

Of all earthly sights, none is so engaging and gratifying as the Christian farmer gathering in his well-earned harvest—the product of his honest industry, which he brings home with grateful heart to the giver of all good, and under humble and sincere petitions for the blessing of the Lord alway. He is rich alway in the blessing of the Lord. If his harvest be abundant, he misseeth not what he giveth to God and the poor. If it be scanty, the portion of God is his pledge that his seed will sprout the better on following year. In fullness, or in scarcity, he has the felicity of a good conscience, the conscience of not ~~giving~~ an honest, but of a pious man. He has indeed done ~~nothing~~ by deceit—he has committed no injustice—but incalculably more, he has during the whole process, looked up to and confessed the Giver of all good—he has received his corn as the ravens receive their food, at a divine hand; he has also been mindful of God's favourite, the poor,—and hence at peace with heaven, and beloved by men, undisturbed too in conscience—"the blessing of the Lord, it maketh him rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

"The earth," the Saviour says, "bringeth forth fruit of herself, first the blade, then the ear—after that the full corn in the ear." But instead of looking to the earth, as a cause of blessing—as so many inconsidering farmers do—the earth itself is but an agent, like the rest. She does her part blessing, but well. From her bosom she brings forth fruit. Senseless as she is, that is the return she makes to the Almighty power of the heaven, for the sun that enlightens and warms her—for the moon that aids growth and vegetation—for the beneficial and ornamental clouds—for the salts and stimulants with which airs and earths are stored. Not only she reproves the torpid ingratitude of the farmer, by all she throws forth—such as the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear—but by the very general process of productiveness itself she reproves his sluggish and rigid soul. For she, the bosom of all that grows or is yielded is our mother earth—for dust we are and unto dust we must return. The immeasurable mass of earth performs and has performed steadily its assigned functions—it revolves on its axis—it encircles the sun—it throws forth gratefully ripening productions. Not a particle of earth, but according to its nature, size, position, and opportunity, does not perform its part in the general system. Man alone, the child of earth, does not even maintain himself in equal perfection of duty with that inferior element of his nature. The farmer, conversant hourly with the propensities of the fruitful earth will learn nothing from her wisdom, and still less