

diligence from man's treatment of the land.

6. I believe, lastly, that the earth teaches *that great truth, the resurrection of the body.*

Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable than the wide difference between the appearance of earth at the beginning of winter and at the beginning of spring. Thousands of herbaceous flowers in winter are dead down to the very ground. Not a vestige of life remains about them. The great majority of trees are naked and bare. The little child is ready to think they are dead, and will never put forth leaves again. And yet both flowers and trees are alive, and in due time will be clothed again with bloom and beauty. As soon as the warm air of spring begins to be felt a resurrection takes place. To use the beautiful words of the Canticles—"The winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth" (Cant. ii. 11, 12).

Cold must that mind be, and dull that heart, which does not see, in this great annual change, a lively type of the resurrection of man's body. He who formed the world foresaw the weakness of man's faith. He foresaw our slowness to believe spiritual things. He has taken care to provide us with an annual remembrance of what he intends to do for our bodies at the last day. As plants and trees put forth life in spring, so in due time 'our bodies shall rise again.' Well may we say, when we look at the difference of the earth in winter and in summer, 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead?' Well may we say when sneering scoffers ask the question, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' 'Who are thou that talkest of difficulties? Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee.' 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead" (1 Cor. xv. 36—42).

HOME IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.

The evening of life draws on apace.—The heads of the family feel that they are swiftly floating down the stream of time.

The "olive branches" that sprang up around their table are becoming men and women. The youths are entering on the busy scene of life; and around the daughters suitors are gathering. It is a season of deep parental anxiety. A thousand doubts and fears fill the mind. The need is felt, or ought to be felt, of that counsel and guidance which God alone can give.

Like vessels, our sons are launched upon the sea of life, and fearfully we realize the rocks and quicksands which will endanger their voyage. We give them solemn counsel. We bid them take on board the true chart, the Word of God. We remind them that the only breeze which can prosperously fill their sails must proceed from the Spirit's influences; and we urge them, to secure as their pilot at the helm, the Lord Jesus Christ. We warn them against snares and temptations; we exhort them to rectitude and purity of life.—And then away they go, north, south, east, and west! But they are not forgotten.—We remember them at the throne of grace; and our greatest joy is to hear tidings of their safety and success.

Then our daughters leave us. One after, another we give them to those they love and they form the centres of other circles. We hail their happiness with gratitude, nor once repent the care we spent upon them.

The fireside becomes lonely. The happy faces and merry voices that gave it life are now departed to cast their lustre elsewhere. Some, too, have been numbered with the dead, and their cheerful tones are silent for ever. We cherish no longer the sweet anticipation of seeing them in their familiar places, yet we look forward to another and a happier meeting, where death hath no office, and the grave no place.—

The evening shadows grow deeper and deeper. Other years have fled. Age and decrepitude have advanced with equal step. In the same old house where childhood's hours spent so joyfully, the aged pair are sitting by the familiar hearth, around which