

The Christian Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Published every THURSDAY, by
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60 Prince William Street,
St. John, N. B.
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Fifty Copies to one Address, \$4.00; for three months, 25 cts.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
85 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
Address all Communications and Business
Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.
The Christian Visitor
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, 1. 13
SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1868.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Fund paid up and invested. £2,215,343 8s 10d. 1/2.
Premiums received in Fire Risk, 1867, £745,674 1/2.
Losses paid in Fire Risk, 1867, £209,450 1/2.
Premiums in Life Risk, 1867, £509,450 1/2.
Losses paid in Life Risk, 1867, £145,107 1/2.
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareholders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued.
Agents for New Brunswick,
(Commercial Bank Building.)
to 1.

FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS!
PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, OCT. 12, 1867.
The first and only prize for Cabinet Organs was awarded to A. LAURILLARD.
READ THE JUDGES' REPORT.
The LAURILLARD exhibits of the Large Cabinet Organs, with the banks of Keys, Eight Stops,
FIRST PRIZE.
Mr. L. also shows a Cabinet Organ in Rosewood Case, Double Bass, with Knee Stop and Automatic Staff, of grand power and purity of tone, which is entitled to Honorable Mention.
Also, an Organ in Native Wood, and one in Black Walnut, without Stops.
These Instruments are equal in every respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 20 per cent less than the market price.
Every instrument fully warranted. An inspection respectfully solicited.
PIANO WAREHOUSE, 200, St. John Street, St. John, N. B.
Square, opposite the Old Bank, A. LAURILLARD, Sole Agent.

Baptist Seminary!
FREDERICTON, N. B.
The First Term of the Academic Year will commence on 1st September, 1868. The Seminary is situated in the City of Fredericton, N. B., and is under the management of the Baptist Church of that City.
The Seminary is divided into four terms, each of ten weeks. The course of study is as follows:—
First Term:—Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$5.00; Classics, \$5.00; French, \$3.00; per term extra; Fuel, 50 cents.
Second Term:—Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$5.00; Classics, \$5.00; French, \$3.00; per term extra; Fuel, 50 cents.
Third Term:—Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$5.00; Classics, \$5.00; French, \$3.00; per term extra; Fuel, 50 cents.
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AGENCY
Having recently, and at considerable expense, fitted up the necessary machinery and appliances for the successful carrying on of the manufacture of VENETIAN BLINDS, in all the various styles, and in the most improved manner, we are enabled to give our customers the best quality of Venetian Blinds, at the lowest possible price.
Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS, received at our Office, and sent to the Establishment of T. R. KEOGHAN, at Garmansrood, or at the Manufactory, where patterns can be seen.
The Subscribers have always on hand, and ready to order, all the various styles of Venetian Blinds, and can make to order, with the utmost despatch and upon the most reasonable terms.
Our personal attention is given to every variety of Order, and we are enabled to give our customers the best quality of Venetian Blinds, at the lowest possible price.
A. CHRISTIE & CO.,
44, Water Street, St. John, N. B.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY
92 Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Building, St. John, N. B.
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest and most successful of the kind in the world.
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1868, the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—
The total gross amount of the extension of the business exhibited in the one following fact:—the increase alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of the company in the year 1867.
The Premiums for the year 1868 being £230,000, while the Premiums for the year 1867 were £180,000.
The increase of the business of the company in the year 1868 being 27 per cent, and in the year 1867 being 15 per cent.
The recent returns of the company to Government for the year 1868 (1869) show that the increase of the business of the company in the year 1868 being 27 per cent, and in the year 1867 being 15 per cent.
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LIFE DEPARTMENT
This amount of new Life Premiums received this year is the largest ever received in any one year, and shows the confidence of the public in the company.
The number of policies issued in the year 1868 being 545, and the amount of the business done being £230,000.
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JOHN M. JOHNSON, Secretary to the London Board.
All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire Insurance effected at the lowest rates.
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,
Central Fire Insurance Company, Agents at St. John, N. B.
Water Street, St. John, N. B.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Established in 1825.
Capital £1,000,000.
Invested Funds £2,000,000.
Annual Revenue £500,000.
The company is one of the largest and most successful of the kind in the world.
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LADIES' SEMINARY
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Visitor Arrangements for 1869.
For sometime past, we have contemplated an enlargement of the Visitor, by the opening of 1869; but the present press, on which the Visitor is published, will not admit of an increase of size, and our Publishers do not see their way clear just now to purchase a new one. We cannot, therefore, enlarge at present. But we are happy to inform our subscribers that we have about completed arrangements to send them a supplement to the Visitor, monthly, which will probably be more satisfactory to them than an increase in size.

The supplement will be thoroughly missionary in its character, and each issue will contain some twenty columns of missionary matter, having special reference to the labors of our Baptist brethren of the United States in the Home and Foreign Field. It will bring us information from all sections of the American Republic, from the continent of Europe, and from India, Africa, China, and the Islands of the sea, in just such form and spirit as are best adapted to stir the heart of the Christian, and to arouse to action in the great work of "preaching the gospel to every creature," and in saving immortal souls from rushing on to ruin.

We have now to ask our ministers if they wish their churches to be missionary churches; to bring their attention to their public in the Lord's Day, and this seek to stir them all up to place the Editor of the Visitor in a position to send them one of the best missionary papers in the world. Let there be a general canvass immediately for cash subscribers for 1869. It will be important for us to know as soon as possible how many missionary supplements will be required, that we may prepare to meet the demand. Give us THREE THOUSAND CASH SUBSCRIBERS, and each one shall have his CHRISTIAN VISITOR EXTRA. This will give him more than two hundred additional columns of choice reading matter in the course of the year. Let every pastor, every agent, every head of a family, resolve to have the Christian Visitor Extra for 1869, and as far as possible to induce every Baptist in the land to have it.

Remember, two dollars handed in between this and the first of January, 1869, will secure the CHRISTIAN VISITOR and its monthly extra for the term of one year. This proposition does not, of course, include postage. The postage, five cents per quarter, is paid at the post-office from which the paper is taken by the subscriber.

To My Wife.
Thou art not beautiful as men would speak;
There's care upon thy brow, and in thy hair
A silver thread I see glitter here and there,
And health's bright hue has faded from thy cheek.
But O, the soul that looks from thy dark eye,
And rests on me with all its olden light,
Undimmed by time—with fond affection bright,
With love long tried, and true, which cannot die;
Thy smile, thy beam, with old kindred's fraught,
Beaming like sunshine from within; ah, how
Which, rare, nor soil, nor poverty, nor sin,
Can dim, or turn its truthfulness to naught;
These, O my Nannie, draw my heart to thee;
I own my chain, nor wish that I were free.

The Cross of Light.
Last evening I saw an angel,
His great white plumes waving,
And he passed through a quiet churchyard,
And stopped at an infant's grave,
And taking a ray of sunshine
Out of his plumes bright,
He laid it among the violets,
And it formed a cross of light.
This morning I went to the churchyard,
All through the soft spring air,
The angel had flown to heaven,
But the sunshine still was there!

A few Words to Sons of Temperance and Good Templars.
Mr. Editor—As we think of the mighty results that are involved in temperance issues, we can be surprised at the want of activity, energy, and self-sacrifice that are evinced throughout the various temperance organizations of the day. Societies, holding as their high and sacred mission the redemption of men from the appalling effects of the intoxicating bowl, are content to meet from week to week, transact a little ordinary routine business, and then adjourn until the next regular meeting when a similar burlesque is performed in the cause of humanity and moral progress. With an occasional public meeting, with a sort of spasmodic or periodical exultation, in which the real facts of the case are concealed beneath a great display of trumpets, many of these several temperance organizations seem to be hastening to extreme feebleness if not defeat, while drunkards are being manufactured by thousands within sight of their temples of safety, and humanity is bleeding at every pore from the effects of the increasing rum traffic.

Voices, within the pale of the order, which should be heard upon the platform pleading the cause of the drunkard, are silent as if bound by some mystic spell, which should throw out words of power and argument which would carry conviction to every heart, and educate a strong public sentiment, are content with taking a sort of negative position on the subject, or giving the inebriate's case a quiet place in the Sunday morning's prayer.
Men, distinguished for business activity and commercial property, who should use the means in their hands for the more extensive propagation of temperance principles, are content with paying their monthly dues at the division room, and having accomplished this wonderful effort, vainly imagine that a great work is being performed at their hands. What a fatal mistake on the part of temperance men is this torpid indifference! What scores of rumblers are taking advantage of this weakness in the temperance movement, and are rising on every hand to laugh to scorn their impotent efforts, plant the fatal seeds of their traffic at every hearthstone, and carry their black flag, branded with shame, dishonor, and murder, into thousands of happy circles in every section of this country!

What armies of drunkards are coming forth from every cranny through this indifference of temperance combinations to desolate their own hearthstones, and bring ruin and death into their own happy homes? Who shall number the mothers who are at this moment dead to every pleasure of life, from the fact that her once bright and innocent boy, now ripened into a premature and revolting manhood, is dancing with his glass in hand on the verge of the precipice, while he is dead to every tender remembrance and every undying effort for his reformation!

What untold hours of anguish, what oceans of tears are at this moment flowing down over the surface of society, and who will say that the friends of temperance themselves are not, to a considerable extent, responsible for these evils?
Can you wonder that men of ardent temperaments and sincere hearts fail to give you their cooperation and support, while you evince such an inexcusable indifference in the purity, power, and practice of your principles, or seem apparently so dead to their final and triumphant issue? Can you be surprised that drunkards, who have come in among you, where they expected to find love unswerving, fidelity unwavering, and every charitable virtue in full and lively exercise, should shrink from the coldness with which they are so often greeted, and should fail to appreciate the stunted development of those high and noble feelings which should characterize every institution working in the interests of philanthropy and humanity?

Here is a man, seeking for his life, to the city of refuge. The avenger of blood iron his track, and he feels it. His peace, his honor, his reputation, his property in life, his wife and little ones, his affections, for whom, even the midnight orgies and the drunken revelry have failed to dissipate, are involved in the struggle, and he is in earnest. Loud recollections of early years rush to his assistance, bidding him to persevere, and they shall again be his in all their glowing reality. Aged and revered parents hail from a distance, and bid him go forward in the name of the great King, and victory shall be his. The joys of domestic life, challenges his most earnest efforts. When he can measure the strength of his emotions on place bounds to the conflict of passion within him!

Brothers, it is yours to strengthen his hands and cheer his feet, for the sympathies that are now stirring the depths of his inner nature. It is yours, by brotherly charity and heart-felt co-operation, to stimulate those wavering resolutions, and bid him go forward successfully in the work of reformation. It is yours to become a barrier of strength to his desolated spirit, or to be to him a source of weakness by coldness and indifference. Remember that his greatest enemy is secreted within his own bosom.
Has he many and glaring temptations from without? Does the enemy assail him at every step? His greatest temptation is from within. By continued excess and long indulgence the great controlling laws of his being have been set at naught, and the barriers of his moral nature have been swept away in a tornado of unbridled passions.
Come to his rescue, then, as you would to the bark tossed upon the angry sea without a rudder. Save him for he cannot, unaided, save himself.

I should like, Mr. Editor, to pursue this subject further, but the length of this article already reminds me that it should cease. There may be those who entertain views quite the opposite of those expressed above with regard to the working of the different temperance organizations. If so, we should be happy to hear from them. We would be glad to know that our complaints were imaginary and not real.
Yours truly,
A. BURNETT.

Spurgeon's Sermon.
Delivered on Sunday Morning, Oct. 11, 1868.
Sown Loam.
Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Psalm 112:10.
Without preface I shall take you at once to this very singular text, dwelling first, upon the remarkable metaphor here used—sown light; and then, enlarging upon the metaphor, taking you to see the sowing; and thirdly, to survey and measure the field; and fourthly, to take an out-look upon the harvest in the future.
I. First, then, the metaphor is a rather singular one; and yet full of poetry—light is sown. We can very rarely catch the idea if we follow Milton in his speaking of the morning.
"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."
The sun, like a sower, scatters broadcast his beams of light upon the once dark earth. Look up at night upon the sky, studded with stars, and it seems as though God scattered there like gold dust upon the floor of heaven, in picturesque irregularity, thereby sowing lights. Or if you want a fact which comes nearer to the sowing of light literally than anything which our poets have written, think of our vast coal-beds, which are literally so much sown light. The sun shone upon primeval forests, and the monstrous ferns grew and expanded under the quickening influence. They felt, as fall the leaves of chestnut and oak in these autumn days of our latter days, and there they were stored down in the great cellars of nature for mine's use; so much sown light, I say, which springs up beneath the hand of man in harvests of flame, which food our streets with light, and cheer our hearts with heat. Sown light, then, is neither apocryphal nor yet altogether unliteral. There is such a thing as matter-of-fact, and we may use the expression rightly enough, without grotesqueness of metaphor. Understand then, that joy, happiness, gladness, symbolized by light, have been sown by God in fields that will surely yield their harvest for all those whom by his grace he has made upright in heart. Sown light signifies, first, that light has been diffused. That which is sown is scattered. Before sowing it was in the bag, or stored up in the granary, but the sowing sowers it along the furrows. There is happiness always in the mind of God. He is unceasingly blessed in himself. We cannot dissociate the idea of Godhead from that of infinite delight. But all this happiness was nothing to us; we could not reach it; God might have been infinitely blessed, but we might have been that up in hell, gnawing our iron bonds in the desperation of unutterable agony. But in due time, according to the eternal purpose, God sowed happiness for his people, took it, as it were, out of himself, and cast it broadcast in the fields of his eternal purpose, and in the decrees of his divine providence, that there might be a harvest, not for himself, but for us. He was happy enough, but for all those whom he gave to Christ, who are made righteous in his righteousness, and upright through his Spirit. Thank God, you who love Jesus and are resting upon his atonement, that God's happiness is not kept to himself, but is diffused for you and the whole company of his elect; and that the pleasure which are at God's right hand for evermore are not kept within their secret springs, but made to flow like a river; that you with all the blood, bought may drink thereof to the full.

There was a very large and pleasant gathering last evening of members of the church and congregation, with friends from other societies, in the vestry of the Friendship Street Baptist Church. The object was to meet, in a social way, two of the former pastors of this church—Rev. M. H. Bixby, returned missionary from Bornam, and Rev. W. S. McKenize, of St. John, New Brunswick, now on a brief visit to this city. An hour was spent in friendly greetings and free conversation, when the company were invited to the enjoyment of what proved to be a rich intellectual feast. After devotional services, the pastor, Rev. S. Parker, introduced Wm. McRoden, Esq., who gave a very choice address with that charming ease and impressiveness of manner for which he is distinguished. At its close he read the following beautiful poem:

The Broken Links in Friendship's Chain.
Are re-joined once again.
As wandering shepherds, here you stand,
Linked heart with heart and hand with hand,
Ye come from lands remote and near,
To meet in love and friendship here;

Here once again in love to trace,
The sweet memorials of his grace,
Whose sheltering hand and guardian care
Surrounds his children everywhere.
Be it in India's night-cobbed strand,
Or here, in this our light-crowned land;
Amid the storm or danger's thrall,
Alike he guards and shelters all.
This love and care you well have known,
When wandering off through jungles lone,
Where spirit clouds in darkness lower
Beneath Gandama's blinding power.
Bearing to each benighted soul
This word of life to fallen man,
And speaking in His holy name
Who heaven forsook, and earthward came,
That man, the simple, erring child,
Might ransom be and reconciled,
And in the name of Christ, our Lord,
Be all reclaimed, redeemed, restored!

The soldier, on the battle field,
The faithful strength will sometimes yield,
But seeking rest, will strength restore
For conflict fiercer than before.
So, you, my brother, amid the strife,
Where darkness glooms the light of life,
Where prostrate laid upon your shield,
And taken from your battle field—
And here, amid these scenes all blest,
You sought and found the needed rest.
Loved ones are yours in heaven's lands,
For you return they beckon hither,
And o'er your lengthened absence yearn,
And daily pray for your return;
And you for them their yearnings share,
And breathe for them the daily prayer,
That He, whose love's omnipotent power,
Cradles with care the humblest flower,
Directs the sunbeam warm to rest,
In and around the sparrow's nest,
Will shelter them with grace divine,
And round them every shield entwine,
Until that hour in love's embrace,
You meet those loved ones face to face.

Oh, brothers, take these words of grace,
As friendship's brightest, freshest flowers;
Not as entwined by classic art,
But clustered in chaos from the heart,
And unto you all grateful borne,
To be by you all absence worn,
In sweet remembrance of this hour,
So full of love's renewing power.

God bless you both, and may each life
Flow lengthened on all free from strife,
And when in death your eyes grow dim,
Then may you hear that angel hymn,
Which ever swells with sweet accord,
To greet the ransomed of the Lord.
Other addresses, filled with touching reminiscences, and with a rich fund of thought and humor, were made by Rev. Messrs. Parker, Bixby, McKenize, S. W. Field, and C. A. Sargent, Dea. E. S. Barrows, J. E. Cranston, former Superintendent of the Sunday school, all of whom were present. It is pleasant to see such warm attachment shown by a people for those who have served them in the ministry of the Gospel, and the exhibition of such fraternal accord and union among the people themselves. This church is a strong and vigorous body, and under the administration of the present pastor continues to sustain "the high standard and achieve the success it has had in former years."
Spurgeon's Sermon.
Delivered on Sunday Morning, Oct. 11, 1868.
Sown Loam.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Psalm 112:10.
Without preface I shall take you at once to this very singular text, dwelling first, upon the remarkable metaphor here used—sown light; and then, enlarging upon the metaphor, taking you to see the sowing; and thirdly, to survey and measure the field; and fourthly, to take an out-look upon the harvest in the future.
I. First, then, the metaphor is a rather singular one; and yet full of poetry—light is sown. We can very rarely catch the idea if we follow Milton in his speaking of the morning.
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The sun, like a sower, scatters broadcast his beams of light upon the once dark earth. Look up at night upon the sky, studded with stars, and it seems as though God scattered there like gold dust upon the floor of heaven, in picturesque irregularity, thereby sowing lights. Or if you want a fact which comes nearer to the sowing of light literally than anything which our poets have written, think of our vast coal-beds, which are literally so much sown light. The sun shone upon primeval forests, and the monstrous ferns grew and expanded under the quickening influence. They felt, as fall the leaves of chestnut and oak in these autumn days of our latter days, and there they were stored down in the great cellars of nature for mine's use; so much sown light, I say, which springs up beneath the hand of man in harvests of flame, which food our streets with light, and cheer our hearts with heat. Sown light, then, is neither apocryphal nor yet altogether unliteral. There is such a thing as matter-of-fact, and we may use the expression rightly enough, without grotesqueness of metaphor. Understand then, that joy, happiness, gladness, symbolized by light, have been sown by God in fields that will surely yield their harvest for all those whom by his grace he has made upright in heart. Sown light signifies, first, that light has been diffused. That which is sown is scattered. Before sowing it was in the bag, or stored up in the granary, but the sowing sowers it along the furrows. There is happiness always in the mind of God. He is unceasingly blessed in himself. We cannot dissociate the idea of Godhead from that of infinite delight. But all this happiness was nothing to us; we could not reach it; God might have been infinitely blessed, but we might have been that up in hell, gnawing our iron bonds in the desperation of unutterable agony. But in due time, according to the eternal purpose, God sowed happiness for his people, took it, as it were, out of himself, and cast it broadcast in the fields of his eternal purpose, and in the decrees of his divine providence, that there might be a harvest, not for himself, but for us. He was happy enough, but for all those whom he gave to Christ, who are made righteous in his righteousness, and upright through his Spirit. Thank God, you who love Jesus and are resting upon his atonement, that God's happiness is not kept to himself, but is diffused for you and the whole company of his elect; and that the pleasure which are at God's right hand for evermore are not kept within their secret springs, but made to flow like a river; that you with all the blood, bought may drink thereof to the full.

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"Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."
The sun, like a sower, scatters broadcast his beams of light upon the once dark earth. Look up at night upon the sky, studded with stars, and it seems as though God scattered there like gold dust upon the floor of heaven, in picturesque irregularity, thereby sowing lights. Or if you want a fact which comes nearer to the sowing of light literally than anything which our poets have written, think of our vast coal-beds, which are literally so much sown light. The sun shone upon primeval forests, and the monstrous ferns grew and expanded under the quickening influence. They felt, as fall the leaves of chestnut and oak in these autumn days of our latter days, and there they were stored down in the great cellars of nature for mine's use; so much sown light, I say, which springs up beneath the hand of man in harvests of flame, which food our streets with light, and cheer our hearts with heat. Sown light, then, is neither apocryphal nor yet altogether unliteral. There is such a thing as matter-of-fact, and we may use the expression rightly enough, without grotesqueness of metaphor. Understand then, that joy, happiness, gladness, symbolized by light, have been sown by God in fields that will surely yield their harvest for all those whom by his grace he has made upright in heart. Sown light signifies, first, that light has been diffused. That which is sown is scattered. Before sowing it was in the bag, or stored up in the granary, but the sowing sowers it along the furrows. There is happiness always in the mind of God. He is unceasingly blessed in himself. We cannot dissociate the idea of Godhead from that of infinite delight. But all this happiness was nothing to us; we could not reach it; God might have been infinitely blessed, but we might have been that up in hell, gnawing our iron bonds in the desperation of unutterable agony. But in due time, according to the eternal purpose, God sowed happiness for his people, took it, as it were, out of himself, and cast it broadcast in the fields of his eternal purpose, and in the decrees of his divine providence, that there might be a harvest, not for himself, but for us. He was happy enough, but for all those whom he gave to Christ, who are made righteous in his righteousness, and upright through his Spirit. Thank God, you who love Jesus and are resting upon his atonement, that God's happiness is not kept to himself, but is diffused for you and the whole company of his elect; and that the pleasure which are at God's right hand for evermore are not kept within their secret springs, but made to flow like a river; that you with all the blood, bought may drink thereof to the full.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart. Psalm 112:10.
Without preface I shall take you at once to this very singular text, dwelling first, upon the remarkable metaphor here used—sown light; and then, enlarging upon the metaphor, taking you to see the sowing; and thirdly, to survey and measure the field; and fourthly, to take an out-look upon the harvest in the future.
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As seed sown is not visible, so it is not expected that it shall be seen or enjoyed to-morrow. "The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth." Only little children put their seeds into the ground, and then turn up the mould to discover whether the seeds are growing on the morrow. It is said of the northern nations, near the pole, and said truthfully, that they sowed their barley in the morning and reaped it at night, because the sun goes not down for four months at a time; but in sober truth we must not expect to have the rewards of grace given to us immediately we believe. This is the time for running, not for tarrying to gaze upon the prize. This is the hour for the battle, not yet may we rest on our laurels. There must be a trial of our patience and our faith. God delights that his servants should be put through many exercises and ordeals, in order that the praise of the glory of his grace may be manifest in them and through them, to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places. Wait, then, Christian, be content to wait. The Bridegroom cometh quickly; rest assured of that; and if you think he lingereth, ask for greater patience, that you may patiently work on, continuing steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. Expect not your full reward of joy to-morrow; your lot is on the other side of Jordan; the bells of your wedding day shall ring out in another world, and your coronation will be received in the ivory palaces, upon which the sun hath never shone. You are espoused to a husband who is not here; you look for a kingdom far above these cheerful skies. Have patience, then, till the great hour shall come, and the King shall descend to take his own.

But while seed sown is not in sight, and is not expected to be seen to-morrow, yet it is not lost. No one but a person without sense would say that the farmer has lost so much of his capital when he has cast it in the form of seed-corn into the furrows. Nay, sir, he reckons that he has gained when he has sown, for the seed in the granary was worth so much, but that in the furrow is worth so much more on account of the labor expended in the sowing. The husbandman counts it gain to have sown his corn. He has transferred his treasure from one bank into another. He does not reckon that any of it has been lost. So with the happiness of a Christian. We may to-day seem less happy than the gay worldling who flaunts himself in the sunlight of human approbation, but it is not a loss to renounce such inferior joys. The postponement of our loss, or waiting, our letting joy lay by at interest, our tarrying for a moment that our position may be the richer when we come into our estate, is no loss. Joy self-denied is not lost. Lost, my brethren! Lost, the happiness of a single hour in which we have wept for sin! Lost, the happiness of a single moment in which we have suffered affliction for Christ's sake, through persecution and slander! Nay, verily, it is put to our account, and the record of it remains in the eternal archives, against the day when the Judge of all the earth shall measure out the portions of his people.

Sown seed is in the custody of God. Jehovah is the farmer's banker. Who can take care of those bags of wheat which have been thrown out from the hand during the last few weeks? Who, indeed, but the covenant God, who hath said, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, summer and winter shall not cease?" There may come the rotting under the clouds, the worm, the bird, the midew, the blast; there may come the long droughts or the too piteous moisture, but the farmer has securely a hand in the future destiny of his wheat and barley; the crop remains with God. You merchants may fancy you can do without the Lord, but the man who has to till the soil is obliged to feel, if he hath any sensibility, his entire dependence upon the God of the rain-cloud and the Lord of the sun. So, beloved, here is our comfort. The light that is sown for the righteous is in the custody of God. Our future happiness, our eternal bliss, are kept by the great guardian of Israel, who doth neither slumber nor sleep. Be not afraid, therefore, that you shall lose your heaven, for Christ keeps it for you. He has gone to take possession of it in your name, as your representative, and he will not suffer any one to rob you of your eternal heritage. He will come a second time to you himself to enjoy the portion which he has prepared for you. Oh, blessed fact that the "joys of the hereafter are in such keeping!" Brethren, we have not to fight to maintain our rights in the eternal land; we have not to dispute in courts of law in order to maintain our claim to the everlasting inheritance. He is at the Father's side, the Man of love, the Crucified, and he takes care that all shall be safe and well for the people of his eternal choice. Light is sown for the righteous; that is to say, it is put into the custody of heaven, where it will be infallibly safe.

A thing that is sown is not only put into God's custody; but it is put there with a purpose, that it may come back to us greatly multiplied. The believer gives up in this life his self-seeking; he suffers some degree of self-denial; he yields up his own bonanzas to trust in Christ's righteousness; and he makes a good bargain thereby. What if he should be made poor by being honest, or if he should have to suffer through following Christ,