

### There are yet Four Months.

"LIFT up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to the harvest." So saith the Lord of the harvest. All about us it is waving, and is ready for the reaper's sickle. Let any man that hath a sickle, and an arm to wield it, go forth into the field, and he shall be amazed and rejoiced to see how the ripe grains fall before him. He shall be amazed to discover how many there are, whose hearts were prepared and just waiting for his coming; how many, like mellow fruit, that only needed the gentlest touch to make them drop from the stem to which they clung, apparently with such tenacity. How many scholars there are in Sunday-school classes who, if the teachers would turn aside from speculative questions, and dry didactics, and historical details, and plead with them personally to be reconciled to God, would listen with eager ears, and answer with glistening tears! How many children are tormented with vague fears, and have deeper thoughts and feelings than even parents for a moment suspect—that are wishing they were Christians, but know not how they may be! There are children, on the sunny face of whose nature there is not visible the slightest ripple of religious emotion, and yet if, some time when you and they are all alone, you put your arm around them, and tenderly whisper your solicitude, you need not be surprised if convulsive sobs attest that you have opened a fountain whose pent-up waters have only been waiting for such a providential vent. Oh! how many hearts, all around us, are aching for the Gospel! They are ready for us, but we are not ready for them. We keep saying, "Are there not *four months*, and then cometh the harvest?" We are not expecting present results. We have learned "to labor and to wait"—especially to wait.

There is a physical necessity for such waiting in the natural world, which does not exist in the spiritual. We concede that there are certain seasons that on some accounts are especially propitious—as the winter in the city and the summer in the country—but we have yet to be

convinced that the sun's oblique or directer rays have aught to do with the ripening of God's harvest.

We do not ignore the sovereignty of God in the sending of special "times of refreshing," when a tidal wave of spiritual influence sweeps over whole communities; but we still maintain that the whitening harvest always waves, and whenever we will, we may enter in and gather fruit unto eternal life. We expostulate with sinners on the folly and wickedness of waiting supinely for some fancied favorable time in the far-off future, and then persist in practising the very procrastination we condemn; and in supposed submission to God's sovereign grace, we fold our "faith-clad arms in lazy lock," and supinely wait. There is a wicked indifference to the salvation of souls, which sometimes passes for pious resignation to the will of God. John Knox was a staunch believer in God's sovereign purposes of grace; but it was he that, with almost audacious importunity, cried out, "Lord, give me Scotland, or I die."

Parents and teachers, if Christians, cannot indeed be indifferent to the ultimate salvation of the children committed to their care. They think of it, work for it, pray for it; but it lies away among the possibilities of the future. They are waiting for something, they know not what, to happen. Aye, and they have only to wait, and something *will* happen. Fever will come, and pain will come, and delirium, stupor, and death. That sternest of harvesters not only reaps "the bearded grain at a breath," but the flowers that grow between." Parents, teachers, save yourselves from future pangs by doing your duty now.—*B. Teacher.*

### What the School Lacks.

SOME Sunday-Schools freeze up for the winter, others are frozen the year round. Their atmosphere chills you the moment you enter the door. A sensitive Christian shivers in them as he would if plunged into a bath of ice-water. It is sometimes difficult to discover the cause.

The school, for example, is held in a very comfortable room. All the teachers