

Correspondence.

NOTES OF A PREACHING TOUR IN INDIA. II.

BY R. G. WILDER.

ALTA.

As you will not have time to follow us through the details of each day's labor, please come at once to *Alta*. As we rise out of the valley and gain the highlands, you may turn your horse's head and take a parting view of the fertile region we are leaving. The *Panchgunga* winds slowly some twenty miles through luxuriant groves and gardens till her silver stream is lost in the broader *Krishna*. The whole panorama is dotted with villages, nesting in shady evergreens, their localities distinctly defined only by the white domes and minarets of their heathen temples. Do you find your soul moved with earnest longings that the reign of these idol gods may cease in so fair a land, and the hearts of these dark-minded idolaters be lighted up with the sweet hopes of the Gospel? Then send us men and means for prosecuting this work of God with more efficiency.

A short gallop over the hills brings us to our camp. *Alta* is a pleasant village, a shire town of 3,312 inhabitants, planted amidst majestic old trees, in a fertile basin, surrounded with hills. Its domes, minarets, and profuse foliage are just now bathed in the soft golden rays of the setting sun. The people gather in crowds at our approach, and we have another precious opportunity for declaring God's loving message, which is heard with willing ears, and so far as we are able to learn, for the first time, at least within the memory of the present generation.

Dec. 25. A Sabbath Christmas here among these superstitious idolaters, not one of whom can feel the slightest sympathy with the sacred memories it recalls to us. But how can we better spend it than in telling them of Him who was born in Bethlehem and died on Calvary to save them?

Our first audience, some 150 of the most influential men of the place, is in the court room of the Mamletdar, and the interest is sustained two hours. Smaller parties come in succession to our tents, and night finds us weary and hoarse from some six hours of earnest preaching.

Dec. 26. We here find the first school sustained by government in any of the villages on our route, and, at the teacher's request, we spent two hours examining and addressing the pupils. The people have little idea of the value of education. No girls are allowed to attend, and only 31 boys are in school, where there should be at least 150. But these few are intelligent, and show good progress. The villagers crowd in and make up an audience of some 300, who listen with fixed attention so long as my voice and strength hold out.

And now let us visit the celebrated temples for which this place is famed. The late Colonel Graham, (then political agent here,) writing of *Alta*, in 1854, says:—"This is one of the few places in Western India where the devotees of Shiva believe they can immolate themselves * * * under a certain prospect of entire happiness in a future state. Within the last eight years the victim has been more than once found in the morning weltering in his blood, with the sacrificial knife lying beside him," &c.

Probably Col. Graham was not aware that a fresh victim was immolating himself at the very time he was thus writing. One of our mission teachers learned the fact and informed me of it then, but the Brahman officials of Kolapoor for some reason denied it. Here on the spot, however, the village officers confirm it without hesitation, and give us full details.

The victim was a pilgrim from a distance, who spent several months in daily devotions at these shrines, till one morning he was found prostrate on the emblem of Shiva, his head nearly severed from his body. On the wall of the temple were a few lines, written in a large bold hand, stating his purpose to sacrifice himself to the god; that he did it of his own free will, and the priests were in nowise responsible, and expressing a wish to be buried in a particular locality. The people point out to us the temple, the wall on which he wrote, and the entrance to the inner *sanctum* where he killed himself.

There are some dozen temples, most of them communicating with each other by subterranean passages, cut through rock in the bowels of the mountain. The temples are situated about a mile from the village, at a point where a deep ravine juts far back into the side of the mountain. The cave portions of the temples are evidently of *Buddhist* origin, while the massive superstructures show that they were built or modified by the *Jains* before they came in possession of the present race of Brahmans.

It is wonderful how the different phases of false religions commingle or slide into each other, inveterate as each one is in its antagonism to Christianity. Even the Mussulmans in this region have their idolatrous rites, while the Hindus may be seen bowing down at the mosques in honor of the false prophet of Mecca.

Some of these temples are dedicated to *Alum Prubho*, but most of them to *Shiva*. They are so constructed as to have large bodies of water within the temples and surrounding the altars, not stagnant, but originating in perennial springs, and slowly percolating through rock-hewn viaducts till the purpose of the architect is accomplished, and the

dispersed waters then reunite in a mountain rill below. The *sanctum sanctorum* of each temple is gained only by passing through these reservoirs of water. In reaching the innermost shrine of *Shiva* the victim had to pass through two such bodies of water up to his neck, and into a dark recess far in the bowels of the mountain, lighted only by a dim taper, always burning before the god, or rather his emblem; for only the vile *ling* is there. Before this *ling* he placed himself in such attitude that when he gave his neck the fatal blow his body fell across it.

As we retreat from these gloomy recesses with saddened feelings, they take us down along the rivulet, and show us the tomb of the victim in the locality he desired. It has a covered space, open on one side, in which is duly established the odious *ling*, smeared with red lead and oil, and covered with fresh flowers, showing the bigotry and vigilance of the devotees who daily worship him as a god, and emulate his self-immolating zeal.

With my knowledge of the tenets, teaching, and tendencies of Hinduism, I do not wonder at the horrid rites of *Suttee*, *infanticide*, and *self-immolation*. Unnatural as they are, they are the natural result of such a religion, and I apprehend that instances of all these enormities are much more frequent in India at this present time than is generally supposed. Nothing but the Gospel of Christ can ever permanently suppress them, and this will not till the church of God rouse herself to more earnest effort.

We find a good number of readers in *Alta*, and a demand for our books. These are readily purchased at nominal prices; among them two New Testaments, though the works most in demand are story books, such as "The African Girl," "The Jane, the Young Cottager," and "The Dairyman's Daughter," the two latter translated some years ago by Mrs. Wilder, and published by the "Bombay Tract and Book Society."

But I must close abruptly, hoping to send you a few more notes of our tour by next mail, if I can find time to make them legible.

The news of President Lincoln's reelection has just come. Glorious news! Devout thanks to God for this victory!

LEX TALIONIS.

EDITORS AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN:—Permit one of your lay readers to thank you for the bold and hearty utterances of your paper, touching the progress of the war and the proposed "pacification" of the country of which we read so much in political papers; especially I thank God for the witness you bear to the great providential objects of the war, in the editorial of your last issue, entitled "The Public Conscience." We often marvel, while reading the Gospels, at the blindness of the disciples, in relation to the mission of their Master; so now, we often wonder at the stupidity of our organs of public opinion in not perceiving that such and such things, of suffering and trial, "must needs be." How few they are who generalize and correctly apprehend great principles! This truth is strikingly illustrated by a remark of Chaplain Stewart, in a recent letter, touching the rightfulness or necessity of retaliating upon rebel prisoners, the cruelties suffered by our men at the hands of the Confederate government. He says:

"While our released prisoners were getting on board the vessels awaiting them, another steamboat came up the river, and landed a thousand rebel prisoners in exchange for ours just received. Hale and hearty were they, and all giving evidence of kind treatment and good feeding. Honorable contrast this in behalf of our Northern Christianity. Excitable people with outraged feelings may talk and argue about retaliation upon rebel prisoners, yet is the thing not about to be done. We cannot afford such a costly experiment. It would do terrible violence to the benevolence of our people. The rebels must have an entire monopoly of this starving business."

Now in all deference to our good brother, whose sympathies are producing such blessed fruits in the army, I propose to briefly examine his theory, in the light of reason and revelation.

Of course my strictures are not so pertinent or practical now, when both armies are exchanging the men as fast as taken, as previously, when no exchanges of any kind were possible. The reader will perceive that the Chaplain grounds his objection to retaliation upon the fact that "it would do terrible violence to the benevolence of our people." I answer, so does every hanging for desertion, every wounding or killing which takes place in battle. All these things are shocking to our "benevolence," and if they were left to the mere *feeling* of either side, nothing of the sort would happen. But great principles (good and bad) lie beneath the sympathies of both combatants. These principles must rule, and have their play, until God, in his providence, ends the strife. Brother Stewart says, "the experiment of retaliation is a dear one, and we cannot afford it." Permit me to ask, can we afford to feed, and add new vigor, to those whose sworn business is to fight us, while, at the same time, we permit to be starved those who are pledged to defend us and our cause?

It is not a matter of sympathy with the rebel government, but of *business*. It pays them to starve our soldiers out of the service, while theirs are fattened up for the final struggle. That this is the rational theory of their practice is abundantly shown by their unwillingness that we should feed our men while in their hands. Thousands and thousands of our poor prisoners in their hands have died because of the timidity, or weakness,

of our rulers, for not answering the rebel leaders as did Washington, when the British proposed to hang some Continental prisoners as condemned traitors. "For every man you hang we will hang two Englishmen," said Washington. General Butler showed how easy it was to cure a similar evil. When the "rebs" set his black men to work, (instead of treating them as prisoners,) he put a like number of the "chivalry" to work at the Dutch Gap, and the matter was remedied at once. So at Charleston, with the officers "under fire." The mercy and "benevolence" that Chaplain Stewart speaks of, is like that which "spares the rod and spoils the child." It is neither accordant with Scripture, reason, or experience.

If Jeff. Davis & Co. had ordered their men to shoot all prisoners, doubtless we should have followed the same rule, in spite of "benevolence;" but when they expose them, plundered of their garments, to starvation and the elements, why—then—we don't "retaliate," but "turn the other cheek," etc! This is neither mercy, gospel, nor common sense. People say, retaliation is not Christian-like. Very true; neither is war. It is not Christian-like to shoot men on the field of strife, or destroy their food and clothing. These things are necessary, however, because an *appeal* has been taken from the gospel, to "the wager of battle." War is the play of moral, intellectual, and physical forces, under the hand of Divine Providence; and the severest form of warfare allowable by the common law of nations is the most merciful mode. This is fully shown by the success of Sherman's policy over McClellan's. The chaplain's theory is like that of the sentimental opponent of capital punishment, who says, "the worst use you can make of a man is to hang him;" forgetting that the primary object of punishment has little reference to the murderer himself, but mainly aims, through the fear of death, to secure society from future homicides. Feeling and "benevolence" are good things in their places, but entirely wasted on slaveholding rebels.

NORRISTOWN, PA.

CHAPLAIN ARMSTRONG'S LETTER.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 31, 1865.

DEAR BROTHER MARRS:—I doubt not it is worth all the cost of trial and hardship in life, to receive the precious lessons and the higher wisdom which hardship and trial bring. And I believe, further, that could those lessons and that wisdom have been purchased at a less cost, the Great Father would have given them at the reduced price. But men must *live through* some things in order to understand them, and in order to be able to appreciate some other precious things that hinge only upon the experience.

REST.

Who knows what it means? My brother, I know that you are a worker, and know what it is to be tired, and then, I presume, to lie down and sweetly sleep till, the new glow of life coming back, the old is young again and the weariness is gone. This, too, I have known from my boyhood, but *rest*, never till the last fifteen days. No man knows what weariness is,—weariness that exhausts soul and body, heart and life, till he has been at least six months a *soldier in the field*; where there is no home, no friendship and love, and no social life, where there is no civil law and peaceful rule, where there is no Sabbath, and in the hearts and on the tongues of men, unless profanely, no God; where there is no safety, but life is daily in jeopardy. Then add to this condition of things, all the privations and labors, the trials to the flesh, the troubles of things that are, and the fear of what may be, these, one and all, bring a sense of weariness that must be *experienced* to be known.

Now through this crucible passing, one is fitted to understand what *rest* means. Let Uncle Samuel decree for one a "leave of absence," and let him fly to the scenes his heart yearns for. First, he is at *home*, and that is rest into which heart and soul enters as never before: There everything is sweet and clean, and that indeed is rest. He lies down and sleeps in sweet, clean sheets. He has slept long on the ground or anywhere. Ah! this is rest. Home sounds are in his ears, and thrill his soul. Loving kisses burn upon his lips. Little hands cling to his own, and all above, around, within, bids him *rest*. He obeys. His soul rests.

The Sabbath comes—(so long unknown). Its very peace and holy quiet bid him rest. Its bells invite to high and holy rest. He goes up again to the house of God, and as he goes, love and confidence greet him. He enters the sanctuary, (all the more precious if it be *his own dear church*, and *his own loved pulpit*—one only spot on earth more precious)—its praises, its prayers, its solemn throng, all bid him rest, and peace, like a deep rolling river, fills his soul.

But twenty days' leave is gone like a dream, and I am on my way again to the front. Before this letter reaches you, you will have heard that Wilson's Cavalry has gone from "its late camp," probably South, in search of the Confederacy. None can yet tell where. I wait a little here, for orders, not knowing by what route I shall be sent to the command. By the way, I judge that this expedition, under Major-General Wilson, must include nearly one-half of his Cavalry Corps, and that entire, cannot be short of forty thousand men, and this I believe to be the finest body of

cavalry in the world. Its appointments are as nearly perfect as may be. It goes to represent Uncle Samuel at the South.

MY FIRST AND LAST SABBATH IN THE ARMY.

Just before the golden haze of the last autumn came on, just after Sherman and Hood had decided the fate of Atlanta, I first joined my regiment—a novice in the art of soldiery, and ignorant of all the life and duties of an army chaplain. I found them camped temporarily away up among the hills, five or six miles east of Marietta, Georgia, and some fifteen north and west from the city of Atlanta.

The first day after my arrival, at evening, came the order to prepare for a six days' active scout. This was at the opening of Hood's great "flanking movement." (?) The command (i. e. the brigade) was rationed from Marietta, and foraged from the surrounding corn fields, and on Saturday morning, one of the last days in September, 1864, we marched, my first day's march. From the early morning, we halted but once (about half an hour) till 9 o'clock P. M. The last four or five hours' march was performed in a heavy storm of rain, and when we halted we were ordered to make coffee, but not to unsaddle, as we were close upon a heavy body of the enemy's cavalry. Heavy pickets were posted, and, after a little reconnaissance, we fed our tired beasts and lay down upon the ground to rest.

As we had no tents over us, the rain of the night disturbed our rest. But protecting ourselves as well as we could, and, as I discovered, as only soldiers learn how to do, we passed the night, sleeping soundly. Morning found us somewhat rested, and the entire command, except pack mules and baggage of camp, were ordered to scour the region some eight or ten miles in advance, and ascertain what force of the enemy was there. After a hard day's work, with some skirmishing, the men returned at 3 o'clock P. M. and bivouacked for the night. Just before the sun went down the bugle was sounded in front of the head-quarters of the regiment, and the men came about me to the number of three or four hundred, and as they sat on the ground or upon logs and stumps about me, I spoke to them for the first time of Christ the dying Lamb. The regiment had been in the field two years and upwards, and, with perhaps two or three exceptions, in all that time had enjoyed no religious service. The evening was pleasant, the sun came out and smiled upon the scene; the air was mild and balmy, and as our voices went out in songs of praise, and our hearts went up in grateful worship to God, the whole scene became to us very sweet and impressive. Many a tear stood upon the face and told of a heart of stirring sympathies within. It was a breaking of the monotony of camp life. It carried many back to other and peaceful days, and to all it was a delightful hour.

So passed my first Sabbath in the army—in the morning, all was hurry; at noon, there was active skirmishing; and as the evening closed in, we were all united in the worship of our Father and our God.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

On the very summit of one of the high hills (almost high enough to be called mountains) near Gravelly Springs, Ala., and very near the State line between Alabama and Mississippi, and only a few miles south of the south line of Tennessee, was the camp of the 4th Michigan Cavalry. It was on the right bank of the Tennessee River, and almost the centre of General Wilson's Cavalry Corps.

In January last, this whole region was a ragged, woody, forbidding wilderness, and one might hardly have expected that in a single month these neighboring hills would be converted into so many populous cities; but so it was, and occupying eight different peaks or hill-tops, were the eight different regiments of our (the 2d) division.

Our hill was the one of peculiar interest, for this for the time was *our city*, our home. Here, in a few days, the forests had melted away, and the soldiers' houses (log huts, with canvass roofs and mud chimneys,) appeared. The brush was burned, the ground thoroughly plowed, and soon our city was indeed quite inviting. Cleanly, neat, and orderly, to the eye of a soldier it became decidedly attractive. But the finishing stroke to our camp city was the *erection of a chapel*. With a detail of soldiers, I went into the woods, and felled trees and drew them to a conspicuous spot, the most elevated and commanding in all the camp, on the extreme left of our parade ground, and there we built a log cabin, 22 by 33 feet in size, and covered it with a canvass roof, furnished us by the Christian Commission. From the trees we split out slabs and made seats. We went to a saw-mill in the vicinity and drew loads of saw-dust, with which we carpeted the chapel. We covered the ends with shakes which we made from the logs, and when all was done, we had a chapel, which from the first we began to love. Here, from the first day, we came together to praise and pray. In camp, the men were employed generally through the day, but every evening found a goodly number in our little chapel.

Thus God was with us, and his favor helped us. Our continuous service now held until the 26th of February. This was my last Sabbath in camp. In the morning we met for a preaching service, and had a happy waiting before God. Then at 3 P. M. the chapel was full again; and at that hour fifty-three sol-

diers of our command stood up and covenanted together before God to be thenceforth soldiers of the cross of Christ, and together we commemorated the dying love of our Lord. In the evening we met again and spoke familiarly of our hopes, and fears, and duties. We lay down that night feeling that the day would long be remembered.

Late in the night of that Sabbath, perhaps at midnight, an orderly rode up to head-quarters, bringing orders. After he had gone, we quietly called out to the adjutant—"What orders?" He replied, "We move on the 28th"—this was the 26th. Our heart was sad. Then our meetings were at an end. But no complaining. We are here to do military duty, not to lie at ease. So on the morning, though it pained our hearts, we took off the roof of our dear little chapel, and prepared to march. Everybody *guesses* but nobody *knows* where.

I had held a leave of absence in my pocket some four or five weeks, which I had not used, because while the command was in camp I could work—this was my harvest time. So I remained that I might work. Now that my particular work was done, I might run home to look after interests there that were very precious.

I have seen home; enjoyed its soul-refreshing rest a few days—like a bright dream of an hour—so now, as I halt, with the harness on again, I am writing a word.

My brother, ere you shall hear from me again, or I shall see another number of your welcome sheet, may the first glad notes have gone forth—the notes of joy—a nation emancipated—a nation free, and peace come again.

C. S. A.

P. S. Since I wrote you last I have found another proof of the *loyalty* (?) of Kentucky. On the 8th inst., while on my way home in the cars, at 12 o'clock P. M., a black and threatening night, I was startled out of a sleep by a volley of musketry opened upon the train. The train was long, and heavily loaded with passengers, and fearful were the moments as volley after volley, from probably twenty-five guns, were poured in upon us, and the rattling of glass and splintering ceilings told how critical was our position. A few guards on the cars promptly returned the fire. This temporarily checked that of Kentucky's loyal sons; but presently we observed a new trouble. These loyal citizens had kindly set fire to a bridge just before us. But our engineer, nothing daunted, slowly crept up to the fire with the train, and finding that it had not yet much injured the bridge, crowded slightly upon the heap of burning rails. They yielded, and were so displaced that we went on across, carrying some of the burning rails between the bars of the "cow-catcher," till we reached Elizabethtown, a distance of some three miles. Thus we escaped robbery, at least; and probably those of us who chanced to wear the Federal uniform, (towards whom these citizens seem particularly attached), the fate of our lamented brothers, Sherk and McCormick.

I trust that a righteous God will deal justly with Kentucky. Surely his mercy to us was signal on that dismal night—in that, among so many passengers, no serious casualty occurred.

Editor's Table.

SPURGEON. Sermons of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. Eighth series. New York, Sheldon & Co. 12mo., pp. 372. For sale by Smith, English & Co.

This new series of sermons from the popular author are characterized with the same freshness of thought, the same simplicity, directness, and earnestness of style, and the same homely and effective treatment of the great truths of the evangelical system, which have made the name of Spurgeon so justly famous and honored in the Church. There is also the added notoriety of prolonged controversy attaching to some of these sermons, the first being the famous discourse on Baptismal Regeneration. From the second discourse we take an extract which will be felt to be peculiarly appropriate at this time in our city.

CHILDREN BROUGHT TO CHRIST.

Dear little one, Jesus will not despise your lisping, nor will his servant keep you back. Jesus calls you; come and receive his blessing. If any of you say a word to keep the young heart back, Jesus will be displeased with you. Now I am afraid some do that; those, for instance, who think that the gospel is not for little children. Many of my brethren, I am sorry to say, preach in such a way that there is no hope of children ever getting any good by preaching. I cannot glory in learning or eloquence, but in this one thing, I may rejoice, that there is always a number of happy children here, who are quite as attentive as any of my audience. I do love to think that the gospel is suitable to little children. There are boys and girls in many of our Sabbath-school classes down below stairs who are as truly converted to God as any of us. Nay, and if you were to speak with them about the things of God, though you should get to the knotty points of election and predestination, you would find those boys and girls well taught in the things of the kingdom; they know free will from free grace, and you cannot puzzle them when you come to talk about the work of Jesus and the work of the Spirit, for they can discern between things which differ. But a minister who preaches as though he never wanted to bring children to Christ, and shoots right over the little ones' heads, I do think Jesus is displeased with him. Then there are others who doubt whether children ever will be converted. They do look upon it as a thing likely to happen, and whenever they hear of a believing child, they hold up their hands at the prodigy, and say, "What a wonder of grace!" It ought to be, and in those churches where the gospel is simply preached, it is as common a thing

for children to be converted as for grown-up people to be brought to Christ. Others begin to doubt the truth of juvenile conversions. They say, "They are very young—can they understand the gospel? Is it not merely an undervalued emotion, a mere profession?" My infantile emotion, a mere profession?" My infantile emotion, you have no more right to suspect the sincerity of the young than to mistrust the gray-headed; you ought to receive them with the same open-breasted confidence with which you receive others when they profess to have found the Saviour. Do, I pray you, whenever you see the faintest desire in your children, go down on your knees, as your servant does, when the fire is almost out, and blow the spark with your own breath; seek by prayer to fan that spark to a flame. Do not despise any godly remark that a child may make. Do not puff thy child up on account of the goodness of the remark, lest you make of him vain, and so injure him, but do encourage him; let his first little prayers be noticed by you; though you may not like to teach him a form of prayer—I shall not care if you do not—yet teach him what prayer is; tell him to express his desires in his own words, and when he does, join ye in it, and plead with God on his behalf, that your little one may speedily find true peace in a Saviour's blood. You must not, unless you would displease my Master, keep back the smallest child that longs to come to Christ.

HAPPY VOICES. New Hymns and Tunes, with Many Popular and Sterling Old Ones, for the Home Circle and Sabbath Schools. Published by the American Tract Society, New York. For sale by L. N. Thissell, 929 Chestnut Street. Pp. 176.

An excellent collection, worthy of the general attention of Sabbath-school teachers and choristers. The pieces furnished by Rev. A. A. Graley, comprising both words and music, are gems in both respects. The deep evangelical tone of the words, and their eminent adaptiveness to awake and cherish serious thoughts in the minds of children, appear also in the music, both parts of the piece seeming to have flowed in one gush from the mind and singing heart of the accomplished author. The variety of pieces is very great. We notice among other novelties, the Turkish national air, as sung by Rev. H. H. Jessup, arranged to the favorite words, "Just as I am." It makes a very substantial long metre tune with a certain richness and gravity about it, likely to give it a permanent place in our musical collections.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN AND THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, April, 1865. Contents: The Westminster Assembly, by Philip Schaff, D. D.; The Messiah's Second Advent, by Edwin F. Hatfield, D. D.; Missionary Interference at the Hawaiian Islands; The Government of the Primitive Church, by George Sidney Camp, Esq.; Queen Candace: Acts viii. 27, by I. C. M. Laurent; The Hymns of the Church, by Henry Harbaugh, D. D.; Schelling on the Characteristics of the Different Christian Churches; Duns Scotus as a Theologian and Philosopher, by Dr. I. E. Erdmann, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Halle; Exegesis of Rom. ii. 18, and Phil. ii. 10, by Rev. F. A. Adams; Criticisms on Books; Theological and Literary Intelligence; Ecclesiastical Record.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, March. Contents: The Right Honorable William Gladstone; William Blake; Miss Majoribanks, Part II.; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's Poems; Guy Neville's Ghost; Etoniana, Ancient and Modern, Part II.; The Tuft Hunter; Piccadilly, an Episode of Contemporaneous Autobiography, Part I. NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE UNION TEMPORARY HOME FOR CHILDREN, read before the Society January 26, 1865.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE, March 31, 1865. Contents: Passages from the Life of a Philosopher; Evely Woman of the Family, Part XVI.; Oliver Chester Don Carlos and Philip II.; Angophobia; How Ireland was Governed in the Sixteenth Century; Professor Wilson; Poetry; Short Articles.

THEOLOGICAL ECLECTIC, March. Edited by George E. Day. Contents: How to Use the Gospels; The Christian Church and Social Improvement.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, February, 1865. New York, Leonard Scott & Co. Contents: The Rise and Progress of the Scottish Tourist; Epigrams; Spain; Tests in the English Universities; Typography of the Chain of Mont Blanc; Essays in Criticism; The Holy Roman Empire; John Leech.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, and of its Contributions to Popular Education in the United States.

THE UNION TEMPORARY HOME FOR CHILDREN, located at the N. E. corner of Poplar and Sixteenth streets, has recently issued its NINTH ANNUAL REPORT, from which we learn, that at the commencement of the year, the institution contained seventy children, thirty of whom were the children of soldiers. Notwithstanding a visitation of one of the most malignant of diseases, only one child died in the Home last year. The affectionate and faithful care of the matron, Mrs. Eliza Mallory, is referred to in the Report as, under God, the means of securing this happy result.

Under the special pecuniary difficulties of the times, the HOME has not been without special experiences of the liberality of its friends. Mr. Robert Rathbun gave them fifty-five tons of coal, which the Reading Railroad carried free of charge. Mr. E. W. Clark, one of the Board of Counsel, and Treasurer of the Board, offers \$1,000 towards extinguishing the mortgage of \$10,000 on the property, provided the remaining \$9000 can be raised. The receipts of the year were \$5,350 85. Expenditures \$4,982 67. Balance \$368 18. Mr. John C. Farr is President of the Board of Counsel, and a large number of the best Christian ladies and gentlemen of various denominations are engaged in the management.