



come up. What did God mean in this

try in 1837. For a century there was little preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. The Gospel was preached to the harrow of commercial dis-
tress, and that harrow went down Wall street, up Wall street, down Third street, up Third street, down State street, and up State street, down Pennsylvania avenue, up Pennsylvania avenue, until the whole was worn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A new awakening in which there were 50,000 souls brought into the Kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no drop.

Again, I remark, in cases as in the first, there must be a reading. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a man-

of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh no! Now is time to reap. Gather up the joy Christian religion thus insuring, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse ensnared than Joseph, no more troubled than was David, no more vexed than was Paul. Yet, you are the rattling fetters and the gloom of dungeons, and the horror of shipwreck, triumphant in the hands of God. The year

man in the house to-day has \$500 a year in spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not reap it? You have been growing your intralities for thirty years. Now once reap! about over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might as well not have it at all. It is so hard to get it works. You wonder why this great trouble keeps revolving through your soul turning and turning with a black name on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the great stone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the field! Wake up! Take your green specialties, your blue specialties, your black specialties, and pull up the weeds of your youth as far as you pull them out. To the field! Reap! reap!

Again, I remark, to those as in farm-

there is a time for threshing. I told bluntly that is death. Just as the sick man with a fall beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the fall, and every bed is the threshing floor. What you, is death to a good man only taking wheat out of the straw? That is all. Aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday saw him in the sunny porch play with his grandchildren. Calmly he read the message to leave this world. He bade pleasant good-bye to his old friends. A telegram carries the tidings, and an

ran trains the children came wanting more to look on the scene of death of grandfather. Bruce, the gray hair, old boy, it will never come again. Put away in the slumber of the tomb. He not be afraid of that night. Grandfather never afraid of anything. He will rise the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice already mingled in the doxology of Heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghostly in that? No. The shining of the wheat out of the straw. The

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. If the hand that plucked four-o'clocks of the meadow is still? It will wave in eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the house is still? It will be the eternal hoarse cry: "White race is dead!" In the other hand, a wreath of grace blossoms on the brow white flower for the victory, the red life for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange suns for her marriage day. Anything

ly about that? Oh, no! The sun went out and the flower shut. The wheat threw out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in St. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said, "The last words were beautifully poetic." Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

"Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath

That the reaper came that day;
Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work
is done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."
I have one more thought to present
have spoken of the plowing of the soil
of the harrowing, of the reaping, of
threshing. I must now speak a moment
of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell
Oh, no. So many have gone out from

own circles—yes, from your own law
that you have had your eyes on that
for many a year. That a hard time
of them had! In Gethsemane of sure
they sweat great drops of blood,
took the "cup of trembling" and they
to it their hot lips and they cried, "If
possible, let this cup pass from me."
Tongues of burning agony cried
"O Lord, deliver me!" But they got
it. They all got over it. Gernard!
tears wiped away, their battles all
their burdens. Halleluiah! Gernard! The

of the harvest will not allow those who are to perish in the equinox. Garnered! I am of us remember, on the farm, the sheaves were put on the top of the wagon, which surmounted the wagon, and the sheaves were piled higher and higher after a while the horses started for the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front

struck the elevated door of the barn seemed as if the load would go no farther until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; they were un-
nerved, and forkful after forkful of hay fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our souls
tossed to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but if we have the grace to go in, the Lord of the harvest has promised to go in. I see the load at last coming in through the door of the heavenly garner. The harvest of the Christian soul may be seen.

in the wind of death, and the old body
under the load, and as the load strikes
floor of the celestial garner, it seems
can go no farther. It is the last stru
until the voices of angels and the voice
our departed kindred and the welcom
voice of God shall send the harvest re
into the eternal triumph, while all up
down the sky the cry is heard: "Har
home! harvest home!"

The highest ideal has strongest attraction and influence; as many profess with secondary ideals as

content with secondary ideas or
or matter.

