

### 'The Harvest is the End of the World.'

The destruction of anything that has been constructed at the expense of much pains and ingenuity, is very painful and disappointing to man. The more he has laboured after its excellence, and the more it has been useful to him, the more must its termination afflict him. It is very natural, then, for those who admire this great frame of things, and adore creating power and wisdom, to shrink at the prospect of the end of the world. This wonderful exhibition of grandeur and minuteness, of beauty and sublimity, of adaptation and counteraction, is it to come to an end? Are these heavens to be folded up as a scroll, and all these elements to melt with fervent heat? Yes, so it is decreed. So, in the unperturbed tranquillity of his own eternity, hath the Creator appointed. But it will not pass away, as the poet has sung, and thousands have repeated after him, and 'leave not a wreck behind.' God's harvest is yet to come. It will not be reaped till the end of the world. When the materials whose occupation, in all the seasons, we have been studying, shall be changed; and, by the great Creator, adapted to other uses, or employed for the benefit, and under the control, of other beings, they for whom the sun arose and set, and the seasons bloomed and faded, shall be gathered as the final fruit of this earth, and garnered up in the great storehouse, fitted for an eternal and unchanging existence.

We have sown and reaped; we have been enriched with terrestrial abundance, our valleys have smiled in plenty, the little hills have rejoiced on every side; one generation after another has possessed the soil, and enjoyed in autumn the consummation for which they toiled in spring, little weening that these seeds are but the superficial portion, the fleeting produce, while they themselves are the real germs, which must in their turn be deposited in the earth, until the whole world be sown, and these germs be matured.

Then cometh God's harvest. His plan for our earthly sphere has reached its most important era. His purposes with regard to man in his state of trial are accomplished. His well-beloved Son, the Lord of the Vineyard, returns in the clouds, with power and great glory, to gather in the fruits. His angels shall collect them from the four winds, from the uttermost parts of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven. Those who we have deemed as dead, were but sown, to spring again and be reaped. 'All that are in their graves shall hear His voice.' The land, the sea, the cavern, and the wilderness, shall alike spring up instinct with life. O solemn mother earth, on which we tread so carelessly! Is every atom of thy soil engaged in this great concern? Wilt thou on that day heave up a breathing mass of human beings? Will generations, divided by thousands of years, meet face to face on thee? Shall we, of these latter days, at last look upon Abraham, and Job, and Daniel? Shall we hear the voice of Paul, and Peter, and the beloved disciple? Shall we see come from under the altar, those precious ones who were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held; shall we admire their spotless robes, and rejoice in their faithfulness? No, we shall not see them at first, not on that great day. The voice of a great multitude, as the voice of mighty thunders, will be in our ears. We shall hear the Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, for the marriage of the Lamb is come. But the eye of all the seed will be fixed on the Lamb himself; on Him whom not having seen, they have loved; on Him whom the hope of seeing on that day, has enabled them to rejoice even in this pilgrimage of tears, with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The harvestman has toiled through the spring and summer; when the in-gathering arrives he is glad, and when it is completed, he hails it with a shout of joy. He is satisfied because his object is attained; he hath sown, and he hath reaped and gathered into his barn. So will it be, if we may venture on the analogy, with the Lord. His harvest has come, his angels have reaped, and he is gathering to himself all those who love him, and whom he loves. But there will be a company present, the heart dies at the contemplation, the company of the rejected, of those despisers, who, whether they will or no, must at last 'behold,' for every eye shall see him, 'and wonder' at their own stupidity and perverseness, 'and perish.' O, wo to the hypocrite who will that day be overtaken, the proud who will be cast down, and the oppressor who will then be overthrown! Wo to the regardless who will too late become careful, and the impenitent, whose hardness of heart shall then be their bane. And can the compassionate Jesus see this and be 'satisfied.'

Let us tremble while we rejoice at the remembrance of his holiness. He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. He must complete and fit together the glorious building, fixing each

living stone in its appointed place, esteeming each precious as it has become a temple of the Holy Ghost; and with this glorious edifice he is satisfied. There is not one niche in which a scorner, or a despiser, or a neglecter of his law and of his love, can find a place. His love demands the exclusion of such from the mansions where his people abide. His justice requires that they be fixed where they can no longer afflict the just. He is therefore satisfied. He is doing that which his immutable nature demands. 'Ye would not come to me that ye might have life.' Alleluia; salvation and glory, and honor and power unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous are his judgments.—Amen. Alleluia.—*Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.—Autumn.*

### Harmony of Revelation with Nature and Science.

If a system purporting to come from heaven, comprises incidentally and naturally a perfect system of natural religion, gathering up all the obscure voices that nature utters, tracing out the indistinct lines which she has written; if its precepts are often in opposition to the common judgment, and to the strong feelings of men; and yet, when tested by tendencies and results, are universally found to be sustained by these sanctions of natural religion; if it originated among a people who had manifested no tendency to philosophical studies, and from men without education, then we may well enquire, 'Whence had these men this wisdom?' The more we consider the extreme difficulty of tracing out these tendencies, the minute and comprehensive knowledge both of man and of nature, which it must require to do it perfectly, together with the blinding influence of selfishness and passion in such inquiries, the more highly shall we estimate the marvellous sagacity that could gather up and embody every utterance and law of nature as declared by results.

But this Christianity has actually done. Here we feel that we stand on firm ground. At this point we challenge the scrutiny of the infidel. We defy him to point out a single duty even whispered by nature, which is not also inculcated in the New Testament: we defy him to point out a single precept of Christianity, a single course of action inculcated by it, which does not, in proportion as it is followed, receive the sanction of natural religion as declared by beneficial consequences. In fact, moral philosophy, and political economy, and the science of politics, the sciences which teach men the rules of well-being, whether as individuals, or as communities, are, so far as they are sound, but experience and the structure of organized nature echoing back the teachings of Christianity. What principle of Christian ethics does moral philosophy now presume to call in question? What are the general principles of political economy, but an imperfect application, to the intercourse of trading communities, of those rules of good neighbourhood, and of that spirit of kindness which christianity inculcates? What is the larger part of political science but a laborious and imperfect mode of realizing those results in society which would flow spontaneously from the universal prevalence of Christian morals and of a christian spirit? Does christianity command us to be temperate? Science some eighteen hundred years afterward, discovers that temperance alone is in accordance with what it calls the natural laws;—and political economy reckons up the loss of labour and of wealth resulting from intemperance; and then, after an untold amount of suffering, what do they do but echo back the injunction, 'Add to knowledge temperance.' Does the Bible command men to do no work on the Seventh day, and so let their cattle rest? It is now beginning to be discovered that this is in accordance with an organic law: and that, thus doing, both men and animals will be more healthy, and will do more work. And so, in regard to every course that would lead men to unhappiness, Christianity has stood from the first at the entrance of the paths, and uttered its warning cry.

The nations have not heard it, but have rushed by, and rushed on, till they have reaped the fruit of their own devices in the corruption of morals, in the confusion of society through oppression and misrule; and then philosophy has condescended to discover these evils, and, if it has done any thing for the permanent relief of society, it has brought it back to the letter or spirit of the gospel. The stern teachings of experience are making it manifest, and they will continue to do it more and more, that the Bible is God's statute-book for the regulation of his moral creatures, and that the laws of the Bible can no more be violated with impunity than the natural laws of God.—*President Hopkins.*

### Life's Pendulum.

At every swing of the pendulum, a spirit goes into eternity. The measure of our life is a hand-breath;

it is a tale that is told, its rapidity is like the swift shuttle or the flying arrow; it is brief as the fading flower, or the transitory rainbow, or the dazzling meteor; it is a bubble; it is a breath. At every swing of the pendulum, a spirit goes into eternity. Between the rising and the setting of the sun, 43,000 souls are summoned before their creator. Death is ever busy, night and day, at all seasons, and in all climes. True, as well as beautiful, are those lines of Mrs. Hemans—

"Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

He is supplied with a boundless variety of darts and arrows, with which he accomplishes his work. Could all the forms in which death comes to man be written together, what a long and fearful catalogue would it make! Think of the innumerable number of diseases, all at the command of death. And, as though these were not sufficient, see how man is exposed to fatal accidents on every hand, and at every moment. It is a saying of Flavel, that the smallest pore in the body is a door large enough to let in death. 'The least gnat in the air,' says the same writer, 'may choke one, as it did Adrian, a Pope of Rome.' 'A little hair in milk may strangle one, as it did a counsellor in Rome.' 'A little skin of a raisin may stop one's breath, as it did the lyric poet, Anacreon.' A little 'hang nail' on a finger recently proved the avenue of death to a physician of this city, who was in the vigor of life and health. Even the food we eat to nourish us, and the air we breathe, may introduce death into our systems.—And though every thing else should fail to harm us, we might fall beneath our own hands, should God permit a cloud to pass over our reason. O, how insecure is life! how near is death! What has been said of the mariner in respect to his ship, that 'he always sails within four inches of death,' may be said of the soul, in relation to the body. If the ship split, then the sailor sinks; if our earthen vessel break, the soul is plunged for ever into the shoreless ocean of eternity. Were our senses not benumbed and deadened, we should be constantly reminded of this danger. We should read a warning in every sear leaf, and hear an admonition in every wind that sighs. Even sleep, 'nature's sweet restorer,' would be a nightly monitor of death—an ever present emblem of mortality.

### Claims of the Sabbath School.

I cannot in this connection forget the claims of the Sabbath school. This is peculiarly the nursery which the church must cultivate. The pastor ought not, and absolutely cannot, in addition to his other Sabbath-day duties, devote much attention to the Sabbath school. To this work the church should consecrate its best energies. There are few spots on this globe where this labor is more imperiously demanded than here. Many of the lads, now thronging our streets, are, for the time being, essentially fatherless. Thousands of miles of stormy ocean and weary months and years, separate the father from the bereaved family. O, how many an anxious father is now tossed upon the bosom of the Pacific, with heart more restless perhaps than the heaving billows which are his home! His tempest-tossed ship, and the midnight storm, could divulge many a secret of his frequent anguish, as he reflects upon his children, growing to maturity, deprived of a father's care. Yes, many prayers have ascended from lips perhaps all unused to pray, as the anxious parent, true to nature's instincts, in darkness and tempests is compelled to think of his loved and long-lost home. The last words which a departing father uttered to a teacher of this Sabbath school, as he unfurled his sails for his long, long voyage, were, 'Take care of my boy.' And think you that father forgot his boy, as he passed the blazing line, as he doubled the stormy cape, as he pursued for months and years his gigantic game over the illimitable ocean? Absent fathers, we will not forget your children. We will love them, and watch over them, and plead with them, and do all we can to train them up for usefulness and for heaven. *J. S. C. Abbott.*

### Locusts as Food.

We read in the scripture of "locusts and wild honey" as the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness, and if we may judge from the statement of some ancient and modern writers, the locust part of the fare was by no means uncommon or despicable. Dr. Tams, an English gentleman, who has recently written an account of a "Visit to the Portuguese Possessions in South-western Africa," mentions having seen in the

town of Loanda, an immense swarm of locusts the alighting of a portion of which was a subject of great joy to the negroes, who hastened out with baskets and sacks to fill and carry home in triumph. Even the Europeans, he states, sent out their slaves to collect the locusts, because they were thereby saved for a period the expense of supplying them with food. They feed on them as a peculiar delicacy, and they roast and expose them for sale in the markets. The monkeys like them as well as the negroes, and Dr. Tams remarks that if a certain natural repugnance can be overcome, the taste is agreeable and very much like that of the hazle nut. These creatures are commonly eaten also in Palestine and the neighbouring countries; and there is little doubt that the word *acridæ*, used by St. Matthew with regard to the food on which St. John subsisted, signified locusts, although some have ignorantly supposed this food to be the fruit of a tree. Some nations among the ancients were called *acridophagi*, or eaters of locusts, because that was their principal food. *Kirstenius*, in his notes on St. Matthew, says he was informed by his Arabic master, that he had often seen them on the river Jordan, that they were of the same form as ours but larger, and that the inhabitants pluck off their wings and feet, and hang the rest at their necks, till they grow warm and ferment, when they eat them as palatable food. In Fez, and Egypt also, there are classes of people who feed on locusts and enjoy the sustenance.—*Transcript.*

### Brief Reflection on the Death of an Infant.

Art thou gone, my child? Yes, thy toys, thy cradle speak in language which cannot be mistaken. Such silence is truly eloquent. But thou canst not die again—death has no more power over thee. Thy fond mother will no more agonize at thy parting sight. O glorious immortality!

Thou hast not lost thy way, my little one; for prophets and apostles, and even Christ himself has passed through the tomb before thee.

Thou hast entered the school of Christ in heaven. He himself shall be thy teacher, and there shalt thou study the volumes of eternity. The map of God's universe shall not only be thy chart, but thou hast also the telescope of heaven to assist thy unclouded vision. The rays that emanate from the uncreated One shall forever illumine thy pathway.—Thou shalt no more need the light of the sun, nor moon, for God is thy sun and shield. From Seraphim and Cherubim shalt thou learn the notes of heaven, while Gabriel leads the choir. Yes, my child, Christ died for such as thou art. He that cannot lie hath said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Thy mother saw but the feeble dawn of thy being, for thou wast blighted in the very bud of thine earthly existence. Still thy capacities and powers of improvement shall continue to expand, and thou shalt rise higher in the scale of being for ever and ever, and no future blight or sorrow shall retard thy progress,—but thou shalt experience one eternal, happy, glorious march of mind.

Live on, then, my sweet child; live in the society of the pure and holy; live where sin cannot annoy thee; tune thy golden harp and bless God and the Lamb for immortality.

HE NEVER SPEAKS KIND TO ME.—Conversing the other day with an interesting little girl between the age of six and seven, I took occasion to impress upon her mind the debt of gratitude due from her to her heavenly Parent, for bestowing upon her so good and kind a parent whom every body loves. I was perfectly thunderstruck, with her answer. Looking me full in the face with her soft blue eyes, she replied, "He never speaks kind to me." Perhaps this christian father, harrassed with the cares of life, was unconscious that he had roughly checked the fond attentions of his child—but could cares or the interruptions of his child excuse unkindness or a total want of tokens of endearments? Will fathers examine their habits on this point?

WELL ANSWERED.—A person who suspected that a minister of his acquaintance was not truly a Calvinist, went to him, and said,

"Sir, I am told you are against the perseverance of the saints."

"Not I, indeed," answered he; "it's the perseverance of the sinners that I oppose."

"But that is not a satisfactory answer, sir. Do you think that a child of God cannot fall very low, and yet be restored?"

He replied, "I think it will be very dangerous to try the experiment."—*Banner.*