

prevent the ear from filling or ripening, not all the vast revenues or resources of our Empire could avail to help us. The rich and the poor, the needy and the independent, would be overwhelmed with a common ruin. All the other riches of the British Empire—its coal and iron, gold and jewels—failing the riches of the world's golden harvest fields, would be as worthless as the dust beneath our feet.

When we think of these things, my friends, surely our hearts should fill with gratitude and thankfulness to God that once again He has answered our prayers to Him that "it would please Him to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them."

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Here, then, is our lesson to-day concerning the joy of harvest.

As we give God thanks for this special benefit of His providence, let us also try to realize more closely the sense of His continual, His abiding Presence. "Blessed are the pure in heart," it is written, "for they shall see God." Yes, believe is, "see God"—see Him now in field and hill, in the silent growing of the seed, in the gentle breeze that bloweth where it listeth, in winter frost, in summer rain, in the golden wealth of harvest-tide, as His time-robe glows and palpitates with all the glories of that jewelled city of the captive's vision!

Oh that we could all open our hearts more freely to "the signs of the Kingdom of Heaven . . . nigh at hand"!

"There's not a flower can grow upon the earth

Without a flower on the spiritual side:

All that we see is pattern of what shall be in the Mount.

There's nothing small:

No lily, muffled hum of summer bee,

But finds its coupling in the spinning stars,

No pebble at your foot but proves a sphere,

No chaffinch but implies a cherubim;

Earth is full of Heaven,

And every common bush afire with God."*

Oh to be able to really feel that earth is full of Heaven,—how it would change our whole aspect of God and life, and life's work!

"I think the most heart-whole man I ever knew," said one, "was a man who had waited and watched, breaking stones through all weathers on the cold shoulder of a Yorkshire hill; and he could hardly see the stones he had to break, he was so blind.

* Mrs. Browning.

His wife was dead, and all his children; his cottage was open to the sky and the still cold stars in winter. But when once one said to comfort him, 'Brother, you will soon be in Heaven!' he cried out in his rapture, 'Ah, sir! thank God, I have been in Heaven any time this last ten years!'

Yes, earth is full of Heaven to those who are Heavenly. And, I think, if you and I, my friends, do not succeed in getting to Heaven in this world, like that poor Yorkshire stone-breaker, we shall stand but a poor chance of getting there in any world which is to come.

Pray God, I beg of you, to open your hearts to this truth of His continual, His abiding Presence, not only in the startling and the unusual events of life, such as we more generally speak of as the visitations of God, but in the more constant and regular events, which are equally Divine visitations, such as that regular coming of God to man of which every autumn with its harvest-tide reminds us. Pray God to fill your hearts with gratitude that you may indeed sing for joy—for joy of harvest.

POPPIES.

BY EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.,

Author of "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," etc.



COMMON POPPY.

THE word Poppy conjures up a mental photograph of a cornfield in July. The corn-stalks, be they wheat or barley, stand erect, but with their heads swaying gently to and fro in response to every movement of the air. The ears, though formed, are all but empty, and the light falls upon them, giving a silvery sheen to their green colour; but soon the mid-summer showers and sunbeams will combine to fill out the grains and turn the ears to gold. At

present the note of richness comes not from golden grain, but from the glow of the poppies that are