

THE

Home and Foreign Record

OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

OCTOBER, 1875.

HARVEST JOY.

What sights of loveliness have passed before our eyes within the past few months! Earth, and sea, and sky, the forest and the beautiful field, the falling leaf and the fading flower,—all have had their message to us, and it were well to listen and to learn. Spring—in our climate it is little more than a name—gave place to summer, and summer to the fulness of autumn wealth and glory. It seems but as yesterday when our woods and fields were green with the promise of a coming harvest; but now the summer is past and the harvest is over. Those who toiled in the fields have generally been amply repaid by a bountiful return from the kindly bosom of the earth. There is abundance in the land for man and beast.

How beautiful the fields of golden grain as they invited the sickle or the scythe! How beautiful the table spread by God's own hand in this fair and vast temple of His, whose dome is immensity—whose lights are the sun, and moon, and stars—whose floor is the enamelled earth. It is the standing miracle of the year, eye of all the ages, this replenishing of earth's treasure-houses from the great treasure-house of God. "The harvest fields are the golden links that connect the ages and the zones, and associate together the remotest times and the most distant nations in one common bond of sympathy and dependence. They make the earth one great home; of the human race one great family; and of the universal Parent, to whom day

after day we are encouraged to go with filial faith and love, not in selfishness and isolation, but in a fraternal spirit which embraces the whole world, asking not for ourselves alone, but for all our brothers of mankind as well,—“Our Father which art in Heaven—give us this day our daily bread.” And the bread is given with no stinted hand, to the evil and the good. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, the dark cloud and the bright sunshine, come and go as is meet. Beautiful all—beautiful in the blade, in the ear, in the ripened corn: beautiful in the green tints of early growth, and in the gorgeous golden colors indicative of decay and death.

Vast as are the stores of food provided for us year by year, were one harvest withheld the fate of all would be sealed. Starvation, sure and speedy, would be the universal lot. Every summer time we are actually within a few months of absolute want. We live by faith and hope; were the fruits of the field destroyed by flood, or storm, or blasting, or mildew,—were any of the enemies that lie in wait to devour commissioned by the Almighty to accomplish their purpose, only a wretched remnant of our race could survive one year's agony. But we have God's sure promise to grasp and to live by; summer and winter, seed time and harvest, are assured to us by the word of the covenant-keeping God. So sure, so unfailing has the covenant proved that men have almost ceased to recognize God in the revolving seasons, and his bounty in the abundance of harvest.