HARVEST PREACHING: SEVEN PLAIN SERMONS FOR HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES

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Harvest Preaching: Seven Plain Sermons For Harvest Thanksgiving Services by Various

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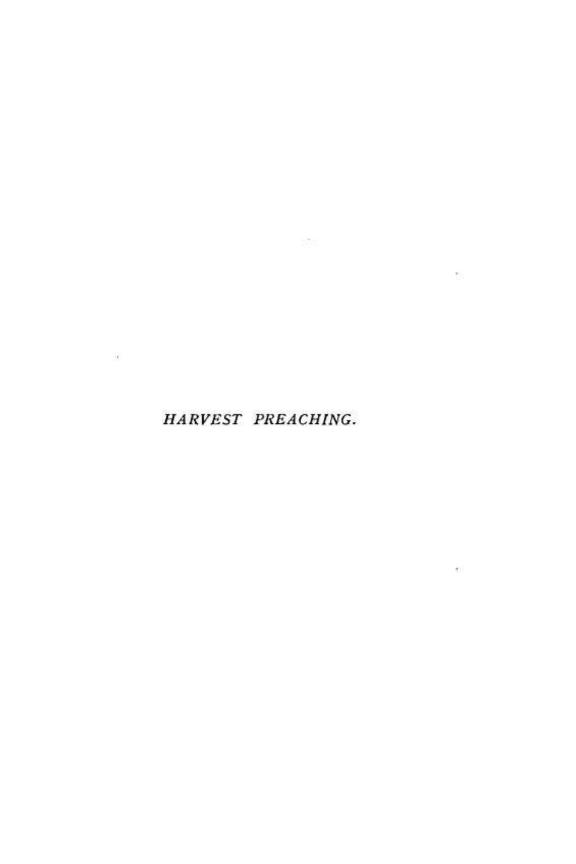
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HARVEST PREACHING: SEVEN PLAIN SERMONS FOR HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICES





Warbest Preaching.

SEVEN PLAIN SERMONS

FOR

Barbest Chanksgibing Berbices.

BY THE REVS.

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HARVEST HYMN. "THE SOWER WENT FORTH SOWING." New Edition of the hearty and most popular tune (with unison refrain), by MARTIN S. SKEPFINGTON, as sung at S. Barnabas, Kensington, and recently adopted at hundreds of other churches. Music and words complete, price 1d., 12 copies post free for 1/-, 25 copies post free for 2/-. The words are from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

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Parvest Preaching.

STUDIES IN CORN.

BY WILLIAM C. VAUGHAN.

S. LUKE XVI. 9. (Revised Version.)

"Make to yourselves friends out of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles."

I can see, in my mind, a lad guiding a plough. Shouting cheerily to his team he makes his furrow straight as a dart across the field. Backwards and forwards he goes in the crisp air of an October day; his shadow falls beside him as he moves along; and from morning till twilight is ready to fall he scarcely ceases. What is he at? He is preparing the ground for the seed corn.

And when the corn has been planted and harrowed in, long time the farmer has to wait before the green shoot appears above ground, but he cares not for that. And heavy rains fall, but he cares not for that. And sharp frosts set in, cutting off many things in other places that have begun to sprout too soon, but he fears not for his young wheat. And the deep snow comes down from Heaven, and he rejoices. And when the sun shines, or the moon has risen, every blade casts its own tiny shadow by its side.

So it waits till harvest. Then the reapers cut down the golden ears and pile a mighty load. The sun glows overhead. The sweat pours from the wagoner's face and off the flanks of his recking horses as they toil on the dusty road. The air is full of pleasant voices,

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

And the shadows of man and beast fall beside them as they move along.

The harvest is reaped and gathered, but it is not threshed. There is again much hurrying to and fro. The threshing-machine whirrs on late into night's darkness. Strong backs of men take away the winnowed corn. And wherever there is light, there also the shadows fall.

It is threshed, but not ground. The mill-wheel must go round driven by the rushing water. The great stones must bruise and crush the corn between their weight. Again horse and man have to strain nerve and sinew to take it off to be turned to account. And where they go there their shadow goes with them-