

lived in retirement, as his health was greatly impaired. How many hundreds of spiritual children were the fruit of his labours in all places where he toiled for the Master.

Rev. Wm. Evans, the oldest minister in the Calvinistic Methodist Church, died in February, at the great age of 96. He was in the ministry seventy-three years. He was known as the Silver Bell of South Wales.

The Irish Methodist Conference mourns the death of the Rev. J. W. McKay, D.D., at the ripe age of seventy-one. For eleven years he was Principal of Belfast Methodist College. He was for many years a leader in the Conference and occupied most of the important circuits. He spent more than thirty years in Belfast. His brethren honoured him by awarding him the most responsible and honourable positions in their power.

Rev. Thomas Wesley Jeffery, of our Church, entered into rest on Sabbath, March 1st, in the sixtieth year of his age. For several months he had been a great sufferer, but his strong faith never abated. Those who visited him always found him rejoicing in God his Saviour. He was

emphatically a good man, a royal man, a man who feared God and wrought righteousness. Some of his benevolent acts were known, but more will never be known until the judgment of the great day. The present writer has attended many funerals of ministers, but he does not remember ever witnessing such tender sympathy at any as was witnessed at the funeral service of his revered friend Jeffery. The addresses by Revs. James Gray, Dr. Potts, Dr. Briggs and Dr. Young, and the prayer by Dr. Stafford, were of melting pathos. We never felt so strongly the brotherhood of Methodism. All classes, from his Worship the Mayor to the little urchin on the street, whose wants had often been relieved by the departed, bowed their heads and wept as they followed the remains to the grave.

The Primitive Methodists in England have lately lost two ministers by death, the Revs. G. Stansfield and W. Jackson. The former was eighty-one years of age, and frequently visited the house of the writer's parents, more than sixty years ago. Mr. Jackson was in the active work forty years.

"Oh, may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past."

Book Notices.

The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

We venture to say that this is the most remarkable poem which has appeared in the English language for many a year. The only names to be compared with its writer's are those of Browning, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold; and none of these has given us for a long time anything

which, for grandeur of subject and elevation of thought, and sustained interest and exquisite beauty of diction—the true *curiosa felicitas* of the born poet—can compare with this poem. We had the pleasure of meeting Sir Edwin Arnold when on his way to Japan, and he spoke at length of his purpose to write this book as the complement to his well-known "Light of Asia." It was to express his conception of the teachings of Jesus as compared to those of Gautama. Highly as he praised the writings of the Eastern sage, still infinitely higher appeared to him the