

Two Pious and Useful Men.

Our friend Mr. Pickup, of the Wesleyan Book Depot, Montreal, placed in our hands a few weeks ago, two little books published by the Methodist Tract Society of New York. The one is entitled "Father Reeves, the Methodist Class Leader: a brief Account of Mr. Wm. Reeves, thirty-four years a Class Leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Society, Lambeth," London; and the other is entitled "The Christian Laborer,—The Christian Hero,—Memoirs of a Useful Man."

The story of Mr. Reeves's early life and conversion is told in a simple autobiography, which forms the second chapter of the volume. A leading Quarterly Review of New York says, "The whole history shows how a single aim can give energy and even glory to the humblest life; how a determination to do the nearest duty can make out of an artisan, toiling for his daily bread from youth to hoary age, an apostolical missionary of religion."—For ourselves, we say that in our diversified reading we have seldom met with a piece of biography at once so entertaining and spiritually instructive. Parents and Sunday-school teachers may read it and profit thereby, and every Methodist class leader might well take Father Reeves as a model.

The narrative of a "Useful Man" is the memoir of Mr. Roger Miller, who labored many years as an effective agent of the London City Mission. "His more personal history itself is quite interesting;—his public life exceedingly so. Arising from a state of poverty and misery seldom reached in this country, he struggled manfully for his own redemption. He fell back

again under powerful temptations to still lower degradation, but was again enabled to "arise from the dead." His subsequent career is delineated in the neat volume before us. Having read the book with care, we cheerfully adopt the language of a distinguished philanthropist respecting it:—"Roger Miller will prove a treasure to every practical philanthropist. I do not remember reading a narrative more admonitory, suggestive, or encouraging. Wherever it goes, a blessing must follow. The usefulness of Mr. Miller in his life was remarkable. It is my impression that his influence will be felt for many generations in a degree and to an extent it is impossible to calculate."

It is remarkable that both these useful servants of God were removed from their spheres of toil and duty very suddenly, and by unforeseen casualties. Mr. Reeves was happily contemplating his work and its reward, and had been singing "Press forward, press forward, the prize is in view." The author of his life, Mr. Corderoy, thus sketches the termination thereof:—

"How near that prize,—how close upon his brows that crown, none could imagine! 'Press forward,' Father Reeves!—a few more steps, thou good old man, and the prize is within your grasp. Reach out thy hand, and take the crown, thou humble, holy, useful servant; for soon thou shalt no longer serve on earth, but reign in glory!

Not knowing his work was so nearly finished, this faithful man left his home. A few minutes only had elapsed, when a train, rattling over the railway arch, started a poor infuriated over-driven bullock: the animal struck the defenceless man; one stroke was enough,—in a moment he was unconscious; and in an hour, all that was mortal of this servant of God was dead.

To the spirit it was scarcely the passage of death, it was like translation—"He was not, for God took him." Just before he left his home, Father Reeves had been singing of glory; the strains were in all probability lin