

SERMON.

Psalm xcvi., 8, 9.

“GIVE THE LORD THE GLORY DUE UNTO HIS NAME: BRING AN OFFERING, AND COME INTO HIS COURTS. O WORSHIP THE LORD IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS: FEAR BEFORE HIM, ALL THE EARTH.”

WITH what better exhortation than this can I speak to you, my friends, about the work in which we propose to engage ourselves here next Sunday, of offering to GOD our hearty and humble Thanksgiving for that mercy of an abundant Harvest, with which it has pleased Him to satisfy us this year?

Who is there of us—I do not believe that there is any—who does not desire to give in this matter, as in all others, that glory to GOD which is due unto His Holy Name? We do not claim, when we look forth upon our well-filled rickyards, our overflowing barns, our teeming gardens, that it is our hand and our power that has made all these to abound with their treasures for our comfort. No! Christian Worshippers of the true GOD are we all! And there will be, I know, but one thought in all this Congregation, that GOD it is Who has reserved to us the