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THE HARVEST.

The harvest is past and the summer is ended; the glory has departed from field and forest; the ground will soon be locked in the fetters of winter and it will yield us nothing except graves wherein to bury our dead out of our sight. Now, therefore, is the time to look back upon our summer toils and to note our autumn fruit. The sower went forth to sow. He committed the seed to the soil in full trust that God would send the sunshine and the rain, and that sheaves of ripened golden grain would be his reward in harvest time. It has been even so. According to the good promise of Him who is faithful and true, seed time and harvest have not failed us. The country is prosperous. The fields, the mines, the waters of our country, have yielded in great abundance.

What shall we render to the Lord for all His benefits? Let us acknowledge His goodness and go into His house with offerings of praise and thanksgiving. He has giving us *all*: let us make some return to Him to manifest our love, and as an acknowledgment of His bounty. Fire, rain, frost, sunshine, storm, all the elements of destruction, and of growth, and healing are at His command. On any day He might have commissioned one of His "angels" to smite your fields with mildew, your cattle with murrain, and yourself with plague.—He may do so still. He has thus manifested his power in other countries: why should

we escape? That we have been spared, and that autumn closes upon us in peace and comfort, should convince us, not that we are better than others, but that God is exceedingly gracious, and prolonging and multiplying His mercies to us that we may be drawn nearer to Himself.

The natural summer and harvest are a symbol of our own lives. Each of us has had his spring and summer, or is enjoying one or other now: each of us will have his harvest. As we have sowed so shall we reap. The harvest yields us according to the seed we have sown in spring; the connection between the two is that of cause and effect. The child is father of the man. What you have sown in youth you reap in riper years. But the great harvest time is when this life is over and we go to our eternal home. All our earth-life may be regarded as the spring-tide of existence.—Whatever we sow here we must reap hereafter; as is the seed we scatter on the fields of time so the harvest we gather on the fields beyond the grave.

Are you ready for that harvest? Death, the un pitying reaper, is thrusting in his sharp sickle ever and anon, and he will soon cut you down; have you a good hope of being gathered into the garner of God, or must you be driven away as chaff before the whirlwind of his wrath? You can have but one spring, one summer, one harvest; take heed lest you have to mourn forever. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."