

whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

You are aware that in many countries, in that, for instance, in which some of us were born, a long interval elapses between seed-time and harvest. The ground is prepared, and the wheat sown in the previous autumn, and is not reaped till late in the succeeding summer, or early in the following fall. Between the plough and the sickle, the snows and storms, and frosts, and desolation of winter intervene, when every vestige of vegetation seems destroyed. Nay, many trees require several years' growth and training before they are productive; and yet the horticulturist, through all this protracted period, perseveringly pursues his labours. "Be patient therefore, Brethren. Behold the husbandman!" contemplate his conduct, who "*waiteth* for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath *long patience* for it. Be ye also patient."

And recollect we have this great advantage over him: while his crops are exposed to a thousand calamities, utterly beyond his control, and his hopes often blasted by the blights and tempests of these inclement elements, we are subject to no such contingencies. For it is written: "To him that soweth righteousness there is a *sure reward*." Though some of the seed we scatter may fall by the wayside, and in stony places, and among thorns, yet others shall fall in good ground, and bring forth thirty, sixty, a hundred fold. This is as certain as "the ordinances of heaven."

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it." "For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations." Then let us not be "weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Frequently we see the effects of our instructions in the present life. Even where they have been received apparently in vain, it sometimes happens that after a long season of wintry desolation, the sentiments implanted in early years are resuscitated. The germ which appeared to have perished has been quickened, and yielded results which have abundantly repaid the anxieties of cultivation. And if we do not receive a recompence here, there can be no doubt we shall hereafter, at the appointed period—when the fulness of the time shall come—when

all things are mature, and ripe, and ready for the sickle, in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Then, at the final consummation, at the great harvest of the universe, when the ultimate consequences of these endeavours shall be ascertained,—then "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall *doubtless* come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." Amid the plaudits of his Master, the hosannahs of the redeemed, and the jubilation of the skies, while "angels shout the harvest home," he shall enter into the joy of his Lord, "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord."

BAPTIST WORTHIES.—No. IV.

WILLIAM KIFFIN.

THE venerable William Kiffin lived in an eventful and calamitous period of English history—a period of ecclesiastical domination, of political misrule, and of national convulsion; when kings, bishops, and statesmen "took counsel together" to destroy the liberties of our forefathers, and to establish an absolute monarchy.

London is considered the place of his birth, which came to pass A.D. 1616. His parents, who were in respectable circumstances, died of the plague A.D. 1625, leaving their son nine years of age. William himself narrowly escaped death from that awful pestilence, for being "left with six plague sores upon him, nothing but death was looked for by all his friends." When thirteen years old, he was apprenticed to John Lilburn, of turbulent renown, a brewer in London, whose occupation, which Kiffin designates "a mean calling," he followed for the space of two years; when growing melancholy, he resolved to leave his master. On the morning this resolution was carried into effect, Providence led him into a church, where Mr. Fowley was preaching on the duty of servants to their masters. The coincidence appeared to him remarkable—he "greatly wondered"—though the preacher had his eye on him in particular, while conscience with its small still voice said, "Thou art the man." "This had such an effect on my mind," he observes, "that I immediately returned to my master's, and no one observed my having gone away." Henceforward he became a follower of the Puritan ministers, whose preaching was the means of his conversion to God, and of