

captivated admirers, but you cannot write a contribution to the *Church of Old England*. You spend some valuable hours every day at the toilet, but you are not willing to let us see the beauty of your mind in a communication to the magazine. Do you not know, young friend, lady or gentleman, that your education and fine conversational powers, to say nothing of your graceful manners and general accomplishments, will imprint themselves on your writings, and soon make you a favorite of the reading public? Allow us to persuade you to one effort? The conductor of this press is an indulgent critic, and will feel it an honor to encourage you. We are all in the same enterprise, and must mutually enjoy the pleasure of success, or feel the shame of a failure. If the proprietor of this monthly be permitted to use one half the materials that lie at his hands, you, more than he, will be proud of his magazine. You can then say, with honest triumph, "this at least is our own; this is Canadian. We are proud of our religious and other weeklies, and we boast of the untiring industry, the enterprise, and the acknowledged abilities of our dailies; but we love the *Church of Old England* because it comes in without ringing, like an old friend with a basket of fine fruit on his arm."

It was the opinion of Fitzhugh, a favorite author, that the commonest newspaper press was more valuable to society than all the books and libraries that may be found in it. At first view, this opinion seems extravagant; but, upon reflection, we are convinced that it is correct. Books and libraries are valuable things, but they cannot become the common property of all, like newspapers and periodicals. It is seldom

the case that a family is without a reader, and, when it is so, a friend or neighbor will be called in, and the newspaper will be thumbed until its contents are known to all the neighborhood. In like manner, only to the greater improvement of the people, will literary and religious periodicals diffuse their benefits through the meanderings of society.

The press is the miniature encyclopedia and the phonographic reporter of the world—the short-hand-writer of history.

It is a blessing to the poor. It points out the cold alley and filthy street where they reside, and pleads for help. It calls in a loud voice, and in threatening tones, on the chief executive of the city and the negligent overseers of the poor to bring forth "food and raiment." It appeals to the Howard societies for curatives and nurses. It bestows its midnight labors on orphan asylums, charity hospitals, and free schools. It places its strong arm around the failing form of broken-hearted woman, and points to the Star of hope that shines from another world. There is deep and sincere sympathy in the press for all who suffer, and a corresponding desire to give relief. It has a smile for the meritorious, and frowns for the wicked.

It is a great preacher. It is fond of religious subjects, and often delights in "new light and old light, in new school and old school, in high church and low church" theological controversy. It attends class meetings and camp meetings, and has been known to get on the mourner's bench.

It does not hesitate to touch the diadem of the Prince or Pope, nor to handle the mitre of the Bishop.

It may be beaten in argument, but