

the seed. In passing the field of some indifferent, unskilful, and slothful farmer, where we find oats, wheat, peas, chess, cockle, rye and smut, all mixed and asserted in regular irregularity, he will make a slight impression upon us as he enters upon the merit and cleanness of the seed he sowed.

But the "seed of the kingdom" is pure and good. And this we can "sow in hope." Hence you are, I presume, sowing in hope, realizing that the time of harvest comes apace, and that the good fruit will be gathered into the Great Master's grainery, or treasure-house.

We are all, in an enlarged sense, sowers and reapers. Daily and yearly we are sowing and reaping, and even while we reap we are sowing, the great gathering of which will be when the reapers of the everlasting Lord shall thrust forth the sickle. A month brings some seeds to all the maturity of germs, plants, and full ripe fruit; others require a whole yearly season; others longer;—but our seed time is our lifetime,—then cometh the end—the harvest—the everlastingly matured product. A farmer in the respectable state of Pennsylvania justly thinks that he reaps largely when he reaps 50,000 bushels of wheat; but to "reap everlasting life"—yes—that's worth something. Then let us sow truth and love and gospel goodness, and our harvest will be happy.

Some of us in this Province are not only sowing but battling. Like the returned Jews who found a broken down city, barren fields, and numerous opposers and soldierly enemies, and who therefore had to sow, and build, and fight all apparently in one effort, we, in having "a mind to work," have "many opposers." Hence our Banner is yet hoisted and the weapons of our warfare are still retained for the service. We are looking for the victory. Our King's triumph is certain. He and his attendant hosts will close the campaign, but meantime he asks us, for our own sake, as well as for the honor of his name and cause, that we should "quit ourselves like men" in the great struggle against the prince of "the powers of darkness." While the nations on the other side of the magnificent Atlantic basin are marshaling their forces, with their colors set for "Turkey," for "France," for "England," for "Russia," we are delighted to serve under the Captain of Salvation, the Prince of Peace and of Love—of Truth and of Holiness.

And now as I am closing, permit me to desire for you all joy as well as all success in every effort to make known, sustain, defend, and advance the truth of our only Lord and Saviour.—Peace, grace, and many blessings be thine.

Yours, D. OLIPHANT.

April 13th, 1854.

"The Crusader:" weekly: New York City: edited by Secchi de Casali,—Alex. Gavazzi, the Italian reformer, regular contributor.—We thank the editor of the Crusader for calling upon us weekly in his paper; and as he is doing good service in his crusade against the most corrupt sectarianism, it is our design to allow him to speak to