

"3rd. That while appeals to higher courts, in regard to matters temporal and financial, are to be discouraged, yet if at any time such appeals be deemed necessary for the interests of religion and the welfare of the Church, then and in the case of Deacons' Courts, appeals shall be taken directly to the Presbytery; but in the case of committees, by whatever designation known, having charge of the temporal affairs of congregations, appeals shall be taken first to the Church Session; provided always, that such appeals be decided without prejudice in either case to lawful conditions of trust, or to the right of congregations to regulate their financial affairs by a majority of votes.

The Home Mission accounts were submitted and approved. Mr. Kemp reported that he had received \$40 from Mrs. Gibb, of Woodfield, Quebec, for mission aid at Richmond, and \$50 from James Gibb, Esq., Quebec, for the Home Mission Fund of the Presbytery. For these donations it was agreed to tender the thanks of the Presbytery.

The Presbytery licensed Mr. Edward Graham, and examined and certified the students within their bounds.

Poetry.

OUR ONE LIFE.

BY BONAR.

'Tis not for man to trifle. Life is brief,
 And sin is here;
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf—
 A dropping tear.
 We have not time to sport away the hours,
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we—
 One, only one.
 How sacred should that one life ever be—
 That narrow span!
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

Our being is no shadow of thin air,
 No vacant dream;
 No fable of the things that never were,
 But only seem.
 'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
 Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantoms of the night,
 No idle tale;
 No cloud that floats along a sky of light,
 On summer gale.
 They are the true realities of earth,
 Friends and companions even from our birth.

O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad—
 One heavy sigh.
 O life above! how long, how fair and glad!
 An endless joy!
 O! to be done with daily dying here!
 O! to begin the living in your sphere!