

which wrote them will write no more. How strange, we have thought, that God should thus remove a man from the Church militant, when he has become so well qualified for the great business of life.

The two last named books are of a most interesting kind, and are especially useful to those who have not had the opportunity of reading "Robinson's Researches," and Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," and similar large works on the Holy Land ; but it will be by the "Strange Tales from Humble Life" that their sainted author will be the longest known. These have been sold by tens of thousands, both in Britain and America, and have not only cheered the heart of the labourer and the artizan, but have found their way to the abodes of the wealthy, where they have done incalculable good ; even Queen Victoria has been captivated by the simple tales of sorrow which John Ashworth has told in his own artless manner.

The author of "Strange Tales" is not ashamed to narrate many things respecting his own life, which not a few who have risen in the social scale would use every means possible to conceal. John Ashworth was not the descendant of some noble lord, neither had he the advantages of a collegiate education. His parents were extremely poor, and when he was yet a grown lad, he was often without shoes and stockings, and at times had but one shirt, which his mother would wash and mend during the night when he was asleep. He acknowledges his indebtedness again and again to his mother, who was not only an industrious woman, who laboured hard for her husband and children, but was also an earnest Christian, who prayed much for her offspring, and did not fail to mention them by name when she addressed the Throne of Grace. The good woman lived to see her son John not only a Sabbath school scholar, but also superintendent, and even a useful lay preacher. His father did not become religious until late in life, but he gave good evidence that he was a sinner saved by grace, and died trusting in the Saviour.

To some who may read these lines, it may appear strange that the distinguished man whose name stands at the head of this paper "could not tell how he learned to read." He remembered while yet a child having a halfpenny book lent him, entitled, "Babes in the Wood," with a rude picture of two children lying dead under a tree,