

together with its joy. If we come not up to the Feast of Tabernacles, if, that is, we do not rejoice before God for this harvest gift, especial wrath is denounced against us for our thanklessness; but yet greater woes still will be ours, if, while we rejoice, that for which we thank God does not teach us its own lesson of Fear; Fear, lest when our harvest is past and our summer over, when, that is, our chance of gathering good deeds into God's garner, our time of being ripened by the sunshine of CHRIST'S Grace that we may come to His Harvest as a shock of corn cometh in its season, is past and gone, we be found not saved.

For the sweeping stroke, with which we cut the falling grain, is as the Angel of Death: the carrying home, is as the being gathered together after death to await the Resurrection: the winnowing of the threshed corn, is as the decision of the just Judge, either the gathering of true souls into the Heaven of God, or the driving of sinners into outer misery. Familiar deeds these unto us all, my friends, and every one of them a symbol of the coming Judgment, a witness to us of the strictness with which we shall be certainly tried, a warning that we be found not wanting.

Shall we, who hope to meet here next Sunday, to thank God for the grain harvested this year and waiting to be threshed, from which we expect an abundant yield, when we, too, shall have been gathered in by death, and be