

Original Communications.

THE SPANISH-BROWN CHAIR.

The following lines are from the Rev. Walter S. Brysdale, now of Cairo, N. Y., and were occasioned by his reading an account of the "Spanish Chair" presentation to the Rev. Charles Brown, in the Pastoral Association of Phila., on the 9th of November.

What is a Spanish chair,—what its substance, figure, hue?
Is it cedar hewn from Lebanon—real Presbyterian blue?
Is it hollowed in the back to accommodate the spine;
Has it arms on which the elbows, when wearied,
May recline?
Does it swing upon a pivot, or gently roll on castors;
Is it a "luuar fardel's" nest, or a bachelor's and
"master's" nest?
Has it rings of genuine azure tint, with yellow bands
of gold,
And "pomegranates and little bells" that tinkle as
it's rolled?
Does it blush in crimson velvet, is it stuffed with
springy hair?
Must the priest have walked his Spanish, who sits
upon this chair?
Is it firm in its foundations,—in the Apostolic line,
And broad enough to seat both Schools, when the
Old and New combine?

We were with you in the spirit, on the ninth of this
November,
For the meetings of our brethren still, we cannot
but remember;
From east, and west, and chilly north, like arrows on
their track,
To the old quiver whence ye sped, we turned and
flickered back.
Duffield was there from Michigan, Jenkins from Mon-
treal,
And Nell came in from regions wild, far westward
from St. Paul;
Darling was there from Albany, from Newark Wilson
came,
Malin and Butler, Berton, Pierce, of Philadelphia
fame,
But how they came we'll not inquire, though not in
body slow,
As streaks of lightning in the sky from west to east-
ward glow,
So in the spirit flew they all—but how we need not
know.
Congratulations true and warm, like equinoctial
rain,
Came down on our dear Brother Brown, with his elbow
chair from Spain;
And the whisper ran from man to man—how little
years had told
In wrinking our dear Brother Brown, and making
him look old,
And one by one we shook his hand, and pray'd that
God might give,
With other blessings rich to him, still many years to
live.

And as in spirit there we met, and spake, and
breath'd our prayer,
We crossed our palms in joy again with Dulles' and
Adair,
We utter'd deep "God bless you all," as Shepherd
and McLeod,
Culver and Bruen, Hotchkiss, Barnes, were singled
from the crowd.

But when arose dear Albert Barnes, and his silvery
speech began,
The spirits of departed ones came circling round the
man;
Their arms went twining round his neck, their glory
lit his cheek,
As of other days and the sainted dead, his lips es-
say'd to speak,
As if they missed him from the skies, and could no
longer spare,
As if to heav'n upon their arms they must the loved
one bear.
So close and closer still they crowd upon the aged
Paul,
And whisper low that eyes in heav'n are never
dimin'd at all.
Their faces shone angelic bright, for heav'n came with
them, too,
And throbs of love and sympathy breath'd all that
chamber through;
They grasp'd with unfeeling touch the hands, that they in
flesh had press'd,
And drew the forms of brethren dear in transport to their
breast.
Ely was there, and Dickipson, and Chandler and Mc-
Knight,
And Henshaw and good Anson Rood, were of those
spirits bright,
Ramsey was there, his vision clear of the millennial
days,
And Brainerd with his tongue of fire all eloquent
with praise;
Gilbert was there with palm and crown and blood-
wash'd raiment white,
And Wallace flam'd a burning star resplendent as
the light;
And where these prophet's mantles there on other
shoulders lay,
They hovered each above that chair—then vanish'd
all away.
New-York, November 23d, 1868.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—XXIV.

WATKINS DISTRICT, Nevada, Nov., 1868.

PREACHING IN TREASURE CITY.

"Go preach the Gospel to every creature," is the last military order from the Commander and leader of the people to His officers and soldiers in the hosts of the Lord. This order yet unfulfilled, presses as imperatively as when first issued. In attempted obedience to the Master's direction, and also in due compliance with church order, a visit of a few weeks has been made to Treasure City and its surroundings—not in company with this eager crowd to make claims; not to burrow in the ground for hidden treasure; nor crave it of those who may chance to find—but here for the souls of men, here to open the way for regular Gospel ordinances; and so soon as practicable, the organization of a Presbyterian Church. No minister of Jesus, so far as known, has ever before been within a hundred miles of this region with idea or intent to preach the gospel.

DIFFICULTIES.

Never elsewhere, perhaps, on earth have these graphic declarations of Scripture had so literal and perfect fulfillment as among this strange, mixed, eager mass of money-seekers: "He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house. An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed. He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be unpunished. He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye—they fall into temptation, and a snare and into many foolish and hurtful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." Not a person here who did not come, as well as the crowds which

still come, with the cherished hope and intense desire, speedily to amass wealth; and then go elsewhere in order to spend it. Even the stray professor, who chances to find his way hither, comes not for good; neither to get nor do good, but for money. The intensity manifested by this mass of humanity after a single worldly object is deeply interesting to the Christian, and a lesson of instruction to those who profess to follow after better things.

In what way can one get the ear and attention of such a seething multitude in behalf of the Gospel? No printing press to give notice; no church, hall, school-house or room to invite an audience for religious service. Winter too near at hand to have comfort in the open air.

PREACHING.

My arrival was late on Saturday night. On Sabbath at 2 P. M., without any previous notice, having secured two men and three women to sing, I got upon an empty goods box in the street, near the centre and most bustling part of the new city and commenced service. Sabbath is the great trading day and the city was thronged. The trading, drinking, swearing, bustling through evidently at first supposed me some political haranguer; it being immediately before the Presidential, as well as Nevada State, election, and various aspirants for office had lately been here enlightening the people. There was soon a large audience gathered about me, and certainly a very attentive one during my preaching and prayer. The singing was as much a novelty; the first ever heard in the public praise of God in all this grand mountain region. Not a few in the crowd joined their voices in the familiar tunes and hymns.

Preaching was announced again in the same place at 7 P. M. Our pulpit chanced to be in front of the largest store in the place—a combined dry goods, grocery and whisky saloon. Before opening our evening service, the owner of the store came to me and remarked, "I want to say a word," at the same time mounting a box in his store door; the store being crowded with perhaps a hundred men, he shouted, "Men, my store ought not to be open on the Sabbath; but now it is going to be devoted for an hour to public worship, during which time there will be no trading. I want you all to stay and be quiet, and if you cannot be quiet I want you to leave." The Lord had touched his heart. My rostrum was on his box in the store door, with an attentive congregation inside and another outside in the dark. What a position, under what strange conditions, yet what a privilege then and there to preach Jesus? My theme was: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Many of my hearers I well know had not for years heard the Gospel preached and all the while hardening in sin. That day will disclose what good was accomplished this Sabbath evening.

A. M. STEWART.

A NEW BOOK.

*The Being of God, Moral Government, and The-
ses in Theology.*—By Miles P. Spizer, D.D.

MR. EDITOR:—It should awaken gratitude in every intelligent mind, that a work like that which I have placed at the head of these remarks should make its appearance just now. The advocates of new theories in Philosophy, the originators of systems in morals which ignore the past and make but little account of Revelation; together with the matchless strides of those who solve all mysteries by saying "therefore," whether they know wherefore or not, have produced a scarcity of works of solid merit, and led many that wished for better things, and that, perhaps, were engaged in preparing them, to lay aside their pens in despair.

It is recorded by some one (no matter who), that in a certain village there lived two physicians,—one a most intelligent, well-read, judicious man; the other, a most profound quack. The man of science and skill was taken sick, and, to the surprise of all, he sent for his superficial neighbor, who promptly called, and as promptly prescribed. The sick man listened to the directions and suggestions of the green branch of the healing art with as much patience as possible, till he had "got through," then showed him, in a few words, that he neither knew what was his disease, nor had any correct idea of a remedy. "Very well," said the quack, "and now I want to know why you sent for me? You knew that I knew nothing about your disease, and but very little about any body's. Now, why did you send for me?" "Because," replied the intelligent man, "I wanted to ask you one question, How is it that you, a most perfect ignoramus, according to your own showing, have succeeded in getting all the practice?" (which was a fact that I should have mentioned sooner.) "Well," replied the quack, "if you are able to step here to the window, I will tell you. You see that group of men there?" "Yes." "How large a portion do you think are men of intelligence? men of sound, good sense, and a ripe and finished education?" "Possibly there may be one there of that description, but not more." "And how many, think you, are there?" "Probably a dozen, or twenty." "Very well," replied the quack; "that one, if such is there, is yours; the rest, whether ten or twenty, are mine."

Now this may be a somewhat uncharitable estimate of the character of men, especially in respect to the great questions that are discussed in

the above-named work; but certain it is, that few, very few, are deeply in love with works that go to the bottom of these subjects. If a man has written a commentary on the whole Bible, why he must, of course, be a learned man,—one who is to be trusted everywhere. If one has been a Professor in any one of our colleges, giving instructions upon the most profound subjects, whether he understood them or not, he must, of course, be a learned man. And if a minister of the gospel, in his endeavors to touch off a very eloquent passage, has quoted Samson and his foxes, or Joshua stopping the sun and moon; why certainly he has looked out a path round all the difficulties, with which these passages are attended, or he would not quote them. This is thought to be charitable, reasonable, kind.

Let me now say in respect to the work I am noticing, it will be read by only a small portion of mankind; plainly for the reason that it requires thought—hard, deep thought. It is not enough to say it must be studied. Men study a great many lessons, to see how St. Augustine or Calvin, or Arminius thought; and having carefully seen this, their task is done. They are not startled at the thought, that all these men arrived at the conclusion, that we all sinned six thousand years ago, and that, in order to be orthodox, we must believe this, whether we understand it or not.

The reader will not regard me as reviewing the work before us, but only suggesting that if he is desirous of seeing a system of Moral Government, which does not, in some part, overlie another part, he may find it here: If he is an admirer of any one who writes but to repeat what others have written, he will not be much interested in the work. But, if he wishes to see a system consistent with itself, one in which it is demonstrated that God had no part in the introduction of sin; a system written, from first to last, with an unswerving pen, let him sit down to the work we have named. He will be sure to see whole forests of thought, that he never saw before, of a most deeply interesting and instructive kind.

T. M. H.

Editor's Table.

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

APPLETON'S COMPREHENSIVE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE is still another of the numerous American works based upon the famous Dictionary of Dr. WILLIAM SMITH of England. In this edition, the effort has been to provide, in one large volume, as complete, fresh, accurate and satisfactory a work, explanatory of Bible facts, history, topography, and antiquities as could, in the present stage of inquiry, be furnished, for popular use. The whole is stated in language intelligible to those who have only an English education, and every intimation hostile to evangelical views is excluded or its groundlessness is argued. Great care is taken to represent accurately the usage in pronunciation and orthography, while diverse forms are not overlooked; in other departments, much new matter has been added to the ground-work furnished by Dr. Smith; one-third of the cuts and most of the maps are from other sources; theology and church order, scarcely touched by Dr. Smith, are made prominent features, the purpose being to avoid sectarianism, and the whole Dictionary has been made, as far as possible, without suppressing any important opinion, to harmonize with itself. When we add that the editor, Rev. S. W. Barnum, was the principal coadjutor of Prof. Goodrich in revising Webster's Dictionary and putting it on its present honorable basis, and that he has had the aid of the President and Librarian of Yale College, we have rendered any special commendation on our part unnecessary.

The work is a large 8vo. of 1219 pages handsomely printed and sold only by subscription, for \$5, in cloth.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

When leaves presume to usurp the place of fruit, and are the whole product of the vegetable forces, they are an impertinence, and may well be used in a figure to rebuke a mere profession of piety. But for the artist, leaves are among the most interesting and beautiful of materials. In the volume before us, the accomplished artist, JEAN LEE, daughter of a well-known and venerated church dignitary, exhibits the capacity of leaves as ornaments, around those choice words of the poet, which contrast them in the moral world, with fruit. Each page, as we understand, is patiently done by hand, after the manner of the medieval illumination, and the whole are then bound together in a 4to volume. Besides a title page and a Finis, there are five pages, containing the opening words, and separate stanzas of the poem, each ornamented with its separate kind of leaf: the ivy, the oak, the holly, the vine, and finally the richly variegated leaves of autumn, not a particle of fruit appearing among them. The accuracy of drawing, the artistic beauty of arrangement, and the richness of coloring, which breaks out at the last in the gorgeous intermingling of green, and gold, and scarlet, of an American forest in October, make it altogether a most unique and attractive volume, every way suitable to the season of gifts and remembrancers. For sale by Duffield Ashmead, Philadelphia.

Field & Osgood.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (AND ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS STORIES) constitute the closing volume of the *Charles Dickens Edition* of Dickens' works. The Uncommercial Traveller is a very independent sort of person, whose life is spent in sight-seeing in various places, unconnected in any way with each other in the narrative, save by the extraordinary powers of observation and description belonging to the author. These sketches are among the most entertaining of any of Dickens' shorter pieces. The features of this edition, legibility and beauty of typography, &c., are well understood. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 75 cents. Lippincott.

AMONG THE HILLS, and other poems, by John Greenleaf Whittier will be welcomed by all lovers of the freshness, the music and the pearl-like purity which always pervade the poetry of Whittier. Like the sunshine, his muse delights to glorify and transfigure the commonest objects. Those who consider rural life commonplace should read "Among the Hills," and the "Clear Vision." 16mo., pp. 100. \$1.50. For sale as above.

Invitation.

GLANCE GAYLORD, the author of *Calm Rock*, and other prize stories of high promise, whose real name was W. I. BRADLEY, and for whom a bright career was anticipated, has recently deceased at the age of 21. In three or four years he has issued thirteen volumes, "PATIENCE HATHAWAY," just issued, is his posthumous and only remaining work. It is original, without being far fetched; the characters are individualized, and the story is well constructed and of excellent tendency. It must deeply interest, as well as profit all readers. The book is strongly bound, well printed and illustrated, and with 370 pages, sells for \$1.50. Boston: H. A. Graves.

Mr. A. D. F. RANDOLPH whose excellent taste and judgment, conscientiously exercised, are a guarantee of the character of his publications; has just issued, in uniform style, three books, in large elegant type, for seven-year-old readers, under the quaint title, of "POLY AND POLY." These heroines of the story are two quite young sisters, whose conduct, characters and experiences are drawn from real child-life, which, as every one knows, is about the most entertaining of all the periods of life, to the observer. Beginning with *Roly and Poly in the Nursery*, the series takes us to *AUNT MERCIFUL GRATACAP's*; and in the third volume we find them at BINKVILLE. Amid their plays, and their mishaps, and their child-follies, we also read of their touching childish ways of showing the spirit of the Saviour who loved and welcomed the little ones. With a number of illustrations and beautifully printed, they make a charming gift to the younger class of readers. Another captivating book for the children has been issued by Mr. RANDOLPH, entitled: "*LITTLE ROSY'S TRAVELS: or, Country Scenes in the South of France*." Little Rosy goes with father and mother from her English home to the South of France, and her journey and the many new sights and incidents in her foreign home furnish matter of constant and varied interest to the reader. The moral and religious traits of the child's character are brought out in the same skillful and attractive manner as the rest of the story. The externals of the book are both strong enough to stand handling, and yet on a scale to make the children's eyes dance. The large handsome page, and the numerous full-page illustrations, reproduced from French originals by the N. Y. Lithographic Company are marked features. It is for sale at the Presbyterian book-store.

M. W. DODD is also to be reckoned among the publishers whom the public can trust, and towards whose books the critics have no need of special watchfulness, unless it be against falling into conventional phrases of commendation. We have received of his late publications through the Publication Committee: "*GENEVA'S SHIELD*" a story by Rev. W. M. Blackburn of the working of the Reformation in Geneva before the days of Calvin, a period of the most thrilling interest; a struggle for liberty as arduous, as varied, and as bitter as any almost on record; not on so large a scale, but quite as worthy of a place in history. In this story the truth of history is strictly adhered to, while only so much of fiction—if we may ever call it that—is introduced as to make the historic facts seem more real and life-like. It is a most instructive, profitable and readable book; one we should be glad to see in all our S. S. libraries. 16mo., 325 pp. \$1.25.

THE ORPHANS' TRIUMPHS (M. W. Dodd) is a book thoroughly imbued with a deep religious spirit; there is at times a trace of weakness in the feelings which form so large a part of the narrative, but a tender, moving interest attaches the reader to the minister's orphan boy and girl, and draws him on to learn their fate. pp. 295. \$1.25.

"PAUL AND MARGARET," or, the Inebriate's Children," is one of the best of Temperance stories, brief but varied in incident and well-sustained in narrative and character. It is by "E. K. P." also author of the *Orphan's Triumphs*. 178 pp. \$1.00.

THE HERITAGE OF PEACE; or, Christ our Gift, is the title of a very handsome square little volume, by Rev. T. S. Childs, D.D., in which the various elements of the Christian life are set forth withunction, and largely in the

language of Scripture, not without reference to uninspired authorities or to popular and pernicious errors. Albeit the views at the start are colored with high Calvinism, the treatise, with its good selections of recent sacred poetry, will prove profitable to the Christian reader. New York: Randolph. Phila.: Presbyterian Publication Committee.

Dr. Alfred Nevin's POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE is published by Wm. Flint, No. 26 South Seventh St. We have already noticed the advanced sheets of the work. The whole volume of 725 pages is now before us. It is written mostly for Bible-classes, Sabbath-schools and for families, but it is hoped will not be without use to theologians and private Christians. A wide range of authors has been consulted in the preparation, but the margin is overlaid with no references. The results of the latest Biblical research have been embodied in the work, but the great practical aim—the enforcement of Divine truth has been kept steadily in view. The illustrations are of an unusually high character, and the questions appended to each section must be a valuable aid to the use of the book in classes and families. Price, \$3.00.

From Barnes & Co. of New York, through the Messrs. Lippincott, of this city, we have Mr. James H. Worman's, COMPLETE GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. Like most recent Grammars of the Modern Languages, it is constructed on Herr Ollenloeff's plan. The principles are impressed on the learner's memory not by simply committing rules to memory as in the classic grammars, but by numerous examples and illustrations, which is undoubtedly the best method when the simple acquisition of the language and not mental discipline for its own sake, is the end in view. Mr. Worman's work is very full and explanatory, and can be recommended as a thorough treatise on its own subject. Pp. 576. Price \$2.

The readers of ALMOST A NUN will not need much persuasion to induce them to get another volume of Mrs. J. M'Nair Wright. Her new book—THE CORNER-STALL is a story of humble life in New York, and is one which will add to the author's reputation. The hero, Thomas Twigg, keeper of the corner-stall, is brought into God's marvellous light, chiefly through the efforts of a student in Union Theological Seminary, and becomes himself a gospel lamp through which the word shines into the hearts and minds of his neighbors and humble patrons. Many types of New York character appear in these pages, and are depicted easily and graphically, but all in subordination to the one great theme, "Unto the poor the Gospel is preached." Published by Henry Hoyt of Boston. Pp. 287. Four illustrations.

THE UPWARD PATH (from the same publishers) by Mrs. Caroline E. Kelley Davis, is a spirited picture of the struggles of the eldest son of a widowed mother in the course of his preparation for the work of the ministry, and of the influence for good which he, his wise mother and his loving sister were able to exert during days of trial and patience. Pp. 330.

From the same publisher, through the Publication Committee, we have HAZEL FARM and WILLY MATTHEW, two very readable English tales for young readers, illustrating by two very different types of character the powerful influence for good exerted by consistent Christian lives. The first is the story of an old Methodist farm-laborer living among worldly, church-keeping neighbors and employers, and living through unjust accusations of wrong doing. The second tells how a little orphan boy (or a boy supposed to be an orphan) found out what the Lord's Prayer ought to mean to him, in his intercourse with his careless and (often) selfish cousins and playmates.

J. P. Skelly of this city sends us two new volumes of his excellent series of S. S. books. GRETCHE'S TROUBLES is a story of life among the laboring class of Germans. The plot of the story is a little improbable in our eyes, and perhaps the character of the heroine would be judged a little too sweet for this Revolutionary age, when Patient Griseldas are out of date, but it is not improbable, that in both these respects the story is only characteristically German. The tale is lively and readable; the interest well sustained; and the moral and religious teaching unexceptionable. PATTY BAILEY is a well-told story of life among the servant class in England, and the moral enforced is the folly of self-will and worldly vanity. In some few places a fastidious Republican eye might think the English theory of "duty to superiors" prominent to a fault, and the *dénouement* impresses us as improbable. Pp. 219 and 182.

From the Presbyterian Board we have two illustrated books for the children, more alike in their titles than their subjects—THE CHINA CUP and THE CHINAMAN IN CALIFORNIA. The former is an English story, first published by the London Tract Society, and turns on the fortunes of a cup which makes the voyage to California, through the deceit of one girl and the distress of another, but afterwards comes back. The latter illustrates the condition of our Chinese resident in California, their persecution, by the wicked and thoughtless, and the efforts, making by others for their spiritual welfare. (Continued on page 403.)