

native city, Lincoln, and manifested a high degree of artistic taste. But when called of God to preach the Gospel, he gave up his prospects of eminence in that vocation to encounter the unknown trials and difficulties of a Methodist itinerant. Of these, however, he has had less than many men, as his commanding abilities soon placed him in the forefront of his brethren, and caused his services to be in demand in the best circuits of the connexion. For nine years he occupied the pulpit of Old City Road Chapel. His chief work, however, was in connection with the Book Room. He so kept pace with the improvements in the manufacture of books, that of late years those bearing the imprint of the Wesleyan House compared favourably with any in the market. He was also a book-writer himself. His work on church architecture is said to have almost revolutionized the construction of Methodist "Chapels." He was an honoured deputation to the Methodist Churches of the United States and Australia, and the books he published on his travels in those countries, in Palestine and Ceylon, were largely illustrated by his own hand. But his best record is that of his blameless character, his saintly life, and happy death. To his efforts it is chiefly due that Methodism has received the fitting recognition of the erection of a monument to the memory of its honoured founders within the walls of Westminster Abbey. The London *Methodist* thus concludes a notice of his labours: "Few holier, happier, or more useful lives have been spent on earth than Dr. Jobson's. During his last illness the grace of God abundantly sustained him; and the joy which had been his in life was his also in death."

OUR PREMIUM BOOK.

The special Canadian edition of "Matthew Mellowdew," offered as a premium with this Magazine, has been printed, and is being mailed to those who ordered it. It gives the greatest satisfaction, and even exceeds expectation as to its mechani-

cal execution and literary excellence. We hope our friends who have received it will kindly show it to their neighbours, and will point out the strong inducement it offers to take the MAGAZINE, which all, we think, will admit to be in itself remarkably good value for the subscription price. A little effort of our friends and agents *now* will greatly swell our subscription list, which has so far come in remarkably well—considerably ahead of this time last year. So soon as the increased list will warrant, we purpose still further to improve the character of the MAGAZINE.

The slave melody on the last page of this number is that to which the Jubilee Singers sang their exquisite "Steal Away to Jesus," which brought tears to the eyes of Her Majesty the Queen, and so profoundly affected their audiences everywhere. The words are as follows, the refrain repeating after each verse:—

REFRAIN.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home,
I haint got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the thunder;
The Trumpet sounds it in my soul,
I haint got long to stay here.
2. Green trees are bending,
Poor sinners stand trembling,
The Trumpet, etc.
3. My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the lightning, etc.
4. Tombstones are bursting,
Poor sinners are trembling, etc.

The numerous friends of the Rev. Lachlan Taylor, D.D., will be glad to learn that his health is sufficiently restored to enable him to resume the lecture platform, in which he has won such distinguished success. We observe from a New York paper that he recently delivered his admirable lecture on "The City of the Great King," before a large audience, at the Hedding M. E. Church, in Jersey City. The paper speaks in high terms of the masterly character of the lecture.