

would speak of his Queen as "Victoria Guelph," it does certainly appear very like irreverence to designate "the disciple whom Jesus loved," by the same plain "John," which we should apply to our coachman or footman. The same spirit exhibits itself sometimes in shrinking from any mention of holy men of old times, as if all virtue and holiness dated from the Reformation. We have before us a recent number of the "Youth's Penny Gazette," published by the American Sunday School Union, which contains a very beautiful and well-known legend of St. Ambrose and an Italian youth. But we are at a loss to conceive what good purpose is served by travestying that holy man into Mr. B—, the youth into Henry B—, and the touching language of the narrative into Yankee slang.

LECTURES UPON HISTORICAL PORTIONS OF THE
OLD TESTAMENT, by A. N. BETHUNE, D. D.,
Archdeacon of York, &c.

WE have received this little volume at so late a period of the month, that we can do little more than call the attention of our readers to its publication. The Canadian Church has, as yet, contributed little to the literature of the day; of that little, however, we have no cause to be ashamed. During a recent visit to the neighbouring Republic, we were gratified to learn that Dr. Beavan's catechetical books are in very general use in Church Sunday Schools, and that Mr. Townley's little work on "The Sacerdotal Tithe" has elicited the warm approval of many distinguished American Churchmen. The volume before us will, we are sure, add to the reputation, not only of the Author, but of the Church, in which he holds a distinguished position. From a cursory examination we are disposed to judge that these lectures are eminently practical in their teaching. Avoiding controverted points of doctrine, and curious speculations, they appeal to the heart rather than to the intellect, and enforce the lessons taught in the histories of the Old Testament by clear and cogent arguments, and in singularly graceful language. We take, almost at random, a brief extract from the lecture on "The Shunammite and her Son:"

"There were bright and happy years after that, the child grew in stature and in wisdom, and, under the Prophet's tuition, we can believe also in piety, grace and goodness. About that cherished plant,—so emphatically of the Lord's planting,—there was all that was beautiful and engaging. He was the

pride of the Shunammite's house; and it can be believed that the great Elisha felt towards him more than the love and interest of a spiritual father.

"But, perhaps, in the parent's contemplation of his growing ripeness and beauty, there were some minglings of the alloy of this world. The soul, from its becoming sense of joy and thankfulness to God, may have slid into a secret idolatry; and, in the many speculations of a fond yet wayward heart, there may have been an occasional momentary forgetfulness that what was man's treasure was also God's gift.

"The heart is made better when, by a chastening from heaven, it is assured of this error. The little son of the Shunammite, in an unexpected hour, is cut off in the midst of his sports and playfulness. The flower, in the fullness of its bloom and beauty, is severed at a stroke. There is no premonitory languor, no gradual decay; but, in an instant, at one sweep of the destroyer, the fair plant is prostrated and dies. But few cries escape the little sufferer; the low, faint moaning is soon hushed in death. The assiduities of maternal care avail not; the appliances of medical skill cannot avert the death-stroke. Lingerer, where in health and strength and playfulness he loved most to linger, he sighs his life away upon his mother's knees."

Miscellany.

Though it be unquestionable that there is Omnipotence and Omniscience in God, and I cannot have a clearer perception of anything than that I am free, yet I cannot make Freedom in Man consistent with Omnipotence and Omniscience in God; yet I am as fully persuaded of both as of any truth I most firmly assent unto. Therefore, I have long since given off the consideration of that question, resolving all into this short conclusion, "that if it be possible for God to make a free agent, then am I free, though I see not the way of it."—Locke's Familiar Letters.

BISHOP BERKELEY IN RHODE ISLAND.—Though, as he declares, "for every private reason," he preferred 'Derry to New England,' pleasant was the abode, and grateful is the memory, of Berkeley in this rural seclusion. A succession of green breastworks along the brow of the hill beneath which his domicile nestles, by reminding the visitor of the retreat of the American forces under General Sullivan, brings vividly to his mind the Revolution and its incalculable influence upon the destinies of a land which so early won the intelligent sympathy of Berkeley; while the name of Whitehall, which he gave to this peaceful domain, commemorates that other revolution in his own country wherein the loyalty of his grandfather drove his family into exile. But historical soon yield to personal recollections, when we consider the memorials of his sojourn. We associate this landscape with his studies and benevolence; and, when the scene was no longer blessed with his presence, his gifts remained to consecrate his memory. In old Trinity, the organ he bestowed peals over the grave of his first-born in