

legislative cure for this corroding disease? Will the day never come, when we shall be able to give our working brothers their own little green isle here and there upon a sea of toil without it; ending by numbers of them drinking themselves into ferocity or idiocy?"

The kindness and aid so freely extended to them while in England did not cease on the withdrawal of the Army Works Corps from their native shores. During their absence Miss Marsh, aided by her nieces, undertook to receive their monthly wages and take care of their "property" until they should return to claim it. In some cases *wives and children*, as well as money, were left under the protecting care so kindly offered. Another instance of the entire confidence of their trust is their indignant refusal of the receipts, which, as a customary formality, were presented to them. They *could and did* place implicit reliance in one who had shown herself so true and sympathising a friend.

During the period of their absence many encouraging letters came from the Crimea to Beckenham Rectory, telling in their own simple, genuine language, how these honest "English hearts" were striving to help each other on in the way. The gratitude shown *then*, and on their return, was most touchingly displayed in many ways;—in none more *feelingly and delicately* than in the impulse that prompted them to bring, as a grateful offering to those who they knew would value it so highly, a little memento—a piece of stone or dried flower from "one grave in the Crimea!"

The latter part of the volume is chiefly composed of letters from some of those now widely dispersed "navvies" and some interesting details of the efforts still unremittingly persevered in for the improvement of all who come within range of the influence so faithfully and successfully brought to bear upon them. The secret of this influence, whose effects seem almost magical, must be contained in the three qualities so eminently displayed throughout the book—love—earnestness, *sympathy*. Without the last,—the genial, hearty sympathy, frank and sincere as it should ever be, between man and man,—the two first powers, deep and true as they were, must have fallen far short of the result attained. Earnestly does the authoress appeal for a more extensive application of this wonder-working agent, "Remember that men are your brothers,—Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous." The working man values your courtesy above your liberality and your friendship most of all. Allow him the glorious equality of being able to repay friendship with friendship, *God gives it to you, and will you not give it to your brother?* It was a noble sentiment and a great truth which Judge Talford died in uttering—"That

which is wanted to hold together the bursting bones of the different classes of this country is—not *kindness*, but—*sympathy!*

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoke a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise."

Thus, most truly, sings the great American poet. And, as we close *this* volume, we cannot but feel that we have been dwelling for a season in a purer atmosphere,—an atmosphere elevated far above the common every-day world, with its selfish interests and mercenary cares,—an atmosphere akin to that in which *He* dwelt who "went about doing good." We feel that we have been privileged to accompany in her blessed work one who sought to follow in *His* footsteps;—to watch her in her earnest endeavours to win souls to her Saviour,—and to rejoice with her in the success that finally crowned these endeavours. But she would esteem her work in writing the record of her labours as worse than thrown away,—if admiration for herself were the only feeling left by its perusal. "Shall the generous fire," she asks, "die out with the close of the book?" Surely not, if we have read it to any purpose. Surely not, if we are in any measure moved by the spirit which pervades it! Have *we* no work to do for Him who hath redeemed us with *His* own blood? Is there no field for exertion within the reach of every one of us,—no degraded man,—ignorant woman,—no untaught child to instruct and reclaim? Most abundant are the opportunities continually scattered around our daily paths, if we would but see and improve them;—and most heavy will be the responsibilities we shall incur if we do not! Then let us be stirred up by this voice from afar to go on with redoubled energy. True, we may have many discouragements,—many disappointments. Our way may be often hedged round with difficulties. The hearts around us may be seared and hardened,—and to hope for such effects as we have read of may seem the wildest of impossibilities. But there is one with whom "all things are possible,"—and He can give us strength. And even in failure—

"If for our unworthiness
Toil, prayer and watching fail,
In disappointment Thou canst bless
So love at heart prevail!"

As we hope all our readers will procure the gratification of reading the work for themselves, we have not attempted many extracts, but we cannot refrain from quoting the closing appeal.

"Above all, O favored ones, who have the knowledge of the glad tidings of the redemption of the world by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, bringing glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men, God forbid that

you should shut up in your hearts this message of life and peace, instead of giving it in its fulness to every fellow-creature within your reach. If you have but *once* heard of it for yourselves, you are bound to bid others welcome to drink of the "rivers of the water of life." Let him that heareth say 'Come.' If you have long ago learned to love the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but the fervour of that first love has fled, speak to *others* of that half-forgotten Saviour, and you shall find that there is a life-giving power in the name of Jesus to restore fidelity to your own chilled soul."

"A traveller was crossing mountain heights alone over almost untrodden snows. Warning had been given him that, if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shades and freezing blast of night there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself—in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother to his arms, and was chafing his chest and hands and brow; breathing upon the stiff cold lips the warm breath of his living soul, pressing the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life, warmth and energy. He was a *man* again, instead of a weak creature succumbing to a despairing helplessness, dropping down in a dreamless sleep to die. He saved his brother and was saved himself. "Go thou in the strength of the Lord and Giver of Life, and do likewise."

PRESENTATION, WOODSTOCK.—From the Woodstock *Sentinel* we learn that the Rev. James Stuart, minister of our Church at Woodstock, has been presented by the Ladies of his congregation with a very rich Brussels Carpet, as a mark of their friendly esteem.

L'ORIGINAL BAZAAR.—A Bazaar, of ladies' plain and fancy needle-work, was held in the town of L'Original on the 14th and 15th ultimo, to aid in erecting a Manse. Notwithstanding the present money pressure a sum over \$300 was realized.

HAWKESBURY PRESENTATION.—A handsome purse has been lately presented by a few of the Presbyterians in the village of Hawkesbury to the Rev. Wm. Johnson, of L'Original.