

form or some other. When both objects are combined, they should command the approval and hearty support of every part of the Church. Funds should flow in spontaneously and abundantly. The expected ten thousand dollars should come in, in all sums from one dollar to one hundred, by voluntary offerings rather than by calls or even collections. We are persuaded that there are some thousands of warm hearts ready to furnish sums varying from one dollar to five, and such sums should be SENT IN, without delay to local receivers, or if these are not appointed, direct to A. K. McKinlay, Esq., Treasurer of the Fund, by whom they will be acknowledged in the *Witness* and *RECORD*. When we consider that our own readers must number about 20,000, our subscribers being about 5,000, the conviction deepens that all that is required should, with a little cordial co-operation on the part of the ministry and eldership, be founded in fund before the approaching meeting of Synod.

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#### A WORD IN SEASON.

The winter with its frosts and wild storms is over. The time of the singing of birds has come. The south wind breathes on the land, and there are flowers, and sunshine and gladness. The face of the earth is being renewed by the smile of God. Sweet and beautiful as sportive children and youth, are the springtime and the opening summer. Death gives place to life and gloom to brightness. The icy fetters of winter have been smitten from stream and lake, and field and forest. With what energy and endurance men go forth to needful toil—breaking up the fallow ground, sowing seed—preparing in full faith for the warm showers of summer and for the ripening suns of autumn. Seed time and harvest are promised by Him who never fails to keep His word.

Is there not a mighty parable acted out before our eyes? Nature is ever presenting fresh lessons to warn, to instruct, to delight the devout student. That is the springtide, the summer of the Church, when the Spirit breathes upon our congregations

with Almighty power, when showers of divine grace fall copiously when the Sun of Righteousness rises with healing in His beams,—when the good seed germinates and grows under fostering Heavenly influence. How many of our congregations are enjoying such a springtide? Is it still chill winter in your heart, in your family, in your church? Are the fetters of spiritual death still upon your soul? Come from the four winds O Divine Spirit—breathe upon our souls, upon our churches, that we all may live and not die!

Storms darken the sky, but behind those storms the sun shines in all its brightness and beauty. And the clouds must soon vanish, leaving a sweeter light and a balmy air. So with our spiritual history; "The clouds ye so much dread,

"Are big with mercy and shall break  
In blessings on your head."

Is it spring with *you* now? Then how diligently should you sow the seed and prepare for the future! The wise farmer will not neglect his work for one hour, for work is urgent now, and loss at this time is well nigh irreparable. Whoever neglects the seed time will profit little by the blessings of summer and harvest. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.

In one sense our whole life on earth is a seed time,—is the spring time,—of which Eternity will gather the harvest. How solemn the thought that we are acting for Eternity!

Reader, as you welcome the returning summer with its wealth of life and love, and beauty, with its songs, its flowers, its green fields,—its present joy and its promise for the future,—think of that summer of which this is but the foreshadowing, the summer of the soul which is reconciled to God and in which He dwells. Think of the summer which shall be chased by no blighting winter, darkened by no storms, withered by no scorching heats.

How many families in the Presbyterian Church enter on this summer with homes darkened by the shadows of recent bereavement. In some congregations the young have