

"Doth God care for oxen?" Yes, and for all the creatures he has made; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

The earth, in the time of harvest, is like a large banqueting board profusely spread; and the bountiful Giver sends out, as it were, into the highways and hedges, and compels his creatures to come and partake of the feast which he has provided for man, for bird, and for beast. Then it is that the inhabitants of the country are seen; then it is that the farm-houses and cottages pour forth their inmates into the field, and every hand is engaged in gathering in the abundance that covers the face of the land. There is, however, something in the very midst of this abundance to oppress the spirit; and that is the knowledge that a few only, of the many who are employed in gathering in the harvest, are thankful to the "Lord of the harvest" for his abundant bounty. How many a farmer, whose barns are filled with plenty, never offers the praises of a grateful heart to Him who giveth "seed-time and harvest," and health and strength to gather the grain into the garner? How many a labourer whose garden has yielded abundantly, whose health has been preserved, whose wages have been duly paid, and who is provided for the coming winter, never thinks of bending his knee in humble acknowledgement of his unworthiness, nor raises a song of praise to the bountiful Bestower of all his comforts!

I had walked for miles through fields of corn and meadows, gazing with a grateful heart on the harvest scenes which surrounded me, when the sun began to decline. I hastened on, having to call at a farm-house before my return. Now it happened that Esther Williams, one of the Sundayschoolers, was there; so, when I returned, Esther and I walked together.

Esther is a weakly timorous child, but it pleases God often, of his mercy, to give to his creatures one gift, to make amends for the absence of another. Esther is one of the most submissive children I ever knew; not only to the dispensations of God, but also under the little daily trials which often make bolder children very unhappy. When she is rebuked, she takes it patiently, whether she be in fault or not; and this patient, submissive spirit, keeps her in peace when others are in trouble. For two years she was confined to her bed, and it was thought that she would never rise from it in health. During that time I saw much of her. Many are the hours which I have passed by the sick bed of little Esther; where her patience and submission have instructed me, while I endeavoured to give her comfort and instruction.

We had proceeded about a mile, when the sky, which had for some time before been unusually gloomy, assumed an appearance somewhat fearful. The day had been very hot, and even then, at eventide, it was

close and sultry. Not a breath of air was stirring, and every now and then I saw poor Esther's eyes directed to the darkened heavens. It was not a dark cloud here and there, such as are seen frequently in summer time before a storm, but an overwhelming gloom, covering three parts of the heavens, and rapidly rolling along over the remainder. The cattle were seen huddling together under the trees; for though not a drop of rain had yet descended, there seemed a sort of suspense hanging in the heavens, which neither man nor beast could misunderstand. Just as we reached the knolly ground by the river-side, a big drop or two began to fall, and I looked about for a sheltering tree; for the umbrella which I had with me was not sufficiently large to shelter Esther and myself in the coming storm. There was a hovel at no great distance; but before we reached it we were told in a voice of thunder, that the Almighty was abroad with his storms. Such a clap of thunder I never remember to have heard. It seemed directly over our heads, and very near us; and Esther clung to me as though I could protect her. Poor child! I was as defenceless as herself. "The Lord," said I, "Esther, is nigh unto all them that call upon him; to all that call upon him in truth." We were standing under the extended boughs of two large elm trees. I knew that it was dangerous to stand under a tree, on account of the lightning, which is frequently attracted by trees; but all at once the rain had descended like a deluge, so that we were glad the refuge afforded us by the branches. The lightning came flashing around, as though commissioning to wither the trees above us; and again such thunder claps, that poor Esther, who stood on a hillock under the trees, leaning against me, hid her face. "I know it comes from God," said she; "but it is very terrible." "Yes, Esther, but the same God whose lightning and thunder are now afflicting the earth, so loved the world that he sent his own Son, Jesus Christ, to die for us. Ought we not, then, to trust in his mercy and compassion?" I could hear Esther's broken voice every now and then, and I knew that she was putting up a prayer to the Father of mercies. It is an excellent exhortation given by the Apostle James, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray." For it is wonderful how the heart is relieved by pouring out its sorrows before the throne of grace, and casting its burdens upon Him who has promised to sustain them. Two hours we remained under the trees in that terrible tempest; but though we were crouched to the skin; though the lightning was as fire around us, and as bright the dark surface of the running river; though the thunder broke over us in crashing peals; the commands of the Most High were given to the storm, that a hair of our heads might not be injured. "And what did you pray for, Esther," said I, when the tempest had pass-

ed,—"that the storm might abate?" "No, sir," she replied; "I prayed that I might be able to submit to God's will, whether I should be struck with the lightning, or kept in safety." Many times since then have I thought of the prayer of Esther Williams, as a suitable petition to be offered up, not in a tempest of thunder and lightning only, but in every earthly storm and trial. The morning after the tempest, I heard that, at no great distance from the place where we stood by the river side, more than twenty sheep were killed under a tree, by the storm.

We seldom forget those who have shared danger and affliction with us; and, since that storm, I have been drawn more and more in my affections towards little Esther. May we, neither of us, ever cease to be grateful for our preservation in that terrible storm, nor to trust in God's mercy; but in every trial to put up the prayer, through Jesus Christ, that we may be able to submit to God's will, whether struck by his lightnings, or preserved in safety. But I certainly do not intend to recommend my readers to take shelter under trees, in such a case, but would rather recommend them to push on, though wet to the skin. Not forgetting, however, that God alone can preserve them.

SCENES ON A FIELD OF BATTLE.

On the evening of the 13th of —, 18—, Captain William Crawford, after having looked to the well-being of the remnant of his troop—sad symbol of glory dearly purchased on the morrow!—drew his cloak around him, and once more bent his steps to the gory field. Many a brave fellow who, but a few hours before, had followed him to the charge, now lay stiff and cold!—others, with hearts still clinging to a world in which all their hopes and joys had centred, with bodies agonized with pain, and minds distracted by surrounding scenes of blood—now first beheld, yawning to receive them, that dread eternity, till then so little thought of! To such, Crawford could only give a passing sigh, and fervent prayer for their speedy release from misery, as he passed on to the spot where his devoted regiment had fought that morning, in which regiment it seemed next to marvellous that he and a few more should have survived. It was a sickening sight around him; but, as he had seen such before, he came not to display his sensibility, but humanity—not to moralize, but to act—to assist the living, if such there were, and not to weep for the dead. "It was in heading the charge," said Crawford, "that St. Clair fell. I saw his upraised arm sink powerless by his side. I knew he was struck, for in another moment his horse rushed across me without a rider—it could not be far from hence." Crawford called aloud, in hope of some feeble reply, "Edward St. Clair! His voice echoed awfully over the field of dead. Again he pronounced the