

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

The autumn leaves are turning,  
Another summer's gone  
With all the joys and sorrows,  
'Er which its sun hath shone.

The hand of Nature's painting  
The leaves a glorious red,  
The trees sweet shades of ruby  
And emerald beauties shed.

The glories of the sunset  
Are mirrored in the trees,  
As their richly tinted leaves  
Are trembling in the breeze.

The swaying of the trees look  
Like clouds of flaming fire,  
As they wave their rustic arms  
In beauty's fond desire.

Through the rainbow colored leaves  
The breezes softly blow,  
Like melancholy music  
So dreary, sad and slow.

The autumn leaves remind us  
Life's summer 'll soon be o'er,  
And all its joys and sorrows  
Will change, and be no more.

Will our autumn leaves of life  
Turn a bright ruby-red?  
Or will they change to darkness,  
And be dull, dry and dead?

TORONTO

F. BRUCE CAREY.

## THE SCOTTISH SABBATH.

## SOME REMINISCENCES.

To fair-minded people who retain their regard for national and religious loyalty, it must be more or less disagreeable to encounter, whether in conversation or in reading, the Scotsman who sneers at the Scottish Sabbath. It is well enough known that there are not few who, in seeming servility to the "Time Spirit," have stooped to throw contempt on this, one of the most characteristic heritages of their own country. But whatever may be said upon the merits of a question like this, it must surely always be considered more consonant to true manhood and self-respect to give one's own people and country the benefit of the doubt than to flaunt contumeliously what looks so like a spirit of sedition. In any case, it is to be hoped that, as in regard to most other public institutions, so also in regard to the Scottish Sabbath, we all are still personally free to speak of it as we find it. And how a good many of us have found it may here, not without hope of some good effect, again be briefly told.

We certainly found it a day of considerable restraint in regard to all forms of merriment, frivolousness and looseness of words and ways; yet not so as to leave on our minds the impression of dismal solemnity, but only of what might now be called a dignified sobriety. It was a day on which the least possible demand was made on any member of the family or household for the performance of manual labor beyond the preparation of food; and so it was as completely as possible a day of rest. It was for us a day on which all family ties and relationship were aired anew and re-furnished. Our parents saw more of us, and, as an obvious result, the home was more a home to us on that day than on other days of the week.

## CHURCH AND SABBATH SCHOOL.

We certainly had large acquaintance on the Sabbath with the services of the Church and the school. At one period in our far past youthful years we were sent to one Sabbath-school in the morning and to another in the afternoon, besides attending service in our church in the forenoon, and occasionally another service in some local meeting-place in the evening. The morning school was only a temporary experiment, and the evening service was only occasional; but attendance at forenoon service in the church and at the afternoon Sabbath-school, once begun, had to be maintained with almost unbroken regularity.

All the same, our Scottish Sabbath was by no means a fast day—in the sense of a day of fasting. Memory recalls that we not only had all the repasts customary on other days of the week, but through the deft

management of mothers and sisters, a better table generally than on other days. Nor was physical exercise even then hopelessly at a discount.

## WALKS TO THE KIRK.

Was not our dear little "kirk," with its bell-filled steeple, situated a mile and a-half away, on the summit of yonder hill? And if, as was stoutly maintained by a recently departed Professor of all wisdom, walking is the most perfect of all forms of exercise, had we not quite a fair share of it in our morning walks to the kirk, and our afternoon and evening walks to Sabbath-school and evening service? Our cottage home, moreover, was of the order of cottage homes in the Lothians past and present. And this means that it had its little bit of thorn-enclosed garden that was something more than merely a "kail-yard." From that enclosure, with its daisied borders and circled or diamond-shaped plots of plants and flowers, we were not forbidden on the "day of rest." The rather, for short intervals it may have been during the day, but in the morning and evening hours at leisure, we did find ourselves out there, in the quietude and fragrance, and sunshine, unconsciously treasuring up thoughts and memories that now "lie too deep for tears." Even from the very enlightened standpoints of these latter times, it is difficult to see anything in all that severe restraint, sobriety and universal rest that was not fitted to our improvement had we been only a superior kind of animal. Nor does there appear to have been much a-wanting to make it a day of genuine, if innocent, enjoyment at the same time. But from our early period in life we were taught directly and indirectly to think of ourselves and of each other as something more and something else than a superior kind of animal.

## THE SOUL AS THE REAL SELF.

We were habituated, every one, to think of the soul within us as our real self, and the life of our soul as our real life, and very soon, as it appears, we must have settled down to the *understanding* that all that religious occupation and exercise in which we were engaged on the Sabbath was nothing more than was needful for our highest happiness and well-being. Let it be confessed that at times we were conscious of a secret disposition to break away or to rest from so serious a routine. It must still be maintained, however, that the disposition to accept and abide by it most generally prevailed.

At this distance of time it may not be wise to profess certainty as to the precise nature of the motive that did prevail. But if we suggest that loyalty to self, to parentage, to country, and to God, all had something to do with it, we cannot be widely astray. And to our numerous compatriots at home and abroad, who rejoice in the new-found liberty of turning the old Scottish Sabbath into a new secular holiday, replacing all religious exercises and associations by excited raids into fields of merely animal pleasures, we can give the assurance, not without some little thankfulness, that we envy them in nothing of their new-found liberty. On the contrary, we would suggest to them the desirability of a distinct pause, and a *deliberate and sober judgment* upon this question of Sabbath keeping and its bearing upon national life. And we cannot help thinking that in numerous instances this is all that is necessary in order that the heart may warm anew to all the old traditions of Sabbath Observance, and to an acceptance of these as a worthy heritage from Covenanting, Secession and Disruption times.

## THE SEAMY SIDE OF PIETY.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

That piety, devotion to one's Father in heaven and to one's spiritual nature, should ever have what may be described as a seamy side, a side of rough edges and tangled knots, seems at first an impossibility. Yet it is a matter of personal observation that many good people, pious to the very core of their being, are unfortunately, so imperious, so exacting, or so unreasonable, that they do not commend their religion to others, that, in effect, their daily conduct dissipates the impression which their sincerity and enthusiasm in right beliefs ought to make on the minds of their associates.