

Correspondence.

REV. MR. HAMMOND'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

VERONA, ITALY, Oct. 13, 1866. MY DEAR MR. MEARS:—Here we are in Italy again, and you will wonder why. I will tell you. We left Vienna for Constantinople on October 4th. We enjoyed the sail on the splendid American steamer down the broad Danube very much. In a few days we were hoping to have passed the borders of Bulgaria, where the light of the Gospel is beginning to penetrate into the darkness of heathenism, and to have shaken hands with our noble missionaries in the Turkish Empire. When we bought our tickets at Vienna, we were told there was no quarantine at Constantinople—that we could go there with no fear of the cholera; but soon after we reached Pesh, in Hungary, we received a telegram telling us that we could not enter Constantinople without suffering the terrible ordeal of quarantine. The accounts we had heard of what many had been obliged to endure, led us to resolve at once to turn back, in search of some other means of entrance to the promised land.

Our circuitous wanderings have led us more than once to think of the journey of the children of Israel; but we have not yet "murmured against the Lord."

Many travellers go from Vienna to Pesh to get some idea of the beauties of the Danube and to see the capital of Hungary. We enjoyed every mile of the route. We had letters of introduction to Rev. Mr. Koenig and Rev. Andrew Moody, two most earnest missionaries in Pesh. Their labors are more especially confined to the Jews. I told them the story of the conversion of the Jewish Chicago actor, Charles Ryder, who is now an ordained minister in Illinois. It was just the sort of a fact they wanted to circulate, in the shape of a tract, among the 40,000 Jews in this city of 100,000 population. At their request, I wrote it out in full, and it is my prayer that the Holy Spirit may use it to lead some of the lost sheep of the house of Israel to the feet of Jesus.

On Saturday, we spent an hour in a great synagogue of the city, which seats three thousand people. It was quite well filled. The men occupied the body of the house. At first sight, with their hats all on, they resembled a mass meeting. Though the high priest, part of the time, was reading from a large, ancient leather manuscript the Old Testament, yet I could not discover the least solemnity. At intervals they engaged in conversation all over the house. O, how my heart ached for that great audience of blinded Jews! If the holy Robert McChesney, in his journey to Palestine, had witnessed such sights, I don't wonder that he was so anxious to have missions established for the conversion of the Jews.

On Sabbath evening we heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Moody. He is a nephew of Rev. Moody Stewart, of Edinburgh. We were hungry for Gospel food, and we were well fed. I had met Mr. Moody in Scotland five years ago, and we found that in the same meetings we had sought to win souls to Christ. He gave his whole time up to us, and thus made our visit pleasant. Rev. Mr. Koenig took us out to his hospital. It is the only Protestant hospital in all Hungary. A band of Christian women, called *Deaconesses*, from his congregation, with a Christian man to superintend, take charge of the institution. It is a "Christian Commission" on a small scale. It ministers to both the temporal and spiritual wants of its inmates.

From Pesh we turned our steps back to Vienna, and thence to Salzburg, in the Austrian Tyrol. We found it one of the most beautiful cities we had seen. At the same hotel with us was Mr. Motley and his family, the American minister to Austria, the well-known author of the *Dutch Republic*. Also, the "Old Emperor," as he is called, arrived in grand state. He is, we were told, the grandfather of the present emperor of Austria. He abdicated during the revolution in 1848.

On the top of a high rock, is an old castle where, during the times of persecution, many were tortured to death. The very room is shown from which, "faithful unto death," they ascended to "receive a crown of life," saying, with Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." From Salzburg our way lay through a wild, Swiss-like country. Old castles from some lofty peak often frowned upon us. We found Innsbruck a beautiful city. It is 1753 feet above the sea. In the morning we saw what, at first sight, appeared to be an immense cloud, but in a moment we found it to be a mountain rising from the very outskirts of the city, nearly a mile in the air. Nothing in Switzerland, astonished and impressed us more deeply. In an old cathedral we saw the tomb of Maximilian I. The money with which it was constructed would erect a fine church in the United States. In the same church is a fine marble statue of Andre Hofen, who was such a terror to Napoleon I., slaying so many of his men in their attempts to penetrate into Austria by the Brenner pass.

At ten o'clock we started in a private carriage over the Breuner Alpine pass. It is not quite as high as the Splügen and some of the passes from Switzerland into Italy, but I think we enjoyed it as much. We had seventy-nine miles to

ride before reaching the railroad at Batzen. We spent the night, therefore, on the top of the mountain.

We meet thousands and thousands of Austrian soldiers returning from Italy. The wounded were riding in ambulances. Poor fellows, I pitied them, even if they had been seeking to crush Italy.

The sight of streams of water from the mountain tops reminded us of what we often saw in Switzerland. I think I spoke, in one of my hasty letters, of how these mountains, year after year, sending down never-failing refreshing streams, reminded me of Christians who live near to God, and who thus continually are a source of blessing to others. When thinking of this one day, I jotted down some lines in my note-book, which I venture to copy. The following texts of Scripture were also at the same time forcibly impressed upon me: "All my springs are in Thee." "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." "Jesus stood and cried, saying, if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me as the Scripture saith, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters." "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life."

Travellers mid the Alpine glade Oft are gladdened with the sight Of the joyous, bright cascade, Leaping from a wondrous height. To beholders it appears That, within but one brief hour, All their waters, dried like tears, Soon would cease the vale to shower.

Oft it seems a mystery Whence these waters ever flow; Still they bound as light and free, Never caring we should know. High up, almost in the sky, Are their rich but hidden springs, Whence they to the valleys fly, While all nature round them sings.

Thus the Christiana much with God, Watered with the heavenly dew, Brings from the divine abode Blessings that are fresh and new. He can ever truly say, "All my springs, Lord, are in Thee, Watering others every day; Still, my Father, water me."

If by Christ we're daily taught, We shall often hear his voice—"Without me ye can do nothing. Drink life's water and rejoice; For 'tis true that whoever Drinks of water that I give, He shall thirst again—no, never—Like a fountain he shall live."

Your brother in Christ, E. P. HAMMOND.

HOME EVANGELIZATION IN BOSTON. COMPARISON WITH PHILADELPHIA.

This subject is now engaging the attention of the Congregational evangelical churches of this city. They are holding church conferences, composed of pastors and lay delegates, to devise plans, ways and means to render their efforts more effectual than they have been for many years. They have had a "City Missionary Society" for a quarter of a century, through which they have operated, in their way. But Orthodox churches have diminished in number, and, as I stated in my last, they now are less by ten than they were fifteen years ago.

It seems the plan has been to employ missionaries, male and female, chiefly, if not wholly, laymen or women. These visit the poor and the needy, the sick and the perishing; talk with them upon religion, hold neighborhood meetings, encourage Sabbath-schools, and, also, give something for the use and comfort of the body. Now all this is very good; and there have been employed in doing it some of the best and most devoted men and women in the churches. But the whole measure has seemed to want one grand feature of the mission of the apostles and early Christians; to wit: the establishing of churches in these destitute fields. Hence, during all these years, the number of the churches has been diminishing, while it may well be doubted whether those remaining are stronger, or as efficient, even, as they were several years ago. If the churches would combine the plan pursued by the early disciples, and labor as they now do, and establish a place for preaching as well as teaching the children in Sabbath-schools in those destitute neighborhoods, they would be on the right track, and soon find the work of the Lord reviving. Respecting their operations, it may emphatically be said, "these ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

There are some things done better in Boston than in Philadelphia; but I do not believe home evangelization is one of them. Boston has better public schools, does more in the cause of temperance, is under better laws as respects licensing men to "put the bottle to their neighbor's mouth;" as it respects truant, vagrant children and rowdy, smoking, drinking, swearing boys, especially Sundays, on the corners of the streets, Boston truant officers and police take them off, while of the former kind of officers Philadelphia has none; and the latter stand still in one place, from which the boys know enough to keep away.

I have thought, sometimes, it would greatly improve both cities, if each would avoid the bad and adopt the good of the other. Boston has her Sunday cars, and as "intimated, is *loco loco*, behind Philadelphia. Why, good Matthias Baldwin, just gone to his reward, did more for home evangelization than all the evangelized denomination of Congregational churches here have done in the last twenty years. He may be said to have established at least four or five churches,

and aided many, very many more; and the way in which he did it was the only true apostolic way, and the only way ever known to succeed. He sent a minister to preach when he established a Sabbath-school; and soon there was a flourishing church. This was the case with the Olivet, the North Broad, the Tabor, and how many others I know not, of your denomination, all now large churches.

Boston Orthodox evangelization goes on another principle, namely, to establish a Sabbath-school and endeavor to bring the children and their parents, and such as go nowhere, into their large churches. This plan has always signally failed; and always will fail, because, in the first place, this class of people could never be drawn into these churches even "with a cart-ropes;" and, in the second place, the whole scheme savors too much of selfishness, or a desire to make our own established church "the hub."

It should be added, "the Old South" has established a mission church, and I am told there has been one such at "South End" within the last dozen years. But in that time so many have died that there are two less than there were then. Upon Mr. Baldwin's plan there might and ought to have been a dozen new ones now in a flourishing state.

I am well convinced that it will not make one shadow of a shade difference for me to write these things, for when any class of men have been running in one rut for thirty years, it takes some strength to get their wheels out, and these good people, in spite of experience, still believe it will come about right, and that all these Nothingarians will by some means be drawn in to fill their great houses and help pay their debts.

I do wish our good people, who seem now to be much moved upon this subject, would take a lesson in home evangelization from your city, and especially from your denomination in that city. Yours, &c., W. M. C.

LETTER FROM DR. TUSTIN.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER:—I am so much impressed with the touching tenderness of the following incident, that I cannot refrain from requesting you to give it a more widely extended circulation through the medium of your paper, believing that it will be alike acceptable and profitable to many of your readers, as I am free to say it has been to me:—

LIFE TOO SHORT FOR STRIFE. Charles Dickens relates the following of Douglas Jerrold.—Of his generosity I had a proof within these two or three years which it saddens me to think of now. There had been estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving angry words—and a good many months had passed without my ever seeing him in the streets, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the Strangers' room of the club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner, (I am sorry to remember and did not look that way.) Before we had long sat, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both hands in an engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you, "Let us be friends again. A life is not long enough for this."

Jerrold was not a Christian, but his conduct in this case was worthy of a Christian character. On a dying bed how insignificant will appear many things about which we contend in bitterness and wrath! Life is too short, its inevitable sorrows so many, its responsibilities so vast and solemn, that there is, indeed, no time to spare in abusing and maligning one another. Let not the sun go down on your wrath. Never close your eyes to sleep with your heart angry toward your brother and fellow-sufferer. See him and be reconciled if you can. If you cannot see him, write to him. If he is a true man and a Christian, he will listen. If he is not, you will have done right, and your soul will be bright with the sunshine of Heaven.

"Life is, indeed, too short for strife;" and yet there are cases in which it seems almost inevitable. The Rev. William Nevins, D.D., once a resident of the city of Baltimore; but now a denizen of the New Jerusalem, as I doubt not, related to me an incident which seems to be german to this intimation. The Rev. Dr. Glendy, also of the city of Baltimore, a very eloquent minister of our Church, and a warm admirer of President Jefferson and his politics, had an unfortunate controversy with several prominent members of his church, and when the excitement had reached the culminating point of an open opposition, the Rev. Doctor took occasion to read to his congregation that beautiful and instructive chapter, the 12th of Romans, and when he reached the verse which reads after this manner—"If it be possible as much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men"—he paused, and looking toward his opponents, who sat directly before him, he added with great and significant emphasis—"A plain intimation, my brethren, that it is not possible to live peaceably with some men."

It is, indeed, a lamentable fact, there are to be found, not only among the laity, but among the clergy also, those who seem to be made up of the odds and ends of fallen and depraved humanity, whose names are the synonyms of arrogance and incivility, and whose special mission seems to be to annoy and distract and destroy. The best we can do, in such cases, is to leave these men to enjoy the luxury of doing evil, while those who seek the things which make for peace, "pursue the even tenor of their way, not turning to the right hand or to the left in pursuit of game,"—as John Randolph, of Roanoke, once said to the members of Congress from Pennsylvania, who had assailed him,—"which will not repay the hunter's toll." But I am wandering. My object in

this note was simply to request the republication of the touching incident referred to above. I once was an eyewitness of a similar reconciliation between Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun in the Senate chamber of the United States, after a long period of painful alienation between those distinguished statesmen, brought about by an unguarded expression from Mr. Calhoun, in a moment of excitement during a debate in the Senate. Mr. Calhoun said to Mr. Clay, "You know, sir, I am your master," to which Mr. Clay, springing from his seat as if tossed by an elastic spring, replied—"You my master! You my master! I would not own you for my slave!" This, of course, produced a suspension of all friendly intercourse, through many long and weary months, if not years; which was finally adjusted in my presence very much in the style of the difficulty between Charles Dickens and Douglas Jerrold. I have a vivid recollection of all the incidents of that pleasant and touching interview between these two statesmen.

Very truly yours, *semper et ubique*, SEPTIMUS TUSTIN. WASHINGTON CITY, D. C. Oct., 1866.

SUNDAY TRAVEL.

REV. J. W. MEARS—Dear Sir:—The quiet, the orderly, and the thoughtful among us, owe a debt of gratitude to yourself and your estimable coadjutors for the energy by which you have secured to them another lease—may it prove a long one—of Sabbath tranquility. The bloody and desolating war from which we have but barely emerged, should have made us, if not penitent, at least reverent of the Divine hand that controls our affairs, and which, for our former contempt of the Divine behests, has, of late, so sorely punished us. It were natural to suppose that, while clad in the habiliments of mourning over graves that are scarcely yet become green; we would have hesitated for awhile at running into fresh transgression; that while days for thanksgiving and fasting are, from time to time, being formally proclaimed by our national and State authorities, the day set apart as sacred, by all the sanctions of Holy writ, would have been safe from our sacrilegious encroachments. But we seem, in our narrow escape from the direst calamities, to have imbibed the idea, that henceforth all is to be prosperous and fair, irrespective of our conduct, be it noble or vile.

Cowardice and ingratitude are conspicuous here, for assuredly no resolution to run the street cars through our city on the Sabbath would have been either moved or seconded, by the most sordid of our Skylocks, or the most forward of our infidels, on the day that the rebel Lee's army reached Gettysburg! The operators in this breach of the peace of our city are like those seamen who, in the hurricane, are brought in terror to their knees, but who, on its subsidence, return at once to their wonted profanity.

It is when base spirits feel themselves safe, not under impending danger, that they defy alike the opinion of man and the laws of God. But let all such be counselled not to forget that, however distant it may seem to them, a day of reckoning surely awaits the guilty; that both individuals and corporations of individuals, associated together for selfish and wicked ends, will be held as strictly to account as the nations, for national crime, and after our late bitter experience, few, we trust, are to be found ready to ignore either our national guilt, or the merited castigation it has brought down upon us. E. D. M.

NEGATIVE RELIGIONISTS.

There is a wide difference between negative and positive religion. The former will destroy the soul, while the latter only will save it. Those who belong to the negative school, comfort themselves with recounting sins which they do not practice. They boast:—

- 1. That they do not profane the Sabbath.
2. They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house.
3. They do not live without a form of prayer.
4. They do not take the name of God in vain.
5. They do not defraud their neighbor.
6. They are not seen on the race ground.
7. They do not frequent the theatre.
8. They do not sit down at the card table.
9. They are not drunkards.
While all this may be true, there are things required by God which they entirely overlook and neglect, and without which the soul cannot be saved:—
1. They do not love God
2. They do not experience his love shed abroad in the heart.
3. They have not received the gift of the Holy Ghost.
4. They have not surrendered their wills and hearts to the service of God.
5. They do not delight themselves in Him.
6. They do not esteem His word more than their necessary food.
7. They do not enjoy the peace of God which passeth all understanding.
8. They are not temples of the Holy Ghost.
9. They have not been born again of the Spirit.
10. They are not supremely concerned for the spread and triumph of the Gospel.
An old writer very aptly says:—"A hypocrite neither is what he seems, nor

seems what he is. He is hated by the world for seeming a Christian, and by God for not being one. On earth he is the picture of a saint, but in eternity the paint shall all be washed off, and he shall appear at the judgment in his own colors and deformity."

Guitar's Gable.

THE CONTROVERSY ON PSALMODY. ANNAN. A Vindication of the "Letters on Psalmody" from the strictures of John P. Pressly, D.D. By Wm. Annan. Pittsburgh: W. S. Haven, Jr. 18mo., pp. 144.

This dingy little book, which seems to carry an impress of the pitchy atmosphere amid which it was produced, in a sharp and vigorous discussion of Dr. Pressly's reply in the *U. P. Quarterly Review*, to a former volume of Mr. Annan, on the same topic. The whole subject is far from uninteresting or unimportant. The assumptions of our good Psalm-singing brethren are indeed intolerable, and their exclusiveness in barring hymn-singing Calvinists from their communion table, is a scandal to our common Calvinism, not to say Christianity. On the other hand, we honor all earnest attempts to guard any part of the worship of God from desecration by the introduction of unfit and unwarranted elements. On the one hand, it is altogether futile to attempt to give us a literal lyrical version of the Psalms, and it is an offence against every principle of good taste to force the barbarisms of Rouse upon the Christian congregations of our day; besides, the assertion that, of all inspired matter, and of all inspired poetry, the Psalms only are divinely appointed to be sung, cannot for a moment be sustained. On the other hand, the weak, sentimental, unworthy matter, that works its way into our modern hymn-books, often is enough to make the true worshipper sigh for a more rigid regime, which will hold the churches to the strong, direct, simple, earnest utterances of the inspired word, as a medium of praise; even at the sacrifice of some really valuable additions and enlargements by the Christian poets of later times. Mr. Annan's book is aimed against the extremes, to which our Psalm-singing brethren allow themselves to be carried. It shows that Rouse's version is not an inspired Psalmody; that there is no divine warrant for the exclusive use of the Book of Psalms, and it concludes by handling pretty severely some of Dr. Pressly's "personalities and misstatements" in the article referred to. Those interested in the discussion will not overlook this little brochure.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL APPARATUS.

TOMLINSON'S Improved Sabbath-school Library Record, designed for keeping an account of books distributed, and showing at a glance, first, the name and the Library number of those entitled to receive books from the Library; second, the number of each book taken out and the date when taken; third, the name and number of every book in the Library. Chicago: Tomlinson & Bros.

A compact, comprehensive and systematic record-book. Librarians will find their work simplified and aided greatly by this arrangement. Everything which is needed to be known, in order to the effective management of the Library, appears to have been provided for.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LANG'S COMMENTARY. The Acts of the Apostles. An Exegetical and Doctrinal Commentary, by Gottfried Victor Lechler, D.D., Ordinary Professor of Theology, and Superintendent at Leipzig, with Homiletical additions; by Rev. Charles Gerok, Superintendent at Stuttgart. Translated from the Second German Edition, with additions, by Charles F. Schaeffer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Philadelphia. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 8vo., pp. 480; \$5.

MARTIN. The Life and Times of Martin Luther. By W. Carlos Martin, author of the Life and Times of John Milton. American Tract Society, New York. 12mo., pp. 550; \$1.50.

SRIBL GREGY. A Year in the City. By the Author of the Huguenots in France. American Tract Society, N. Y. Square 16mo., pp. 264; 85 cts.

GRACIE'S VISIT. A Tale for the Young. From the London Religious Tract Society. American Tract Society, New York. 16mo., pp. 231; 75 cts.

PHIL KENNEDY. By H. N. N. American Tract Society, New York. 16mo., pp. 128; 50 cts.

VAUGHAN. Characteristics of Christ's Teaching. Drawn from the Sermon on the Mount. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster. London and New York: A. Strahan & Co. 18mo., pp. 307; \$1.50.

For sale by Smith, English & Co.

ANSTIE. Notes on Epidemics; for the use of the Public. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P. First American Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo., pp. 95.

MANNA FOR THE PILGRIM; OR, Readings for a Month, from various authors; Hewitson, McChesney, Adelaide, Newton and others. Selected and compiled by the author of "Drifted Snow Flakes." Philadelphia: J. Hamilton. 24mo., pp. 130.

DICK AND HIS CAT. An Old Tale in a New Garb. By Mary Ellis J. Hamilton, Phila. Square 18mo., pp. 91.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS. PARSON. How New York City is Governed. By James Parton. Reprinted from the North American Review. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Lippincott & Co. 16mo., pp. 48. Price 25 cts.

Any one wishing to know just how it would fare with our own city and with the whole country, if the disloyal, negro-hating, Irish Catholic party, calling itself Democratic, had the upper hand, need only to read this graphic and overwhelming description of the condition of the city, where they now have 46,000 majority, in a vote of about 120,000. Nothing more ought to be necessary to open his eyes. We regard the publication of this article, by Mr. Parton, the biographer of Burr, Andrew Jackson and Benj. Butler, as most timely, and as likely to be of special service to us, in Philadelphia, who are striving to maintain the Sunday laws of the Commonwealth. They are the best safeguard against a similar demoralization of our city.

gap, so difficult for the young student to pass, from his elementary reading book, to the regular course in the Latin classics. The teacher will find it so complete an apparatus in itself, as to leave almost nothing, in the way of drudgery, for him to do. It might be objected, however, that some more elementary grammar than Zumpt, should have been made the basis of the references in the notes.

CARLETON. Our Artist in Peru. [Fifty Drawings on Wood.] Leaves from the Sketch-Book of a Traveller during the Winter of 1865-'66. By Geo. W. Carleton. Author of Our Artist in Cuba, etc. New York: Carleton, Publisher. Square 8vo., pp. 50; \$1.50.

Very entertaining sketches are these; full of sly humor, and the result of close observation and graphic powers of description—charcoal sketches, we might call them, bringing out, in a few rude touches, many a complete picture of national manners, costumes, amusements, and especially the small discomforts of life in and on the way to Lima. The descriptions accompanying the drawings are mere sly hints, and the whole design of the book is mirth-moving; yet it cannot be denied, that as much information is conveyed, as in many a pretentious book of travels, and in a form much more easy to take. It is what we might call Object-teaching, facilitated by appeals to the sense of the ridiculous in the learner.

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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. GLXX. October, 1866. New York: Leonard Scott Publishing Co. Philadelphia: W. B. Zieber.—Contents: The Irish Church; The Apostles, by Ernest Renan; The English and their Origin; Laimmenais on Dante; Canadian Confederation and the Reciprocity Treaty; The Dog—his Intelligence; Our North Pacific Colonies; The Forest of Fontainebleau; Contemporary Literature.

Price for Blackwood or any of the Reviews, \$4 per annum. THE THEOLOGICAL ECLECTIC for November and December, 1866, contains: The Nicene Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, by Dr. Schaff; Church Music and Song, translated from Hagenbach by Prof. Hoppin; The Mosaic Dispensation as Introductory to Christianity, from the *British Quarterly Review*; Ultramontane Reaction in France in the Nineteenth Century, Translated by Rev. G. M. Butler, D.D.; The Sensational Philology—Mill and McCosh, from *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, New York: Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin. \$3 a year.