

gion by overpowering terror nor tempted to it by romantic love; nor, as in some religious heroes, was there in him any period of agony or distress, or of feverish half-conscious exertion. He was visited by no heavenly visions and haunted by no demons. All was quite prosaic in him. He brought to his Maker's altar no shining abilities, no brilliant fancy, no eloquence, above all, no learning. He was a plain dry speaker; and when he wrote, he scratched away at an erased and blotted manuscript, until at last he hammered out the right thing. His gifts consisted of a commonplace, but very efficient, power of organization and management, such as would have made him a first-rate head in a large mercantile or manufacturing establishment; of a power of reading character by attentive and unimpassioned observation, which would have qualified him for a detective policeman; of the method and promptitude of a first-rate man of business; and of the steady, calculating perseverance of a cautious Scotsman. These are not the rarest gifts; but, we think, they are those that are most rarely sacrificed to the service of Heaven. And these—such as he had to give—David Nasmyth devoted without a particle of reserve. He was the grand example of the Nineteenth-century type of saintship. This is not the most romantic form, or the most admired; but we are certain that it is the noblest. Men admire most the pictorial saints,—those ardent beings, whom the irresistible impulse of enthusiasm, or the thirst for religious glory, carries in a state of spiritual exaltation, which almost excludes self-consciousness, through terrible pains, and over enormous difficulties. A saint in a cave of the desert, or a cell five feet square, or shrinking from observation upon a pillar seventy cubits high, or half-dead with fast and vigil, or kissing putrid ulcers in a crowded hospital as a proof of his extreme humility and utter contempt for the vanity of fame,—these look beautiful in pictures, and read well in story-books. But give us, for Nineteenth-century purposes, a saint upon a three-legged stool, with a ledger and correspondence-book for his disciplines, a committee for his board of inquisitors, and an office for his cell. We believe that the highest authority in the world has pronounced his highest approval upon the man who, before he resolves to give up all things, sits down and counts the cost,—the cool calculator, and business-like philanthropist.

Such was David Nasmyth—a man who deserves all the honour short of idolatry that can be paid to departed merit.”—*North British Review*, Nov. 1855.

CODEx VATICANUS.

[This, it will be understood, is an ancient M.S. of the Sacred Scriptures, named “Vaticanus,” from its belonging to the Library of the Vatican in Rome. It is allowed to be of great antiquity, and is, by the consent of all competent judges, of great authority. Its origin and history, however, are uncertain; how it came to the library, in fact, is unknown. It had been written obviously with very great care; but, probably on account of the ink becoming faint, it has, in many places been retouched, apparently oftener than once. Several large portions, also, of the original have irrecoverably decayed. The writing is continuous, without division into words. Whether it has the accents, and a variety of other appendages which grammarians now employ, for giving definiteness to a number of Greek words, has been disputed. It would seem that they are at least not wholly wanting, but possibly they have been added by some hand comparatively modern. There has been a good deal of correspondence respecting the Codex in some of the British journals of late. The subjoined statements by Dr. Tregelles, a distinguished Plymouth Brother, will be read with interest. His travels, labours, and sacrifices for the single-hearted, pious purpose of procuring a more perfect text of the New Testament, most justly entitle him to the gratitude of the whole Christian Church. When at Rome, a few years ago, he obtained from the Pope what he understood to be permission to examine the Codex, and make excerpts as he might desire. The Librarian, however, interpreted differently the mandate of his Holiness; and held that it authorised him only to permit the Doctor to see the M.S.; but not to copy any part of it. If the second coming of the Saviour be so near at hand as many believe, we fear a greatly improved edition of the New Testament is not to be expected, till He is here to declare His mind in person. Meanwhile let us bless God that on all points relating to faith and manners, we already have a communication of His will