

A GOOD SUGGESTION.—Rev. Mr. Choles, in an address on agricultural subjects says:—"I wish that we could create a general passion for gardening and horticulture—we want more beauty about our houses. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers.—Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, the playthings of childhood and the ornament of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man and grateful ones to God."

A SEVERE REDUCTION.—Fletcher, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow; to which the other replied,—“My lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true; and if our lordship had been the same you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life.”



EDITORIAL.

Autumn reigns in regal splendor this year. He holds his court high up in the blue expanse, with the grand panorama of nature spread out before him. Rolling back in fleecy masses, the clouds form a coronal of beauty round his head, while gorguous tents adorn his robes. Never were days more lovely than those just passing. Lingering on the verge of a new dynasty, like a procession sweeping along from the eastern to the western horizon, in single file, they pass away until lost amid the golden sunsets of the distant west. What have they heralded for all of us to be written in the archives of heaven? Flitting like spectres from earth, they have borne our history to imperishable tablets, and then, side by side, they have been ranged in the long cavalcade of the Ages, there to await the decisions of the judgment. There is something inexpressibly grand and solemn, something wondrously interesting in human existence. As a pebble dropped into the water produces motion in continuous circles to a great distance, so thought, launched into the great ocean of eternity, widens and ever widens, destined to exert an influence forever. What then should be the character of our thoughts and aspirations? The shadows of nobler forms, and nobler scenes that fall upon us from above, the yearnings of the earth-worn spirit for something satisfying, the innate sympathy we feel for the good and beautiful, remind us of that perfection of intellect and heart which will fit us for the society of the blest. Merely living, merely vegetating,—living to eat, and drink, and adorn ourselves,—will not answer the demand of our being. We come of celestial lineage; the anticipation of future happiness ought to nerve us to personal exertion, and self-denial. The desire to use our talents to the best advantage ought to animate us every moment, and the thought of the august assemblage that sympathise in our success ought to fill every heart with ardent enthusiasm to live not in vain, while we live, that “departing we may leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.”

Articles for the *Maple Leaf* should be finished when sent, and accompanied by the real name of the writer. We have received the first chapter of a tale, which we cannot insert until we hear from the writer again.