

part with friends and loved ones, and all in this world dear to you; and when the death struggle is over, and the last sigh ceased, what—what is that final act? Is it not, amid the sorrows and tears of humanity, to consign your body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to everlasting life? This, indeed, is the final sowing in tears—our bodies are sown in corruption, sown in dishonour, sown in weakness, sown a natural body, there to minister to the fulness of the harvest which shall be ripened in the end, when it shall be raised in glory!

But the day of trouble is the day of promise: seed sown in tears shall yield a rich harvest which shall be reaped in joy! For months the farmer has been paying labourers to plough and harrow his fields, to drill his wheat, to hoe and guard his crops. He has been parting with good seed, enriching the soil; the crops have been in danger from the wetness of spring, or from the absence of sun in summer, or from the beating rain and tempestuous wind; there has been fear of bad weather in which to reap and carry, and when at last, in our variable climate, the farmer succeeds in carrying to his barns his year's crop, what relief of mind it brings.

Harvest-time, then, is indeed a time of joy! What more cheerful than to watch the reaper put his sickle to the wheat, to behold the field full of sheaves, to watch the waggon with its team of horses, and the labourers quickly piling up the shocks of corn, here and there the gleaner looking carefully for the scattered ears—every countenance bearing traces of pleasure and happiness, and every arm working with a will, until the fields are stripped of their golden glories, the barns filled, and all harvested in safety.

Such is the path by which the Church of God is ripened for her perfection and for her triumph in the world to come. The storms of this earth—its sorrows and sighings and tribulations; its cares, anxieties, and weariness—all that seems to bear us down now and make us sad and heartbroken, every tear shed in faith and hope shall result in joy. Let our discouragements be what they may, or let the enemies of God's Church seem as strong as they may, yet godliness shall be stronger than all; and if we be faithful to our Lord, then the very trials which threaten to overwhelm us shall but minister to the fulness of the harvest which shall be ripened in the end. Faithful is He that hath promised, and it would be strange indeed if He who for ages and generations hath kept His word of promise, so that harvest has never failed, should not also keep His promise to His own children, that they "who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The seed is not sown for its beauty, but for its fruit. If you are to reap in joy, the object of your sowing in tears must be to produce a useful and abundant harvest. The frost or drought may spoil a crop, sins indulged and opportunities neglected may make the harvest of your lives impossible, but any way there

must come the reaping, there must come the summing-up of all the past.

What shall your harvest be? You, young men and maidens, whose hearts are full of hope. Behold in the decay of nature how mortal mere earthly hope is, and while there is time lay hold on that hope which is the anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" sow now to the flesh, and of the flesh you shall reap corruption; sow to the Spirit, and an abundant harvest shall be yours.

And you who are in the summer of life, you who see fame and interest and pleasure displaying their shadowy promises around you, mark how the harvest is past, the summer ended, and be warned that the illusions of time must pass, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

And you who are now in the eventide of life, when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, let the harvest which is gathered in remind you of the mighty change you are soon to undergo, and of the last great harvest festival in the realms of bliss above. And one and all make your choice now, and make it for ever. Sow in tears now and you shall reap in joy; sow in joy now, scatter around the seed of pleasure and fame and riches unthinkingly, and what shall you reap. Shall it be good or evil? Shall it be light or darkness? Shall it be shame or peace? You and God alone know. Oh, make your choice now and for ever. Let life be lived in earnest, not full of easy yesterdays and confident to-morrows, but like the toil of the faithful husbandmen, from summer to summer and from dawn to night. When the sighs of earth are for ever ended, the sorbs of life wiped away, the gate of tribulation passed, you who have sown in tears now, glory to God, shall then reap in joy!

Rev. W. Fraser.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

How condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to His throne;
There's not a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.
This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget.
Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Dr. Watts.