

Lesson of the Harvest.

FOUR or five months ago how cold and dull and dead the aspect of our fields! Yet the farmer plowed and sowed and planted in hope and faith. The precious seed was committed to the soil, and in due time sunshine and shower, the dews of the night, the breezes of morn and eve, visited it, and it sprang up, grew and ripened; it was cut down and garnered, and to-day Canada rejoices in a most bountiful harvest, such as the toilers in her fields had hardly ventured to expect. Is it needful to remind the population of this Christian country that our harvest is a gift from Heaven? Is it needful to recount our obligations to Him who has made summer and winter and who has sent His sunshine and rain in due season? Do we not every morning and evening acknowledge our dependence on the Giver of all good, and present to Him the tribute of gratitude for our daily bread?

It becomes us to sing His praise and to show forth by word and deed our sense of His wondrous goodness.

Good unto all men is the Lord;  
O'er all his works his mercy is,  
Thy works all praise to Thee accord,  
Thy saints, O Lord, Thy name shall bless.

It is unworthy of us as rational beings to receive good at the hand of the Lord and to ignore the Giver,—to acknowledge Him coldly and formally in words, but to cherish no burning gratitude in our hearts. He sends us the green and gold of summer and harvest as messages of love from a bountiful Father. How do we receive these gifts—these messages? Do we accept all as a matter of course, as if God were under some obligation to us for our

complacent emotions towards Himself and His cause in the world.

When He gives all we possess how much does He expect back from us? We cannot enrich Him, for the universe is His, but we are privileged to be fellow-workers with Him, and to show forth our grateful, filial spirit by thank-offerings from loyal hearts. How beautiful when God's children come to His House, their souls filled with love, their lips uttering songs of praise, and their hands bearing gifts for the Lord's Treasury! How sharper is it than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child! And God's children are ever expected to be thankful and to prove their gratitude by fitting deeds.

What does the Lord expect of me? How can I best advance His cause? The work to be accomplished by the Church is ever increasing, and the commission given by the Master is to evangelize the whole world. As He has blessed our plowing and our sowing in fields around us, so He is ready, He is waiting to bless the spiritual seed we sow whether in the dark places of our own Dominion or in the dismal realms of heathendom. The harvest fields are white and the reapers are few.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." As in the natural, so it is in the spiritual world. If we indolently or recklessly leave the field committed to us as if it were none of ours,—if we leave it for weeds and wastefulness,—or if we sow bad seed,—“what shall the harvest be?” Now is the time to answer this question, and it is of the highest importance that as individuals and as a community we should answer it wisely and without delay. If we leave the heathen at home uncared for, they will by and by usurp dominion over us, and endanger the safety of the country.