

Our Soldiers.

DR. BOURNS IN PORTVILLE.

DR. BOURNS IN PORTVILLE. [From an Olean paper.] MA. EDITOR.—Your readers are already familiar with the story of Sergeant HUMISTON, who was identified by means of the ambrotype of his children, found in his hands on the battle field of Gettysburg, and of the agency of Dr. Bourns, of Philadelphia, in the matter. The Dr. came to Portville on Saturday, January 2d, 1864, to present the precious relic in person to the family. As soon as possible after his arrival, accompanied by the pastor of the church of which Mrs. Humiston is a member, by Rev. J. H. Vincent, of Illinois, who was provisionally in Portville, and Mr. A. W. Warden, he visited the humble home of the family to discharge this sad, yet pleasing duty. His coming had, of course, been anxiously looked for by the widow and her children, and the Dr. was greeted by them with a warm-hearted welcome. When the relic, stained with the blood of her own husband, was presented to the wife, her hands shook like an aspen leaf, but by a strong effort she retained her composure. The children were much interested by some New Year's presents, kindly sent them by Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., of Philada. We talked awhile, and then it was suggested, as the hand of God was so apparent in all the events that led to such an unusual meeting, that we unite in a prayer of praise for His wonderful kindness as shown by His strange providence. We all knelt, little Freddy among the first by the side of his new-found friend, and joined in an appropriate and touching prayer offered by Rev. Mr. Vincent. It was a scene for some master painter, one, we believe, that angels and the God of angels looked down upon with interest and delight. On the next day, a union meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, at which several clergymen and citizens from Olean were present. It was an occasion of great interest to all present, and the house was filled to its utmost capacity. After devotional exercises, an address of welcome was made by the pastor of the church, Rev. I. G. Ogden, in substance, as follows: "I have the pleasure of introducing to the audience, Dr. Bourns, of Philadelphia, and of bidding him, in behalf of this assembly, a cordial and hearty welcome to Portville. We assure you, sir, though heretofore personally a stranger, you were not wholly unknown. Your generous deeds have heralded and preceded your coming, and it gives us all great pleasure to see you face to face, and to welcome you to our midst. Would it were in the power of my poor words to give expression to the strong feelings of respect—I had almost said affection—which I am sure swell up in the hearts of all this audience towards you. The deep interest you have taken in the family of our brave townsman who shed his life-blood to defend your State from invasion and pillage, has touched a responsive chord in all our hearts. Such distinguished philanthropy is so rare in this world, that your exhibition of it deserves and receives our warmest admiration and approval. We welcome you not only for the interest you have taken in the family of our soldier, but as in some degree the representative of the many families all over the land who are in similar circumstances. The people are just beginning to realize what a debt of gratitude they owe to those brave men who have fallen on the bloody battle-fields of the war; and the larger debt of sympathy and support, if needed, that is due to their families, and we wish by day's exercises to deepen in our minds the impression of this. How much they think of their families, and what a sacrifice they make in leaving wife and children at the call of their country, we may learn somewhat from that touching incident of the dead soldier at Gettysburg, who, as life was slowly ebbing away, was gazing fondly upon the pictured faces of his three little children soon to be orphans, and thinking of their mother soon to be left to widowhood. The love of a parent for his children, and the love of a patriot for his country, are among the strongest emotions of the soul, and both were fully developed in noble-hearted Humiston. His body, mouldering beneath the sod, attests the one, and the blood-stained ambrotype the other. The strong love of that dying father for his children has reached across the intervening months, and is the real cause of this assemblage. Truth is stranger than fiction. That ambrotype found in his hand, through your indefatigable exertions, led at length to his identification, and has brought you this long journey to present the precious relic in person to the bereaved family. "But I must not protract my remarks. The occasion, the circumstances under which we meet, are full of interest. But the people have assembled to listen to you, not to me, and so, again bidding you a hearty welcome, I will no longer stand between you and the audience." Dr. Bourns replied in a happy, graceful manner, expressing his heartiest thanks for his kind reception, and proceeded to relate in a graphic manner the incidents connected with his finding the ambrotype in the possession of Mr. Schriver, of Graefenberg, Pa., and the manner in which, by a notice of the incident published in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, the family of the dead soldier was discovered. His narrative was listened to with the greatest interest by the audience. At its close Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne, pastor of the M. E. Church, Portville, offered the following preamble and resolutions, which, after being seconded in able and eloquent speeches by W. F. Wheeler, Esq., of Portville, and

Rev. J. H. Vincent, of Illinois, were unanimously adopted. Whereas the occasion of Mr. Humiston's death on the battle-field of Gettysburg, has been so ordered by an overruling Providence, as to draw towards his fatherless children the sympathies of a patriotic public, and thereby awakening such an interest in the children of the deceased soldiers of our country; as will probably result in some measures for their permanent welfare; And whereas, Dr. Bourns, by his disinterested and philanthropic services, has been mainly instrumental in securing these happy results; Resolved, 1st. That the sincere thanks of the citizens of Portville are due, and are hereby most cordially tendered to him, in behalf of the family of the late Mr. Humiston, and also in behalf of the thousands of widows and orphans which this war has made. Resolved, 2d. That while we as Christian patriots pray that "the blessing of Him that was ready to perish," may come upon Dr. Bourns, we will emulate his example, and be ever mindful of the claims which the children of our brave and noble soldiers have upon us; enforced as those claims are, by such a Providential and touching appeal to our sympathies, as the death scene which this gathering commemorates. The following is a brief outline of Mr. Vincent's timely and pertinent remarks: There are some little incidents which fall out in life which have so much human tenderness and beauty in them, that their simple narrative strikes a responsive chord in every heart. What eyes has not moistened over the simple act of the kind-hearted woman at the grave of a stranger in New Orleans, who, as she drew near the open coffin, said, "Let me kiss him for his mother." All over the land has been told the story of the dead soldier who was found on the battle-field of Gettysburg with the ambrotype of his three children in his clasped, cold hands. There are the children before me. We are met to-day to sympathize with them; to talk together about the singular providence which has in such a beautiful way provided for their support. Though from a distant State, I am glad to join you in the services of this occasion. It belongs to us in Illinois, as much as to you, to sympathize with these children, to trace God's hand in the matter, and if a sphere of work in behalf of other orphaned ones is to be opened up, it will be our delight as well as duty, to co-operate in that work. In creation, we see God's wisdom and power displayed not only among the great and massive facts of the universe, but equally so in what men call trifles—little things. The telescope reveals God's grand movements in the heavens, but by the microscope we see His thoughts of beauty and love in tiny flowers and drops of water. In times of war we see God's splendid purposes in the defeats; victories, reversions, which take place; but on every battle-field, in every hospital, there occur little events—illustrations of divine providence—touches of human sympathy, and tenderness, which are not noticed in reports of commanding officers, but which are delicately beautiful, and point us to God's wisdom and care. Such an event is the one connected with our meeting, to-day. So in the practical results of great struggles we find indirect efforts, some of which are small enough when viewed separately, which prove to us that He who permits the evil, elicits from it a thousand indirect and simple benefits, while he makes the whole contribute to some more imposing result. The establishment of our nation upon a foundation the solidity of which even Europe dare not doubt—the emancipation of the slaves—the breaking up of corrupt political parties—these are some of the grand results achieved by this war. But I believe there has been awakened in the church by the war, a sympathy with the suffering she did not sufficiently feel before. There may be less concern about dogmas in our religion—but there is more humanity—more Christ-like pity than before. See the hands of men, women, and children at home, busy for the soldier's comfort. See the tenderness displayed in our hospitals—see that noble Christian Commission working like a Christ among the people—breathing its benedictions—scattering its beneficence everywhere. It cheers the dying soldier, sustains him in suffering—goes with light and fire to his cheerless home, and brings gladness where sorrow dwelt before. We have needed more humanity in our religion. I believe one of the results of the war will be the increased susceptibility—the enlarged sympathy—the greater practical benevolence of the church. You remember Aben Ben Adhem who asked the angel if his name was among those whom the love of God had blessed. The angel said, "No," said Aben, "Write me then as one that loves his fellow men." "The angel wrote and vanished, the next night the angel came with great awakening light, and showed the names whom love of God had blessed. And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." The man who puts himself at Christ's work of charity on earth, will soon be led to fuller sympathy with Christ, even if at first he holds him in too tight esteem. So God works great results and little results, and who can tell which is the more important and sublime, the great or the little? And who can tell what may spring from this little incident that has thrilled the heart of the nation? It is already proposed to provide in every State a fund for the relief of soldiers' orphans. Humiston, while dying, looked at his children till a film grew over his eyes, and his hands dropped in death. That last lingering look was a rich legacy indeed. It may lead to the founding of asylums for thousands of orphaned ones over the land. It reminds me of the South American hunter who, as he climbed the mountain, caught a herb by which to lift himself up. The root gave way. On root and ground he saw silver ore glittering in the sunlight. Lo! the silver mines of Potosi were opened. So may the deed of this dying sol-

dier open a mine of treasure which (while it enriches none) shall distribute its beneficence wherever there are soldiers' widows and soldiers' orphans. Dr. Bourns then read to the audience the subjoined Poetic Gem, composed by Gen. W. H. Hayward, of Baltimore, and sent to him to be used for the benefit of the Humiston family. It is now for the first time published. It is, as will be readily perceived, the supposed thoughts of the dying soldier. Let me gaze upon this picture, While my life-blood from me flows, On these dear loved, happy faces, Ere in death my eye shall close. Next to my heart I would lay, Not millions could it buy; Let me see in heart's own treasures, And kiss them as I die. Here on the old ground lying, The earth my last long bed; No friend to watch my dying, Or know me when I'm dead. A tender wife and mother, For my children years with care; And bend in anguish over them, As she breathes her evening prayer. That we all may meet together, In happiness once more; That around the peaceful fireside, Kind Heaven will resistors; But I feel my pulse grow weaker, In the gloom I scarce can see; Still, I recognize the features Of my little boy—oh he! My boys!—my darling daughter! Let none tear my image from From this poor river, bleeding heart, Oh, heavy dying prayer! My God! protect the mother, To my orphans cry give ear, Lie alone, none grieve me, No one to shed a tear. Some stranger's hand will find me, And a grave for me prepare; Oh my breast 'till I place this picture, And say they found it there. Let this flag be wrapped around me, The Stars and Stripes I love! Lie in the Union soldier's grave, In his rank to rest above. The flowers will bloom as sweetly, O'er the unknown soldier's grave, With his heart-loved idols near him, And the flag he died to save. No stone will tell the story, Of the stranger who rests above; Where so peacefully he slumbers, Unknown—save unto God! Thus ended one of the most interesting meetings ever held in Western New York. It is the design of the Dr. and his friends in Philadelphia, to turn this most touching incident to a larger account than simply to provide comfort for the family of Sergeant Humiston. It is hoped that interest enough will be awakened in this subject, to secure a fund to aid the families of deceased soldiers all over the land. It is proposed that each State care for its own war orphans and widows. It would be a remarkable illustration of the wonderful ways of Providence, if from the little ambrotype found in the dead soldier's hands, should spring a great national charity. Small beginnings often grow to a great conclusion. THE PATRIOTISM OF OUR TIMES. Patriotism! So much has the word been abused and made the cover of selfish aims and purposes, that some have actually become sceptical as to the real existence of such a virtue. Yet it does exist in all its pristine purity, and flourishes as luxuriantly to-day as ever. To prove it, I will not go back to days of Grecian or of Roman heroism; or even to the days of our revolutionary struggle, when such men as Joseph Warren, his first victim, fought and fell in freedom's holy cause. I only ask you to behold with vision clear and unobscured by party film, what is and has been for the last two years transpiring around you; and you will find as noble instances of true patriotism as ever adorned any era in our world's history. You have not forgotten (or if you have, coming generations never will) the heroism of that man, who early in the insurrection transformed the flag of his country into a comfortable and kept it upon his bed until the time arrived, when at the risk of his life, he with his own hands hoisted it upon a staff, which had trembled with the fluttering of treason's banner, and thus wrote: "My child, my loved one, and you my brothers and sisters, I am satisfied. I am now willing to go home to God. I am ready to lie down with my fathers of the heroic age." Neither can you so soon have forgotten the heroism of that citizen of Charleston, S. C., of military and scientific attainments, who when tempted by promotion to enlist beneath the Confederate banner, responded: "You cannot buy my loyalty. I love Carolina and the South, but I love my country better." Finding him faithful to the flag he loved, he was made to feel the power of his enemies. He was thrown into a miserable, damp, ill-ventilated cell, and fed on coarse fare; his property confiscated, and his wife and children beggared. Poor man! he sank beneath his troubles, and was soon removed from the persecution of his oppressors. The day before his death he said to his wife: "Mary, you are beggared because I would not prove disloyal." "God be thanked for your fidelity," replied his wife. "They have taken your wealth and life, but could not stain your honor, and our children shall boast an unspotted name. My husband, rejoice in your truth." She returned to her friends shortly after his death, openly declaring her proudest boast should be, "My husband died a martyr to his patriotism." "Tell my wife," said the dying Major Barnum, of the New York 12th, "that in my last thoughts were blended my wife, my boy, and my flag." He asked of the physician how the battle went? "God bless the flag!" and expired with the prayer finishing inaudibly with his closing lips. Who shall say that the age of heroism has passed? The great struggle of the country, while it has revealed the baseness of many, from whom better things might have been expected, has also brought

to light some of the grandest exhibitions of the pure love of country which the world has ever seen: Not a few of these have come from the common soldiers of the army (God bless them—brave boys are they!)—men who without the temptation of rank, gain, or power, have gone into the battle-field from pure and lofty principle. In one case, as a female relative hung over a fearfully wounded soldier, she could not help exclaiming, "Is it worth all this?" The poor sufferer turned his eye full upon her and said, with marked emphasis, "Yes—yes—it is worth it all." Said one who had extensively visited our hospitals: "I have never met with a soldier, sick or wounded, who regretted that he had gone into the war; not one who used the coward's plea, that he had endured enough for his country." Said another, possessed of equal opportunities for observation: "The agonies of the wounded, in the retreat from the Chickahominy to the James can never be known. In the minds of those who witnessed some of their fearful sufferings, the scenes will remain to the end of time. But not a man among all the sufferers was heard to upbraid his general or his Government. The universal sentiment was, that had they a thousand lives they would all be freely tendered to the Union and the restoration of the laws." Says Wm. Jennison, Esq. one of the Detroit committee appointed to look after the Michigan 24th, wounded in the recent battles, (Great Hospital, Philadelphia: "If any man desires to be healed of sympathy with traitors in arms, let him come into this pool of blood and wounds, and look at these brave cheerful defenders of the Union." "I have not heard a single murmur." Says Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr., engaged in a similar mission near Gettysburg: "Words cannot describe the fortitude of these men. It is as great as their courage. They are as great in suffering as in fighting." Rev. D. M. Cooper's Obituary of Major Ferry. This is your first and great strife. It requires a higher order of heroism and self-sacrificing consecration than belongs to any earthly warfare. In the latter you know your foe, and your fighting qualities are of the same order with his. It is muscle against muscle, and steel against steel. But the other is against both seen and unseen foes—not alone foes of flesh and blood, but the rulers of the darkness of this world. You are often in company where it requires more bravery to stand faithful for God, than to rush to the assault in the face of a blazing battery. The lesser ambitions of earth bear you heroically through this last. Inspired by such ambition, you would not give your place to another; you would not fling away the opportunity for the brilliant record which you pant to achieve. So let the holy and heavenly aspiration stir your soul to be foremost in the warfare against sin, and in the fight of faith. This alone is the forever-sanctified ambition; and only this can beautify and sanctify even so noble an impulse, as that which has thrown you into the breach between our country and political ruin. If the old Roman rewards were revived, you would not be pushed out of your chance of wrestling for the mark of distinction. In the struggle for the immortal life, God does continue to hold before you the same reward as ever. In that strife, see to it, brave soldier, "that no man take thy crown." B. B. H. Editor's Table. PETERSON. Poems. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, tinted paper, gilt top. pp. 203. There are pleasing pieces of lyrical composition in this volume. Several of them are upon patriotic subjects which are handled with grace, force and the right spirit. An ingenious plot forms the foundation of the long poem—"The Rivals." Mr. Peterson however, is not in any high sense, a poet or a teacher of mankind. His book must be classed with many others in this line which give a transient pleasure but make no lasting impression. SARGENT. The Temperance Tales, with a Prefatory Sketch of their Origin and History. By Lewis M. Sargent. A new edition, Vol. III. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston. 18mo, pp. 255. It is a good service the Tract Society is doing, in the republication of these stories. We trust the times are not so changed but that some of the moving, startling and reformatory effect which they produced on a former generation, may be felt in this. The present volume contains: A Word in Season; Well Enough for the Vulgar; Nancy Le Baron; Too Fast and Too Far. CHAPLIN. Black and White; or the Heart not the Face, by Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin. Boston: American Tract Society. 18mo, pp. 174. A most touching and skillfully composed story, designed to make a favorable impression for the African race in this country. The incidents are claimed to be true in the main. PLEASANT TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE, with Illustrations. 18mo, pp. 224. THE CHILDREN'S GUIDE. By Rev. J. S. Sewall. 24mo, flexible covers. American Tract Society, Boston. New York: for sale by John G. Broughton. FAR AWAY; or Life at Tanna and Samoa. Prepared for the Committee by the author of "Money," "The Barclays," &c. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. 18mo, pp. 151, illustrated. Price 40 cts. Missionary life, its obstacles and sacrifices, present some of the most attractive

and poetic aspects in the South Sea Islands. Nowhere have the vileness of men's hearts, and the transforming power of the Gospel been exhibited on a grander scale than among these remote and balmy regions of the Pacific. The Publication Committee having recently published a handsome volume on the Feeje Islands, now follow it with one of deep and varied interest, on those nobler specimens of humanity the Samoans. It must prove a favorite with the children. SCRIPTURAL TRACTS. No. 1. The Parables of our Lord. Published by S. F. Heston, Claymont, Del. 32mo, pp. 40. Price 10 cents. For sale at the Presbyterian Book Store, 1324 Chestnut St. The parables are here brought together arranged in the order in which they occur in Scripture without note or comment. A good little tract for soldiers. HAMMOND. The Child's Guide to Heaven, by Edward Payson Hammond, author of "Lauds Ours in the Fold," &c. Boston: Henry Hove. This little treatise is a report of an address delivered by Mr. Hammond before one of the United Children's meetings during the great awakening in Rochester in the spring of '63, when it is believed that hundreds of those in tender years were led by the Spirit to accept of Christ. It is informal, direct, full of tenderness, illustrating the way of salvation by many simple narratives, one of which, "The Nobleman and the Serf," was transferred to our columns. It should be widely circulated among the children, to whom Mr. Hammond seems to have a special and blessed mission. PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS. THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW for January, 1864. Edited by Henry B. Smith and J. M. Sherwood. Contents: The Latin Patriarchate, by Dr. Philip Schaff. The Epistle of Barnabas, Translated from the Codex Sinaiticus. The Regula Fidei; or the Gospel of John; by Taylor Lewis. Education in the Presbyterian Church, by President Fisher of Hamilton College. The Theory of Preparation for Preaching, by Dr. Skinner. The Bohemian Reformation, by J. M. Sherwood. Benan's Life of Jesus, by Henry B. Smith, D. D. Criticisms on Books: (23 pages.) Theological and Literary Intelligence. Ecclesiastical Record, by Dr. Hatfield. Several of the leading articles will be read with deep interest, while the Literary department is unusually full and satisfactory. A laudable effort has been inaugurated to put the Review in the hands of such students in theology, and ministers, as are unable to procure themselves. It is proposed by Drs. Adams, Prentiss, Crosby, and Kendall, a committee of the N. Y. Clerical Association, that one thousand dollars be raised for the purpose, so that one-half of the cost price of one thousand volumes may be thus secured, the other half (\$1 on each volume) to be paid by the individual subscribers, except in extreme cases. If any of our laymen wish to aid this good work, they can address J. M. Sherwood, 5 Beekman St., N. Y. METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW. Jan. 1864. Contents: The Moral Theology of Watson's Institutes. The Saints of the Desert, by Rev. P. Schaff, of Merceburg. The Antiquity of Man, by Prof. S. D. Hillman, Carlisle. The Emotional Element in Hebrew Translation (Fourth article) by Prof. Taylor Lewis. Condition and Character of Negroes in Africa, by Theo. Dwight, Brooklyn. The Prison Association of New York, by E. C. Wines. James Floy, D. D. Foreign Religious Intelligence; Foreign Literary Intelligence; Synopsis of the Quarterlies; Editor's Table; Dr. Whedon, Editor. New York, Carleton and Porter. BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for December, L. Scott & Co., New York; for sale by W. B. Zieber, Phila. Contents: The Boatman—a noble Poem of Life, by Bulwer. Tony Butler, Part III. Tyndal on Heat. Navies of England and France. Chronicles of Carlingford. Personal Identities. Wigtown Martyrs (skeptical.) The Invitation (poetry.) Books on the American War. (Thoroughly copperhead, praising McClellan and Lee and closing as follows—before the victories of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge—"We shall be disappointed, therefore, if we do not shortly hear that they [the rebels] have achieved a decisive success in the south-west.") Messrs. Scott & Co. continue to furnish the Reviews and Blackwood for \$10 a year, while Englishmen must pay for the same amount of reading matter \$31. The postage on the five publications to all parts of the Union is but fifty-six cents a year. SPEES. A new Song; or the Marvellous Works of God, in behalf of the American People. A thanksgiving sermon, delivered in the Third St. Presbyterian Church, Dayton, Ohio, on Thursday, Nov. 26th, 1863, by Rev. S. G. Spees, D. D. Published by request of the congregation. A stirring sermon in which a just appreciation of the Divine mercies to our nation during the past wonderful year is expressed in glowing and devout language.

compelled to think of those who should be our pride, as disowned of heaven, and dishonored of God. The ambition which stirs your heart, has belonged to all ages in which soldiers have fought for a country of which they were proud. Every generous government has provided stimulants and rewards for it. The Romans had crowns of distinction as the reward of the highest acts of heroism. After a victory, the armies were assembled to witness the distribution of these rewards. In the presence of those legions, the general in command placed the crowns upon the heads of those who had won them. From henceforth they were followed to wear them on great public occasions, and these crowns were regarded as among the loftiest honors of the nation. The ambition for this honor was then the highest incentive to soldierly virtue, and a sustaining support under soldierly endurance. Under their carnal notions of glory, the soldier sinking in death, feeling that he earned the meed, asked for only this—"Crown me, and let me die." Soldier, you can appreciate this feeling, for you understand the soldier's ambition. Then make it the stepping stone of the infinitely higher ambition which would grasp the crown of life. What the prospect of a military coronation was to the Roman soldier, the promise of the immortal crown is to the Christian warrior in the strife for heaven. It is an incentive to faithful warfare, and a support of the spirit under all its hardships and perils. God presents it before you in that light. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This is your first and great strife. It requires a higher order of heroism and self-sacrificing consecration than belongs to any earthly warfare. In the latter you know your foe, and your fighting qualities are of the same order with his. It is muscle against muscle, and steel against steel. But the other is against both seen and unseen foes—not alone foes of flesh and blood, but the rulers of the darkness of this world. You are often in company where it requires more bravery to stand faithful for God, than to rush to the assault in the face of a blazing battery. The lesser ambitions of earth bear you heroically through this last. Inspired by such ambition, you would not give your place to another; you would not fling away the opportunity for the brilliant record which you pant to achieve. So let the holy and heavenly aspiration stir your soul to be foremost in the warfare against sin, and in the fight of faith. This alone is the forever-sanctified ambition; and only this can beautify and sanctify even so noble an impulse, as that which has thrown you into the breach between our country and political ruin. If the old Roman rewards were revived, you would not be pushed out of your chance of wrestling for the mark of distinction. In the struggle for the immortal life, God does continue to hold before you the same reward as ever. In that strife, see to it, brave soldier, "that no man take thy crown." B. B. H. Editor's Table. PETERSON. Poems. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, tinted paper, gilt top. pp. 203. There are pleasing pieces of lyrical composition in this volume. Several of them are upon patriotic subjects which are handled with grace, force and the right spirit. An ingenious plot forms the foundation of the long poem—"The Rivals." Mr. Peterson however, is not in any high sense, a poet or a teacher of mankind. His book must be classed with many others in this line which give a transient pleasure but make no lasting impression. SARGENT. The Temperance Tales, with a Prefatory Sketch of their Origin and History. By Lewis M. Sargent. A new edition, Vol. III. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston. 18mo, pp. 255. It is a good service the Tract Society is doing, in the republication of these stories. We trust the times are not so changed but that some of the moving, startling and reformatory effect which they produced on a former generation, may be felt in this. The present volume contains: A Word in Season; Well Enough for the Vulgar; Nancy Le Baron; Too Fast and Too Far. CHAPLIN. Black and White; or the Heart not the Face, by Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin. Boston: American Tract Society. 18mo, pp. 174. A most touching and skillfully composed story, designed to make a favorable impression for the African race in this country. The incidents are claimed to be true in the main. PLEASANT TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE, with Illustrations. 18mo, pp. 224. THE CHILDREN'S GUIDE. By Rev. J. S. Sewall. 24mo, flexible covers. American Tract Society, Boston. New York: for sale by John G. Broughton. FAR AWAY; or Life at Tanna and Samoa. Prepared for the Committee by the author of "Money," "The Barclays," &c. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. 18mo, pp. 151, illustrated. Price 40 cts. Missionary life, its obstacles and sacrifices, present some of the most attractive