

for antiquity ; that he loves an "old chair," an "old book," an "old soldier of the Revolution," or an "old soldier of the cross." If it is childish, he is willing to be considered a child. They also know his delight in anecdotes of olden times. For years he has been treasuring them up. The portfolio is now open, and the reader is permitted to look into it. It will remind some of bygone days and years, when it was the writer's privilege to sit in their dwellings, when some pleasant anecdote was related, and a little sunshine was thrown around the hearth-stone, and smiles for a time took the place of tears.

The "heroes" named in this volume are all dead.

"They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again."

We also are "passing away," and should

"Walk thoughtfully on the silent, solemn shore,
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

I will now, as the Indians say, "shake hands in my heart" with the readers of this book, invoking the favour of Him, "whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow," to rest upon them. If they enjoy half as much in its perusal as I have in writing it, I shall be amply compensated. In communing with the mighty dead, I trust we shall partake of their spirit, and "follow the example of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

I cannot conclude without acknowledging my special obligation to the Rev. John M'Clintock, D. D., the able editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, at whose suggestion this work was commenced, and under whose kind supervision it is published.

J. B. WAKELEY.

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