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LESSONS OF THE HARVEST.

Our spring was late and wet and cold.—The flocks and herds, in many cases, perished; and hunger frowned grimly on families unused to want. The fisherman, the farmer, the trader, all suffered more or less—and a loud cry for help rang through the land. Fear was on every side; and the seed time was a time of unwonted sorrow and anxiety. But God was kinder to us than our fears would permit us to believe. He sent His fervent sunshine, His genial showers, and the warm breath of His south-wind, and the desolations of winter were speedily repaired. The fields smiled with abundance. The labours of the husbandman were greatly blest. The wealth of the sea was not withheld. And now we see patient toil rewarded. Famine frowns no longer over any portion of the population. We find the promise literally fulfilled:—"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him."

God has kept His covenant: seed time and harvest have come and gone with all their responsibilities, and opportunities.—Our lack of faith is once more rebuked; and a fresh occasion is given for overflowing gratitude. What shall we render to the Lord for His benefits! How shall we sufficiently bless His holy name for continuing to us His common mercies—mercies so common that we too often forget their heavenly source.

Fountain of mercy! God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!

The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost a man bestow;
Let us not then forget to own
From whom our blessings flow!

Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created Nature join
In sweet harmonious praise!

God reminds us by His providence that all things are in His hand. He sends blights and storms, droughts and flooding rains, to keep alive in us a sense of our dependence on Him. But how light and gentle are his rebukes and chastisements: how boundless and inexhaustible the store of His bounties! O, this ceaseless miracle of common mercies—how can we utter the gratitude and praise and wonder which it should excite in every thoughtful mind!

The Harvest with its rich analogies
has other lessons to teach us besides those