

to look for spiritual results. Ye have need of patience. The labourers in the Lord's work, whether teacher in the Sabbath School or the minister who preaches the gospel, may grow tired and discouraged because the fruit of their labour does not appear. It is written, let us not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

The joy of harvest is often preceded by many anxieties. Many things come in to blight the hopes of the husbandman. After the seed is committed to the earth there are dangers too numerous to mention to which the crop is exposed—Wheat may be winter-killed, spring may be unpropitious, summer may bring unfavourable weather, insects may prey on the fields, and diseases may rot the products of the farm. When therefore many difficulties have been overcome and men sing "harvest home," anxieties are quieted. Corresponding to these fears, are those which often find a lodgment in the bosom of the Christian. He asks, doubtingly—Am I an heir of glory? Shall I ever reach heaven? He sings, despondingly,

"Tis a point I long to know,
Of it causes anxious thought!
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

How full the joy, when all anxieties shall end in the realization of heaven! Anxieties of a more legitimate nature, are common to the Sower who goeth forth bearing precious seed, yet he that soweth in tears, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

General joy pervades the community when the harvest is good. It is felt and understood by all, that there is a cause of gladness of universal application, for even the King is served by the field. Trade and commerce are quickened by the magic touch of the hand of plenty. The Lord hath prepared of his goodness for the poor. His paths drop fatness. Is it then too much to hope, that men will praise the Lord for his goodness? Sacrifices of love may well be kindled on the altar of our hearts, for he has put gladness there, even more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased. Since the year has been crowned with goodness, we hope that many are prepared to honour the Lord with their substance, and with the first fruits of their increase. Especially, are we called to fervent praise and devout sacrifice, because the blessings of peace are united to those of plenty.

"No conqueror o'er our fields has gone,
To blast with war our summer bowers,
And stain with blood of woe and guilt
The soil that giveth life to flowers;
But morning dews and evening rains
Have fallen on our bounteous plains,
And earth, through all her realms abroad,
Gives back the image of her God.

Bright with the Autumn's richest tints,
Each hill lifts up its head on high,
And spreads its fruit and blossoms out,
An offering meet beneath the sky;
And hill, and plain, and vale, and grove,
Join in the sacrifice of love,
And wind, and stream, and lake, and sea,
-I'ft high their hymns of ecstasy."