

servance of the law of the Sabbath. You may be aware that great numbers of those who were not restrained by their ideas of the Sabbath laws, have, this harvest, in this neighbourhood taken advantage of bright weather on Sabbath to house their crop, and not only so but that, last Lord's day they were joined by some, I hardly know who, or what numbers, who belong to Evangelical churches, and profess to hold scriptural ideas of the Sabbath law. Of course their plea is, that it was a work of necessity and mercy. We have, indeed, been familiar for weeks, with a very dark aspect of Providence. The abundant produce of the fields seemed destined to destruction; and sad tidings were borne to us of the devastation wrought by the weather in some parts of the Province. There was a depressing alternation of rain and sunshine. No sooner did hope spring up, that, at length, sufficient time would be given to gather in all the grain, than heavy clouds again obscured the sun, and soaked the earth. Thus tantalized, I cannot but sympathize with those who contemplated with sorrow the prospect of the devastation of the riches of the field from which we all are fed. I have no harsh words to use of those who may have been led into a mistake. I have no harsh words at all to use in any case, when I am not called on to be judge; and, if any christian man last Lord's day felt that he had to decide, not between saving his crop and a greater or lesser amount of gain, but between this and apparent starvation, I might leave this question between himself and his God. But the whole matter demands more reflection than I fear has been spent on it. Sympathy and feeling may outrun all reason, and shut our eyes to the most obvious facts. Where, I ask, was the terrible urgency, the terrible necessity? Harvest is about over; and where, around us, is the awful loss that was apprehended! The most precious grain has often to be as long exposed as we have just now seen it in colder climates; and God has favoured us at present by sending us cold which has made the wet and protracted harvest comparatively harmless. Injury, much injury has been done; but I have examined wheat which has been long beaten on by the chill storms, and could not discover a single sprung sheaf, not even a sprung grain. Was not God telling us clearly he was watching over us, and not to distrust him? Where was the terrible exigency? Go to our farmers, go to the oldest, and ask them how often, in a long lifetime, they can remember to have suffered serious loss of their harvest, by the weather at its ingathering; and they can speak of but very few such seasons indeed. Ask them further, whether, ever in such seasons, any advantage would be gained by breaking the Sabbath rest; whether on looking back, they can say, that any loss they have sustained could have been to any extent averted, by Sabbath work; or whether they feel sure that, in any case, the man who has had recourse to it has gained anything beyond his more scrupulous neighbour; and they are dumb, and well they may, for at the present time, what has been the fate of the Sabbath worker; simply this, to have driven his grain to his barn in a worse condition than others, while those who worshipped God on his day have the satisfaction of carrying home, rejoicingly, well seasoned sheaves. For a few hours the bottles of heaven emptied themselves; but not without giving a respite of days; and, for the rest of the week, just closed, we have had the most splendid harvest weather that ever blessed this land, the most glorious sunshine that ever lighted up the firmament. God has been loudly proclaiming, "them that honour me I will honour them." It reminds me of a tale I have heard of an agriculturist in Scotland, who, during a backward season like our own, was urged to follow the example of some fearful neighbours, and, save his crop on Sabbath. He replied, that if it was good for him, his crop would be saved; and that if it were to be lost, he could bear it; he was content; his servants