

other world, from the orbs of space, combine with our own elements—the powers of our own world—in producing and perpetuating growth; so the Almighty employs human labor, the planting of a Paul, and the watering of an Apollos; the thunder of a James, the consolation of a Barnabas. And he sends the famine and the plague, and the sword to excite remembrance and prevent his people settling on their corruptions. He gives to some a “thorn in the flesh” to buffet them, and to some a “sore disease” to cleave unto their bones—and to some the loss of wealth, place or reputation—and to some a grievous fall, as to Peter, and to some a bitter persecution as to Stephen, and even a martyr’s crown, and thus the plant of grace, sprung into life by divine power, sown by human hands—watched by heavenly care, watered by the Holy Spirit, stirred, and shaken, and cleansed and blown about by trials tribulations and sorrows, becomes strong, firm and hardy, its fruit pure and fit for transfer into the paradise, where shines an eternal light and flow unfailing waters.

The developments of spiritual growth, equally with those of natural growth show the presence of God. The “blade” appears in the simple faith of the child, who loves and confides in a Redeemer, the “ear” in the piety of middle age, having a firmer hold of the mind and a more notable profession; the “ripe corn in the ear” the piety of old age, when all previous gains have been solidified into ripeness for heaven. Or the “blade” may represent the faith of a new convert, young or old—the “ear” the love, and the “ripe corn” the full assurance of hope. Or again the blade may represent the bringing up of the truth in a particular place under the preaching of the gospel, the ear the formation of a Church with the uprise of a population, and the ripe corn the gathering of the fruits of righteousness in that community. Or again the blade may represent the first preaching of the gospel by the apostles—the ear its subsequent spread, and the ripe grain that future period, when the great reaper shall say “Thrust in thy sharp sickle and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for the grapes are fully ripe,” Rev. 14.18.

All this is the work of God. The work begins and ends in Him. When His influence ceases, the work ceases. When He departs the work ends. When He returns, it begins again. Thus is it with these two kingdoms and so it shall continue till the harvest.

Let us praise God for his goodness to us in nature. Let us mark His hand. It is marvellous, and its marvels are only unperceived because of their very greatness. The wind has obeyed His commandment; the vapors have heard His work; He has opened the treasury of the rain and the dew. The springs have flowed out of the mountains into the valleys, and the living creatures have

drank of their waters. The blasting, the mildew and the hail have spared our fields. Let us lift up then our thankful and reverent eye, to that invisible throne, and cry: “Lord, thou preservest man and beast! how precious is thy grace!”

But what is the use of natural without spiritual life and growth. Our bodies will soon die. No corn, no flesh, no cordial, will preserve them for ever. No medicine will effectually tame the rage of disease. No care and vigilance will effectually bar entrance to death. The pursuer is at our heels, who will never cease till he fires his deadly arrow in our vitals, and closes over us the dark and deadly doors of his prison home. What is the use of natural life alone? Why preserve it! Why does the sun shine—why the moon beam—why the flowers bloom—why the fields wave with corn—why all this labor? Is it that we may secure an inheritance in the grave? No! It is that another growth may go on—that our souls be saved—that the truth may enter our hearts, that Jesus may reign there—that peace may supplant fear and that pardon may be inscribed upon our souls for ever. Have you the seed in your hearts? Or is it growing? Is it in the blade, or the ear, or the full corn in the ear? Time is on the wing. Death is busy. Never may we see another spring. The beauties of summer may never greet our eyes again. The visible decay of nature may presage our own. O let us amid the death struck and the dying seek a life which is imperishable. The plant of grace will flourish in all lands; and no blast, no sword, no tempest, no storm, no rage, no terror, no enemies can destroy it. It will spread its glory and shed its perfume throughout eternity. “who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?”

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.”

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Mission work in India.

The following interesting letter appears in the *Banner of the Covenant*, (Reformed Presbyterian, Philadelphia.)

HARDWAR NORTH INDIA, }
March, 30th, 1867. }

To the Editor of the *Banner of the Covenant*:—

DEAR BROTHER:—It is now a long time since I have sent you anything in the shape of a Journal. I have come here to attend the annual fair or Mela, held at this place, and as incidents worthy of record are constantly turning up, I have concluded to note a few of them as they occur, and send the record for perusal of friends in America, who take an interest in the work here. Most of the readers of the *Banner* are familiar with