No. 125.

Harvest Reflections.
Other, who art the God of the harvest, the author of all good, the ever-flowing source of blessings, give us the disposition to cherish at this season such thoughts of remembrance as may inspire us with a sense of gratitude to thee for all the blessings of the summer and the autumn; thy goodness hath brightly marked out our lot; of the year has full spring of thy mercies. Summer promised, day by day, seed time, harvest, all tell us of thee; of the remembrances of what then art of what thou hast done for us are ever before us. Give us grace to see and acknowledge thee in all thy ways. When we look forward to the future may it ever be with trust and confidence in thee. Grant us thy being during the approaching winter; may we acknowledge thee in its blessings and embrace its opportunities. May with us through the whole of life.
Jeremiah VIII, 20. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, & we are not saved."

These words, most, may have an appropriateness besides that of the time when they were written. They are taken from that prophet, who wept tears of bitterness over the ruins of his country, who struck his hand only to draw sin at the times of prevailing sin for the delusion & the sins of his people. In the chap. from wh. the text is selected, he grows sad with dwelling on the hypocrisy, & bad ambition, & heartless vice, & brought a disgrace & a curse on the land. Jeremiah, who reigned at that time, was doubtless a religious prince; he restored the service of the temple, & idols were destroyed throughout the land. But though the menarchism...
some others was sincere, yet there was great reason to think that with respect to the mass of the people it was but an outside formation; for every one of them seemed to be concerned, from the heart to the greatest, to give to every man as much as the prophet were to the least. Every one, every one, every one. But why is it that the health of the daughter of mourning is recovered? — contemplating this lamentable state of his countryman, because the fruitfulness of land with the long and the short, the emblem of a year, was this fruitfulness, and, like the reaper of its effects, be exclaiming: the harvest is past, the summer is ended. One care not! the harvest was good, the summer cool. The harvest was good, the summer cold, without any encroachment of a strong destructive winter nor more before them.

But the winds of the last may suggest valuable thoughts to us, independent of their connexion with the subject of which the first was speaking: if we wouldn't them, in order to divert them some of them that are at the time. We have arrived at an interesting season of our year; the harvest is passed, the sum-

mer is ended. But as it never, justly, quite, has been, so, the mind is at rest. The mind is at rest. At such a time, it is well to pause, indulging in such reflecting as seem naturally to occur to the thoughtful mind. The several driving of time, produced by the revolution of the seasons, are like quiet places, where we may look round, and get a taste of some useful meditations, before we again plunge into the world stream of our pleasures and pursuit. Mental changes, truths are indeed, the same at all times, and all the thoughts, properly, prepared to the contemplation of them, they would at all times be equally objections. But me a very few being on the intellectual, as to be able to dispose with all the sense to the meditation, all help may fail. We are like them, who travel when the skies are clear upon them in one bound, uninterrupted stream, but is reflected by various degrees. The more a man looks from the thousand objects to one another, then greater the infinite truth does not reach as, at least, due to reach as very powerfully, but when it is reflected, so the earth from
times occasions. And may it be, that you are resting or preparing to rest, from the labors of the season, it cannot be amiss to call your attention to these harvest reflections, which are suitable to the time. Let us then occupy a few moments of religious instruction in each eventful time.

1. The first antumnal collection, that will suggest itself to a serious and thoughtful mind, is a psalm on the bounty of God. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are the year's work is ended and done. Therefore will I bless the Lord in his bounty; I will sing praises to the name of the Lord, most high." (Ps. 126:1-6.)

2. In the midst of the earth there are seven pillars of fire, and seven pillars of Aaron's anointing oil. (Ex. 40:38-41.)

3. And the Lord said, "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years." (Gen. 1:14.)

4. Why to be suppliant, to furnish our tables, the fellow houses. It is therefore, the produce of your labor, as you have now before you. In the spring of your labor, the seed is planted upon the earth, and the harvest is reaped. In the summer, the harvest is reaped and stored away to feed the children of men. But these were but preparing stages, this was the previous period when the process of formation was going on. But now the end, for all the preparation that was made, is attained, now the harvest is reaped, the lights are illuminated, the substantial fruits are placed in our hands. This is the season in which we should always dwell in the mind, for there can never be wanting occasions. The objects of the greater and lesser of the good are, as common as are our rights; and it is in truth, because they are so common, that we pass them by as necessary. What it seems to me, that this time in a special manner reminds us of the bounty of God towards man. For it is now that the fruits of our labor are in proportion to our care. The laws of nature have been telling of the effects of God's will.
supplies you that they are about to visit, present, before they are again tasked for your support, have you now thank offering to present to the God of the harvest? We do so much to obtain these blessings and advantages, our own labour is or constantly required, our own creation is totally indispensable, that in making the estimate, we are very apt to leave God out of the account, just as if we have acquired all the blessings, and from God, yet ourselves to thank for it. And truly, upon all these means maintain that there is any thing as an immediate intimation of heaven to be seen in the supply; his own autumn brings this; God does not make bare his arm, under his hand, as it were, actually presenting bounties of the season. There is no particular providence in what is affected by the rotation of the year. But when does this diminish in the least the obligations of gratitude to God? For if he chooses to effect any purpose by a long train of means, is He not there for the cause, as much as if he brought about by a single effort? Who is it, that makes man by his labours to procure all these comforts and enjoyments? Who is it, that created the earth, bringing down the most regions of space, established these laws of nature, by which it is exposed to the warm influences of the sun and distilling all distributions of rain? Who is it, that has spread such a variety and order over its surface, adapting it to the innumerable wants of men? Yet surely no other than God; is of course no other than he can be the author of all these blessings, which fill these preparations. If these factors were to be divided into your hands, the means of obtaining a future, should you not feel the same obligations of gratitude to him, as if you gave you the future itself? And why did you give you the means of procuring all the good things in an necessary form, if you cannot, why should you not cherish as much gratitude for what is not the produce of your own labour, as for what is not the produce of your own heart, as was not done to you and not to your own constant own to open your hands to others and enemies, and naturally

Shall it not be the acknowledged parent of each one? —

shall daily dwell with divine thanks? Shall we not celebrate in anthems of joy the munificence of God?!

The harvest is past, of the corn we reap; it is good to rejoice. The summer is ended, but as it went along, it returned to God, that he did not forget to be gracious. Our fields have been fruitful; let not our hearts be barren. Our storerooms are full; let not our souls be empty. Our land shall

D to increase; let not our lives be fallen short!?
Another affair appropriate to this season seems to be thankful for the fruits of the harvest, but this should be thankfull that God has appointed you to labor for them, of prepare them by your own efforts. God has made you his friend to the true body he who noes to cherish the equipment, of there is not a truth more certain than that he who will not in some way or other, shall receive no recompense. When you look when the harvest is ripe, you have reaped, & reaped the season that is past, you will see this principle exemplified; you will see at each stroke upon your own Share, & inspection of labor, can be necessary to secure the rich reward. And you should be grateful to God that they have been necessary; you should be grateful, that you are not permitted at once to be idle professors. Every day's observation teaches us that industry's fertility must go hand in hand of these men, whose chance for happiness is so far as that of the diligent, careful, and prudent husbandman. ABOVE all, this season, may fully bring to our notice a principle in the divine government of the world, that neither bodily nor mental goods are to be for

The good must be managed. The seed must be prepared of hand in it. Time must be allowed for the process, the nature requires. When this is completed we may hope for the produce. The little blade will pierce the surface, & bring forth the stalk, & ear of the fruit. And thus it is in the sheet of spiritual world. Again of again the precious seed must be dropped in the mental soil, the young bud must be fostered, & the shoots that are too much of humanness must be cut off by the stone of fruitful, refining, & admonition. All the means of grace are open to us; but were do not labor to improve them, ought, it will be all

The sun must be as industrious in cultivating the soil of his heart, as the husbandman in cultivating the soil of this field, if he hopes for a harvest of spiritual graces. As mid of autumn are the seasons, to win the test principally, & as if they are both conspicuously marked by the divine bounty, of both description of our spiritual situation. Our only is not more blessed with the riches of nature, than our churches of houses are with the arches of natural seasons. We are like trees planted in the good vineyard, divine of
finances, like a valuable aid, shall be refreshed strength on branches. The scriptures are like fine soil, saturated by pouring at our roots, yielding the most nutrient gases through the veins of the moral plant... In a word, we have enjoyed a long summer of peace and prosperity. Persecution has been a small matter. It has been cast aside and its axe to the root of the tree. The means of improvement in nations having different affections are otherwise regulated.

Our faith has been, if the doors of our respective religious houses are thrown open, inviting us to enter in whatsoever may appear the most possible to accommodate the God of our fathers... Each, like a has been the summer of our moral age. Our harvest have we not reaped from it? Have we labored with diligence, faithfulness, and an eye to our means to cultivate the spiritual garden in which we are placed? Do we see the fruits of a good life? Can we see the end of our days, and, by steadily describing the nature of our moral condition, as he said, see the kingdom of God as far as our souls cast out into the ground? Should we desire might of the soul, nor should we know the spirit of the man, as the dry grass in the field, and as the tarry in the earth, or as the drying up of the sea. For the earth burned with the heat of his own self, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full grain. But when the fruit is brought forth, more truly be put forth the blade, because the harvest is come.

8. When we contemplate the present season, we are irresistibly reminded that it is a fit emblem of the declining years of man... If spring may be compared to autumn, may we still, as we advance in years, have equal justice to be compared to old age.

It is a time of decay and dissolution; the image of nature seems to give place to despair; the putrid health which had given birth to the vegetable world, returns its decay.

The verdant covering of the earth is scattered with the blossoms of flowers, which had shed during the one day of gladness, and falling naught; the beautiful leaves of the trees have fallen the touch of winter. They are now with their leaves and branches hanging on the branchy stem, if all these various other signs of decay prove but as an introduction to winter, that grace of the spring, as are many so many nature days in vain, till the springing day of her resurrection comes. And so it is with the child of man. With each age, for the most part, the days ofעבריון come on. The spring of youth, the strength of manhood, the passing

Away; the story of life has fallen into the sea of fallen
The resources of nature are fast exhausting themselves; (the sun, age, the toiling staff, the stumbling hand, give notice that the end of the journey is near, that the winter of the race is fast approaching.) These however are only the unpardonable faults of age. As for the time of autumn and old age, you would have rather a melancholy impression on the mind, if they were considered alone; still, they make up a part of the composition, as each ought to be contemplated, even if the view be sometimes cheerless. Yet there are other points of similarity, which are more pleasant to the eye than the weakness of decrepitude. Autumn is a season, it is true, when the powers of nature are exhausted; but it is likewise a season, when the records of nature are gathered in, laid aside, and on the one hand we feel us with sadness to see the fruits of vegetation, the earth's productions failing in their beauty, and on the other, it gives us solid satisfaction to see our storehouses loaded with the abundance of the harvest. Autumn it is true, is not the time for acquisition; the bright days of spring, of summer were the time for that; but it is the time for reaping in acquisitions, the social fruits of a genial season then taken for our own, displayed, savored for all the preserving in - perhaps it may be said, that autumn is the season of comfort and enjoyment. In truth, as with autumn, we enjoy the morning of life, we take the morning of old age. It may be said, too, that the season is described as to the body, yet it has its excellent treasures that make it as happy as the best days of spring; it is the season of comfort in the uncooling of the fruits; they have been harvested, as the plants are ripe; the knowledge is stored in wisdom, which has been acquired in youth and wisdom, are poured into the well of old age, though the strength of youth, the flowers of days are gone, yet the rich harvest of experience makes us good characters, conversant to suffer every adversity, to make even our sorrows more precious. Autumn then brings back the brightness of glory. This is the old age, this autumn of our days, that with the opening book up with affectionate respect for discretion and counsel, before we all our sentiments of nature are awash with innocence. We like the fine days of our Indian summer in our climate, and of bright, tranquil, temperate air, we then prefer a happy part of comparison between autumn and old age; for this shows most forcibly the abundance of having more a store of knowledge, virtues, talents, as well as make the decline of life more happily respect. Does the making man labor daily during the spring and summer, then be may have...
a rich harvest in autumn? And shall not we labor in youth and manhood, that we may have an abundant fruit of wisdom and goodness in the evening of life? Shall we not strive to spend the days of our strength, that when age becomes, it may bring with it the same things besides feebleness, sadness, and disease, despairing, that it may be a crown of glory? to rest in peace? Oh, yes! Plant the time of the season will not be lost upon us.

Another important analogy is suggested to us by jobs or flowers in this season. The harvest of the year resembles the harvest of the world; the gathering in of fruits is the conclusion of the gathering in of mankind to judgment. Of the comparison if he makes frequent use. In the kingdom of nature, each species of the lowest the wheat, he teaches us, that this state of gathering is like the growing season of the earth, a time when the plants are growing, but are not yet ripe for separation. In the spring summer, the soil sends forth all kinds of produce, some good, some bad, if they flourish together. The good grain of the useful vegetable should be sought out in the summer, and the wheat of the harvest comes. The husbandman separates between what is to be kept and what is to be thrown among the lions to the respective productions their several uses and thus according to the grain for harvest. And thus we are assured it is good mankind.

We know that in this world all varieties of character are mingled together in one motley mass. The virtues missions, the faults of the sinner, he who fears God, he who fears him not, are thrown together in one crowd of infamous men. You may see the man of piety, the man of forbearance, the brave of the upright, the dishonest of the tyrannical man, living side by side in this world. (Was this external appearance etc., equally happy or miserable?) But we are taught, it will not always be so. The harvest, the end of the world, will come when the wheat of the tares shall be separated. And those who have done good, if there who have done ill, shall find his difference in the recompense the million fold. Although the earth brings forth its fruits of bread, we will never confound them with good grain, nor suffer them to choose of that. The end of the great season, he is drawing in space, space, and seasonal season. Oh, let us not have occasion to say, the harvest is past. The summer is ended, if we are not delivered,” are not delivered from our sins and follies, are still the bounds of our nation’s temperance forbiddens. I must take these terrifies...
consequences which God has designed they shall always bring
with them. When he shows sight of it, shall become food for
the rick, is the harvest shall be gathered under x. Obedit
refutation, that we have been like taxes among the meadow.
be touched with grief, that caused much woe, 1 stand only as
chambers of the ground.

5. I cannot close without calling your attention to the rela-
tions which nature thus exist with regard to the approaching season.
Winter will be its destruction, all its pleasures is now near its
doom, cast the cheeks of nature, be the scenes of extremest mis-
fortune, and if you shall be compelled to abide in the main
comforts of home & the fire side. And it is in this season and in
this time of year, especially, that so many pleasures are de-
pended upon. It is especially to be lamented that these, who stand at the feet of families,
should thus waste, or worse than waste, their time, should thus
reprove themselves to all the inmates of society & to the danger
of getting before younger people a bad destructive opinion of
the earnings of winter, may be better off. Let them be active
in social, improving intercourse, in reading, and in
musing the time in promoting the happiness of mankind.

The end of the season, let them not be given up to simply
pleasures in the brutal indulgencies of vice, but be engaged
so pass them, that they may leave them better, more intelli-
gent than they found them. What a fine opportunity does this
moment to their affords for parents to attend to the forming
principles of hearts of their children, to the training of
loyalty and
of useful & dignified knowledge, offer the aged, to arrange &
combine the fruits of their experience for the good of others. As
then, may we, look forward to the winter, not as a season of idle
ness or idleness, but as a season when we may do much to make
ourselves & others better & happier.

I have thus, briefly, suggested to you a few reflections appropri-
ate, as I conceive, to the present season... And now, I am only
praying, that it may never be the deportable condition of any
one of us, to be compelled to say, “the harvest is past, the
summer is ended, if we are not saved: all the seasons of improve-
ment are lost; we are neglected to send, we have no fields, through
all the kindness has been idleness, procrastination, device, all before
us is a frightful, dreary winter, where storms will sweep the
air & the heart will freeze”. No: may each breast have a better
hope, even the hope, that out of the great harvest above, we may
be gathered in with these words of prayer:

in the storehouse of heaven.

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