

the goodly shadow of trees of righteousness,—when the servants of God assemble in circumstances more joyous than ever before, inasmuch as they report a revival not over and gone but rejoice in continued showers on the hills of Israel, these are evidences of the great power of God. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by. His time is a time of love. What then is our duty in these momentous times. The tidings have manifestly produced deep interest and awakened strong desires in the fatherland. Discussions on the subject of revivals in Ministerial gatherings; simultaneous addresses on the great theme from many pulpits; consecrated hours for humiliation and prayer are signs of movement there. Doubtless there was previously a growing interest in divine things and an increased attention to the claims of dying men, yet the brethren were glad when they heard of the grace of God in America. We are however nearer the scene. Some among us have visited the hallowed places of the Saviour's presence, and mingled in those scenes. Have we caught a portion of the same spirit? Are we baptized with the same baptism? Expectations have been excited. Faith has been found at the footstool. Still it is a waiting time. Is the spirit of the Lord straitened? While we pen these lines the fields are whitening to the harvest. The God of nature is the God of grace. There is an analogy between his operations in the kingdom of nature and of grace. Let us lift up our eyes and look: is there no promise of a harvest of souls to be gathered in to Christ? Is this fruitful land in what respects the bounties of Providence to be a wilderness and a desolation in the moral and spiritual aspect? Or shall it only yield the gleanings of the vintage? We mark the influence of the sun in its light and heat. It warms and fructifies the earth. Its power is felt over nature. The scene is lit up with beauty. The vallies are clothed with corn and the little hills rejoice on every side. The animal kingdom feels the influence. The air resounds with notes of melody and sounds of joy. And on man the influence is no less evident. There is the shout of the reapers bearing the harvest treasures home. Much enjoyment in life springs from the sight

“Of holy light, offspring of heaven—first born.”

How wretched the prisoner in a dungeon denied even the light of day. How sweet to the pent-up dwellers in the crowded city to escape for a time to the open country or to the sea-shore. Shut up from the influence of day the very current of the blood is changed. Truly light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun. How glorious then the influence of the Sun of righteousness rising over the dark mountains of sin and ignorance and death to cheer the souls of men. That sun has not set. The possession of the gospel is the shining of its glorious beams. The universe of God acquires new beauty and obtains a glorious freshness when flooded with the light of love. Then there are immortal flowers that unfold their loveliness and give forth celestial fragrance. The rich resources of heaven are poured out on earth. Provisions of heavenly sweetness are produced. Men eat angels food. The fountains of living waters sparkle in the light. Songs of unutterable pathos fill the soul, and all is joy, for glory is brought to God in the highest and angels shout the harvest home over ransomed men. Such wonders we look for in connection with the exhibition of the cross of Christ. Yet before the harvest there must be a season of moisture. The dew must distil, the rains must descend from heaven. In this again we are presented with what is analogous in the kingdom of grace. The influences of the Holy