

Men to sow no seed—that were madness unthought of—yet without the smile of God in renewing the face of the earth, seed though sown would rot and perish. The tenderness and love of God walk forth in Spring clothing the pastures and hills with verdure. “He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.”

To man, the dweller on earth, this renewal of its face presents emblems of his state. Human life is compared to the flower of the field. He cometh forth as a flower. In spring our senses are regaled with the beauty and fragrance of flowers, yet soon they wither away. Human flowers soon fade. Life is short and uncertain, even as the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow passeth away. This life, however, is the spring time of man's existence. Then must seed be sown for eternity. A spiritual husbandry, the toil and care of which is of vast importance, is crowded into the spring-days of our life on earth. What is committed to the soil of the affections now, will yield fruit hereafter. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. An opportunity of great improvement comes with the renewal of the face of the earth. A single seed will yield a hundred fold. In the granary it abides alone; in the soil, harrowed in by prayer and blessed by God it bringeth forth much fruit. Spring-work, however, must be done in its own season; delay till summer, and vain the toil, it is too late to secure the end. Thus with the interests of the soul, NOW is the accepted time, it may be too late on a dying bed to seek mercy, and surely it will be too late to pray in hell. In the season of youth it is well to decide for God.

How many changes take place in the weather during spring! It is a struggle between winter and summer. Such is life, a scene of vicissitudes. Here we have no continuing city. The leaves so sweet, so bright, and green, are soon to fall. We all do fade as a leaf. The promise too of spring is frequently much greater than is realized. Fruit trees blossom, the stalk of corn appears healthy and strong, yet the look of orchard and field may be deceptive: frost, mildew, rust and other sources of disappointment may set to work. Thus in life many things which men expect fail them. Hopes prove fallacious. Promises are forgotten. As the morning cloud, and as the early dew, the goodness that appeared beautiful as the bloom of spring may pass away.

The renewal of the face of the earth ought to remind man of the necessity of the renewal of the soul. Should the dreary winter of sin last in the heart, no joy can ever reign there. In the thick-ribbed ice of a carnal mind, no plant of righteousness can grow. The snow melts before the breath of spring, and the soul under the influence of God's love is subdued. Truth springs out of the earth. 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. What hope is there of an eternal spring? The corn of wheat has fallen into the ground, it does not abide alone; the death of Christ has destroyed the power of death. “Sweet fields across the flood, stand dressed in living green.” Christ in you the hope of glory. The indulgence of this blessed hope is not without a struggle; as in spring the renewal of the face of the earth is advanced, frost and cold reluctantly yield their grasp, so in man's soul the contest between sin and