

of handling." Send \$1 for sample package, and state whether for Christians, unconverted or street distribution.

AN ALCONQUIN MAIDEN. (Toronto: Williamson & Co.)—Since we noticed the prospectus, we have received and read over this tale. There is, perhaps, a little too much of moonlight walks and such enchantments as lovers are wont to use; but the descriptions of life in the early days of settlement in these parts are charmingly natural, and we hail this venture in the yet virgin field of Canadian literature. We are pleased to notice that another tale of the "United Empire Loyalists" is promised by the same authors—Mr. G. Mercer Adam and Miss A. Ethelwyn Wetherald—for which in anticipation we bespeak a hearty patronage.

WE have also received, and note with approbation, each in its sphere:

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE (Littell & Co., Boston), February 5, 12, 19. Each full of choice selections.

THE CENTURY for February (the Century Company, New York,) with its continuation of Abraham Lincoln's biography and a truly interesting article on the stars, according to the latest discoveries by the spectroscope.

ST. NICHOLAS also, with its Brownies, and its marvellous articles on curiosities both in the vegetable and animal world.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York, who, by the way, have removed from Day Street to 18 and 20 Astor Place.)—This firm by publishing, to advance subscribers, standard works at greatly reduced prices confer a boon on all classes of theological students.

THE PULPIT TREASURY (E. B. Treat, New York) has also its usual complement of biographical and homiletic matter.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—Alice Cary.

THE Judiciary Committee of one House of the Pennsylvania Legislature has adopted a report providing that absolute unanimity of the twelve jurymen shall no longer be necessary to secure a verdict, but that two-thirds shall be sufficient to acquit or convict; and it is thought that a bill to that effect will pass. It has long been the impression that to require complete unanimity was to obstruct justice, and a change in the law in the direction proposed will put it out of the power of one or two cranks or corrupt men to interrupt the course of justice.

A GREAT MODERN HYMN.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

Among all the hymns used in recent revivals of religion, none has been more honoured and owned by God than this—none so often called for, none so inspiring, none bearing so many seals of the divine approval. This is the testimony of the great evangelist of these days, and this testimony will surprise no one who has ever heard it sung by his companion in the ministry, Mr. Sankey, who, under God, has done so much to send forth light and truth into dark minds, and break up the fountains of the great deep, amid the masses of godless men. The writer can never forget the scene he once beheld in Glasgow, in 1873, in one of the largest churches there, when this hymn was sung, and how the great assembly was moved by the ringing tones of that great master of sacred song, supported too, by over one hundred voices, chosen from the best choirs in the city. No wonder the chorus, taken up by the great congregation, was so enthusiastic; I never expect to hear the like again in this world. The remarkable thing, as it seemed to me, about the rendering of the hymn in this instance was not simply the enthusiasm of the minstrels, their culture, or their delightfully clear enunciation, great as the rendering was in all these respects, but their power of interpretation—giving due expression to the thought of the writer, and bringing out the otherwise hidden meanings in all their tenderness and grace. It does not lie with the mere musician to deal so successfully in a matter of this kind. Mr. Sankey must be a Christian as well as a musician, or he could never sing as he does. His own heart must have been thrilled with the breath of the Spirit, and tasted that God is gracious, or he could never dwell with such pathos on particular words, and lend to them that strange, sweet charm that finds its way to the fountains of thought and stirs dead souls to their lowest depths.

Too late, too late, will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth hath passed by!

How can we ever forget those tones—the latent wail that for the moment rose to the surface—the revelation of possible despair at the gates of that strange other world to which we are hastening on? We can hear great preachers, and go away without emotion; we can listen, it may be, to Mr. Moody himself, with cold hearts and critical dispositions, but who could listen to such song and remain unmoved? In strange ways, and ways past finding out, they make their way to the heart, or rather the truth which they bear; and often in this way the truth finds an entrance that would not be otherwise received. Thus, often it becomes mighty through God, casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God.

On the occasion referred to, there was a great assembly, some 3,000 souls, and yet the meeting was at noon—the busiest time of the day. There might be seen the prosperous merchant, the owner of tens of thousands, seeking the unsearchable riches, as if conscious of the utter worthlessness of all his worldly possessions in the hour of sorrow; and there the pale-faced student, that had bounced his classes for the day, that he might learn the higher wisdom; and