

ness and sinward tendency of corrupt human nature, and, at the same time, the mighty forces of grace triumphing over such weakness, and overcoming the natural bias of the soul—leading the man onward and upward to perfection of moral principle and practice—and thus fitting him for the service, the song, and the rapture of Heaven. In a word, it is a literary panorama, in which the Christian pilgrim is made to pass before you, from his escape from the city of destruction till his triumphant entrance into the celestial city. Such literature cannot but be influential for good when the subject is worthy of portrayal, and the portrait is accurately drawn.

In such kind of literature, thank God, the Methodist Church is rich. No branch of the Church of Christ, we believe, is richer. It was the shrewd, grateful, exultant remark of the apostle of Methodism—"Our people *die* well." This was evidence that they had lived well—that their lives had been pure, exemplary, and useful.

The thrilling memoirs of the Wesleys—the lives of such holy men as Fletcher, Bramwell, Stoner, Smith, our own Barker, Waller and Allin, in the ministry ; and such men as Carvosso, Hick, and the Cornish miner amongst the laity, demonstrate the soundness of Methodistic faith, the fine adaptation of its means of grace to the cultivation of the deepest piety ; and the free scope its institutions and varied plans of usefulness afford for the exercise of all the talent it can command. My esteemed brother Kay has, in the following memoir, added another to the list of these Christian heroes. The venerable subject of this memoir,