

of "the good time coming," showing that our differences are but surface-deep, while the beatings of our hearts are the same. What then is our duty in view of such events, for present duty is all that is ever incumbent upon us. Manifestly this;—for each Protestant Church to attend to its own work, to fulfil its own mission, knowing that if this be done honestly by each and all, we will all necessarily meet in one, "and that right early,"

(For the "Record.")

AUTUMN.

The mellow days have come,
When Nature, like a mourner for the lost,
With pale hands on a widowed bosom crossed,
Sitteth alone in gloom.

Soft shadows drooping lie,
Heavy with memory of departed light,
Whose depth of glory still to fancy's sight
Dapples the noonday sky.

The frost has touched the leaves,
Tracing their tissues with a pencilling rare,
Weaving a web in hues of stained glass, where
They fringe the mountain eaves.

Treasures of changeful light
Even as a casket, doth the forest hold;
Rich scarlet hung by wreaths of shaded gold,
Blending in drapery bright.

By quivering sunlight crowned,
They fold with beauty every trembling branch;
Yet as we watch, in fluttering avalanche
They heap the russet ground—

Emblems of death in life:
So lift we up our heads so stately here,
Yet one by one the dauntless and the dear
Fall weakly in the strife.

Earth's fresh and perfumed crown
Of flowers, fair flowers, is softly lingering still,
Where with a touch of summer, south winds
will
They glance in beauty down.

Flashing each dewy vase
That drinks the light from every mellow cloud,
Until their gorgeous colors weave a shroud
Above their burial place.

Now the rich night unfolds
Her grand regalia on the evening sky;
Seed pearls in stars, planets with diamond eye,
Her ebony casket holds.

Autumn is glorious now;
Pale Luna weareth golden robes for her,
And silver clouds, all supplied, minister
Where many vestals bow,

While meteors flash and fall,
Swift-pinioned messengers from star to star—
Strange telegraphic signals from afar—
Answering not when we call.

Here, like a pure heart's faith,
Glory remains while all around is dim,
Nature pours forth in these a swelling hymn,
Triumphant over death.

All else is changed and sere,
Touched by the hectic fingers of decay,
Earth's wasted treasures, cerement-like array,
The faint and dying year.

With unstrung broken lute,
Weeping in sorrow at a ruined shrine,
Nature the potent, the almost divine,
Kneels, a pale priestess mute.

For when the summer trod,
And with creative feet enchantment gave
On forest aisles, in earth's green echoing nave,
Is written "Ichabod."

Halifax, November, 1860.

M. J. K.

THE OPPRESSED SET FREE.

Approaching a farm-house one day, I saw an arm-chair, with some pillows on it, placed in front of the door; and as I advanced, a very frail old man, assisted by a middle-aged woman and a young girl, tottered out, and seated himself in it. The woman immediately re-entered the house, but the girl bustled about, first on one side, and then on the other, putting some things to rights; and when all was in order, stood leaping and clapping her hands before the old man.

My approach being observed, suddenly put an end to this expression of her joyfulness, and she shrank behind the chair, as if ashamed to have been seen.

"Are you glad to see your grandfather out this fine day?" I said, as I came up. And while she hid her face on his shoulder, he replied, "She's a light-hearted lassie, and a' things make her glad. The wise man says, 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and I often think of this when I look at her."

"This bright sunshine should, I think, make us all glad," I said; "it will be such a blessing to the country, after the heavy rains we have had. I suppose your sons will be busy with their hay?"

"Indeed," he said, "I seldom ken what they're busy with—they can manage best without me now; and them that canna work, needna speak. But I tell them, the day was, when I could work as weel's the best o' them, and it's my hard toil makes me sit easy; and maybe the time's coming when they'll be auld and frail too."

"I am glad to see your granddaughter so anxious to make you comfortable," I remark-