

Correspondence.

CONCLUSION OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES V.—1550-55.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN THE NETHERLANDS.

BY N. K. S.

If the establishment of the inquisition caused tumults and insurrections in countries as abject as Italy and Spain, and even in Rome itself, what wonder that the free people of the Low Countries rose against this last and most hateful exhibition of religious tyranny. Already they had suffered incalculable woes from the virtual establishment of the institution among them. Four years before, a Venetian Envoy had put the number of victims of Charles's persecuting rage, in the northern half of the territory only, at thirty thousand. If, even under some measure of restraint, this inquisition had wrought such bloodshed and misery, what could they expect but utter destruction from its open establishment and unrestricted operation? Some of the cities, indeed, not perceiving in the placard of 1550, any substantial change in the policy of the Emperor, and perhaps believing the case already about as bad as possible, made no resistance, but published the placard as they were bidden. But Antwerp, the most flourishing commercial town in the Netherlands, the New York or Liverpool of that age and country, frightened by the disastrous effect which such an odious policy immediately produced upon its trade and all its interests, was aroused to a resistance which it never ceased to make. The great merchants packed up their goods and prepared to be gone; all trade was at a stand; there was neither buying nor selling nor correspondence with other parts, except to inquire for a place of refuge. Rents fell; handicrafts decayed; mechanics and laborers could get neither work nor pay. The magistrates took sworn testimony from the principal citizens, and laid the whole matter before the Emperor's sister Mary, who was acting as Regent of the provinces, begging her intercession with her brother. She was a woman of great natural kindness, and she took so much interest in the petition of the alarmed people, that she went to Augsburg in Germany, where the Emperor was holding the German Diet, and represented to him the great damage inflicted by his last placard upon the interests of the country.

It is difficult to see that she gained any concession from her barbarous and tyrannical brother, although he consented to issue a new placard, with a slight modification of the old. This modification consisted in requiring a civil judge from the Emperor's courts to sit with the inquisitors and superintend the proceedings against any suspected persons. But as the judge was to be selected by inquisitors, and from those of the Emperor's employment, the difference consisted pretty much in adding another inquisitor to those already on the bench. The placard was particular in repealing, as before, the operation of all rights and privileges of the towns which stood in the way of the summary execution of heretics and suspected persons. The burghers of Antwerp were as ill satisfied as before. Not until the Chancellor of Brabant assured them that they should not be saddled with the inquisition in any form whatever, did they consent to the publication of the placard in their city; and then they accompanied it with a solemn written instrument, in which they declared that, notwithstanding the threatening words at the close of the placard, they insisted upon their rights and privileges, laws, customs and usages, from whence they would not admit of any derogation.

The bloody work of the Inquisition, however, went on, and so the years rolled by, with their fresh accumulation of victims; until Charles, its author, much admired and praised by historians, and ranked as one of the world's heroes, and worthy of everlasting infamy as one of the most dangerous enemies that ever civil or religious liberty had, resigned his imperial crown and put the control of the Netherlands and of Spain into the hands of his son Philip.

How the great Emperor, when not much above fifty years old, could be led to resign all the pomp and glory of his position, and pass the remainder of his life as a mere monk, in the quiet and secluded routine of a Spanish convent, is a question which has been much debated and variously answered. Some regard the act as a proof of piety, of greatness of soul, of a becoming sense of the necessity of preparing for the eternal world. These persons tell of one of Charles's old generals, who asked to be dismissed from his position in the army that he might retire from all active life. On being asked by the Emperor what induced him to take so strange a resolution, he answered, that there ought to intervene some space between the hurry of life and the day of one's death. This saying seems to have made a deep impression on Charles; as he was often heard to quote it afterward; and some see in his own conduct the proof of a similar regard for the interests of his soul. Others give very different reasons. The Catholics say that he was uneasy in conscience for various acts of hostility to the Pope, whom he once took prisoner. But if a disturbed conscience troubled the great Emperor and made his crown a burden and public life intolerable, doubtless his long-aid bitter crusade against religious and civil liberty,

his murderous placards against the Netherlands, his persevering efforts to stifle the Reformation in that and other countries, and his purpose to set up the bloody Inquisition among them, partially carried out, would amply explain such a remorseful state of mind. To have resting upon one's soul the blood of one person slain under a cruel edict, with no accusation against him but that he sought to follow Christ more closely than the priest, and regarded the word of God of higher authority than the word of man; to know that only one person had been put to death by the most agonizing torture, although of innocent life and a faithful, loyal subject; to allow one man, in a wide empire, to be deprived of life without any protection from the forms of law, ought to be enough to burn the awful consciousness of murder into the ruler's soul. But Charles had upon his soul the guilt of fifty thousand such murders—and we might well believe them enough to drive him from a loftier throne to a far deeper voluntary debasement.

But we cannot affirm that he abdicated under any such feelings. On the contrary, the scene upon his withdrawal from the government of the Netherlands was like that of an indulgent father when leaving the circle of the family which he had long sustained and protected. He assured the dignitaries of the people assembled in honor of the occasion, that the welfare of his people and the security of the Roman Catholic religion had been the leading objects of his life. He claimed that true affection for his subjects required one unfitted, as he professed to be, by bodily infirmity for active duty, to give place to a younger and more vigorous ruler. With deep emotion, he begged pardon for his errors and offences, and assured them that he should unceasingly remember them in his every prayer to that Being, to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.

Tears and sobs were heard through every part of the hall. Brave men were melted at the strange spectacle of greatness humbling and renouncing itself, seemingly from generous regard for the good of others. Far distant from this magnificent assembly of courtiers, seemed the thought of the myriads of murdered Protestants, burned, drowned, buried alive and tortured to death in a thousand nameless ways; far distant the remembrance of the venerable free institutions of towns and States swept away like cobwebs; far distant the remembrance of the introduction of placards black with the most tyrannical and cruel purposes,—all, all the work of this prince, whose tender farewell expressions were mingled with the sighs and sobs of his principal subjects. There was no remorse here, where, from strange infatuation under the spell of power, there seemed no sense of wrong. Could a single phantom have risen from one of the many thousand graves, where human beings had been thrust alive by his decree, perhaps there might have been an answer to the question propounded by the Emperor amid all that piteous weeping. Perhaps it might have been told the man who asked his hearers to be forgiven, if he had ever unwittingly offended them, that there was a world where it was deemed an offence to torture, strangle, burn and drown one's innocent fellow-creatures. But now there seemed no sense of such coming justies in any breast.

Another proof, if proof were needed, that Charles was not driven into retirement by remorse, is found in the spirit he manifested in the place of his retreat. There he became a greater bigot and showed a more cruel and unscrupulous temper even than before. It has been recorded to his honor that, having given his word to Luther at the Diet of Worms, he refused to betray him and put him in the hands of the blood-thirsty emissaries of the Pope as they desired, and as his predecessor Sigismund had done in the case of John Huss, a hundred years before. But, now in the convent, Charles uttered bitter regrets that he had kept his word with Luther, and had omitted to put to death the man whom he regarded as the cause of all the mischief of the age. He was not satisfied with the rate at which his successor labored in suppressing the Reformation, but thundered fierce instructions from his retreat to the inquisitors to hasten the execution of all heretics, including particularly his own former friends. He even sent furious exhortations to his son Philip—as if Philip needed a prompter in such a work—that he should set himself to "cutting out the root of heresy with rigor and rude chastisement." Little proof of self-reproach did the author of such explosions of savage bigotry give, mingling them with exhibitions of revolting gluttony, with surfeits of sardine omelettes, Estramadura sausages, eel pies, pickled partridges, fig capons, quince syrups, iced beer and flagons of Rhenish wine; relieved by copious draughts of rhubarb and senna, to which his horror-stricken physician doomed him, as he ate. Such, says Motley, is the true portrait of the cloistered Charles; and not that romantic picture of philosophic retirement, of profound and pious contemplation, on which former writers lavished their powers of embellishment.

And the true cause of his retirement is stated by this writer to be, the failure of many of his great projects in the latter part of his life, the combination of Turk and Protestant and Catholic that was rising to crush him, the rise and progress of the Reformation, in spite of the defeats he had given it. Disap-

pointed in his schemes, broken in fortunes, with his income anticipated, estates mortgaged, all his affairs in confusion; falling in mental powers, with a constitution hopelessly shattered, he felt that to remain behind on the stage of action would but expose him to mortification and perhaps utter overthrow. And so, being warned, as he thought, while lingering at Brussels, by the appearance of a comet, he shrunk away to the monastery of St. Juste, on the borders of Placentia, in Spain, where, three years afterward, he died.

LETTER FROM "AMBROSE."

STATISTICS OF CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

DEAR PRESBYTERIAN:—We notice various paragraphs on their rounds in the papers, going to show the great failure of our people to attend church on the Sabbath. The statistics are made in this way: On a given Sabbath, in a city like Chicago, for instance, the occupants of all the churches will be counted. The city consists, say of 200,000 people. In all the churches together there are found present, say 40,000; and the inference is drawn that all the other 160,000 are not in any sense church-goers, but absolute heathen. Some do not press the inference so far; but lighten the picture with certain ameliorating considerations.

And yet, in the way in which such statistics are usually given, I have never seen the case properly stated. But to guard against misapprehension, I will say, in advance, that it is lamentably true that a large population in our land do not hear the Gospel, either a habit or with any frequency. But I do not believe that the worst heathenism is found where it is usually located—in the cities. I believe it to be, on the other hand, in the rural districts; and often in the older States, instead of the Western settlements. I had a letter from a rural district in Massachusetts, the other day. The writer remarks: "I have never seen heathenism, pure and absolute, as here. People do not pretend to keep the Sabbath or to go to church. Nor do they break it for amusement; or as if from temptation or inadvertence; but from pure, sordid calculation. They keep on their work just as other days."

In the cities, on the other hand, there are so many churches, so convenient, that people, through various motives, do sometimes attend, though not habitual church-goers.

But to our statistics. Counting the people in a church, especially in a city, gives you scarcely a proximate basis of calculation. In the first place, of the families belonging to a congregation, only a proportion are present on any one day. Some families—commonly a considerable proportion—will be wholly absent on the pleasantest day. One is out of town; one has sickness; and another, some other cause of absence. Then, of the families present, all are not there at once. A fifth or a third of the church-goers will be out on Sabbath, to exchange places with others the next occasion.

And then, of the whole population, a proportion are small children; another, aged or infirm people, not able to attend worship. So that, from these causes named, it is doubtful if, in the best congregations, you can count on more than half of your people being present on any one Sabbath; and, taking congregations together, I doubt if more than a third. But it is a great mistake to count all these absentees as non-church-goers.

Here in our cities, especially, there is a population of whom I have never seen much mention made; but which I know, from personal examination, to be very large. They are not members of any church, though hundreds, yes, thousands of them, have been such; they are not connected with any congregation. They are not identified anywhere. But they are floaters. Many of them change their residences every quarter; and some of them once a month. But they go to church, nevertheless. They float around the city, some of them visiting every church in it. Many of them go evenings, when a shabby dress is not observable; and they slide in and slide out unknown. I once made it my endeavor for some years to identify and fix these people in church, and, in a few cases, succeeded. But, as a general thing, they do not wish to be identified, or fixed in a church. Perhaps they have come to the city to hide. Or, in the city for work or business, they do not care to be known as members of a congregation, from various motives; some—many—that they are poor, and cannot dress as they think they ought, to be recognized as members of society. Or, their homes are poor, shabby, and out of the way—up-stairs, perhaps, or in some alley; and are ill-provided, etc., etc. Now, to go to a church and be recognized, is to go into society, for which they do not feel themselves prepared. It is to bring the minister and the elders, perhaps—if you have elders who will do anything beyond meeting in session and voting—or even the elders' wives, and perhaps other ladies, into their dirty, ill-provided or unfurnished houses. And that they shrink from.

Others are swayed by a different motive. If they get recognized as members of a congregation, they will be expected to bear a share of its burdens. Money will be wanted; or duty—worse yet; and they cannot think of it. By-and-by all these people intend to do differently. They will be better off, get better houses, better furniture, dress better, or feel able to pay; and having sown, as they think, enough of wild oats, settle down to sober

church-goers. And some do reach it, and carry out their intention. But I have driven dozens of such families from my church by simply visiting them! Yet such people go to church, come tolerably steady, yet taking care not to go too often to one place; some half the time; and some occasionally, from once to twenty times in a year.

Of course, such church attendance is but poor stuff often, or commonly. It is mixed with attendance at the theatre, museum, and minstrel and other concerts. It allows a man to do what he likes, without too much observation. He can be at the saloon and billiard-room as he likes, without question. But such, after all, hear the Gospel. They are not such heathen as they are often taken to be. Perhaps you think I overrate their numbers. But I count them many more than the regular attendants at the churches. If you will canvass carefully the attendants of the churches, you will find from five to a hundred, and even two hundred on extra occasions, of such people. Five persons, in a congregation of a hundred or two, are unnoticed. Yet five different persons, for fifty Sabbaths each, are two hundred and fifty in a year; ten each Sabbath, are five hundred; twenty are a thousand; thirty are fifteen hundred, and fifty are twenty-five hundred.

Of course, these people do not exhaust the city. There are still Germans who are infidels—to say nothing of infidels not Germans; at stables, saloons, beer-gardens, etc.; etc.; not forgetting novel-readers, sleepers, strollers; and heathen, pure and simple. The facts modify, but do not obliterate, the statistics.

SALARIES, ETC.

The newspapers are at their annual and kindly work of stirring up the churches to the paying of adequate salaries, presents, etc.; all of which is doubtless called for. All I wish to say is, as to one point. I think, were you to collect all the ministers together and get their complaints, while you would find many speaking of inadequate salaries, you would hear of many more complaining of ill-paid salaries. A salary to a minister does not seem to be like an ordinary debt to anybody else. It is paid by many, if and when convenient to themselves, and often not as the wish or intention of the congregation; but simply by the remissness of those to whom the duty of it is committed. And congregations often show their good will to a minister by giving him presents, while their agents wholly neglect to pay him his salary. I have known very munificent presents to a man, when five hundred dollars of his annual twelve were in arrears.

Now, I think that nearly every "charge" to a congregation, on installing a pastor, ought to enforce the duty of promptly paying salaries. Yet I have known a charge to dwell on the giving of presents, and say no word about paying; while the very danger was as to the thing omitted.

Yours, AMBROSE.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY PARSONAGE. III.

WAR.

In the government of this rebellious world by the Redeemer, war may become as appropriate and necessary an agency as peace itself. Violence may prove the only adequate power to overcome that which stubbornly resists the truth, urged through reason and persuasion. Bayonets and Minnie bullets are radical arguments. So convincing may they become, that thereby the most obstinate problems in human affairs are not only speedily but permanently solved. Many a tightly-drawn knot, beside the Gordian, has been severed by the sword. The thunder and the lightning, the hurricane and the storm, become as needful for maintaining an earthly equilibrium as the sunshine, the heat and the rain. Picks, drills, sledge-hammers, and even the explosive powder, may be needful agents for removing the hillock or the massive rock from the course where the steam engine is destined to sport along with a velocity of thirty miles per hour.

War, in like manner, is a breaker-up of a highway for the nations. Plain and more practical paths for human progress are opened by the shock of contending armies. The human race has been wont to breathe easier and make more rapid progress after each great war struggle. Such pre-eminently have been the results which have followed our late grand national convulsions.

For an entire generation, a still increasing number of earnest, honest, eloquent men and women talked, reasoned, pleaded, prayed, printed and preached against human oppression with its cognate evils; yet, in proud defiance, even in disdain of all this, the evil grew and yearly became more arrogant. Jesurun-like, it waxed fat and kicked. The great heart of the nation was averse to war, and beat strongly for peace at almost any price. Few expected war, and none on a grand scale; yet did it come, stern, relentless, bloody, and on a scale almost without a parallel. The planks, bars, bolts and screws, which avarice, cruelty, pride and despotism had been fastening down for ages, were not to be torn up without a very considerable amount of violence.

General Grant is reported to have said, and if not, he evidently should have said: "That the late rebellion ended a year too soon." The present semi-belligerent attitude of the rebels manifests

so plainly that they were not sufficiently broken and scattered. In justice and mercy, a sufficient number of the oppressors and leaders in the revolt were not destroyed in the conflict of arms. Treason against God and his ordinances seems so interwoven into the framework of Southern society as not to be purged out without a large flow of blood.

Judicial blindness may again drive those discontented agitators into new acts of treason and violence, when, as a merciful result, the remaining plotters and abettors thereof will perish in a turmoil of blood. The land would then, and most likely not till then, enjoy her desired and lasting peace.

Should a spurious charity and mock philanthropy charge such sentiments as cruel and vindictive, let the caviller consult the oracles of God with respect to the manner in which Christ is to be inaugurated as Prince of Peace. The son of Jesse, in his jubilee hymn of peace, sings with emphatic distinctness, that ere "The righteous shall flourish, and there be abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth: He, Christ, shall break in pieces the oppressor." And this, as is His wont, by taking two posterns, nations, and dashing them violently together, until one or both are broken to pieces.

The evangelical prophet also notices the same introductory to a lasting peace. Ere the good time coming, when the "wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, Jesus shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked." God is full of compassion and tender mercy, yet just and righteous in all His ways.

A. M. STEWART.

FRAZER, CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

Editor's Table.

M. W. DODD'S BOOKS.

"SCHENBERG COTTA." The Draytons and the Daventons; A Story of the English Civil Wars. By the author of "The Schenberg-Cotta Family." 12mo., pp. 509. \$1.75.

There could scarcely be a more stirring period selected in all English history than the one in which the plot of this story is laid. Great events were transpiring; deep, conflicting passions were being stirred among the people; religious and denominational questions were vehemently discussed. Charles I. and Cromwell, Pym, Hampden, Prince Rupert and other characters of the highest interest and importance in history, are introduced. Much that we, alas! as a nation, are too familiar with, seems to reappear on these pages, and it must add not a little to the interest of the volume in this country, that it shows America of the present day as the true successor of Great Britain of the times of Cromwell, and reproduces so many of the features of a great struggle for justice and liberty between contending masses of the same nation.

The two families named in the title represent the two great parties into which England at that time was divided; and the well-known skill of the author is employed in illustrating the working of these principles in private life, on different tempers and characters, and on the social relations of families thus divided. The book has many elements of a wide popularity, and its tone is so healthful and noble; its sympathies so thoroughly with the right, while so far removed from bigotry; its lessons, scattered along its pages like the purest pearls, are so daintily, yet so naturally introduced; its sterling wisdom is so adorned and commended with gracefulness and good taste, that we would rejoice to see it displace the unwholesome fiction which is so largely patronized by the young. Yet we have never quite satisfied ourselves of the intrinsic merit of this romancing with history, even in its purest and best forms.

POEMS. By the author of "The Schenberg-Cotta Family." 16mo., pp. 275. \$1.75.

Without remarkable brilliancy, or high power of poetic genius in conception or versification, these poems give proof of high Christian taste and feeling; they present many specimens of clear and deep understanding of Scripture, and of the better phases of Christian experience; they are all interesting and instructive, and stimulating to every good and noble purpose, and some of them successfully essay a loftier vein—as "The Golden Age in the Present." The introduction, addressed to "Our American Cousins," is in a fine spirit of conciliation. The publisher has issued the book in excellent style as to paper, typography and binding.

MISS MANNING. The Faire Gospeller; Being Passages in the Life of Anne Askew. 16mo., pp. 237. \$1.75.

A story of English domestic life in the time of the Reformation, in the engaging form of autobiography, and in the quaint style of those times. The interest, turns upon an ill-advised marriage, submitted to by the heroine out of regard for the authority of her parent, and leading to grievous persecutions for righteousness' sake. The travels of some of the parties give occasion for mentioning many of the great cities of Europe, in which their peculiarities are described, and the men of note and great historical occurrences are introduced. The book is one of deep interest, and of the most wholesome tendency. It is published in a style uniform with "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," and "Cherry and Violet," also issued by M. W. Dodd; on tinted paper, in bevelled boards, etc.

FULLER. The Brownings. A Tale of the Great Rebellion. By J. G. Fuller. 16mo., pp. 310. Tinted Illustrations. \$1.25.

Mrs. ELLIS. The Brewer's Family. By Mrs. Ellis, author of "The Women of England," etc. 16mo., tinted illustrations. \$1.25.

The first of these is a thrilling story of the rebellion, bringing to view the sufferings endured by loyal men in the South. The scenes are laid on the borders of Georgia and Florida. It also contains "Lucy Lee; or, All Things for Christ."

Mrs. Ellis's is a powerful temperance story, describing with much skill and dramatic power the calamitous results to the neighborhood, and to the brewer's own family, of one of those manufactories of malt liquor, under the management of a benevolent Christian man. The vain efforts of the brewer's good daughter to elevate and reform the families which her father's business was demoralizing, give a peculiar force and piquancy to the story. The friends of reform will welcome the appearance of such a writer as Mrs. Ellis on this important field.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

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. Bevelled edges. \$1.75.

A delightful collection of tales, drawn with much research and discrimination from the most varied sources. Naples, Brittany, Bohemia, Hungary, Dalmatia, Spain and, of course, Arabia, have been laid under contribution for the materials of this collection. The author, a man of learning and distinction in the literary world, has shown a commendable readiness and ability to devote his powers to the entertainment of the young. It is dedicated to his granddaughter, two years old, and is offered to the children of America in a graceful preface by the author, whose sympathy with the loyal people in the late struggle is gratefully remembered.

The illustrations are exquisitely done and the whole volume is a fine specimen of work. A taste of it may be found in Harper's Magazine for January. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MACDONALD. Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood. By George Macdonald, M.A., author of "David Elginbrod." 12mo., pp. 381.

A tale of English life, from the point of view of the vicar of the parish. The characters are original and striking and some of them drawn with great power. There is not much of a plot, as the title "Annals" itself indicates. But the story has unity and a flavor of quaintness and freshness which is very entertaining. The power of the Gospel upon rugged natures and in trying situations and relations is admirably exhibited. There is too great, and sometimes a tedious, parade of motives and of inward experience upon comparatively unimportant occasions. The work has appeared as a serial in *Catharine's Sunday Magazine*. For sale as above.

TICKNOR & CO.

LARCOM. Breathings of a Better Life. Edited by Lucy Larcom. Small quarto, pp. 285.

This beautiful volume is not more elegant in exterior than choice and valuable in contents. Classified under various topics, as: The Kingdom Within, Way of Access, Life Eternal, Shadows, The True Light, Bearing the Cross, The Illumined Gateway, The Glory Beyond, we have many most precious gems of spiritual thought, in prose and verse, from recent writers, as well as from many more ancient. Excellent taste and judgment are manifest in the selections. While such names as Beecher and F. W. Robertson are very prominent, we find quotations from John Tauler, from Cole ridge, Tholuck, the author of the *Still Hour*; Zschokke, Bonar, A Kempis, Madame Guyon, Augustine, Bernard, and many others acceptable to Christians of every name. The book is admirable and its use will be profitable to all; but if greater prominence had been given to the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, it would have come closer to the heart and living experience of the Church.

The typography is very handsome. Each page is bordered with a heavy red line, and the binding is exceedingly neat and appropriate. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

MAYNE REID. The Giraffe Hunters. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. 16mo., pp. 298.

Our young friends will welcome a new book of adventure from the prolific pen of one who is so skilled in the art of instructing and entertaining them. The scenes are laid in South Africa, and new kinds of animals and new habits of life are brought to view.

J. R. SKELLY & CO., PHILADELPHIA. MILLENT LEGH. A Tale by Emma Marshall, author of "Brook Silvertone," &c. 16mo., pp. 318. Illustrated.

BUT ONCE. By the author of "Let Well Alone." 16mo., pp. 255. Illustrated.

JOHN HATHERTON. By the author of "Effie's Friends." 18mo., pp. 192. Illustrated. We shall try to find an early opportunity to speak of these books.

HURD & HOUGHTON.

THE MISSIONARY PICTURE GALLERY; or, Illustrations from British America, Mohammedan Countries, Africa and New Zealand. With Explanatory Remarks and Missionary Information. Edited by Rev. John Liggins. 4to., paper, pp. 32.

THE ORIENTAL PICTURE GALLERY; or, Illustrations from India, China, and Japan. With Explanatory Remarks and Missionary Information. Edited by Rev. John Liggins.

Very attractive picture books for the young up to eight or ten years, with valuable information on the various objects delineated.