

early, while only a few members of the congregation had yet assembled, into the Methodist Metropolitan Church, where I was shown into a front seat, not far, as it turned out, although I did not know this during the service, from the seat of Mr. Grant, the President of the United States. I observed that this seat was long of being occupied, and further, that some slight commotion at length took place, when a dark visaged gentleman and lady and family took their seats in it. But, after all, the commotion was hardly perceptible, and I took little notice of it. I had not then seen Mr. Grant, and did not recognize him from any portrait that may have come under my notice. The service proceeded—the prayers, so far as I can recall, being almost entirely *extempore*, or at least unliturgical. There was, in short, nothing very different in the service from what one would meet with in a Presbyterian or Congregationalist Church, save that the singing was, upon the whole, more hearty and general. (I will afterwards speak of this feature of service in all the American churches, which is far from satisfactory.) Dr. Tiffany, the pastor of the church, then preached a most stirring and eloquent sermon on St. Peter's repentance. I could not have been more fortunate, I am sure, in this respect. I was delighted with the sermon and with the preacher, so far as I could make him out from his sermon. The slight extravagances of language here and there in speaking of Peter having lapsed in the dark moment of his trial into what might have been his old habit, as a fisherman, of swearing, did not to me at all detract from the excellence of the sermon; the *power* of which I could see moved deeply many strong men sitting around me, so that their emotion worked visibly in their faces. The ordinary service closed; and it was intimated that the communion would be dispensed to those who chose to remain. I thought of going, and then I thought I should like to see the Methodist Communion Service, which I had never seen before. Several men, who were plainly clergymen, also remained. Dr. Tiffany in a very special manner invited all clergymen present to come

within the railing enclosing the pulpit, and participate with him in the dispensation of the Holy Sacrament. With some reluctance I advanced, and, having done so, took my share in the solemnity as a clergyman. The Communion was administered, I may say, by the clergymen in succession distributing the bread cut into small pieces, and the cup to successive groups, who knelt around the circular railing. The words of institution were repeated each successive time that a group of communicants knelt down, and as long as the elements were being dispensed, but there was no further address. After the service was over I thought it my duty to make known my name to Dr. Tiffany, and to let him know that I was a Presbyterian and not a Methodist clergyman.

I received a most cordial reception from him, as well as welcome from the Brethren or Elders of the congregation who had been assisting in the solemnity, one of whom, in fact, although unknown to me by person, was not unknown by correspondence. I afterwards saw much of Dr. Tiffany, and in particular of the member of his congregation to whom I have alluded, and their kindness was unbounded. I accompanied the former to the White House, and had a pleasant and cordial talk with the President who is not only a member of Dr. Tiffany's congregation, but his personal friend. I mention all this because to some it may not be uninteresting in itself, but mainly to illustrate the kindness of Methodism in America, of which I had afterwards also special experience—and above all, to exhibit that practical catholicity which I have spoken of as a feature of American Christianity, and which I confess was both welcome and delightful to me.

POETRY.

We have been furnished with the following exquisite sacred lyric, the words of which are by the Rev. D. E. McNab, of Saltcoats, and the music by the Rev. R. H. Muir of Dalmeny, both distinguished ministers of the church of Scotland.