

productive of much good. But, on the other hand, we are of opinion that from the devotional diaries, journals, &c., of men semi-educated, and comparatively obscure, the mass of mankind derive but little benefit. It is, we conceive, hardly fair to a man's memory, to bring to the light of day his peculiarities of self communion, as illustrated by his private journals, or diary. A man usually keeps a journal with one of two objects: he wishes his journal to be read; in which case he writes, not exactly what he thinks, but rather what he wishes others to think of him: or he writes from the fulness of his heart a journal strictly private, and therefore sacred from the public gaze. We think Mr. Patterson might have omitted a good deal of the journalistic matter before us, without in any way failing to do justice to the memory of those whose memoirs he has placed before the public, and we also think that Mr. Patterson's style of writing is occasionally somewhat forced. Talking of Mr. Johnston's parents as persons neither rich nor poor, Mr. Patterson says: "In their worldly circumstances they occupied the position prayed for by Agar, of having neither poverty nor riches. Why Agar should be brought in to illustrate a very ordinary phase of middle-class life, it is difficult to conceive.

Mr. Johnston had, it would seem, a memory marvellously retentive. He had a severe attack of the croup at the age of four years, which incident of his life was "the first he deemed worth recording." At the age of from six to eight he used to reflect much on the nature of sin, especially on original sin." Such precocity of reflection is rarely witnessed.

That Mr. Johnston's grandfather was a plain spoken man, may be inferred from the following anecdote. (p. 19)

"One morning I arose from my bed and immediately commenced singing light songs and indulging in levity. Grandfather noticed this and reproved me, as nearly as I can remember to this effect: "Do you know why you are alive and well this morning? Many little children like you died last night. Why were you not among the number? Why are you not in eternal burning this morning?" It is clear that his terrible grandfather was aware that the infant prodigy had already mastered the doctrine of original sin. At the age of 26, Mr. Johnston writes;—"When in company I was often the object of merriment. My whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the amusement of the company, into which I entered with the warmth, earnestness, and enthusiasm of my nature. I was neglectful of prayer, or engaged in it in a cold and unenthusiastic manner. How depraved is the human heart!" It is a pity that Mr. Patterson does not endeavour to reconcile Mr. Johnston's final reflections with the man's remark—there is a time to be merry, or with the injunction—whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might. We cannot see that much good is to be derived from the publication of such extracts as we have seen, and similar passages occur throughout the whole of the memoir. In page 41 we are treated to a string of reflections of this strain:—"Jan. 15.—This day I have found the evil of not being strict to perform what you promise, and also of promising without consideration, and resolved to amend in this. This day occupied with things of the world." Why does Mr. Patterson bring to light such common place remarks? Mr. Johnston was intensely shocked at the way in which the citizens of St. Louis observed a certain Sunday, indeed, "he had not heard a single individual mention that it was the Sabbath." (p. 96. This was not at all strange: even in moral Halifax, people do not preface a conversation by saying—"this is the Sabbath."

Mr. Johnston made good use of his time during his stay at Cape Breton. His lecture there seems to have embraced a variety of subjects: I gave one on the "Signs of the Times." In consequence of some remarks on dress, the young ladies threatened to rise against me and drive me from the place. I gave a lecture on Popery * * Last night I was on rum-solling."

On the 1st Dec., 1859, Mr. Johnston sailed (together with his wife) from Boston for Melbourne, and considerable space is devoted to the narrative of his voyage. The following extract may be quoted as a fair example of the views entertained by a certain class of men upon God's providence:—"In this little closet we spend most of our time. The cabin is so small and has so many occupants, that we do little in it with any degree of comfort or satisfaction to ourselves. But we have reason to be thankful, that our room occupies the most comfortable and airy position in the ship. For this we have great reason to be thankful. The room was not our choice. Hence we must regard it as a gift of

"Providence." p. 173. Such sentiments are pure and proper for a man to feel, and perhaps to note, as Mr. Johnston did, for contemplation—but are they fit to be published to the world in connection with such trivial incidents? Our whole existence is God's bounty and protection—it is by his laws that we live, move, and have our being; but to see a special providence in a gentleman having an airy and comfortable cabin on board the ship "Herbert," seems anything but edifying. Our gratitude should be constant, fervent, unbounded, "for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life;" to look for special providences in such trivial matters, seems to us to mistake wholly any individual man's share in the general distribution of God's infinite but equal dispensations.

Here is another of Mr. Johnston's meditations at sea:—"Oh, thou mighty deep, thy treasures are exhaustless! A surface of over 147,000,000 square miles thou presentest to the sun, and 61,471,872,000,000,000,000 cubic feet are contained within thy channels." This may be undeniable, but we have neither time nor inclination to test the accuracy of such an overwhelming array of figures. The following picture of the moral status of Melbourne and Australia generally (in 1860) is somewhat gloomy.—"Has the gold made this a happy land and people? No. There is a universal complaint of his honesty and want of principle. Man cannot trust man. Drink, pleasure, ending in misery and insanity, and most wretched death and shame, prevail. Men drink, women drink, all drink." Mr. Johnston left Melbourne for the New Hebrides, in April, 1860, in a schooner of 233 tons register. "The accommodations on board were very inferior. But I suppose that they are better than the great Apostle Paul had during his missionary voyages in the Mediterranean Sea." This we are inclined to doubt, as St. Paul sailed in company with 275 persons, in a vessel heavily laden with wheat.

Mr. Johnston's views regarding dancing, almost lead us to suppose that he was never present at a well conducted evening party. Having described the heathen dances as utterly obscene and degrading, he continues:—"I cannot describe to you my feelings, as I have looked upon the heathen dance, and called to mind the fact that the dance of Christian lands is only the heathen dance polished. Satan appearing in his white robes." Such intolerance of the recreation of thousands of pure minded men and women, speaks ill for Mr. Johnston's liberality, and Mr. Patterson has been ill advised in rescuing this and similar passages, from obscurity. Death overtook our missionaries ere they had much opportunity of forwarding a noble work gratuitously undertaken, but we are glad to learn that, upon the whole, missionary work progresses favourably in the heathen regions of the eastern seas. A "glorious change has been wrought" upon many of the Polynesian cannibals. Through the labors of a few devoted servants of God, one fifth of the Fijians, who a few years ago knew not that there is one true God and Saviour, can now read the Bible. All honor to those heroic and devoted men, whose lives have been given to missionary labor—they will have their reward. Here we must conclude. We have endeavoured to point out what seems to us the glaring faults of religious memoir writers in general, and of Mr. Patterson in particular. Should the work before us go through a second edition, which is however by no means likely, it would be materially improved by omitting at least one half of the extracts so injudiciously selected from Mr. Johnston's journals and diaries.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT.—OPENING SPEECH.

The Speech of Sir R. MACDONNELL, C. B. on opening the present Session, may be briefly summed up—as follows:—"Mr. President, and Legislative Councillors,—Mr. Speaker and people's Representatives—

I know something of Colonial legislatures, and I hope to get on well with you all. Nova Scotia is in luck and can afford to look calmly upon the Federation Scheme. The delegates formerly appointed to consider a Union of the Maritime Provinces, have since been re-appointed to consider a more comprehensive scheme,—to wit—the Union of B. N. America. You have before you the latter scheme, and are at liberty to debate thereon to the best of your ability, but you must excuse my giving any opinion on the subject. You must vote much more for purposes of defence than you have voted hitherto, and the Militia must be reorganized. The estimates for the current year will of course combine