

member of his former Presbytery. In order to remove future misapprehensions, and prevent this disagreeable subject coming up again from another quarter, we beg to assure him, that such is not the case, and so far at least as we know, neither of these gentlemen was aware of its existence, till they saw it in the Record. Of this, at all events, we are certain, that the writer of the note in question, whatever its merits or demerits, entertains no feelings but those of sincere friendship and regard for the Minister of Gairloch and Salt-Springs.

THE FALL.

In the poem entitled the "Raven," the author selected the word *nevermore*, for the refrain, because of its melancholy sound. Another writer chooses *gone*, as more expressive of sadness. This feeling is so common in the world, that sounds of wail may easily be detected in many words, according just to the complexion of our own minds, sorrow obscures all things, and covers them with mourning weeds. Nevertheless there are a few words which, from association or sound, or both, strike the ear sadly.

Eternity awakens uneasy thoughts of endless space and duration, which to one accustomed to reflection, would be altogether insupportable,* hence we find among the first fruits of godliness, repentance, including sorrow as one of its features. When the mind is seriously turned, for the first time, to considerations of another world, a degree of melancholy is invariably the first result. *Forest*, also, perhaps on account of its associations—expanse and solitude, gives the mind a grave and subdued cast.

But of all the words in the English language, *Fall* is, in our opinion, the most cheerless; and were this the only name of the season to which it is applied, we think our natural gravity, shady as it is, would be more pensive still. We take the name as descriptive of a part only of the season, and as suggestive of seriousness and grave concern. The other part we will take up first, as we find it in the old Saxon name of *Harvest*, while attempting to lead the thoughts of our readers through a few meditations on this season of the year.

In this month there is much to inspire gladness, and much, also, to produce sadness. Among all nations the Harvest-Home is the season of mirth and merry-making. Among the Jews, the "joy of harvest" passed into a proverb. Nowhere was it kept more joyously than in our own dear Fatherland. Who that heard can ever forget the stirring swell of the reapers' song, rousing the slumbering

echoes of the distant hill! Honest emulation and gleesome airs lent pleasure to toil; and when all was over, when the last sheaf was housed, none but churlish souls could damp the general joy. If we turn from the Old to the New World, the contrast is striking. Here we look in vain for—we will not say, the "foaming tankard and the smoking sirloin," or the famous *Baron*—the ordinary festivities of the Harvest-Home.

Perhaps we have not yet got over the home sickness; or perhaps we are wiser than our fathers, and moralize on their recreations, shaking our heads, and expunging from our vocabulary the *harvest* and substituting the *fall*; perhaps our covetousness is the cause, failing to see any cause of thanksgiving in the productions of the year: or perhaps we are wise above what is written—"Thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou, and thy household."

Increase, when it refers to gain, is always pleasing. We read of the increase of the bread and the fishes in the miracles, with becoming wonder; but in the annual return of the Fall, we see a similar exhibition of divine power and goodness. The five loaves among the five thousand is a more striking, but not a more certain, proof of God's beneficence, than the yearly increase of seed cast into the ground. The increase of the one was instantaneous, that of the other is slow, and that is all the difference. How liberal is mother earth! To her we commit the grain—our best earthly treasure, and we receive back amazing returns. We lodge our cereal wealth as in a bank, and we draw, at the most moderate calculation, a thousand per cent. per annum. Think of this, ye murderers of the soil! and consider which, should this bank suspend payment, would be the insolvent, and which the creditor. For about six thousand years has this earth sustained its inhabitants, yielding its produce in proportion, not to what was sown by the few, but required by the million. God's sun and rain fertilize the earth, and ripen the grain, setting us, as He always does, the example, and giving—let us call it at present, *our own with usury*, although we seldom accord to Him the praise, or think of the return He looks for, and will demand hereafter, for all the talents committed to us.

The Fall is in itself a beautiful season. The various hues of the forest delight the eye and tranquilize the mind. The trees, before retiring to their wintry sleep, don their fairest robes. What pen can describe the gorgeous drapery of the autumnal year? What pencil can vie with nature? Bright without ostentation—brilliant without glare, is the admirable character of the scene all around. Colors blend and commingle. Each is merged in each, and the united effect is a glory far above the costliest equipage of man. It is beautiful to see the blossom on the tree; it is more so to see the fruit bending every

* Without some counterbalance of promises and faith.