

ease of which he died, necessitated the abandonment of his Government. During life he had always been punctual in the discharge of his religious duties, and as it drew to a close, his meditations on sacred things became more frequent, and were profitable. Let us hope, in building him up in the faith and preparing him to meet calmly the common lot of humanity.

"Towards the close of the month of August it became more and more obvious that dissolution was rapidly approaching. An irritative fever had set in; and they who loved him best could hardly desire that it should not prove fatal, when the alternative seemed to be a lingering death by the hideous process of extending ulceration. There were inward warnings which told him that his sufferings were now nearly at an end. Most of those whom he loved best were beneath his roof; but there was one absent—one whom, as death approached he earnestly desired to see. This was Mary Higginson, then seven years old—the eldest daughter of the cherished friend and companion who had followed his fortunes all over the world. He had been tenderly attached to the child ever since her birth, and he now said to Captain Higginson, who was then at Malshanger, "I think the termination of my sufferings must now be close at hand. I desire to see Mary before it comes. Hitherto, on her account, I have denied myself the gratification; but now—go and fetch her to me!" Two days afterwards she came. The meeting quite overcame him. But he recovered his composure after a while, and the presence of the child seemed to comfort him. She remained at Malshanger for a week, spending much of her time in Metcalfe's room, and reading the Scriptures to him every day. At the end of that time he said to her father, "I cannot have many days now to live—you had better take Mary away, that the dear child may not remain to witness the event." Before Captain Higginson could return, the sufferings of the noble patient were at an end.

This child of seven years read God's blessed word to the dying statesman, and he received the glad tidings of salvation as a little child. He was a man, naturally of a reserved disposition. He was not wont to talk much of things that lay very near to his heart. And he was pre-eminently of a nature so sincere and honest that he shrank from anything that might appear like an ostentation of religious feeling, the reality of which, in his self-questioning humility, he might have sometimes permitted himself to doubt. Of his habitual reverence and his gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts incidental proof has already been afforded. He lived in a continual state of thankfulness, which even the agonies of his latter days could not quench or diminish. But it is not thus that the faith of Charles Metcalfe is to be described. He had an abiding sense of the efficacy of the atonement. He rested all his hopes on the blood of the Lamb. They who were most about his person during the closing scenes of his life saw his spirit depart without a doubt of his acceptance. The power of searching the Scriptures for himself had long been denied to him. But sisterly affection had supplied the want which his failing organs of sight had entailed upon him; and every day it had been Mrs. Smythe's privilege to read to him those passages of the Gospel which contain the blessed assurance of forgiveness through Christ. He listened to them hopefully; assented reverently to their truth; and, in the midst of all his great trials derived from them unspeakable consolation.

He had received many letters, some from friends and some from strangers, descanting on the great doctrines of the Christian faith, and exhorting him to cast everything, all that the world can bestow

or inflict upon the most honored and the most-suffering of its inmates, at the foot of the Cross. Among others, Daniel Wilson, the Apostolic Bishop of Calcutta, who was then, after years of faithful service, recruiting his health in England, wrote him a letter full of brotherly love, setting forth the great truth so clearly, that all else appeared dullness and obscurity beside the light of his holy teaching. As the world faded away before the suffering man, such tokens of loving-kindness were precious to him, though the lessons they contained might not have been needed. He had long known the way; and if, as the grave opened to receive him, he was sometimes cheered by the thought of the hungry whom he had fed, the naked whom he had clothed, and the houseless whom he had sheltered, he did not on that account, as the great change approached, lean for support on his own merits.

On the 4th of September, Lord Metcalfe, for the first time did not leave his sleeping apartment. The extreme debility of the sufferer forbade any exertion. There was little apparent change except in a disinclination to take the nourishment offered to him. On the following morning, however, the change was very apparent. It was obvious that he was sinking fast. Unwilling to be removed to his bed, he sat for the greater part of the day in a chair, breathing with great difficulty. In the afternoon he sent for the members of his family, laid his hands upon their heads as they knelt beside him, and breathed the blessing which he could not utter. Soon afterwards he was conveyed to his bed. For the first time for years he seemed to be entirely free from pain. His mind was unclouded to the last. The serene expression of his countenance indicated that he was in perfect peace. The last sounds which reached him were the sweet strains of his sister's harp, raising a hymn of praise to the Great Father, into one of the many mansions of whose house he believed that he was about to enter. "How sweet those sounds are," he was heard to whisper almost with his dying breath. He sank very gently to rest. About eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th of September, 1846, with a calm sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker."

GREAT BRITAIN.

REVIEWS.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

The Life of P. F. Barnum. Written by himself. Low and Co.

Confession in the order—may we not say the *dis-order*?—of the day. In obedience to the fashion, Mr. Barnum, with a readiness reminding us of *Topsh's* "clean breast," has sat down to do what George Sand and his own countrywoman, Mrs. Mowatt, have done before him. By confessing the divers impostures and experiments on public credulity which have raised him from the ranks to a confidential friendship with the most virtuous *artiste* in Europe—to the ownership of a sort of American Abbotsford, his princely palace of Iranistan—and to the possession of a luxurious competence—Mr. Barnum has produced a book which reminds us of one of Defoe's picaresque romances. True, the charm of Defoe's racy and picturesque language is wanting to the record, and we are surprised that a man so ingenious did not call in first-rate literary assistance. There are materials here which Mr. Alexandre Dumas could have spread out into twenty volumes, and which if judiciously administered to the public might have furnished Mr. Barnum's palace of "retired leisure" with a tower as high as Mr. Beckford's,—and a fountain more surprising than the wonder at Chatsworth. On the other hand, any partner admitted to Mr. Barnum's confidence might have failed in keeping up the right tone of

appeal so exquisitely as he has done. He confesses himself "a humbug." He was the first who gave himself that serviceable appellation;—but then he claims for himself the merit of being the charlatan of virtue;—if he be a humbug, he is a Christian humbug—a temperance humbug—a moral humbug. "I have had," says he, with an unction scarcely exceeded by the sanctify of *Mr Pecksniff* himself,—

"and hope always to have, my seasons of loneliness and even sadness; and, though many people may not see how my profession of 'a showman' can be made to appear consistent with my profession of another kind, I must claim having always revered the Christian religion. I have been indebted to Christianity for the most serene happiness of my life, and I would not part with its consolations for all things else in the world. In all my journeys as 'a showman,' the Bible has been my companion, and I have repeatedly read it attentively, from beginning to end."

We have met nothing comparable with the above since we inadvertently on Mrs. Conwell Baron Wilson's raptures over the piety of the late Harriet, Duchess of St. Alban's, because that lady beside her embroidered handkerchief and *vinai-grette*, always wore in her pocket a Bible. At a later page we are treated to "Barnum's Rules for success in Business." [Then follows a searching review of this extraordinary man's history, showing up his gross inconsistencies, his successful shams and impostures and stripping him of the moral qualities with which he has invested himself. It is humiliating to think that for any purpose and to serve any interest such a preposterous humbug should ever have been countenanced.]

Thirty Years of Foreign Policy: a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston. By the author of 'The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.' Longman & Co.

This is rather a pamphlet than a history. The author discourses at large on a text from one of Lord Aberdeen's speeches, in which the proposition was maintained that the foreign policy of England, during the last thirty years, had been inspired by the same principles under the guidance of different ministers. To establish this view, and to narrow, as much as possible, the distance between Lord Palmerston and the present Premier, there is a good deal of ingenuity brought to bear,—so that the political analysis wears on its surface the appearance of victorious demonstration. But while the lines of diplomacy incessantly converge, until they seem to unite in a single channel, and to flow along in a clear and common stream, it becomes evident that the writer, labouring to present a triumphant parallel and an irresistible conclusion, forgets some of the main difficulties of the case, and deserts his logic for the sake of fine casuistries. In one respect, however, his second production is superior to the first: it displays less acrimony, and is less personal in its reflections. But even this merit, we are afraid, is owing, not so much to the author's improved temper, as to the nature of his topic;—he has to deal in modified panegyric, and has little opportunity for innuendo or accusation. When, however, once or twice, the form of a hostile politician rises, it seduces him again into the use of bitter insinuations.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy's Adventures in the Wilds of Australia; or, Herbert's Note Book. By William Howitt. (Hall & Co.)—All the boys in England, whether "old boys" or young ones, will rejoice in this fascinating book, full of anecdote and wild adventure; sober as we are and little given to roam, it has inspired us with a strong desire to take a journey in the Bush, if we could see the end of it. The descriptions of the scenery, the trees, and the