

such a blight and a curse to Ireland. Why is it that the Roman Catholic Irish are such troublers to the peace of any state where they attain to numbers or influence? What is the reason that such a noble race, as they evidently are naturally, have become so debased? The grand cause of Ireland's miseries and maladies is Romanism—the rule of the priest. The small book which we are noticing brings this before the reader in such a forcible manner as to make it overwhelmingly convincing. Protestants will here see the fearful character of that system of iniquity which corrupts, paralyses, and crushes poor Ireland. They will also see what Protestants should be and do in order to benefit their fellow subjects, the Roman Catholics. The unholy Protestant is the chief stumbling block in the way of reaching the Papist. The Gospel, as seen in the lives of its genuine professors, is the most powerful influence to draw the attention of the Romanist from his errors. May we in Canada be alive to our duty and danger.

NONE BUT CHRIST; OR, THE SINNER'S ONLY HOPE. By R. Boyd, D.D.
Chicago, 1864. 360 pp.

The author of this work is known to many in Canada, and enjoys the esteem of all who know him. He is now laid aside from preaching, but still desires to make known that Saviour who is the sinner's only hope. The volume before us is doubtless the substance of discourses delivered during the course of his ministry, on *the* theme of the Gospel minister. Those who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Boyd will at once know what to expect from him. Fervour, simplicity, love to souls, and a thoroughly evangelical presentation of the truth, are manifest throughout. The sinner's *only hope* is constantly held up to view. The many false hopes on which sinners are apt to rest are here exposed. It is, then, a volume which will prove very useful to many, for we believe there is no other point on which so many mistake, or which is so easily overlooked by the enquirer. In his dedication, Dr. Boyd writes, "My hope is that even when I am laid in the silent grave, I may still be speaking to you and to your children through the pages of this book." No other theme could be so profitably presented as a legacy to a people.

"BUT ONE BOOK."

He is not, he cannot be wise, who refuses to examine the claims of a book that professes to disclose the only method by which man can be saved.

A few days before the death of Sir Walter Scott, there was a lucid interval of that malady which had for some time afflicted him, and to remove which he had travelled in vain to London, to Italy, and to Malta. He was again in his own home. In one of those calm moments of reason, when the distressing aberrations of his mind had for a time ceased, he desired to be drawn into his library, and placed by the window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. To his son-in-law he expressed a wish that he should read to him. "From what book shall I read?" said he. "And you ask?" Scott replied—"THERE IS BUT ONE." "I chose," says his biographer, "the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. He listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort!'"

I need not enlarge on the dying testimony of this eminent man in favor of the Bible. He had come to a point where fiction gave way to reality; and we can conceive of scarcely any scene of higher sublimity than was thus evinced, when a mind that had charmed so many other minds, the most popular writer of his age, if not of any age, in the solemn hour when life was about to close, gave this