

ding, even by three or four sessions, no addition of any such column is worth anything. For once let us have figures in reply to all such questions, and let the Returns be placed in the hands of the Presbytery Clerk ready for the Convener of the Synodical Committee.

It may be proper to remind all aid-receiving congregations that they are expected and specially directed by Synod to attend to both the subjects noted, the taking of collections and the furnishing of Statistical information.

THIRDLY. All Papers whether from Presbyteries, Sessions or individuals ought, if at all practicable, to be in the hands of Rev. James Bayne, Secretary of the Standing Committee of Bills and Overtures, at least a fortnight prior to the meeting of Synod. This arrangement has special reference to new business, and documents forwarded in due time will take precedence of all others which may be sent in at a later date.

The Synod will meet D. V. in Prince Street Church, on the fourth Tuesday of June, at 7 o'clock P. M., and our prayer is that it may enjoy many tokens of the presence of the Great Head of the Church, and of the indwelling of His Holy Spirit!

THOUGHTS FOR THE SEASON.

The winter is over and gone; the time of the singing of the birds has come, and flowers appear on the earth. The trees put forth buds of promise, pledges of green leaves, whose fragrance fills the air. The icy bands of winter are dissolved, and nature rejoices in the awakening life that abounds throughout all her vast domain. Is not this a parable from which we may derive spiritual instruction? Reader, how is it with the winter of thy soul? Art thou still frost-bound with the chains of spiritual death—loving this world and its pleasures more than God? The south wind blows on our gardens; has the warm, melting wind of God's Spirit breathed upon thee, dissolving thy fetters and causing thee to rejoice in the

freedom and the life which He confers on His own children?

It is winter, cold, joyless, dead, in every soul that is separated from God. Such a soul can neither be happy nor prosperous: it must ever more shiver in the chill blast of divine anger, or scorch and burn under the frown of the All-seeing Eye. Hopeless captivity, fatal slumber, death, darkness, everlasting night,—such is our portion by nature. But the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his beams. His radiance makes summer in the soul. His light opens the eyes of the blind to the paths of peace and happiness. His warmth brings forth the bud, the blossom, the fruit.

As the snows of winter have vanished from the fervent smile of returning summer, so let the snows that have chilled your heart melt and disappear before the words and the grace of Christ. What we see in nature around us is for our instruction. Let not the lesson be lost upon us. Christ wooes us to Himself by his summer winds, by His flowers, by His bow of promise in the cloud, by His showers that water the earth.

How hopeless a few months ago appeared the face of nature! All seemed hushed in the quiet of death except the shrieking wind. Who that had not witnessed the change would have ventured to predict the life and the loveliness of the present hour? Who could bring about a change so unutterable? Yet we cannot doubt the transformation: it has happened under our own observation: it is the Lord's doings: it speaks loudly of infinite beneficence, and of omnipotence.—Son of man, can these dead souls live? Can this moral winter ever be changed into the beauty and the blessedness of christian life? Lord, thou knowest! Thy word has effected such transformations already; and Thou art still as mighty as in the days of old.

Knowing that God has the power to quicken us, let us now unite in pleading for showers, copious summer showers of divine grace upon all our congregations; upon all our families, and on every individual apart, till the rich fruits and the beautiful flowers of the christian life appear to adorn and strengthen our souls and prepare us for Heaven.