of our country will go down in history as a byword for all that is brave and dashing and resourceful. And in keeping their trust they acted as men. This be our greatest joy. No brutality, no desecration, no slaughter of innocents marked their conquests. They played the part of Christian heroes. For this let all our hearts be glad.

Then our country was able to do more than give its men. It was so favored by kind Providence that it was able to give gifts of abundance to the needs of its Allies in this great struggle. The war is to be won on the harvest fields as well as on the fields of battle. God has enabled us to assist most wonderfully in keeping up the supply of food, and munitions of all kinds.

Nor is this all. The sound of arms has not reached our shores. We scarcely know that the world is in a death grapple. Our children are safe, our women protected. Who would not be thankful?

True there are some who at this solemn time have not felt the call nor made the sacrifice. There has been occasional plundering, and there have been combinations for to seek higher wages and greater gain. Yet on the whole our people have risen above selfish ambition. The war has purified their souls and developed the altruistic and unselfish spirit. It has moreover developed the feeling of brotherhood, fathers joining hands as they wished their sons God-speed, and mothers mingling their tears as they sorrowed over fallen heroes. For all this let us give thanks.

And as we express our gratitude let us pray that we may not be wearied in our task, for there is some distance yet to travel, though the road be down hill. With new devotion let us all on October 14 reconsecrate ourselves to the work. Thus will our thanksgiving be acceptable to God, and returning upon ourselves will sustain us in our hour of greatest trial.

Learn Farming

THE call is for men and women who can claim from the land all that it is so ready to give, men and women who know how to farm to the best advantage. Not all who attempt the task are successful, for many lack skill and knowledge, while others are lacking in moral qualities—perseverance, system, economy and frugality. It is imperative that in these times all should succeed, and our country has been wise in placing it within the power of young men and women to get such instruction as will insure success. In an agricultural province there is no institution more necessary than an agricultural college, and in no province is there a college with better equip-

"He Will Give Them Back"

(A poem for those bereaved in the war)

We are quite sure
That He will give them back—bright,
pure and beautiful.
We know He will but keep
Our own and His until we fall asleep.
We know He does not mean
To break the strands reaching between
The Here and There.
He does not mean—though Heaven be
fair—
To change the spirits entering there, that
they forget
The eyes upraised and wet,
The lips too still for prayer,
The mute despair.

He will not take
The spirits which He gave, and make
The glorified so new
That they are lost to me and you.
I do believe
They will receive
Us—you and me—and be so glad
To meet us that when most I would grow
sad
I just begin to think about that gladness,
And the day
When they shall tell us all about the way
That they have learned to go—
Heaven's pathways show.

My lost, my own and I
Shall have so much to see together by
and by,
I do believe that just the same sweet face,
But glorified, is waiting in the place
Where we shall meet, if only I
Am counted worthy in that by and bye.

I do believe that God will give a sweet
surprise
To tear-stained, saddened eyes,
And that His Heaven will be
Most glad, most tided through with joy
for you and me,
As we have suffered most.

God never made
Spirit for spirit, answering shade for shade,
And placed them side by side—
So wrought in one, though separate, mys-
tified—

And meant to break
The quivering threads between. When
we shall wake,
I am quite sure, we will be very glad
That for a little while we were so sad.
—George Klinge.

ment than that at St. Vital. It should be crowded with young people all the time, for there is much to be learned not only for to-day, but for the days that are coming. It is easy enough in a rough and ready way to raise wheat and vegetables and stock. The world is clamoring for food of all kinds. But it is necessary to conserve the wealth of the soil, and this means knowledge of soil chemistry, of crop rotation, of fertilizers, of methods of cultivation and a hundred other things. In a few years from to-day it is only the man who knows who can succeed. And so we say to all farmers. "Get informed, send your children to the agricultural college, patronize the extension courses, read the farm papers, know the best in practice in every department, be artists rather than artisans."

One of the daily papers so well expressed it in these words:

"The industry most neglected in Canada, from a scientific standpoint, is farming. Without the West, and its grain and its cattle, Canada would have been struggling along with a population of probably six million of people, the families at home raising sturdy sons and thrifty daughters to migrate elsewhere.

The New Canada has been the backbone of the whole Dominion. This is the land of big things and sure things, and it is time we gave more attention to the scientific side of farming, our basic industry. The field for the expert and the educationist is immense, just as wide as our prairies. We must not only get the people on the land, but we can afford and it will be profitable to spend millions to keep people on the land and give them the benefit of the best advice that money can buy. Without the wealth of the land we should not have a Winnipeg, and those eastern cities would be insignificant places compared with their present importance."

This, of course, is only one side of it all. The farmer must know how to buy and sell, and for this reason co-operation is essential. Here, again, the college is the rallying centre. It may be with changing conditions that the college will have to change in some ways its mode of operation. It may be trusted to do this as circumstances make changes necessary. Yet in all its work it must rightly be regarded as the source of inspiration and enlightenment for the farming population. It is impossible for too many to become experts in agriculture. Nothing will make our nation decline more rapidly than the occupation of the land by a body of ignorant or improvident husbandmen. Western Canada in all things should lead the world.

There are, of course, some things a college cannot give a man—the habits and moral qualities essential to success. These are part of the man's spiritual equipment, the result of early training, education and self-conquest. In the long run it is these very things that count for most. Good homes, good schools are the foundation of national prosperity.

The Hiving of the Races

LAST the newspapers of Western Canada are becoming interested in the hiving of the non-English settlers. They are appreciating the evil of a policy that was thrust upon us by over-zealous but misguided ministers of immigration. They are saying just what this magazine endeavored to say ten years ago. The fact is, the gravity of the situation is not yet fully seized. The settling of the non-English in large colonies not only works against nation unity, but imposes financial burdens upon the province, and makes it next to impossible for departments of education to grapple with their task. It is most unfair for the Federal Government to launch immigration policies that inevitably commit the provinces to the expenditure of great sums of money. Were a half dozen Polish or Ruthenian farmers to settle in a district they would soon catch the Canadian spirit, and there would be no trouble at all in educating the children, but when there is a large colony with no admixture of English speaking people, it is exceedingly difficult to develop natural sentiment and to give the children an English education. And it costs far more to educate where the nationalities are segregated. More serious still, there is always danger that the old love will persist.

Last week appeared an article pleading for "diversity in unity." This is excellent doctrine, sound doctrine, anti-German, though coming from one who is more at home speaking German than English. Yet all through one could see that the writer was thinking more of diversity than of unity. And so it will ever be until schools taught by Canadian teachers are planted in every district, and until papers written in English are found in every home.

Thirty Hours a Week

THAT was indeed a wonderful resolution adopted at a union meeting in Winnipeg a few days since. It declared in favor of a six-hour day, for five days in the week, the excuse being that after the war there will be no positions for returned soldiers. Think of thirty hours a week for able-bodied men in the city trades as compared with eighty-four hours for farmers, ninety hours for doctors, and practically one hundred hours for good housewives. The Bolsheviks have declared for a three-hour day, but they never think in terms of the nation or of humanity. Where would our country be, where would the world be on a six-hour programme? The thing is too absurd for discussion. In these days a man must be willing to work for twelve, thirteen or fourteen hours if need be, to make the world safe. It is not a matter of money at all. It is a matter of national preservation. Of course, some of those who at the Winnipeg meeting voted for the resolution never intended to work only six hours a day. They wanted six hours at the ordinary wage, and as many extra hours as you please at one and a half rate. It is pure camouflage, a round about but clumsy attempt to get a higher wage. By all means let men get a higher wage for working—just as high, for example, as the soldiers at the front are receiving—but let them get it in a frank open way, and let them at this time put their whole energy into work. It is no time for idlers; no time for a six-hour day. Nor will there be need for reduction of time until many years have passed.