

the full corn in the ear." Then that miracle of providential mercy which demands the lasting astonishment of every man—that a corn of wheat having fallen into the ground and died, should bring forth a return of thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold, is often thrown away upon the inobservant, unreflecting, irreligious farmer. The blade that was so beautiful and aspiring—the ear that with such divine artifice, was contrived and brought to perfection, gives then way to the superior miracle—the end and aim of the whole process, viz: the full corn in the ear. That wonderful genius, containing so much in such little compass—such valuable material—food for man, harmless—wholesome recruiting food, a kind of manna, (for heaven alone could give it, and it needs the industry and field labor of man to gather it,) that wonderful full corn, which then loses one property to gain another, which ceases itself to feed on the furnished juice, and becomes whole aliment to the animal man; this corn, that makes the harvest, ought to teach the farmer, that the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich; because, without that blessing, even the full corn in the ear may fail in enriching the farmer. On the field of Waterloo, the richest harvest was snatched from the farmer's hand, while its milky corn was weighing down every head, only to be trodden down by unnumbered feet of the violent of the earth, doing the work of an inscrutable Lord. On the Mississippi River, from time to time unexpected inundations commit similar spoliations. In New Brunswick, some years back, a raging fire that desolated the country, swept also with the bill of destruction the precious harvest. In Sicily, Etna sometimes covers the ripened harvest in a bed of lava. In the Carrancas, earthquakes have been known to swallow it. But when no general cause arrests it, as the farmer's wain approaches to gather the full corn in—unless the blessing of the Lord be with the farmer, the blade, and the ear, and the full corn, and the fruitful and yielding earth, will have been bounteous in vain. For the sick stomach loatheth food—a depressing fever embitters the perception of the harvest—and this is also particularly to be considered—that if injustice, fraud, or any evil passion has been mixed up with the aim and business of the harvest—then sorrow and sadness come instead of joy—fear and anxiety press more heavily on the conscious heart, than even the sheaves upon the laden wheels, and by painful experience the farmer learns what the Church of God would fain teach him in more pleasant ways, "that the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."