

miracle of a single blade of wheat can be shown, and when that blessing rests, then the single blade assumes infinite multiplications. At first a miracle of existence, it soon assumes the shape of a law of nature. We are deceived by the sight of its universal prevalence here. The greater the Divine interferences actually has been in this matter, the less have we come to think it. Till less than 50 years ago—till even the aged and worthy clerk, now still living among us, came to this peninsula, not all the suns—not all the shades—not all the revolving seasons—nor the busy race of wanderers, had ever seen a blade of corn in this our neighborhood. It is God's recent miracle in this country. Creation, in that respect, began as it were in this locality scarce 50 years ago. Within the memory and experience of living man; the first settlers almost perished for want of that blade which we now see every where around us. The very old people tell us of a scarcity of food when, but for the fishes of the pretty lakes, they would not have subsisted, for then there was no blade of wheat to be seen. All this has happened so recently, and yet my brethren, our fathers do not consider it. They gather in the harvest, or they watch the blade, but then they do not seek the blessing of God; or at least do not seek it with the earnestness, piety and religious observances that they ought.

The blessing of God, my brethren, it is that which maketh rich—for if you will observe, not only has the blade of wheat been, as it were by creative power introduced among us, but it is also in danger of being as miraculously withdrawn. Would you believe that these golden harvests may be gathered from our fields now for nearly the last time. Would you deem it credible that this our fertile earth may soon refuse to bring forth the green blade—or that being poured forth from earth's bounteous laps the blade itself may sicken and die; and that if not universally, at least in the greater degree, so far as to fail to recompense the labor of cultivation. Such a catastrophe, I trust our piety, our lovely and reverent performance of Christian duties, our prayers, our sacraments, our sustained Church may help to avert from us. But really the danger of the lovely blade of wheat disappearing from our arid fields is near and imminent. For many years, rye-bread has been the food of the New England States. But latterly an insect or fly, or several varieties of insects, have ravaged all the tender blades of the wheat field there, so that many of the most sanguine agriculturists are said to be about resigning the unprofitable labor of attempting its growth. That feeble but innumerable insect host has destroyed