

Correspondence.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND'S LETTER FROM SCOTLAND.

GREENOCK, SCOTLAND, Aug. 17, 1866. We landed safely at Greenock last Saturday morning, and drove at once to the country residence of Mr. John Anderson, who had kindly invited us to share his hospitality. It is on a high eminence in one of the most charming localities on the Firth of Clyde. Ben Lomond, and the far-famed "Cobbler and his wife," and the mountains around, as the lights and shadows chase each other up and down their lofty sides, have presented a constantly changing panorama, which it has been most delightful to gaze upon. It only needs a few snow-capped mountains in the distance, to make you believe that you are looking across Lake Luzerne, in Switzerland.

This morning I witnessed a scene six miles across the firth which I shall not soon forget. The heavy clouds enveloped the mountain-tops, and well nigh shrouded the numerous villages which dotted the landscape. All at once, a black, lowering cloud, which overshadowed one of these, broke away and allowed the cheerful sun to pour his enlivening beams over the whole village. In a few minutes an immense rainbow, seemingly half a mile in width, shed its radiance upon that favored spot. From the high eminence upon which I stood it was the only bright place which I could discern.

It at once struck me as a beautiful illustration of what we sometimes behold in the spiritual world. How often have God's servants looked out from Zion's high watch-towers, upon villages after villages, and seen nothing but dark clouds of sin and wickedness hovering over them. Anon, at a time when they least expected it, the black clouds have parted, the sunlight of God's truth has burst upon them, bringing life and peace to sin-laden souls, converting the damp mists of sorrow, which chilled their hearts, into rainbows of hope. But while no reason could be assigned why this village should be selected from among the rest to receive such crowning beauties, yet I cannot but believe that spiritual blessings are the result of earnest prayer and effort on the part of God's people.

When Dr. Edw. D. Griffin was settled in Connecticut, one Saturday morning he looked from his study window upon the villages where the Holy Spirit was being poured out in great power, while the sins of his own people seemed to hang like a heavy cloud over all his parish. He felt he could not have it so. He longed to see the children of God repenting of their sins, and the light of God's truth illuminating the darkened hearts of the guilty.

He fell upon his knees, and in agony prayed: "O, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down." He had confidence in God that the prayer would be answered, and so it was, for the next day he "so spoke that a great multitude believed." It is said that forty men followed him that Sabbath morning to his study, asking, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Yesterday we paid a visit to Glasgow, O, what hallowed associations came upon me as I entered its streets! How many of its churches reminded me of that wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit in 1861, when such multitudes were led to Christ! As I passed the City Hall, I could but think of the time when three or four thousand used to flock there to hear the word of life. The day was delightfully spent in calling on old friends.

As I entered the house of Professor Hetherington, whose works are so well known on the other side of the Atlantic, I was saddened not to hear his welcome voice. I had seen, in the American papers, that he had gone to his reward; but how much more deeply I felt it as I stood in the room of his own house, where we had enjoyed so many sweet hours of converse with regard to the advancement of the Lord's work in Glasgow and Scotland.

Mrs. Hetherington kindly gave me his photograph. I could but think of the following hymn which he wrote for a hymn-book of mine, published five years since:—

THE DEPARTING SOUL.

See, the sun is sinking fast; Now his daily course is past; But the clouds around him cast— How beautiful their gleam.

He sets, but not in endless night; In other skies he rises bright; To speed along his glorious flight With warm, rejoicing beam.

So sinks the soul, life's journey o'er, Earth all behind, heaven all before; No sins, no griefs to cloud it more; It sets again to rise.

It will arise again to shine, With radiance pure and all divine, Reflected, Lord, from smiles of Thine In heaven's eternal skies.

At twelve o'clock we attended the daily noonday prayer-meeting, which has been continued for some eight years. All seemed glad to hear of the work of the Lord in America.

At four, we had the pleasure of dining at Dr. Patterson's of Free St. Mark's, with the Rev. James Gall of Edinburgh, who has done so much to organize movements for the spread of the Gospel in Scotland. His book called "Immediate Salvation," has done much to teach the "show of heart," that saving faith in the Lord Jesus makes the believer at once a "new creature." This doctrine,

you know, the natural heart is very unwilling to receive.

In the evening we went to hear Joshua Poole, in the Wynd Church. The fact that in the *Sword and Trowel*, edited by Spurgeon, a long article is devoted to an account of his labors, shows that he is attracting attention. He belongs to that numerous class from among workingmen, whom, like Richard Weaver, God has raised up to assist in "excavating the sunken masses." He has been taken by the hand by men of education and standing like Newman Hall of London. I believe there are many such men in America, who, if they were encouraged, would be enabled to do a great work for the Master. There are numerous organizations in this country to look after such men. They, like "Apollos," though "eloquent and mighty in the Scriptures," also need some Aquila and Priscilla to expound upon them "the way of God more perfectly."

We found the church filled with men in their working clothes, and women, half of them with no bonnets, but all eager to catch every word of "Fiddler Joss," as they call him. He knows how to get hold of the "roughs," and to lead them to Jesus; and he does this. And though I found him constantly using bad grammar, yet I could not help praying God to bless his earnest words. Wherever he goes the Spirit of God attends his efforts. There is not much connection in what he says, but the masses listen, and many of them are led to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

LETTER FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

Vox Populi converging toward Vox Dei—Progress of Healthy Public Sentiment—Rebel Preachers rousing against Wind and Tide—Fruits of the War not to be Lost—Purchase of Rogersville Female College for \$15,000—Steps taken to endow an Institution of Learning for the Colored People—Holston Presbytery, Old School—Revival Meetings—Joining the Wrong Side, etc., etc.

MARYVILLE, E. TENN., August, 1866. MR. EDITOR:—After ranging pretty well over East Tennessee, I think I can report that the vox populi is approximating nearer the vox Dei. The spirit of the Civil Rights bill is becoming more and more the spirit of the people. The magnificent system of flanking which is going on in the political world, is having a marked effect upon the masses. Governor Brownlow has stood up so heroically for the right, and the manifest tendency of the President to champion the rebel cause in the South, bearing such fruits as the bloody work at New Orleans, has excited the apprehensions of the masses to such a degree, that a marvellous and hopeful change is taking place in every county in this section of the State. Thousands who a few weeks since were almost afraid of the term radical, now see clearly that it is safer and better to be radically right than radically wrong, and they will stand two to one with Congress. The rebel Methodist and rebel Old School Presbyterian ministers are finding it an up-hill business to rally any considerable number in East Tennessee around their Confederate and treason-defending banner. They are entrenching themselves at Bristol for an advance westward, and attempting to rally at Chattanooga; but the majority of the people see through their strategy, and in view of the losses and woes of the last five years, they are slow to join the array whose banner is unfolded to retrieve the fortunes of a "Lost Cause."

Our ministers and churches are standing firm. The melancholy backward movement of our Cumberland Presbyterian brethren at their last General Assembly, makes a temporary wavering in one part of our line, but the loyal forces are massed for victory, and our Northern friends may rest assured that, with a favoring Providence, we are determined not to lose the legitimate fruits of the war. THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN has been doing us good service in its clear, clarion ring for justice as well as mercy. Such men as Col. Netherland for the time being are lost to us, but other men, good and true, take their places.

ROGERSVILLE FEMALE COLLEGE. As the rebel element seemed anxious to get hold of this important school in Upper East Tennessee, a Presbyterian Convention was called at Knoxville, to take such action as seemed best in the premises, and a committee was appointed to buy it and place it under the care of our Synod. The building, which is one hundred and eighty feet long, with grounds attached, cost \$32,000, but we purchased the whole for \$15,000; and when the Synod meets, it will take some steps to secure the balance of the funds needed, and to employ a competent corps of teachers. We felt that it would be damaging to our Church at Rogersville, and to all our interests in that region, to have the institution pass into unfriendly and disloyal hands, and hence, believing our action would be approved, we purchased it. I felt the more interest in it personally, as I helped to lay the cornerstone of the College, and for nine years labored to build up the institution, until it became one of the most successful female seminaries in all the South.

The Convention felt that its duty would not all be done without taking some steps to secure a high school or college for the education of the colored people, and hence a memorial was sent up to the Synod with reference to this matter, and there is little doubt but the brethren will take some action, when they meet, to further this end. The United Presbyterians have been conducting a Freedmen's Mission School in Knoxville, Tenn., for two years,

where they have enrolled one thousand six hundred pupils, and taught one thousand to read, and four hundred to write; but a college is needed for the people somewhere in East Tennessee, where they may pursue a course of thorough instruction, and where the expense of living may be such as to place an education within their reach. The number of Presbyterian churches we are forming among the colored people, calling for a colored ministry, imposes upon us the duty of providing for them so far as we may be able.

HOLSTON PRESBYTERY, OLD SCHOOL.

The last Old School General Assembly recognized this Presbytery, and Rev. Messrs. Vance, Rankin and Aiken as composing it. These brethren met a few days since at Mr. Vance's church in this county and marked out their boundaries and their work. Few churches were represented, but they were of the true blue. They have stood the test nobly during the fiery trials of the civil war, and merit immortal honor. Mr. Vance, it is said, was the only ordained Old School minister in East Tennessee who did not drift into the rebellion. He could not see that it was his Christian duty to preach in favor of perjury, piracy and treason, and he has come out of the furnace of trial unscathed. His wife has been teaching a colored Sabbath-school at her house for over twelve months—and her name deserves to be written high upon the roll of Christian benefactors.

I have aided our Methodist brethren at several revivals during the month. The meetings were productive of manifest good. At one, I inquired of a young miss, perhaps fifteen years of age, if she was a member of the Church, and she replied that "she had joined, but her mother (a rebel) had told her she had joined the wrong side, that she ought to have joined the Methodists South." As an offset to this, I may mention the religious experience of another rebel in a different neighborhood, who, when asked to give the evidence of her conversion, replied: "That she loved everybody now; that she loved even the Yankees." The case was so peculiar and exceptional that any doubt of her regeneration was at once removed.

I have just returned from a pleasant sacramental meeting at Kingston. The meeting was one of more than ordinary interest. Backsliders were reclaimed and returned to do their first works, sinners converted, many awakened, and the church greatly encouraged. Rev. Thos. Brown is preaching to them part of the time, and as he has labored amongst them, more or less, for nearly forty years, he has a strong hold on their confidence and love. You will remember him as the Commissioner of Kingston Presbytery to our last General Assembly.

Maryville College will open the first Wednesday of September. Rev. T. J. Lamar, of long and tried standing among our people, will form the classes, and give all his energy to the work of building up the Institution. As students flock around him, other teachers will come to his aid.

We mourn with you the decease of Rev. Dr. Brainerd. His death brings sorrow to all our hearts.

Yours very truly, SAMUEL SAWYER.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. BRAINERD, DELIVERED AT THE FUNERAL OF REV. DR. KENNARD, JUNE 28, 1866.

The family of Dr. Kennard, having secured a phonographic report of the funeral services of their father, send to the widow of Dr. Brainerd the report of Dr. B.'s remarks on that occasion. The writer, in sending the report, says:—"I have copied it, knowing that it will be valued by them, not only as words lately spoken by the dear departed, but also because they were singularly applicable to himself. Surely they were congenial spirits. My father, in the home circle, used frequently to speak in loving words of Dr. Brainerd. It has been well said: 'What a glorious meeting in that bright world was granted these saints of God.'"

The brother who has just taken his seat complains of the poverty of human language; but that does not concern us to-day. We assemble within these walls, this great crowd to-day, not to listen to what men can say, but to meditate upon what God hath done.

God hath taken away very much from his poor servants, to-day, the responsibility of instruction, and hath himself undertaken the work of his own solemn and touching providence.

We are all oppressed as we come here, because nothing we can say will approximate to the delicacy of the obligation which has brought us together.

I suppose that my presence here to speak is to be attributed to the fact, that I am among the oldest ministers of the city, and that I belong to a different denomination from that to which the departed belonged.

I met Dr. Kennard twenty-nine years ago at the death-bed of one of his relatives, when he and I were in the prime of early manhood. I have known him ever since, not, perhaps, as the brethren of his own denomination might know him, for I have seldom met him in the field of his own specific denominational labor, but I have met him often and almost everywhere in the city where there was a general council of the people of God for well-doing, or an office of prayer for descent of the Holy Spirit; and I would say here, while I endorse everything that has been said of Dr. Ken-

nard, "I feel bound to express my special admiration of the man that was loyal ever to his own denomination, zealous ever of doing good through its medium, yet ready on all occasions and everywhere with a living love and charity to combine for good with all that love the Lord Jesus. Our departed brother was a great man. With God, greatness is goodness, and that is the highest nobility of a human life that best accomplishes life's noblest purposes. You will remember that in St. Paul's, in London, over one of the large doors is the name of Christopher Wren, the architect of that noble pile; and under it is the inscription: "If you ask for his monument, look around you." I might say with regard to this temple, reared with sacrifice and labor, "Here is his monument." I might say of the prevalence in this city of a higher moral tone everywhere, "This is his monument." I might say of these hundreds that are gathered here, that look on him as a spiritual father, and who, as he rises before them, cry, as Elisha cried, "My father, my father!"—"These are his monuments." I might say of the encouragement he has given us all of every denomination, of the strength he has imparted to every good cause among us, "These are the abiding monuments of this good man." We have sorrow here to-day, my brethren; those of us who are advanced in life can ill afford to part with companions who have walked long and lovingly with us. We have sorrow here to-day, for earth can ill afford to lose one who so faithfully exhibited God's truth, and who so persistently besought the Holy Spirit to give a moral resurrection to the dead. We sorrow to-day that, while the world so much needs such a man, he no longer stands by our side. That which has made heaven brighter has made earth darker, and yet the Judge of all the earth doth right. But while we sorrow to-day, it is with a very alleviating sorrow. I confess I can hardly imagine a history more perfect. To have given his heart to God in the freshness of his early youth—to have entered early, sufficiently and earnestly on the ministry of Jesus—to have had general health for labor, almost constant success in winning souls—to have a temperament so amiable as to have the love of all—to have preached the Gospel from the freshness of youth until gray hairs—and then to have died with the harness on at the end of a happy and useful life in his own dwelling, surrounded by those that love him—with a cherished son trained by his fidelity to preach the Gospel when the father's lips were silent—to have died with the love of Christ and in charity with mankind—to have died without pain, and then to be followed with the tears of the good and the benedictions of the lovers of Christ—Ah! there can be nothing better than this that this poor earth can give. You know I make no pretence to any particular charity. I am a thorough Presbyterian, but I never speak in a Baptist Church without some very tender reminiscences.

When I was a little boy, nine years old, I stood by the dying bed of a pious mother, an old-fashioned regular Baptist, who blessed me before departing, and said in my hearing, "I take my staff and travel on to fairer worlds on high." Brother Kennard has gone from these weeping children, these touched and grieved church members, these loved brethren, to that fairer world on high, where—

"The pilgrim reposes, the fields are all green, Where day never closes, or clouds intervene. O! the sights that they see there, Such as eye hath not seen; O! the songs that they sing there, With hosannas between."

We give to our Baptist brethren, on this occasion, our sympathies in the loss of their faithful brother. We give to God our thanks for his usefulness, and we surrender our brother to that world above.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL IN VIRGINIA.

MR. EDITOR:—I think your readers would all have been much interested in a Sabbath-school which met during the last year in a barn, in Princess Anne county, Va. A gentleman from New York, having purchased a large tract of land in this county, a few miles from Norfolk, found it necessary to employ fifty families of colored people in its cultivation. Their little whitewashed cabins, each with its own patch of "roastin' ears," its pig-pen and chicken-coop, give as pleasant an idea of plenty and happiness as ever could have been witnessed in slave life, and there is a look of ownership, of manly independence, in the dark faces of the father and mother, as they sit in their lowly door, that never could be seen save on the brow of a freeman.

Going forth to their daily toil, whether of sowing or reaping, or swinging the axe with giant strength, till the sturdy trees bow and fall, how much happier is the laborer in feeling that he is now "his own man."

Mr. — brought his family to reside on the plantation, and his wife, a lady of culture and refinement, at once began missionary work among the people. It needs but a short time spent among the negroes to discover that they possess many of the vices of the weak. Improvident, indolent and careless, they literally take no thought for the morrow. Many of them are very dishonest, and if it were not sad, it would be ludicrous to see the facility with which very young children steal. But they are docile, affectionate, patient, and apt to learn the truths of God, when taught by

those who teach in His fear. In a few weeks, this lady had caused herself to be regarded, by old and young, as a friend. To her came the aged woman to seek relief for the "miserable" in her head or breast, or the "mighty painful" rheumatism in her limbs. The younger ones also come for sympathy in their joys or sorrows, and even the little ones left their play to seek a smile or a kind word from "Mis' Manda," as they saw her approaching.

The barn was the only suitable place on the estate for the holding of the Sabbath-school; so benches were placed there, and the people were invited to come. A school of one hundred members was soon gathered, and the family resolved itself into a band of teachers. Mr. — took upon him the superintendent's office, and taught a Bible-class of men; his wife took charge of a large similar class of women; their sons also entered upon the work, and other members of the family were pressed into the service. Even little Joe, a bright boy of ten, became a volunteer in the school, and patiently taught their letters to a little group of round-eyed woolly-headed urchins.

These people, for years debarred from learning, seemed really hungering for knowledge. Harriet, a tall, strong woman with a stride like a man's, and a man's strength in her sturdy arms, and a woman who had been a field-hand all her life, and who despised the lighter tasks of the house, will perform her six days' work in the field as vigorously and well as any masculine co-laborer, and come on the Sabbath afternoon with her lesson of twenty-five or thirty verses perfectly learned. Without prompting, or assistance of any kind, she can to-day recite chapter after chapter in a manner that shows her comprehension of their meaning. She is but one of many. Very few fail in learning the appointed lesson, and many take pride in committing so much, that time fails to hear their recitations.

The singing in this rural Sabbath-school is not so scientific as in some of our metropolitan schools; but what it loses in skill, it makes up in vim and music. When the voices of old and young are lifted in one of their mournful refrains, the roof rings; and the sound, swelling through the open doors and out into the air, seems caught up and echoed back by the bending tree-tops and the sighing winds, till it reaches the distant sky. The favorite hymn is that grand old battle song of the Christian, "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" and they sing it to a thrilling air of their own. The songs of the negro population, monotonous and sad, as many of them are, still suit well their dusky and pathetic faces, their sad history, and the memories of their race. Some of them are very jubilant, however, and have a certain ring of triumph in every trill and quaver.

On several occasions last winter, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk preached to these people, and his ministrations were received with evident gratitude. For the present, the school has been suspended, owing to the heat and the on-coming of the fever and ague season, from which the unacclimated little flock in that great chain of Sunday-schools, which is binding so many hearts in a golden circle, of which Jesus holds the clasp in the home above.

M. E. M.

Guitar's Cable.

THE GOSPEL TREASURY and Expository Harmony of the Four Evangelists. Compiled by Robert Mimpriss. James W. Trubshaw, New York.

There is certainly an exquisite pleasure felt when we are permitted to open the pages and examine the contents of a book like the "Gospel Treasury." The pleasure is both intellectual and moral in its character. There are all the qualities which thorough scholarship can impart, and connected with these, is the conviction that the work, lofty and ennobling in its purpose and aim, is fitted to accomplish much in giving to the attentive reader such clear and satisfactory views of the spirit and teachings of the "Four Gospels."

We have had many good books, of course, written on the same subject and with a similar design, but we do not remember seeing any as complete and perfect, and as well adapted to accomplish its end, as this. It is, indeed, a "Gospel Treasury." In every part of it there are indications that the work is the product of a mind that spared no labor or pains to make it what it ought to be.

Industry, and patience, and care, and prayer, and research are clearly visible on every page. To the Sabbath-school teacher and Bible student we would consider it indispensable. They should not be without it; and we are confident, could they but see and examine it, they would not consent to be without it. In its eight hundred and fifty-three pages there is as much material to awaken thought and to elucidate the Gospels as was ever, we honestly believe, compressed in the same space. While this is the case, it is also true that a faultless system is distinctly apparent in its arrangement, connected with wonderful accuracy and completeness of detail. After our examination of the work, we could readily understand with what propriety and truthfulness Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, of New York, could say, "that he considered it as one of the most valuable helps to a Sunday-school teacher or student that he had ever

seen." We fully concur with this high encomium. We would say to all, "Get the 'Gospel Treasury,'" for, as one has well said of it, "Every page is full of pearls." It can be obtained from the publisher in New York, or from Messrs. J. C. Garrigues & Co., No. 48 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES SCOTT, or "There's Time Enough," From the Religious Tract Society, London. Boston: Henry Hoyt, 15mo., pp. 158. Illustrated.

Deeply interesting and profitable in its lessons. The story of an orphan, falling into the hands of pious and excellent people in humble life, corrected in his early habit of procastination by some sad experiences, and led up, by his mechanical genius and diligence, with kind interpositions of Providence, from an humble position as a miner boy, to a high place as an engineer. Charles's piety, though marred often by the great defect spoken of, was forgiving and active, and led to good results among his companions. We cordially recommend the book as natural and healthful, and worthy a place in every Sabbath-school library.

TRUST; or, A Peep at Eaton Parsonage. By Mrs. Sarah A. F. Herbert. New York: A. D. F. Randolph, 18mo., pp. 190.

This little volume, from the pen of a valued contributor to our own columns, exhibits the marked excellence of the gifted writer in handling the salient features of life in the ministry, especially in its most frequent form of poverty, trial, and faithful self-denying labor for the souls of men. The inexhaustible contrivance of the Yankee housewife in the humble parsonage is most admirably depicted. Indeed, the severest criticism we have to record against the volume is the extreme improbability of many of the shifts in which the persevering wife is described as perfectly triumphant. They are worth reading as studies in domestic economy, in these hard times. The steady trust of the faithful wife under such circumstances as are here recorded, is equally worthy of study and imitation. The book wells the inquiry, now so pressing: Will the Church sustain her ministry? Or will she suffer it to languish and fall into inefficiency and disrepute, compared with other professions?

REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON RECONSTRUCTION.—We are indebted to Hon. Wm. D. Kelley for a copy of this elaborate and important report.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, June, 1866, American Edition. Re-publication of the London, Edinburgh, North British and Westminster Quarterly Reviews.—Contents: The Roman Element in Civilization; The Sea-Fisheries Commission; Venetian Relations; Rawlinson's Ancient Monarchies of the East; Colonial Policy in the Government of Colored Races; Edmond About; Disinfection. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, August, 1866, American Edition.—Contents: Nina Balata, the Story of a Maiden of Prague, Part II.; British America; Sir Brook Fossbrooke, Part XV.; Art Politics and Proceedings; The Nile; Cornelius O'Dowd; Stuart Mill again, or the Examiner Examined; A Review of the Continental War; The New Ministry. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

THE THEOLOGICAL ECLECTIC. Bimonthly.—This periodical, formerly of Cincinnati, now published in New York, has for editor, Prof. Geo. E. Day, of Yale Theological Seminary, and associate editors, Drs. Schaff, Hackett, McClintock, Green, of Princeton, C. M. Butler and Prof. L. J. Evans, of Lane Seminary. The contents of the September and October number are: Stanley on Hebrew Kings and Prophets, from the *Contemporary Review*; Character of Jesus Christ, from the *Revue Chrétienne*; John Tauler, from *Le Temoignage*; The Old Church of Ireland, *Fortnightly Review*; Samaritan Manuscripts, *Athenaeum*.

TAX-PAYER'S GUIDE; Stamp Tax of 1866, Pocket Edition; Revenue Stamp Tax, 1866, Card Edition. Published by A. Winch, 505 Chestnut street, at 15, 10, and 15 cents, respectively. Just what are needed by all business men.

GOOD WORDS, for August, edited by Norman MacLeod, D.D., contains: Madonna Mary; The Voyage, illustrated; Curious Forms of Fruits, illustrated; Lights in the Desert; Campagna of Rome, illustrated; Johanna Chandler; Sheldan and the Shetlanders; Holiness unto the Lord; Relief of Deserving Poor; Ruth Thornburg; or, The Old Maid's Story; Requiem.

SUNDAY MAGAZINE, Edited by Thomas Guthrie, D.D.—Contents: Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood, illustrated; Morning Meditation; Presence of Christ; Isabella Manricha and Vittoria Colonna; Unforgiving and Unforgiven; Hagar and Ishmael, illustrated; Bear and Forbear; A Working Congregation; In the Life of Our Lord; A Visit to Marie; A French Heroine, illustrated; Our Father's Business; Lazarus; A Visit to the Christians of Elba; Found among the Papers of a Young Man; Consider; Notes for Readers; Out of the Way. London and New York: A. Strahan & Co.

ILLUSTRATING IT.

Two French peasants were discussing the Continental war, when one attempted to explain to the other the nature of the telegraph. After repeatedly failing, he was struck with a brilliant notion, and exclaimed: "Imagine that the telegraph is an immense long dog—so long that its head is at Vienna and its tail at Paris, and it tread on its tail, which is at Paris, and it will bark at Vienna. Do you understand now, stupid, what the telegraph is like?" "O, yes," replied the other; "I have an idea, now, what a telegraph must be."