

advanced ground. Some of his emphatic expressions were: "Forward is the Word—no falling back: we must take the world for Christ. Say so to our people. God calls us louder than thunder on the dome of the sky; the Lord strikes the hour: we must throw down our gold in the presence of God."

This was said by a good and true man who knew that he had only an hour or two to live on earth. It is thus that the dying saint looks upon a dying world. Here is an impressive lesson for us. Surely now if ever, "Forward is the Word" for the Presbyterian Church—forward in every good work. God strikes the hour for us as He never sounded it before. He calls us aloud to do more for the dying Heathen—to do more for the desolations of our own land—to do more as ministers and people, whose work-day is short and passing swiftly away. O God give us eyes to see and minds to understand our opportunities, and grace to make good use of them!

THE HARVEST.

Blessed be God, the bountiful Giver of all good, for the plenteous harvest which He has given to reward the husbandman's toil. From the far East and the farthest West come the same glad-tidings of abundance on every hand. Lands that lately pined in the tortures of famine are now rejoicing over fulness of bread. A few—a very few—spots are suffering through some local calamity; but their wants can be abundantly supplied by the hand of charity. Truly, God has not left Himself without a witness in given His creatures a most fruitful season.

Our own happy Provinces share richly in the general bounty. Neither the farmer nor the fisherman has toiled in vain. Fields and orchards, forests and seas have yielded their spoil to the hand of industry.

See too what beauty, what loveliness, has mingled with all our blessings! Not to speak of the flowers, and of the golden umbrage of our forests,—what wealth of unspeakable splendour is in our autumnal mornings and evenings,—days and nights!

This season seemed to be exceptionally beautiful,—its skies so fair and serene, and its winds so soft and gentle: the violence of destructive storms being far off.

The harvest is gathered now: the flowers have faded; the leaves have fallen; the air is filled with the wailings of chilling winds and sad with the sobbings of late autumnal rains. There is beauty still—beauty, such as lingers on the pale faces of the dead when we bid their unheeding forms our last farewells;—enough of beauty and of life to give us hope of the glories of another summer.

Such is life. Of how many must it be said, the harvest is past, and the summer is ended and *they* are not saved. Reader, what is your harvest like? Have you sown in spring, watered in summer, garnered abundantly in harvest? Have your fields preached their rich parables to you from day-to-day? What do they *now* say to you?

We need not write in detail of the rich lessons of the season. The fields which the Lord has blessed, are now barren and cold; but what they yielded is carefully and gratefully treasured for the dark and trying days of winter. The fields where no sower went out to sow are bare too, but they have yielded nothing to enrich the farmer's barn and store houses. As men sowed, so did they reap. He who sowed sparingly has reaped also sparingly: he who sowed abundantly has won an abundant harvest.

As in the material world so in the spiritual. God is the great Husbandman: we are His husbandry. And the question now, when God has so richly blessed us in things temporal and spiritual, is, what shall we do for Him? How shall we show forth our love and gratitude? He give us plenty in order to test us. Prosperity is often a severer test of character than adversity. Let it be noted that taking the country as a whole, we are being tried now by prosperity. Reader, how do you stand that trial? Is your harvest that of the barren fig-tree, or the rocky field, or the trodden way-side? God forbid!