

## Summer and Harvest

Jeremiah 8:20

**The harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and we are not saved.**

KJV

Here is a frightening thought: We pray that it should never be true of us, our country, or of those that we love. God is so kind and good, but His patience and provision are not without end. If we are to have peace with Him, we must do it while we meet Him in the way. If we encounter him for the first time standing before His Throne of Judgement, we are lost and can expect no mercy. We shall not escape if “we neglect so great salvation”.

The darkness of this verse notwithstanding, we find much here that excites our praise, for it clearly teaches that there is a summertime for the soul. Recall the day that the bright warm light of the Gospel shone upon your innermost being? Remember its’ heat burning away the coldness of your heart. How sweetly did the Gospel winds blow across the strings of our spirit producing a melody that has never been wholly silenced these long years. Where bareness reigned there grew love, joy longsuffering, gentleness, faith, meekness, and temperance.

This is encouragement here also. Where there is life there is the possibility of summertime. While the day yet lasts, we may bear the good news to those we love. We may entreat before the Throne of Grace for souls that are not yet awakened by Gospel breezes. Let us go out to the field and sow the Gospel seed. Let it be scattered to each and all. When we have done our duty, then let us pray that the sweet, warm rains of God’s grace may fall. Let us press with all that is in us, toward the harvest, after which no man can labor.

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