

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

TALK WITH A BUDDHIST.

It was in June or July that I had the pleasure of communicating some specimens of Buddhist talk with a young priest at Ku-shan monastery, a fine, intelligent looking man, modest, affable and polite. It was Sunday, Sept. 2d, and he sought the interview himself. So little did he comprehend our supreme object in coming to his country, that he seemed very fearful of being regarded intrusive and troublesome. After his mind was made easy on this point, he politely led the way to the large visiting-hall, and invited me to a seat by a table. It soon appeared that he was a native of Hing-hwa, the prefecture adjoining that of Foo-Chow, and could make himself but imperfectly understood in his broken Foo-Chow speech. This he partially remedied by procuring a large painted tablet on which he wrote in the common Chinese character.

LIFE AND DEATH.

He wrote at one end, the words for Life and Death, remarking gravely, "These are important." But I soon found that he preferred talking of the former. Doubtless, like the millions of his race, he dreads the awful thought embraced in the word death. He began at once to urge the pantheistic notion—*pan sing tung*—the original nature (of all things) is the very same essentially. The only difference is in the degree of wisdom or intelligence. "Indeed," said he, "animals are our superiors in some things, accomplishing ends and performing feats quite beyond our ability to imitate." In speaking of the soul, he preferred the term *ling kwang*, spiritual light, or intelligence, to the term *ling hwan*, which is commonly used by missionaries, insisting that the latter entity in man is corruptible, while the former is incorruptible.

THE FIRST CAUSE.

When I urged a First Great Intelligence, as needed to solve the problem of creation and providence, he took refuge in the silly abstraction of the *Wu Ich*, a theory about as plausible as the painfully attenuated ones of the French infidel schools. By the *Wu Ich*, Chinese disputants of all creeds seem to mean a time, place, space or state of things, wholly uninvestigable or chaotic. Our Buddhist friend evidently supposed that his grand formula, "the No limit produced the Great limit (first material principle), the Great limit produced the dual powers (male and female) and the dual powers produced the three powers of heaven, earth and man," as a highly satisfactory explanation of all that is or is to be. One says "The great Tau (reason) is the parent of space, and space is the parent of heaven and earth, and heaven and earth produced men and things." (See *Middle Kingdom*, Vol. 2, p. 246.)

A PERSONAL GOD.

This young priest felt very uneasy when I pressed upon his attention the idea of a personal God, named Jehovah, and clothed with infinite attributes. So, at least, I inferred from his disturbed manner. He proved himself quite an orthodox nominalist. He said, "Where do you get that name for your God? Names are given after the birth of things, and are of little consequence. Pray don't stickle so much about the name. Now here I have written *Wu Ich*, *Sakya*, *Buddha* and *Shangti*, (God.) I rub them all out, so—then put my hands together, so, and shutting my eyes, worship without uttering a single word. You do the same. So our worship is essentially the same." In reply, I suggested whether, in so doing, he did not think "Sakya," while I thought "Shangti." He smiled a curious smile, as though in a dilemma.

In the course of the conversation, he advanced, if I apprehended him correctly, the most repulsive of all ideas of pantheism. He said, "The *Wu Ich* being everywhere, is also within us, so whether we worship (outwardly?) or not is of no consequence whatever." He also denied that the human mind has any fixed place, being—so runs the formula—"neither within nor yet without." In proof, he referred to its taking note of distant sounds. On this point, however, he took more the attitude of inquirer, and I gave him somewhat crudely a few simple explanations on acoustics, nerves, the brain and mind.

It is needless to dwell at length on the manner in which the false, heathen notions of this interesting youth were met. Precious opportunity indeed it was to talk to him about the God of the Bible, as revealing himself to us in all his glorious perfections. Though zealous for his creed, he listened politely and patiently, while it was attempted to be shown that reason demands an adequate cause for the existence of all created things, and that God alone, as declared in his own word, is such a Cause. It was pleasing, too, to strive to show him that God is not a mere mortal, sage, or hero, and that a wide gulf separates between man as an immortal being, and the brutes that grovel and perish.

This priest doubtless, is but one of a considerable class, representing the best intellect of the empire; not best in the sense of grandest and strongest, perhaps, but best as being inquisitive and somewhat desirous to discover truth. And once

the spirit of truth descends and stirs this mass of mind to its depths, how speedily will the mists of error be scattered, and the enslaved become free. For this we pray and labor in the school, the chapel, the public mart, the house, the temple and the monastery. Where souls grope in sin and through the broad way to death, there we rejoice to know is our mission of love. Help us by your prayers to fulfill it. In heaven we meet to rejoice over a world saved by the grace of Christ. C. C. B.

Foo-Chow, Oct. 1866.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

BY REV. EDWARD PATYSON HAMMOND.

DEAR BROTHER MERRIS:—We are now in the land of the Pharaohs. We could not have been more surprised if we had dropped down in another world—everything is so new and strange, or rather, we might say, so old; for everything seems to be done here very much in the manner of their ancestors for thousands of years past.

We left Brindisi last Monday, the 22d, in a fine Italian steamer. After we had passed by the old pier built by Julius Cæsar, we found the sea quite rough. Nearly all the passengers were sea-sick for an hour or two.

We had seen in the harbor, some of the same sort of galleys as Virgil sailed in, when he made his last sea voyage from Greece to Italy. And when we found the sea so rough, we did not wonder that, tossed about for days in a little boat, not much larger than an American yacht, he died soon after reaching Brundisium. We thought, too, of Paul's sea voyage in the same sort of a "ship," as he calls it, when he says: "But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country." But we could not tell when we crossed his track on his way to martyrdom at Rome.

The winds soon lulled, and our voyage of three days to Alexandria was very pleasant. Cavre Sebastiano Fenzi, with his family, from Florence, was on board. He told us that eleven hundred "communes" or towns, out of eighteen thousand in the south of Italy, had no roads to them, only bridle-paths; and that, too, in the most fertile part of Italy. Coming down as we had done on the east coast of Italy, where so few travelers penetrate, we saw some of these novel phases of life. But Italy, in its onward progress, is now, by good roads, developing this rich section of the country. We were at one time about eighty miles from Naples, but were told that it would not be safe, on account of the banditti, to cross the country.

But I began to tell you a little of the thousand wonderful things we have seen in this classic land of Egypt. I had often read of the novel entrance to Alexandria; but no description can do justice to the reality. The firing of a cannon announced our approach, and soon our steamboat was surrounded with little boats, rowed by fantastically-dressed ebony natives, all eager to get us as passengers, that they might increase their supply of *backshies*. It was no easy matter to fight our way through turbaned, clamorous Arabs, to the custom-house. Sometimes we had to stop and all join in a hearty laugh, while those with whom we had bargained and employed were telling us the most palpable falsehoods.

In a drive to the hotel we saw strange sights enough to fill a book, if described in detail. But amid all the hubbub and excitement incident to the arrival of a steamer, the sedate camels, "the ships of the desert," as they slowly passed us, appeared entirely unmoved. While the ragged boys, with their donkeys, were flying about in all directions, the calm, patient, and we might almost say dignified, camels looked upon the scene as an every-day occurrence.

Alexandria has a population of about 200,000; but, as you walk about the streets, you would think that the native population were nearly all men and boys. I have just laid down my pen and been to the window of our large "Hotel d'Europe," which is situated in front of a large square, where hundreds pass and repass continually, and there I have been watching for some time; but among the hundreds who have passed, I have seen but one native woman, and she, of course, was veiled, as it is well known all the Mohammedan women are, when they appear in public.

The women of the better class on the streets are covered from head to foot with white muslin. They look strange enough as they waddle along in great yellow boots, with their black eyes peering at you, as if amused at your astonishment. One, riding upon a donkey, seemed to join in our laughter, and really bowed to us. I fear she may suffer for it, if it is known that she nodded her head to one of the much despised "Christians."

A very intelligent dragoman, who wishes to conduct our party through Palestine, told us this morning that his wife never went out of doors, except to the mosque, which was only a few steps from their house; she had never seen the beautiful fountains in the square where we were standing.

Often, often have I been led to exclaim, as I have seen the degradation of woman in this heathen, Mohammedan land: "O! how much woman in Christian countries owes to Christ." Not to Christianity in the abstract, but to the fact that she lives in a land where it is

known that the Lord Jesus Christ came into this world and died to save sinners. Where this fact has never been declared, woman is but a slave to the brutal passions of man; but where the light of the Gospel has penetrated, there she is elevated to an equality with man; while, in the finer qualities of our nature, she is truly regarded as his superior.

As we walked along one of the streets yesterday, we saw what at first sight resembled a very fat black pig, being carried by a donkey. But a closer examination revealed to us the fact that it was only an oriental leather "bottle." Though filled with water instead of wine, still it brought to mind the words of Christ in Matt. ix. 17: "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved." These "bottles," of course, were filled with the pure, sweet waters of the Nile. I never tasted sweeter water in my life.

It led me to think of one of the many reasons why the Nile is all in all to the Egyptian. Not only would he thirst and die without it, but this fertile valley, with the annual overflow of its waters, would soon forget to bring forth its life-giving treasures. It is not only one of the indispensable agents in the production of fruits and grain, but it also transports them to the sea. It connects far distant countries, and thus the missionary is enabled to penetrate, with the light of the Gospel, into the felt darkness of heathenism. The source has till of late, for ages been a mystery, but the millions whom it has blessed have not for this reason refused its precious gifts. Who can help thinking of those who, because of the mysteries connected with the incarnation of the Son, have refused and are unwilling to drink of the "river of life," "the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God?" His words are: "I come forth from the Father." Ah, how true that, as the Nile, though flowing through a parched desert, "maketh it to rejoice and blossom as the rose;" so, where the streams of salvation take their course, there the "lame man shall leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool and the thirsty land springs of water."

Yes, the souls which before had never before brought forth any of the fruits of righteousness, shall welcome the overflowing of the riches of Christ and thus learn what it is to "bear much fruit" to the glory of the Father. Such, too, at length, like a "shock of corn fully ripe," shall, on the bosom of the Saviour, be transported to the sea of heavenly rest.

A little beyond where we saw the leather bottle, speaking of which led to this digression, we found Cleopatra's Needle. Our guide told us that she ordered it to be brought from Heliopolis near Cairo, where it had stood for centuries. The one which is now standing we measured, and found to be twenty-eight feet in circumference, and it is seventy-one feet in height. It is a monolith. How this one massive stone was ever brought all that distance, and then made to stand upon its pedestal, has been a mystery unsolved by anything we know of ancient mechanics. The one now standing, which we examined, is covered with hieroglyphics, which are said to date as far back as the exodus.

Pompey's Pillar is also a monolith. It is ninety-one feet in height and thirty in circumference. It was not called after Pompey, Julius Cæsar's great rival, but after the name of the Egyptian who was employed to rear it, in A. D. 269. These are among the few monuments of ancient Alexandria, built by the conqueror of the world four hundred years before Christ.

It has been hard to realize as we have moved in and about the modern city, that we were walking over the ruins of the ancient emporium of the East, which was at one time the centre of learning and civilization—that here St. Mark preached the Gospel, and that "Apollon, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures," first saw the light of day here and played on these sandy shores. But we tried, in imagination, to repeople the great city of 600,000, surrounded with walls fifteen miles in circumference, and containing a library of 700,000 volumes. The words of the victorious Saracen general to his chief, helped us to complete the picture in our own minds. He says: "It is impossible for me to enumerate its riches and beauty, and I shall content myself by observing that it contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four thousand theatres, twelve thousand shops and forty thousand tributary Jews." And yet the words of Ezekiel, spoken more than two thousand four hundred years ago, are fulfilled with regard to this and other cities in Egypt: "And the land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste, and they shall know that I am the Lord; because he hath said, The river is mine, and I have made it. Behold, therefore I am against thee, and against thy rivers. And I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities among the cities that are laid waste shall be desolate."—EZEK. xxix. 9-12. Your brother in Christ,

E. P. HAMMOND.
ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Oct. 27, 1866.

ALTHOUGH we find ourselves among evil people, yet we shall not lack opportunity to do good.

REMARKS ON THE TRANSLATION OF PSALM LI: 12.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me (with thy) free spirit."—PSALM li. 12.

Thus reads another very interesting passage in our common or authorized version. Like the rest of the Psalm, it is so full of pious sentiment, that the thought of any inconsistency seldom, if ever, crosses the mind when quoting it. And yet the parallelism of the original Hebrew does not appear; there is not a shadow of resemblance between "thy free Spirit," (understood to be the Spirit of God,) and "the joy of God's salvation." The italicized words, "with thy," scarcely fail to attract attention. Almost any one, reading the passage with even a moderate share of caution, will pause at these, and leaving them out, (as certainly the spirit of inspiration did)—will endeavor to see what sense will be developed or what will be the obvious import of the passage.—

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me, free spirit," or "spirit free."

Turn we now to the original Hebrew, and we there find the word which is translated "free," means "liberal, voluntary, free." This last, in the sense of being freed from bondage; which brings us in sight of the true meaning: David had been left to sin, and his spirit had been in bondage to the flesh; he had been "under the law of sin and death," as Paul would say; and while in this state he had lost his relish of religious things; "the joy of God's salvation" had departed from him.

The great error, then, of our present version is, its language is that which implies, that it is the Spirit of God that is sought; while the true import is, the desire of the Psalmist that his own spirit might be freed from carnal bondage. Whenever this passage is quoted, as it often is, by ministers in public prayer, and by others in other circumstances, it puts into the mouth of the petitioner the same error; he is made to ask for the Spirit of God, while it is obviously his own spirit that was the object of the sacred penman's petition.

Besides, this is the only case in the Bible in which the term used to qualify the word spirit, when it refers to God, is qualified by a term that only means freedom from bondage. The verse immediately preceding this closes with an example in point: "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

When correctly understood, therefore, it is a passage full of instruction. It sets before us the fact, that a state of sin is a state of bondage, and it shows us the nature of that bondage. The sinner, can plead no other inability than that which is fully removed when he voluntarily does that which he knows to be right. The declaration of the Lord Jesus Christ, that those who were made free by Him were free indeed, receives confirmation and support. We therefore declare unequivocally for the "amendment;" the translation we have is obviously defective, as it makes us address our own spirit as the Spirit of God. Surely this is an error of sufficient magnitude to beget a great family of evils.

Other interpretations are: Strengthen me with a willing spirit. (Tholuck.) Endow me with a willing spirit. (De Wette).—Ed.

NEEDING LIGHT.

The poor and neglected, the ignorant and the careless, the neglecters of the sanctuary and the prayerless families, are not confined to the distant and desolate portions of the country. Faithful explorations of many districts near the great centres of social, commercial and religious influence have often disclosed facts of religious privations, as appalling as those where Gospel institutions have not been established. Christians, particularly in this vicinity, cannot help being affected in reading the simple report of a colporteur connected with the Philadelphia Branch of the American Tract Society, who labored during the last summer in the southern part of New Jersey. The facts he reveals respecting the religious condition of some of our near neighbors should lead to active efforts to refute their delusive idea that no one cares for their souls. In his report to H. N. Thissell, he says:—

The section of country in which I have been laboring is very thinly settled, and it has been very tedious visiting families living back in the woods, some of them three or four miles from a public road. I have endeavored to search out all such families that I could find on my field. Among this class of persons I have found whole families who could not read, and many children who are well nigh grown to manhood and womanhood who had never been inside of a church, never heard a Gospel sermon preached, and never heard a prayer uttered until I prayed with them and for them.

Many adults of this class told me that I was the first person that had ever visited them on such a mission, and talked to them about their souls' salvation. Many of these persons have seemed deeply penitent, and have wept like children while I have talked to them of the redeeming love of Christ, and of his willingness to save them from their sins and give them an inheritance among the sanctified in heaven.

In visiting some wealthy families, I have met with rather a cold reception at first; but when I have assured them that my mission was to do them good, by the

blessing of the Lord accompanying the effort, they seemed to see that I was in earnest, and eagerly listened to what I had to say while urging them to give their hearts to Jesus, and no longer cling to their morality as all that is required of them, or all that is essential to the salvation of their souls.

After praying most earnestly with such persons, they have taken me by the hand, and with tearful eyes and quivering lips they have said to me, "Sir, I thank you for your visit, for your advice and kind prayer in my behalf; by the help of the Lord I will try to give my poor heart to Jesus, and live a different life." I have given them suitable tracts, and sold them a good book if I could, leaving the result with the Lord, perhaps to meet them next at the bar of God. I pray that my skirts may be clear of their blood, if they are not saved.

Many others thanked God that the American Tract Society ever sent a man to visit them and talk to them about their souls' salvation. Some persons told me they thought nobody cared for them or for their souls. I assured them that they were just such persons as the Tract Society were particularly interested for. Very many of those persons expressed a desire to flee to Christ for refuge.

Such persons do not seem to be Gospel hardened; they are easily moved, very willing to receive the truth, and by a little effort on the part of Christians, many of them, I think, might be brought to a knowledge of Christ.

There seems to be a great destitution of religious literature generally, except in the villages and thickly settled communities, and there is too much light, chaffy reading matter, even in families who profess godliness.

I believe my labor has not been in vain. If I have been the means of awakening one soul, or doing any good in any other way, to God be all the praise and glory.

Editor's Table.

FROUDE'S HISTORY.

FROUDE. History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Reign of Elizabeth, Vols. I, II. Crown 8vo., pp. 554, 495. \$3 per vol. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The old, oft-told story of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots is rehearsed in these new volumes of the most important historical work of the time; but with such new aspects and enlarged resources as almost make it an entire novelty. Mr. Froude has found, in the Spanish archives of Simancas, a mass of contemporary records of the highest value to an elucidation of the events of those times. They are the despatches of the Spanish ambassadors residing at the court of Elizabeth, to their master, Philip II., whose greed for everything which spies and conspirators could pick up at a Protestant court is well known; and his ambassadors were spies and conspirators of the worst sort in Elizabeth's court; one of them having been detected in a deep-laid Popish plot against the Queen's life.

The special interest in these volumes belongs to Mary Queen of Scots, whom Mr. Froude unsparingly condemns and concurs most heartily in the justice of her fate. He believes thoroughly in the very worst aspects of her character, and his work will probably tear away the last vestige of doubt of which a sentiment of chivalry rather than of justice has been willing to give her the benefit. On the other hand, as in the case of Henry VIII., he has lavished his powers in honoring and exalting Queen Elizabeth, whom, indeed, he finds chargeable with irreverence, but whose moral obliquities, vanity, fickleness, obstinacy, coldness of heart, falseness, niggardiness and treachery he would extenuate under the shadow of that venial fault.

But it is matter of gratification that we have in Mr. Froude another instance, in the higher walks of history, of an author whose sympathies are openly, unreservedly and ardently with the right; who, if he has prejudices, has none in the direction of vice, injustice and irreligion; whose sympathies are with characters and tendencies in the main right, and whose books are a contribution to the strength of sound sentiment in the world. Such are Motley's, such are Bancroft's great works. We can give Mr. Froude no higher praise than to class him with these American contemporaries.

GAYLORD. Uncle Downes' Home. The Boys and Girls at Donaldton. By Glance Gaylord. Boston: American Tract Society. 18mo., pp. 156.

A story of suffering and cross-bearing for righteousness' sake in the school-life of two boys. It is full of interest, both from the incidents and from the terseness of the style, in which the moral is represented as wrought out in action, rather than made a separate business of the writer. The grace of forgiveness is impressively illustrated.

EYSTER. Chinapien Charlie. By Nellie Eyster, author of "Sunny Hours." Illustrated by White. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead. 16mo., pp. 272.

A story of the liveliest and most entertaining sort of children and most genial and noble-hearted grown people, such as any community would be the richer for. We are glad the writer finds them in our own State, the scene being laid in Harrisburg, and the worthy Governor himself doing excellent service, though brief, in the opening of the story. Doing good, not for fame, but for its own sake, is the lesson kept

before the reader. Not infrequently the liveliness and shrewdness of the juvenile characters have an air of excess, marring the verisimilitude of the story. The last chapter is a thrilling account of an adventure in the rebellion, which is claimed to be a fact.

KATE COVENTRY: An Autobiography. From Fraser's Magazine. First issued in America in Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. Paper. 8vo., pp. 87, 38 cents.

SERMONS.

HAWES. Sermons Experimental and Practical. An Offering to Home Missionaries. By Joel Hawes, D.D. New York: R. Carter & Bros. 12mo., pp. 407.

A veteran preacher of New England who has been privileged, for more than a generation, with unswerving fidelity, to proclaim the precious, simple truths of the Gospel to men, gathers from the harvest-field of his long pulpit labors this sheaf for the instruction of his younger brethren and sons in the ministry. The author's is an honored name. Much of the unadorned but sterling truth of Puritan times clings to the man and his style. If purity of character and sincerity of purpose can add weight to speech, then the sermons of Dr. Hawes deserve the reverence of all. There are thirty-six in all in this volume, some of them with such striking titles as: "Is a Man's Religion Worth what it Costs Him?" "The Doctrine of Regeneration an Element of Power in the Gospel?" "The Day of Preparation for a Better State of Things, Seldom a Day of Hopeful Appearance;" "How to Grow Old Gracefully;" "A Minister's Experience Confirming the Truth of his Doctrine."

With little that can be called ornament, these sermons are pithy, well illustrated from Scripture and other facts, deeply imbued with, or rather wholly wrought out from, the matter of the Gospel, and uttered in a tone of dignity and authority worthy of the theme and the office. Though "offered"—what this means we scarcely understand—to the missionaries of the American Home Missionary, it is calculated to be profitable to all classes of preachers and hearers.

BARNES. Sermons on the Most Important Subjects in the Book of God. By Rev. Wm. Barnes, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference. Phila.: J. G. Miller. 12mo., pp. 350.

There is a great flow of native vigor and boldness of declamation in these sermons with not a little argumentative power. Great questions are treated with a summariness that has more of the appearance than the fact of superficiality. Mr. Barnes has said very well indeed what there is to be said against the leading points of ultra Calvinism, but he seems not to be conscious that neither Scripture nor sound philosophy shows us a way out of the difficulties surrounding the questions of sovereignty and free agency. A prejudice such as the writer seems able to get up against Calvin, could be turned against Paul quite as well.

The faults of style are very glaring. Epithets are heaped up in violation of taste, and sentences are drawn to unreasonable length, so that we wonder where the speaker found breath for their utterance. The book is, however, an interesting monument of some of the marked peculiarities, the excellencies and the defects of the Methodist pulpit.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES at the Inauguration of Jonathan Edwards, D.D., LL. D., President of the Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., April 4, 1866.

THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Philadelphia Tract and Mission Society, to Sept., 1866.

GOOD WORDS for November Contains:—Madonna Mary, by Mrs. Oliphant; Chaps. XLII, XLIV; Carissimo, with an Illustration; The Deformed and the Stricken; Ice Caves of Aneecy, with Illustrations; Mary Merryweather; Bridget Dally's Change, an Experience of a District Class Visitor, with an Illustration; Faith Repenting and Faith Resolving, by Dr. Vaughan; Condition of the Christians under the Turks; A Day's Fishing; Son, Remember, by Dr. Macleod; Curious old Registers in Somerset House; Ruth Thornbury, by Wm. Gilbert, with an Illustration. A. Strahan, New York. Price, \$3 per annum.

THE SABBATH AT HOME, an Illustrated Religious Magazine for the Family. January, 1867. Published by the American Tract Society, Boston. Vol. I, No. 1. 8vo., pp. 64.—Contents: The Sabbath at Home, by Dr. Kirke; "The New Morning Star," with four Illustrations; Mary Lyon's First School Teaching, by Fidelity Fisk; The Catacombs of Rome, ten Illustrations; Battle of Ristori; The Electric Telegraph; Welcome to a Young Pastor; Parable of the Good Samaritan; George N. Briggs, with a Portrait; The Ong Thing Needful; The Glory in the Cloud, by Rev. H. M. Dexter, D.D.; The Old English of Our Bible; An Appeal on Behalf of the Little Ones; The Buried Seed; In Hope of Eternal Life; The Honorable Club; Lillian's Toilet; The Bath, with Illustrations; Does You Love God; New Year's Hymn; Sabbath Evening, with Illustrations; Notices of Books. \$2 per annum, in advance.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LABOULAYE'S FAIRY BOOK. Fairy Tales of All Nations. By Edward Laboulaye, member of the Institute of France. Translated by Mary L. Booth. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo., pp. 363.

BUT ONE. By the author of "Let Well Alone." Philadelphia: J. P. Skelly & Co. 16mo., pp. 255.

We men are often little in great things; the Saviour is great in little things.