

AUTUMN PICTURES.

The wailing winds are sighing
A requiem soft and low
Where the russet leaves are lying
And the forest fountains flow.
The mellow clouds droop shadows
In soft dissolving dyes,
Where greenly in the meadows
The summer verdure lies.

Rich crowns of blossom linger
Upon the garden's brow;
But decay, with mocking finger,
Pencils the glory now.
All round the forest branches
Bright rainbow leaflets play,
While they fall in avalanches
At the north wind's roundelay.

The yellow sheaves are smiling
Beneath the garner's dome,
The husbandman beguiling
With dreams of harvest home;
The gentle kine are lowing
Beside the woodland way,
Where, on the soft wind blowing,
They scent the fragrant hay.

A cloud of rosy apples
Laugh in the orchards green.
Where noonday softness dapples
The rich, luxuriant scene;
The timid grouse are hopping
Around the pasture's edge,
And mellow nuts are dropping
Down from the hazel hedge:

The squirrel's noisy gambol
Is heard among the wood,
Where threads of shifting amber
Brighten the solitude.
Those soft rays droop and quiver
Upon the foamy brook,
And tinge the noisy river
With loving golden look.

The widowhood of nature
Is not a mourning robe.
Light mellows every feature
That flecks her pleasant globe.
In dying she is glorious,
And, like the Christian's faith,
Lies down to rise victorious
Above decay and death.

Her cerements shroud the kernel
Which hides the living May
To summer's raiment vernal
And luscious luxury,
While in the voiceless story
Her changeful hues unfold:
Our resurrection glory
Is in a symbol told.

Halifax, October 9th, 1861.

M. J. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON LEVITY OF SPIRIT AND Demeanor IN
CLERGYMEN.

There are probably few Ministers of the Gospel who are fully aware how seriously they may injure their usefulness by want of that decent gravity which becomes their office. I do not refer to any glaring improprieties in speech or conduct, but to that occasional levity into which

Ministers, and especially young Ministers, in the freedom of social intercourse, may sometimes be betrayed. I am very far from being an advocate for that gloomy austerity and moroseness which, among some sects, and by some individuals, are considered incumbent on Clergymen; but there is an error of an opposite kind, which I consider still more dangerous. I well recollect the remark of a young lady who had spent the Saturday evening in society, where a young preacher had contributed greatly to the hilarity of the company, by his musical talents. On the following day, when leaving the Church where this young man had preached, and that too, greatly to the satisfaction of the Congregation, a friend remarked that Mr.—, had given them excellent discourses. "*It may be so,*" said the lady, "*but I could not attend to him, for thinking of the funny songs he sung last night.*" There is no reason to suppose that there was a single word or sentiment in those songs that was of an improper character; but the very fact that there was something in them comic, or as the lady said, "*funny,*" counteracted, in one mind, at least, all the good which his sermons might otherwise have produced.

It is not always kept in mind that the office of pastor and teacher in the Church of Christ is a grave office, and that its duties are, from their very nature, grave and serious, involving, both on the part of the Minister and of the hearers, the most awful and momentous responsibility. They "who watch for souls as those who must give account," must surely appear out of character, whenever they are found chargeable with inconsiderate levity. There is an obvious and palpable incongruity in this, which cannot fail to strike the observer, and to lessen the degree of that moral influence of incalculable value, which the character and deportment of a minister should empower him to exert over the minds of his hearers. *Who* can calculate the degree in which the impression of discourses from the pulpit is, on the one hand, deepened, or, on the other, enfeebled, by the estimate which the hearer almost unconsciously forms of the character of the preacher! *Who* can determine the extent to which the materials which enter into that estimate are derived from the hours of social and unbending intercourse? Let those hours, by all means, be illumined by the smile of Christian cheerfulness, benignity, urbanity; let the manners of him who "ministers in holy things," recommend him to the more refined; let his conversation command the respect of the more intelligent; let his kindness endear him to the young; but let there be no utterance of the heart, no indication of feeling, which, if remembered in the sanctuary, would diminish the effect of the truth proceeding from his lips. Let it be the resolution of every one who enters on the engagements of the Christian ministry, that, relying on the aids and succours of heavenly grace, he will