

this mention of it let us pass on to the roses. One likes to gather them and preserve them to cheer one's toil, and to turn one's heart in gratitude to God who gives them to us.

It is pleasant, (and here is a rose surpassing all others in sweetness) to be able, month after month, from the quiet study of a country village, to speak through the trumpet-tongued press in behalf of our Lord to an audience scattered over the Dominion and places beyond. While our dailies watch over our politics, and our denominational journals watch over denominational interests, work very necessary and useful when done in a Christian spirit, to one poor brother of the press, it is a privilege to be allowed, as Leighton expresses it, to "hold up Jesus Christ and eternity." If Matthew Henry could say, that in order to be allowed to *preach* Christ each Sabbath he was willing to dig all week, it cannot surely be a small privilege to speak through the written page, each month, to a large audience (that the voice could never reach) of that same Saviour, his people, his ways and his work.

It is also very pleasant, through our monthly, to be brought into correspondence with Christians whom otherwise we would never have known. Many have written and helped as our fellow-workers without fee or reward; some have written as fellow-sufferers in life's trials and sorrows. For it often happens that men can, of their perplexities, their sorrows and their joys, their hopes and fears, *write* much more easily and promptly than they can *speak*. On this account, we suppose, there have found their way into our desk letters intended for our eye alone, which it has been a pleasure to read, and a privilege to answer, with the writers of which, however, it will not be our lot, in all likelihood, to meet till we meet where there are neither perplexities nor sorrows.

Very pleasant also have been the

words of encouragement and approval that have reached us from private individuals, from ministers of different denominations, and from the press. Our readers know from the numbers now in their hands, that no attempt is made in the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY, by novels and sensational stories, to attract attention and ensure a sale. There is not even as much of incident and anecdote, reading that requires no thought and leaves behind, when separate from doctrines and principles, little durable impression, as some good people would wish. It is pleasant, therefore, to find so many who approve of a magazine, conducted with so little attempt to please, and so far from the current of "modern thought," as some are pleased to call it. In another place we give, as this is the last number of our first year, a few of these kind letters and approving criticism, some of which have lain for nearly a year in our possession, and others of which have reached us quite recently.

The encouragement received in the way of subscribers some would call, from its meagreness, a thorn; we choose, from its largeness, all things considered, to call it a rose—say, then, a thorny rose, for there are such flowers to be met in the path of life. Had we been content to make the monthly, a magazine of 32 pages instead of 48, which ought perhaps (in common with our other dollar monthlies) to be at the outset its size, then we would be free of all anxiety for the future as well as for the present, as to its clearing its way with the printer and paper-maker. Our present circulation, close on 1,800, is after deducting commissions and losses, exchanges and free copies, about enough to meet the mechanical expenses (paper, printing, postage, mailing) of the year now closing. It is the second year about which our anxiety now is, and on which the fate of the undertaking rests. An old experienced physician once told a young practitioner that he would get on well enough the first year,