

Editor's Table.

Publishers will confer a favor by mentioning the prices of all books sent to this Department.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

Dr. BUSH has done a good service in writing, and the Committee in publishing the admirable little book, entitled "WORK FOR ALL AND WAYS OF WORKING."

THE DO GOOD LIBRARY is made up of nine original books, of a size and character admirably adapted for the quiet little ones, who dare not be neglected in the literary provision made by the Church.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

"THE DEVOTIONAL THOUGHTS OF EMINENT DIVINES" from Joseph Hall to William Day, selected and edited by D. A. HARSHA, M.A., is a volume of uncommon value; a casket filled with the very choicest gems of English sacred literature.

THE GRACEFUL, genial and evangelical pastor of Madison Square church, N. Y., the Irving of Sacred Literature in America, DR. WM. ADAMS, has furnished for the Society a series of discourses on the CONVERSATIONS OF CHRIST WITH REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

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MR. BEECHER'S SERMONS.

For a number of years, one or both of Mr HENRY WARD BEECHER'S sermons in Plymouth church have been regularly given to the public chiefly through the weekly religious press soon after their delivery.

The utterances of the most popular preacher in America, who has retained his popularity certainly for a sufficient time to test its quality, and who, with his church, makes up one of the most remarkable of the religious phenomena of the country, are worthy of universal regard.

Original Communications.

THE RESULT OF A SINGLE EFFORT.

By C. D. Herbert, M. D.

In the autumn of 1844, a young missionary of the Maine Missionary Society, laboring in the north-east part of that State, proposed going to a neighboring township, where there had risen up a cluster of houses around a mill.

On reaching the little colony, with his pockets full of tracts, and with books for the children, a sober-minded woman, at the first house, spoke to the young preacher of the infidel, Dr. Fiske, pointing out his house, and saying, "Of course, sir, you will not call there."

"But who is this Dr. Fiske?"

"He was once a successful physician in the city of Boston, but becoming an infidel and a misanthrope, and getting into some trouble, I know not what, he plunged into the very heart of the forest with the first settlers here.

"But ought not a minister to call and see him and seek to win him to Christ?"

"You may do as you please, if you think you can bear with one who reviles both God and men," was her reply.

"If he abuse my Divine Master and is borne with, I will not take personal offence if he abuse me," responded the preacher.

In due time he approached the house, and found the wife at the back door, and introduced himself as a minister of Christ. Tears rolled down the good woman's cheeks, as she told of early days of delightful Christian fellowship with confiding and beloved disciples, and of her fifteen long years of utter seclusion in the wild forest, where even the little Christian intercourse which she might have had, had been denied her by her husband, who was accustomed to drive all religious people from the house.

"Shall I see your sick husband?" said the missionary.

"Pardon me, but I do not dare to take you into his room," was her reply. He has always been very much excited when Christians have come into his presence, and would be very angry with me, if I should introduce you. If you could go round to the front door and find your way in, you might do it. Dear sir, if you could be gentle and faithful, you might, with the blessing of God, do him good even now; for, poor man, he has not much time to live, having a cancer in his stomach, which will, doubtless, in a few short weeks, consume the very fountains of nourishment and life. I have prayed years for him and endured patiently his contradictions and even abuse, and if God is ever to answer my prayers, as I have hoped, it seems as if it must be presently."

The young man went as directed and found the sick man and told him that he had come in to tender his sympathies and Christian salutations. Having patiently heard the story of his sufferings and of the fatal nature of the disease, the preacher remarked that many had looked away from themselves and found the needed comfort and support. He told him of one man in particular, afflicted much like himself, who gloried in his tribulations, as having led him to lay hold on the hopes of the Gospel. These Divine provisions had thus met just such a case as his, and enabled one who was almost literally devoured alive to praise and glorify God in his last days, which were radiant with the light of immortality.

The doctor being interested in the symptoms of the case referred to, an opportunity was afforded to explain the ground of his hope of salvation. The young missionary told the inquiring infidel, how God sent his Son to seek and to save that which was lost; how the Redeemer came from heaven, to die instead of those who were justly condemned to death, but who would now renounce their sins and accept of pardon at His hands; how He was so earnest for our salvation as to bear our sins in His own body on the tree, being wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, that we by His stripes might be healed.

In making a more direct application of the truth, the preacher informed him how a sinner could avail himself of all this grace. He must confess his sins with self condemnation and renounce them with full purpose of heart; he must fly to Christ for refuge; and, relying upon what He has done, accept pardon at His hands. This Paul, the persecutor, turned from his rebellion and received Christ as his atoning sacrifice and as the sovereign of his heart and life; thus could we believe in Christ, as required in the inspiring words which he read to the sick man from the third chapter of John; thus had ten thousand times ten thousands of the greatest

sinner turned from their sins to their Saviour, who were now rejoicing in a world where they no more say I am sick.

Having thus for a few minutes preached Christ to the attentive infidel, the youthful missionary asked permission to offer prayer, which being granted, he poured out his heart for the present and eternal well being of the suffering man, and went his way to other dwellings and returned to his temporary home.

Soon leaving that region he heard nothing from the sick man for many weeks; but then learned that from that hour he was changed. Changed, for instance, in his treatment of his wife. The haughty lord was gentle as a lamb, confessing his past sins against her and asking her pardon and her prayers daily at his bedside. He was changed as to his estimate of his past life and character. He called all the neighbors one by one to his bedside, to confess the folly and madness of his former course, entreating them to regard his infidelity as an insane illusion, without the semblance of candid, enlightened reason. He sent to Christians far and near to come that he might confess the nature of his opposition and ask their forgiveness.

He was changed as to his views of the realities of religion. He declared to all that he realized in his inmost soul, that the Scriptures were the Word of God, and that they truly taught the guilt of the human heart and the ruin of every one who would not receive Christ as his atoning sacrifice and personal Saviour. So strong were his appeals that wicked men dared not visit him, though he sent urgent and repeated requests.

In short, his whole spirit and temper were changed, he knew not how. The themes of religion occupied all his thoughts. Especially was he filled with amazement that he had not been sent to Hell long ago as he justly deserved; and in the light of his sins, the work of Christ seemed infinitely glorious. If he could be saved, the Lord was a great Saviour for great sinners, able to save unto the uttermost. He was often heard saying to himself,

"Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree; Amazing pity, grace unknown And love beyond degree!"

This man loved much because he had much forgiven. He claimed no righteousness and could attain none whatever. He was a dreadful sinner, and Christ died even for such. He could think of nothing else and rested in Him alone in the hour of death.

These facts are given as testimony to the grace which abounds to sinners, and as an encouragement to all God's co-workers.

Who can tell the effects of that dying testimony for Christ in that unbelieving community, or measure the consequences which eternity shall reveal as resulting from that single courageous effort?

WESTERN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

Our city has this week been favored with the first sitting of the Western Social Science Association. Pursuant to a call issued some months since over the signatures of the Governor and Secretary of State, as well as a large number of distinguished citizens in public and private life, a considerable number of persons interested in the objects proposed by such an association, convened in the Music Hall of Crosby's Opera House, on Tuesday evening last, and have continued in session for something more than two days. An organization was formed, in character and design similar to the British Social Science Association, as also to the American Social Science Association, formed in Boston in 1865. Its declared object is to collect and disseminate information upon the organic laws of society. It will seek to deal with all the great problems affecting social life. Education, Public Health, Finance, Art, Jurisprudence, and Moral Reforms, are some of the important subjects which will engage its attention.

Among those in attendance were several of the ablest and most earnest men of this and contiguous States—public officials, presidents, and professors of colleges, heads of benevolent and reformatory institutions, clergymen, editors, &c. Papers were read on a variety of themes, such as Prison Reform, Compulsory Education, Woman's Place and work in Society, Licentiousness, Divorce, Domestic Service, Population, Taxation, &c., &c.

Many of these showed much research, and conveyed much valuable information. Especially was a paper on Female Reformatories, by Rev. E. C. Wines, of Springfield, Ill., (who, by the way, appears to have been the most active agent and promoter of this organization) received with great favor by the body.

On the whole, the new Society seems to have started forth under favorable auspices and with prospects of usefulness. It was, indeed, evident that there were not wanting, to the assemblage some of those professional reformers, whose active co-operation is enough to cast a shadow of suspicion on almost any project, nor others who would gladly promote under the name of science anything that seemed to discredit evangelical religion as the grand ultimate force in all social reforms. But the prevailing tone of the proceedings was such as to gratify the most orthodox. Several women took part in the daily proceedings

a fact which will not increase favor to the association in the minds of many who wish well to its objects.

Chicago, Nov. 13, 1868.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK IN MISSOURI.

Dr. Post, of Sulphur Springs, Jefferson county, Mo., writes to Philadelphia under date of October 7th, 1868:

DEAR BROTHER DULLES: The Rev. A. T. Norton visited my field of labor a few weeks ago. I told him that brother Jenkins and I were again greatly in need of Sabbath-school books. He says, "write to brother Dulles and get them." I told him, "brother Dulles can't supply the whole West, without more money than he obtains." I said farther, "We would be satisfied with second-hand books." "No," he answered, "the outside appearance is as much for children as the inside contents." He says, "Get new books, that will please the children." Now, I like the books of the Publication Committee better than any other that I have seen. I should be glad to obtain a box of them; it would make many children jump for joy to receive them. I don't want them for Sulphur Springs. We can take care of ourselves now on this question. Dr. Norton remarked to me, "You have a finer library in proportion to your school than we have in Alton." We have as good a library as there is in this county. I think it is the best. But there are other destitute fields—localities where we desire to start Sunday-schools. On Foster's Island near Sulphur Springs—a large island in the Mississippi river, we greatly need a library. There is quite a good school commenced there. The books of our Publication Committee are better liked by the children and read with more interest by them than any other Sabbath-school books we can find. I have not received any books for a long time; I wish them for entirely new schools. Those that have been for some time established are very well supplied with books and appliances for conducting them. I hope it will be in the power of some Eastern church or Sabbath-school to send us a box of books through you.

Fraternally, W. S. Posr.

Will not some of our Sunday-schools send me the means of meeting this call? How can our schools better bestow their missionary funds than in thus helping the new schools of the West? Donations for this purpose will be gladly received by our Publication Committee, and acknowledged by its Secretary.

JOHN W. DULLES.

NOVEMBER.

And thou art come again, November? Come again with thine autumn winds, to destroy the grasses and beauties of Nature! Thou art come once more with thy gloomy days and dreary nights.

All things lovely vanish or wither away at thy coming! Thou hast faded the charming colors of spring, summer, and early autumn; and thou art fast stripping all nature of its loveliness, leaving gloomy each spot.

The wandering herd fed no longer from the green hills, have sought a shelter from thy chilling breath; the merry warblers are driven away; they seek a summer clime; their song is heard no more, except that now and then from the sighing wood comes the sad moan of the widowed dove or the wild hoot of the owl.

Why with November comes melancholy? Why gloomy thoughts should come with autumn? we often ask, but cannot answer; for we love the other seasons of the year. Our gayest hours may come in the icy winter. Around the fire-side within on a winter's evening, our genial souls unite in perfect happiness; and without, the jingling of the merry, merry bells chords exactly with the ringing laugh of the jubilant band of pleasure-seekers. The smooth sheets of ice present a fair picture of the happy souls of youthful swains that gather there. As the moon glides on past the unclad trees, its merry beams flutter and quiver on the glossy surface beneath.

The blue canopy above, strewn with its starry diamonds, can draw forth never so great admiration as in winter. Then spring comes to unloose the prisoned stream, and send it rippling on again; to fling open the doors and let in the warm sunlight to spread its downy carpet of green, and clothe again the naked trees, and awaken the sleeping plants. Who does not love spring? Summer delights can better be realized than described. Its calm, soft perfume-laden breeze whispers eloquently of its charms, but chilly autumn comes to blast and wither all that spring and summer have made perfect. The woods assume every variety of color, from the delicate green to the yellow, the scarlet, and the dark brown; then, November comes at last, and with his cold fingers plucks off the trembling leaves, making bare those boughs for the cold, bleak storms of winter.

Oh November! thou hast no charms for me. I cannot love thee. Thou art a gloomy month; and to me thou hast been doubly so; for in thy days I have been robbed of those objects that would bind my soul in sweet accord to the scenes of this life. Thy chilly winds seem laden with sorrow to me; thy hoar-frosts have blighted my sweet hopes; they have withered the sweet buds of promise that spring and summer have put forth. Thy days have been dark and cold; darker and colder after the sunny days of summer. Thou hast no charms for me. I sit me down to

dream of the treasures of which thou, cruel monster, has bereft me. I think of that innocent one, whose days were numbered with thine: and I ask why was not that elder brother permitted to walk through the broad fields of this-life with me? Why his life so short? And in thy cheerless days a sweet blue-eyed sister, the light and joy of our circle, left our grieving band forever. That inspiring voice, so often mingled with ours in songs of praise, was hushed in death.

And 'twas thou, November, who didst silence forever the voice of our Mother. Thy cold ungenerous hands have taken the innocent and lovely, but couldst thou not have spared her upon whom we leaned? her who was our guide and counsellor? her upon whom, in a great measure, depended our characters? Yet in thy days she suffered and died! left motherless the little flock whose feet she had watched, and whose wants she had supplied; left them alone in this wide world, to go unwatched, uncared for, and unloved for a long weary time! Then, too, in thy days a loved one left home and friends at the beating of the drum, and for his country gave up his life upon the bloody field of battle. I ask again, why hast thou thus taken away our idols, and borne away our treasures? I can not love thy days for this; they will ever bring sadness to my stricken heart.

Methinks I hear a voice, calling me to awaken from this sinful reverie. It tells me of one who left the bright realms of light above, and upon this earth suffered, bled, and died for me, to save me from the wrath to come. It whispers, that He is my Elder Brother, and tells me, that if I am his I shall one day go and dwell with him in the skies with those dear ones gone before; that I shall there love with a purer love, that sister which was carried away from the toils and trials of this-world, to that "Celestial City," and in a sweet voice, asks me if the counsels and examples of Jesus are not beyond those of a mother; and if He should not be the "friend above all others?" I see my folly, November! I will complain, so bitterly, no more. Though thy cold, cheerless days may bring sad thoughts, I rejoice that when freed from this world, we may enjoy that perfect bliss that remaineth for the people of God. A. C. G.

CREEDS IN INDIVIDUAL CHURCHES.

The most new and engaging matter, says a correspondent, before the Synod of Utica, was a discussion of the "Place of Creeds in our Church System." This was introduced by an essay from Rev. Dr. Vincent. He argued against the use of an extended and detailed confession of faith, as a condition of admission to general church membership; on the ground of its being exclusive, beyond the law of Christ in its operation,—of its having very often but a partial and unintelligent assent,—and of its being contrary to the theory, rule, and best usage of Presbyterianism. The full acceptance of the Westminster Confession by all the officers of the Church upon their ordination, would be a guarantee of its orthodoxy. The education of the baptized children in the same doctrines and principles, would be farther security. But the introduction to church-fellowship should be without any other theological affirmation; except of the great cardinal truths held in common by all Evangelical Christians; it being understood, that personal piety was proven by credible evidence upon careful examination. It was also shown that the numerous and various Confessions in use among the churches, are an innovation, unauthorized by the Form of Government and Book of Discipline, the judgment of the Assembly, and the precedents in our Church. A motion to overture the Assembly for the preparation of a brief, comprehensive, and unexclusive form of admission of members, for uniform use among our churches was not conclusively acted upon for want of time. But was quite plain that the majority, and nearly all of the Synod were in sympathy with the position of the essay.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF FUND.

Table listing contributions to the Ministerial Relief Fund, including names of churches and amounts. Total received August, September and October, 1868: \$27 85.

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