

with them, frequently to distant parishes which missionaries can seldom visit, the Word of God and the light of saving truth.

The funds of the Society are not at present in a very prosperous state. The treasurer is nearly \$3,000 in advance. We trust, therefore, that the collection recommended by the Synod will be more than usually liberal,

ALEX. F. KEMP,
Secretary French Canadian Mission.

Montreal, 17th August, 1864.

THE HARVEST IS PAST.

The Jews are in great danger. The Chaldeans are upon them. They put off the evil day. They lend too ready an ear to false prophets, and think that there is no risk. When the proud Babylonian invader girdles their city, and thunders at their gates, they look to Egypt for help, instead of lifting their eyes to the hills, whence alone their help could come. They put off making any special efforts for their own safety during the season when such effort could have been successfully made. They strain their eyes across the horizon in eager expectation of their southern allies, but in vain. Summer and harvest slip by, and now, when gloomy winter approaches, they begin to find out their mistake, and this forms the burden of their bitter lamentation: "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—Jer. viii., 20. In a yet more perilous position, by nature, are we. We stand in jeopardy every hour more than if we dwelt in a besieged city, and famine and sword stared us in the face. Not more unwilling were the Jews to believe in their danger than we are. A deceived heart hath turned us aside, and "the lie in our right hand" whispers, "Peace, Peace, when there is no peace." How many of us still keep saying "Peace and safety," till "sudden destruction come upon us." And when the cry, "Awake, thou that sleepest! what meanest thou, O sleeper?" does startle us out of our stupor, how apt are we to repair to refuges of lies, or to relapse into despair, instead of seeking the aid of the Captain of Salvation, and turning to His stronghold as prisoners of Hope. If you miss the present "convenient season" for performing duty and providing against danger, one "more" so is not likely to be given you. And when your adversary the Devil leads you captive at his will, and the last enemy knocks loud at your door, you will wake up to see the frightful spectre of bygone privileges and opportunities, and to feel the poignant pangs of this bitter reflection,— "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." There are seasons peculiarly favourable to spiritual as well as to natural vegetation, "summer" and "harvest" times. *Youth* is such a season, when the sun shines bright and the sky is clear. The heart's soil is then soft, and yields more easily to the Gospel plough. The incorruptible seed is more ready to sink into the furrow. The truth comes with all the charm of novelty.

"Those sunny hours of childhood,
How soon they pass away!"

When spent in indolence and indifference, they have given birth to many keen regrets. Those who, instead of devoting them to the cultivation of the heart and mind, have allowed weeds to grow in rank luxuriance, and have even gloried in the shame of "sowing wild oats," have lived to rue their folly, and have frequently found no place of repentance, though they sought it carefully with tears. If you let this hopeful season pass, when you are freest from the cares of this world and the lust of other things, at the last this will bite you like a serpent, and sting you as an adder—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved." There are special eras and events in the history of us all, to which the titles "summer" and "harvest" may be given. Do not