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THE CROWNING OF THE YEAR.

WITH bread the heart of man to cheer,
See, bending low, the ripened ear
Bow its luxuriant head !
In vain, O men, had been your care,
Had not He caused the blight to spare
The promise of the summer fair ;
And bid the sun, the rain, the air,
Their kindly influence shed.

He bade the soft, refreshing gale
Blow gently down the teeming vale,
Nor hurt the peeping grain ;
But when the ear began to rise,

To Him were raised our anxious eyes :
Oft, from the cisterns of the skies,
He sent, in mercy, rich supplies—
Early and latter rain.

And now His hand has crown'd our toil,
We joy like those who share the spoil,
The harvest home to bear !
With shouts the laughing pastures ring ;
With grateful hearts, ye reapers, sing
The praise of heaven's eternal King,
Through whose paternal care ye bring
The produce of the year. *Collyer.*