No doubt as our Lord sat in the boat on the sea of Tiberias He could see the farmer at work in his fields. As he threw the seed the wind would catch it and blow some on the hard path, and the birds soon picked it up. Others would fall among stones with very little earth to cover them and would soon get scorched by the sun. Others would fall among the thorn bushes, and as the wheat grew the poor little tender blades would be choked for want of light and room.

But many of the seeds would fall on the good ploughed ground, and the farmer would be rewarded for his trouble by seeing the wheat grow up until at harvest time it yielded him a hundred times as much as he had sowed.

When next you see a cornfield, try and remember Christ's story of the sower, and ask Him to let the good seed—His Bible, His Sabbath, and every good word you hear, sink into your heart and bring forth good fruit.

IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Read Matthew xiii. 3—9.