

mony and unanimity on any subject; but most of our readers will be yet more surprised, as we confess ourselves to have been, when they learn what is the principle advocated in this volume. It is the same which has been so strikingly presented to the Church in Canada by the Rev. A. Townley, in his "Sacerdotal Tithe;" the principle as stated in the Advertisement prefixed to the volume before us, that "no one believing the Scripture can consistently give less than a tenth of his income annually to the cause of God, however much more he may give." We have not time now to enter into an examination of the contents, but we fully agree in the opinion expressed by the "Free Church of Scotland Magazine:" "The general adoption of the principles of the volume before us would change the condition of the Church and the world. The discovery of the law of gravitation and the application of steam to its manifold uses in modern Society, have not produced a greater change on the philosophy and physical condition of mankind, than the practice of the views of pecuniary contribution here submitted to the public would effect on the life energy and usefulness of the Church of Christ."

Miss Nightingale.

It is needless here to recount Miss Nightingale's labours; their record is deeply, we should hope indelibly, impressed upon the national heart. Hard, rough men, while boasting of their prowess of venting maledictions on opponents, pause to invoke, with trembling voice, a blessing on the English Maiden at Scutari. The latter, speaking of one of her fellow-workers who fell a victim to her toilsome trials, writes, "It has been my endeavor, in the sight of God, to do as she has done. I will not speak of reward when permitted to do our country's work. It is what we live for." Such language, the sublime of womanly gentleness, carries with it an earnest truthfulness of purpose, equally removed from cant as from self-righteousness. There is no egotism, no sectarianism, no sycophancy, no presumption. Words enunciating high, unselfish principles, fall on the mere money-getter like leaves on the wind, he neither knows whence they come, whither they go, nor hardly what they are. They typify ideas which are strangers in Downing street, myths in Cheap-side, absurdities on 'Change. The notion of a person living for any earthly being but self; the bare possibility of a five-pound note not being the *primum mobile* of life; the supposition of anybody, when the moon is not at the full, running into quagmires of self-denial after that

ignis fatuus (to the world) called duty! The thing is incredible, or, if true, gains the conscientious lunatic admission into bedlam, in the opinion of every worldly wiseman out of it. Duty, forsooth! What did she get by it? Ay! that's the practical question!

No stars, no swords, no titles: she was invested with no order but that of the good Samaritan; she was not *feled*, beplastered with adulation, nor invited to talk herself hoarse in her own praise. So far as the absence of the three last are concerned, she was a gainer. Her heart was its own spontaneous arbiter of action and reward; it prompted her what others, practised in official bungling, could not perform; it saved lives when hazarded by mad-cap heedlessness or insane stupidity; and when she had rendered the sick-wards proper receptacles for the suffering soldiers, active intelligent compassion brought its own return. The presence of the same spirit which carried her through her duty, irradiated the scene wherein she moved, and the sick and dying caught a ray of comfort from the heaven which she illuminated as their ministering angel. The mercy was, indeed, twice blessed.

Very strangely also Miss Nightingale seems content with the wages of self-approval. Imitating the unworldly flower which blows at night, but closes its petals during the day, she sheds the lustre of her benevolence in the darkness of her country's perils, but shrinks from the gaudy glare of its triumphant noon. The sympathy of affectionate hearts is the true atmosphere of moral greatness, and this she recognizes; but things closest to the soul are best expressed by silence, and it is not the province of language to break the seal heroism on itself imposes. Let, therefore, this life episode of unselfish devotion stand in the nation's annals, a solitary monument of greatness in the midst of wide deserts of strife and folly. Let it mark the spot where woman's patriotism repaired or ameliorated the sufferings caused by misgovernment and incompetence; and when we hail the return of the long-absent, or mourn the brave man's fall, let us recall her whose spirit, like the sun, exhilarated thousands, yet drew its radiance from itself alone.—John Bull.

The Fruit Tree and its Roots.

Polydorus, a heathen youth, had left the errors of Idolatry, and received the Word of Truth with a believing heart. As he condemned his former wanderings amidst the lusts of heathenism, he took refuge in solitude, and closed his heart to every enjoyment of nature, and of life. For he said, "the flesh lusteth against the spirit, therefore I will destroy the power of the senses, and close the entrance to all outward temptations."

Then came Justus his master, who had converted him, and leading him to a tree which,