

brother, in addition to his ecclesiastical preferments, should also speedily become invested with literary honours, culminating in, not the reversal of his initials, but in placing similar additional ones on the right side of his name.

Physically Mr. Currie is a fair specimen of humanity; of medium size, compact, healthful, and vigorous; genial in disposition, affable in manner, and buoyant in spirit, it is not a matter of surprise that he is a general favourite.

Of late years he has filled, with great acceptance and usefulness, the office of Superintendent of some of the largest and most influential circuits in the Maritime Provinces. At present he is pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in the Dominion. Prince Edward Island will not probably retain him longer than another year, as the wheel of the itinerancy, in its revolution next year, will displace the pastor of Prince Street Church from his present position, landing him, possibly, in some favoured spot in the West, whither our weighty men are now perhaps Conferentially tending.

We trust that, in the future, the exodus of preachers from the West will in every respect fully equal that from the East. Otherwise, we may soon cease to speak of "the wise men of the East."

[Since the above was in type, Mr. Currie has been elected President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—ED. C. M. M.]

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## DEATH.

THERE is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.  
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
Amid the earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.