

"*To reap life everlasting,*" is to rise in bliss and exalted enjoyments, without any assignable point of termination. Such is the bright prospect of an eternal harvest to those engaged in sowing the precious seed which grows for an age, and ripens for ever.

In every sense, then, life is the seed time. To-day for to-morrow, this year for the next. And as we are reaping what others sowed, let us, as christians, and as wise men, sow not only for ourselves, but that generations yet unborn shall arise and call us blessed. I trust seed is this day scattering, which shall be reaped in the Millennium by all those engaged in introducing the ancient order of things. If, then, with the wisdom which comes from above, we go forth scattering the precious seeds of true bliss and real good, how happy for ourselves, and for all that are dear to us, in time and to eternity ! But let none despair because he cannot sow and reap in the same day. Remember the patience of the husbandman ; and imitate him in preparing for the golden harvest which will never end.

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#### ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN SCOTLAND.

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*Cold Springs, May 6, 1855.*

To the Editor of the Christian Banner :

SIR :—In a number of the " Scottish Journal " issued in May 1854, I observed a notice of the opening ceremonies attendant on the Annual gathering of the clericals and laymen who constitute the " General Assembly " of the Established Church of the land of my fathers. Such ceremonies more becoming a camp than a church of Christ, at the time astonished me as I read it ; and at the same time gave birth to the present communication, and which please insert in the " Christian Banner," when convenient.

PRESBYTER.

1st. Observe that gathering crowd. See the people pouring in from all quarters swelling its ranks, and increasing its denseness. Almost as various as the faces are the classes that compose it. The lordly and the lowly, the mean and the mighty, and the young, the priest, and the pleader, the sinner and the saint, are jostling together in the mingled throng. Regard the military array which lines and guards the streets, preserving by warlike menace a space sacred from the tread of the profane populace. Martial music is resounding. The hum of the multitude is drowned in the war note of the bugle ; and the airs which in the olden time led on to deeds of blood,