

vellous light? Oh yes, much every way. But look on the contrary side, and let the following incident teach you. The writer was once walking with a minister, when a young man passed us. "There," said my friend, "I never see that youth but I am ready to weep." "What for?" said I: "is he not pious?" "Oh yes, very pious, and he was converted under my ministry; but, alas! he left us, because we gave him nothing to do." Nothing to do! What! give a young convert nothing to do, when a large part of the inhabitants in every town are unconverted! Yes, there is something for everybody to do. God never made a hand to be idle.

RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF METHODISM.

There is such a thing as denominational zoology. There is a certain temperament, there are certain mental tendencies, from which, if a man is not content to remain a Presbyterian in Scotland, or an Episcopalian in England, it may be predicted which other section of the Christian community he will join. The Wesleyan body is the great absorbant of warm hearts and fervid spirits. In the frequency of its devotional meetings, in the frankness and unreserve of its Christian intercourse, in the vigor of its responses, the soaring of its hymns, and in the benevolent vivacity which finds a post and an employment for every member, it meets many cravings of the young and ardent convert. Is he crying in the gladness of his soul, 'Sing aloud unto God our strength; make a joyful noise unto God our Jacob!' Alike in the cathedral and the conventicle, he is apt to be depressed by an organic sole or a rueful dirge, but escaping to the Methodist meeting, he finds their 'glory! all awake: they are taking the psalm, and bringing the pleasant harp with the psaltery, and and blowing up the trumpet,' and with exulting rivalry, 'young men and maidens, old men and children,' are praising the Lord. In the eagerness of first love, is he exclaiming, 'Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul!' But nobody will stop to listen; and so, for an audience, he is driven away to the love-feast or class-meeting. In the exuberance of a newly awakened zeal, would he like an outlet for his energies, a field of Christian activity? In the sanctuary which he has hitherto frequented he feels himself a cipher. He has never been invited to engage in any scheme of usefulness, and except the neat and noiseless sexton, who bows him into his pew, no one seems to know him. But he has not worshipped three Sabbaths with the Methodists when he is recognized and accosted, and three months have not passed before he is installed in the Sunday school, or with a bundle of tracts and a roving commission, is sent out into the highways and hedges. The portrait of the great founder on the wall, a box for Wesleyan Missions on the mantelshelf, placards of the next anniversaries in the shop window, the occasional dropping in of a brother during the day with friendly enquiry as to evening prayer-meeting, and a vesper stanza from the consecrated hymn-book, all betoken the activity, the brotherly kindness, and the cheerful piety, in the midst of which