

of dependence and of gratitude. Let us point out a few of these :

1. We have many affecting illustrations of the shortness and frailty of life, and the certainty of death. The grass has been cut down with the scythe : so shall the mighty mower, Death, cut us down in our season. He is a reaper who evermore plies without pause or weariness his sharp sickle. And he claims all seasons for his own. The flower has faded : so fade human strength and beauty. The songs of the birds are hushed and the winds are chill and mournful : so ceases the melody of our youth : so must our bosoms heave to the sighs of sorrow. Falling leaves, withered blossoms, swift clouds chased by tempests,—all things shadowy and frail, are emblems of our earthly life, and should serve as monitors to remind us of the changeless, cloudless glorious life to which the Lord Jesus calls us. His life on earth was short and most sorrowful ; but it was a preparation for a harvest of eternal joy for Himself and all who trust Him. It is of no use to brood on the shortness of time, the uncertainty of life and the nearness of death unless we are stirred up to lay hold upon Eternal Life. The grass withereth ; the flower fadeth away, but the Word of the Lord abideth forever. Unite your destiny to Christ's and then all these perishing things will serve as helps, mementos, monitors in your journey towards "Zion".

2. We find a fresh illustration of the principle laid down by the Apostle that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." As he who sowed tares could not expect to reap wheat, so he who in his youth gave himself up to vice need not in age expect to reap the rewards of virtue. He that scatters "*wild oats*" must reap "*wild oats*;" and if he scatters abundantly his harvest must be rich in proportion ! The farmer who has gone forth with good seed and has sown bountifully in well-tilled fields rejoices to-day in a bountiful return. God blessed his enterprise ; his barns and store houses are filled, he has an ample reward for his trustful toil. On the other hand the farmer who went forth with tardy foot and stingy hand, to

sow bad seed in bad soil is gladdened by no golden sheaves in harvest : he reaps as he has sown. Thus, if we are large-hearted and liberal towards the cause of God, He will deal out the same measure to us. If we starve His cause and His ministers He will send leanness upon our souls. God pays in kind. The families, the congregations, the churches that are most open-handed, and unselfish, and that embark most ardently in the great enterprize of the Gospel, are without exception the most prosperous in their spiritual condition.

Jesus Christ loved men with a love stronger than death, so that multitudes of every kindred, tongue and people willingly lay down their lives for His sake ! He that loves shall be beloved : he that forgives shall be forgiven. He that helps the needy shall himself be remembered in his day of need. Kind words evoke kind echoes. On the other hand the revengeful shall be subjected to revenge ; the hater shall be hated ; the scorner scorned. He that soweth the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

This rule holds good in the family, in the school, in the church, in society at large. Training witnesses for or against itself by its results—just as the harvest testifies of the spring. Hence the unspeakable importance of sowing liberally good seed and nothing but good seed if we look for a harvest of happiness : good words ; good works ; loving intercourse with all around us ; active exertion for the good of all. But we cannot make even a beginning in the right way without first being reconciled to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

3. In this life we are sowing ceaselessly for the endless harvest of Eternity. None of our actions end here : they are as seed growing up for eternal life or death. This gives tremendous importance even to our *little* actions, if anything can be called little which affects the immortal soul. The brain that thinks must be eaten by the worm, but the thought which flashed through it has left its impress on the soul *forever*. The heart which throbs with those wild emotions must break and crumble into dust, but the soul that is so moved cannot perish or lose its record of the past. The tongue that