

of the Church and attending to the poor. The latter office has been revived in many of the city Churches in Scotland, and perhaps the time is not far distant when this revival shall become general over the whole Church. In creating the office of Deacon separately from that of Elder, we would be merely returning to a good old practice in our beloved Kirk. Many reasons might be urged in favor of such an office.

Thus, by merely glancing at the surface of things in the Church, we shall easily see that she has undergone several changes and modifications since the days of the early Reformers. And, indeed, how could it be otherwise? We might as well expect that the child should always remain in a state of infancy, with neither change nor a higher development, as to expect that any society should ever remain rigidly and unmovably the same through all the changes of human society around it, and amid all the progress, and growth and enlightenment of the age. Some change, provided it be for the better (as, in the case of the Church, we certainly think that, upon the whole, it has been), is a sign of life. Still, we must remember that those changes have been entirely without and beyond the sphere of doctrine. Here there can be no change without bringing along with it the most serious consequences. Knox proclaimed the same truths from the pulpit as are preached from ours from Sabbath to Sabbath. His views of the plan of salvation were the same as ours. The grounds of the sinner's justification before God—the nature of the Spirit's operations—the necessity of using the means of grace—the worthlessness of those means apart from the quickening Spirit from on high;—these and such like truths drawn from the Word of God—clearly revealed in the sacred oracles, were taught by him as they are still taught throughout our Churches. Further, although the Church of Scotland and the other Presbyterian Churches of this and other countries differ from the Church of Knox, still, it is a difference in degree rather than a difference in kind. In the "First Book of Discipline" we find the elements from which the "Second Book of Discipline" was moulded, and in that Second Book of Discipline we find the Constitution of the Church of the Present, with some slight modifications.

(To be Continued.)

THE MANSE, W. B. E. RIVER, } S. M. G.
Oct. 20th, 1864. }

The Approach of Autumn.

THE shades of night drew nigh, and through the birchen trees
Is heard the dying breath of Summer's balmy breeze,
And, o'er the yellow leaf that shows sere Autumn's blight,

Is seen the falling dew, like beams of flashing light;
While o'er yon hillock's brow, tinted with faded flower,
The moon reflects its rays, radiant with beauty's power,
Then, one by one, the stars bestud the vaulted sky,
And glory floods the earth, from Heaven's high canopy;
Now, sober thoughts steal on, in evening's sacred hour,
Like dew on Hermon's brow, or June's refreshing shower,
And wail the spirit back o'er joys of bygone days,
Which time's relentless hand can never more erase.
As summer's blushing rose before the Autumn's blast,
So fades our mortal joys—no sooner felt than past;
Time carries us away, like bubbles on the wave,
As o'er life's sea we float, and hear its billows lave:
'Neath all our petty joys, there is an undertide;
Th' unruffled stream of life may dang'rous quicksand's hide,
The gold-ting'd cloud of eve may low'ring storms conceal,
And hide the lightning's flash and bell'wing thunder's peal.
But on the darkest night, there's light to guide our way,
There is a hand on high, which seas and storms obey,
There blooms a lovely flower in life's most prickly thorn,
Though sorrows gloom the night, yet joy awaits the morn.
As grows the tender moss, 'neath forest's sombre shade,
So, o'er life's winding path, the holiest joys are laid.
Awake, arise, cheer up! put on thine armour bright,
Hope throws around our path a golden flood of light;
So shall our life pass on, a fair, smooth, rippling stream,
And sparkling here and there, with many a sunlit beam;
The end at last shall come, as calm, and sweet, and still,
As sets all-glorious Sol, behind yon peaceful hill.

J. J. C.

Georgetown, P. E. Island, }
29th September, 1864. }

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

Trying and Praying.

"I'm sure I never can be good,
And so there's no use trying;
When Peter calls me naughty names,
I cannot help replying.
"I've tried, and tried—how oft I've tried
I'm sure I can't remember;
Since my birthday I've tried, I know,
And that was in December.
"I'm sure I don't know what to do,"
"What is my darling saying?
How can a little child be good,
Who never thinks of praying?"