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And Evangelical Advocate.

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Poetry.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

When the summer breezes have died away,
And the autumn winds are drear,
And the forests have changed their green array,
For the hues of the dying year,
There comes a season, brief and bright,
When the zephyrs breathe with a gentler swell,
And the sunshine plays with a softer light,
Like the summer's last farewell.

The brilliant dyes of the autumn woods
Have gladdened the forest bow,
And decked their pathless solitudes,
Like a blooming waste of flowers;
In their hidden depths no sound is heard,
Save a low and murmuring wail,
As the rustling leaves are gently stirred
By the breath of the dying gale.

The hazy clouds in the mellow light
Float with the breezes by,
Where the far off mountain's misty height
Seems mingling with the sky;
And the dancing streams rejoice again
In the glow of the golden sun;
And the flocks are glad in the grassy plain,
Where the sparkling waters run.

'Tis a season of deep and quiet thought,
And it brings a calm to the breast—
And the broken heart, and the mind o'erwrought,
May find, in its stillness, rest;
For the gentle voice of the dying year,
From forest and sunny plain,
Is sweet as it falls on the mourner's ear,
And his spirit forgets its pain.

Yet over all is a mantling gloom,
That saddens the gazer's heart—
For soon shall the autumn's varied bloom
From the forest trees depart;
The bright leaves whirl in the eddying air,
Their beautiful tints are fading fast,
And the mountain tops will soon be bare,
And the Indian Summer past.

The Treasury.

(From the Philadelphia Presbyterian.)

PASTOR'S MORNING WALK.

(Concluded.)

In the middle of the little village there was a milliner's shop, where Mr. Jones occasionally called, to converse with the females whom he could see no where else. The front shop was arranged with articles for sale; and a little room behind it, connected by a door, was the sewing room of the females who made the millinery of the village. As Mr. Jones entered the door of the outer shop, he heard the voice of a female in the sewing room exclaim:—"Well now, don't you think it is very improper for a minister's wife to dress as Mrs. Jones does? Last Sabbath she had two large bows upon her bonnet, I do think it is consistent with the spirit of the gospel for Christian people, and especially for minister's wives, to be so much given to dress. It will do very well for worldly people, but it is scandalous for Christians to act so."

"Why, Mary," said another, "I was working last week for Mrs. Bently, and she said that she thought it was too bad for Mrs. Jones to dress so meanly. She was finding fault with that very bonnet, and said that Mrs. Jones acted as though she thought there was sin in every pretty colour. And you know Mrs. Bently is not at all gay in her dress. She says Mrs. Jones is a lady, and it is proper that she should dress as one, and she feels provoked to see her assuming such a demure appearance."

"Well," replied Mary, "I cannot help what Mrs. Bently thinks, but I think that a minister's wife ought to avoid every ornament whatever, and if I have a

good opportunity, I shall make bold to tell Mrs. Jones my mind upon the subject."

Mr. Jones was a very unwilling listener to this conversation, and endeavoured, by walking about the shop, to make a noise to attract their notice. But the inmates of the back shop were too much interested in their discussion to hear him. He therefore quietly left the shop, and went on his way. He felt pained at heart to think there was no possibility of pursuing a course which would not be made by some the occasion of confirming themselves in sin. He knew that his wife was ready to do any thing which she thought would promote the spiritual welfare of the people, and he walked along, sad and disheartened to see how many obstacles were hedging up his way.

He went home to his study, and felt discouraged, rather than animated, by his morning walk. He took up his pen to write, but it moved tardily and heavily along the paper as he thought, "there are not a few of my people, who will not be profited by written sermons." He laid aside his pen and endeavoured to arrange his thoughts for extemporaneous address. "But the ardour and the energy of his mind were paralyzed as he thought there are not a few who would look with cold disdain upon such efforts, and who would exert an influence upon the minds of others to prevent the possibility of good."

He knelt in prayer. "O God! it is my desire, while I live, to glorify thee. Wilt thou give me wisdom to pursue that course which is best adapted to do good in this place? My mind is disturbed and disquieted. Wilt thou in mercy soothe it! I am undecided and perplexed. O! make the path of duty plain. I hope that I am willing to bear censure, to take up the cross, but O! lead me, that I may know what my duty is, and that I may not spend my life in vain." He was here interrupted by a tap at the door. He rose from his knees to open the door, and admitted a parishioner who had been for some weeks absent from the village.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones!" said the new visitor; "I have come to tell you the good news from P—. I have been there for some time, and they have quite a revival of religion there." "I am glad to see you," said Mr. Jones; "I understood that there was more than usual interest in that place, and have felt anxious to hear from them."

"O!" said the visitor, "they have a most precious minister there. He is the most faithful and active man I ever saw. He is all the time among his people; from house to house. It appears to me that such activity and zeal as he possesses must be successful any where. People cannot be unconcerned when the importance of religion is so incessantly urged upon them in their homes."

Now, the fact happened to be, that there was no particular interest in Mr. Jones's parish at that time, and he was not in the habit of spending his whole time in parochial visiting. He, however, paid no attention to these gentle hints, for he did not consider it necessary to enter upon a defence of his views of duty. His good parishioner supposed, therefore, that he had been rather too obscure in his hints, and was growing more and more personal in his allusions, when he was interrupted by the entrance of another visi-

tor. Mr. D—, who last entered, was a gentleman of sincere piety and refined mind. He was fond of close reasoning, and his sensitive feelings shrunk from every departure from good taste. After the usual salutations, "Well, Mr. Jones," said he, "I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. C— preach last Sabbath. He certainly is a most eloquent preacher. I never heard so thrilling a sermon in my life. They say he is the most indefatigable student in the region. You always find him in his study. I understand he devotes ten hours a day to his books. And now, though so young, he has risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country. How wretchedly those ministers mistake it, who fritter away their time in running about from house to house! There is the minister of P—, for instance, they say he is a very friendly man indeed, and talks very pleasantly in the family, but it is no matter what text he takes, he always preaches the same sermon. Some of the people tell me that they would give a great deal to have a more eloquent preacher. After all, the men who spend most of their time in their study, and give all their energies in preparation for the pulpit are the men who do the most good."

Now the fact happened to be with Mr. Jones, that though he loved his study, he did not feel it to be proper for him to spend his whole time with his books. He considered it important to give a considerable portion of his time to parochial visiting. It may well be supposed that the sentiments expressed by Mr. D— did not accord with those of the first visitor. They were immediately engaged in an ardent dispute. Mr. Jones smiled as he listened a few moments to their contests, and then pleasantly suggested to them the propriety of embracing some other time and place for their discussion.

As they withdrew, Mr. Jones found his own mind lightened of its transient load, and with a cheerful heart he resolved, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would do that which he thought right, and leave others to say and think what they pleased.

THE PRAYER WAS TOO LONG.

(From an American Paper.)

Well, that is a fault. We have no model in the Bible for a long prayer. The longest recorded is that of Solomon, upon the momentous, special occasion of the dedication of the temple. The deliberate offering of this would scarcely occupy eight minutes. One of the shortest, that of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," may be offered in one breathing; and it was answered. "Lord, save, I perish," and "Lord, help me," are patterns of earnest, effectual prayer. Earnestness utters its desires directly, briefly, even abruptly. We are not heard because of "much speaking."

The prayer was too long.—It is certainly difficult for us to concentrate our thoughts with the intensity that devotion requires for a long time; or to maintain, without weariness, the proper attitude of prayer. Remembering this, he who leads publicly in prayer, representing not simply his own desires, but those of the congregation, should go no further than he reasonably may hope to carry with him their thoughts and devotions. All beyond this, if it be sincere, is private prayer, and

should be uttered in the closet. If it be not sincere, it is hypocrisy.

The prayer was too long.—Perhaps the good brother did not know it. In the self-forgetfulness of devotion, perhaps he took "no note of time." As the prayers of the social meeting are generally too long, he was but extending a bad custom. Now, if you were kindly to mention it to him, not complainingly, but as though you really desired to promote his usefulness and influence, might it not have a good result? Just try it; and if he is a reasonable Christian, he will thank you for it.

The prayer was too long.—Perhaps your own heart was not in a proper frame to sympathise with the devotions. You did not pray in private before you came to the public meeting, and consequently you wanted a praying spirit. There was then but little fellowship of spirit between you and the brother who sought to express what ought to be your desires; and if his heart was warm, and yours cold, it is no wonder you thought the prayer was too long.

The prayer was too long.—Was there any preaching in it? Sometimes brethren aim to instruct the congregation, and substantially turn their prayers into exhortations or statements of doctrine. I think, in all such cases, it would greatly add to the interest and profitableness of the meeting, if a division were made, and the things that differ were separated.

The prayer was too long.—Was it formal and heartless? Without unction and earnestness, did it seem as though the brother prayed merely because he was called upon, without appearing to have any special errand to the throne of grace? Did he seem to pray merely to fill up the time, or to perform his part in the prescribed routine of service? Was it the same old stereotyped prayer which he always offers, as though circumstances never changed, and our wants and supplies were always the same? If it were so, then the prayer was certainly too long, even if it occupied only one moment.

There may not be much poetry, but there is common sense and piety, in the following stanza:—

"Few be our words and short our prayers,
When we together meet;
Short duties keep religion up,
And make devotion sweet."

THE HEATHEN'S REPLY TO THE JESUIT.

When the Jesuit missionaries first arrived in the Sandwich Islands, they used many arguments with the natives, to show that their instructions and those of the Protestant missionaries were alike. It was on one of these occasions that an old man, who made no pretensions to religion, replied, that the missionaries had taught him about God. "Oh yes," replied the priest, "Mr. Thurston taught about God, and that was right; you heard him, and now I wish you to hear me." The old man gravely answered, "But the Bible says, I cannot serve two masters." He further objected to their images, when the priest said "Oh, we do not call this God, and we do not pray to it. It is only a representation, shadow of God." The old man replied, "Let me see it; that cannot be any represen-