

Editor's Table.

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

Three volumes have recently been issued by the (German) Reformed Publication Board: (1.) THE STORY OF FATHER MILLER, written for his friends, by Franz Hoffman; an old-fashioned German story, showing the interposition of Providence on occasions of special need, and at the crisis of great trials in the history of a pious family. 75c. (2.) THE LIFE OF CAIN, 75c. and (3.) SALOMETTE DANCER, 40c., by Rev. I. K. Loos, are necessarily made-up books, in the absence of authentic personal materials. There are pages of the merest conjecture unrelieved by a spark of imagination. The aims and lessons of the book are good; but what are we to understand by this allusion to Cain's wife? (page 62). "She long since fell asleep. Hers was a stormy life, full of labor and sorrow. May she rest in peace, and be privileged at last to enter into a better inheritance—an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away." 1 Peter i. 4. Sold at 52 N. Sixth St.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE PLAY SCHOOL STORIES, for Little Folks. By Aunt Mattie. 2 vols. 18mo., pp. 118 and 116. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. SPALDING.—The Little Gate and How to Enter It. An allegory, urging the importance of being a child of God; and an illustration showing how to become one. By Albert T. Spalding, Pastor of Walnut Street Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky. 18mo., pp. 43. Same as above. DAWES.—Lindenwood; or, Bethias' Resolve. By Mrs. S. E. Dawes. \$1. 16mo., 446 pp. New York and Philadelphia: American Tract Society. THE WHITE FOREIGNERS from Over the Water; The Story of the American Mission to the Burmese and the Karens. \$1. 16mo., 334 pp. New York and Philadelphia: American Tract Society. LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Conducted by E. Littell. Fourth Series, Vol. XIII., April, May, June, 1869. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Literary Items.

The book critic of Childs' Literary Gazette, June 15th, having spoken disparagingly of Dr. Bushnell's late work on Women's Suffrage, and from the point of view of the advocates of the "Reform," another department in the issue for July 1, speaks of the book as "well deserving of thoughtful examination. Sincerity, earnestness, and intellectual probity are revealed in every line of the volume. For the weaker sex, the author has a tender and almost chivalric regard. Nevertheless, while willing and even desirous to make any reasonable sacrifice, consistent with the dignity and well-being of either sex; to enhance the influence of woman, he considers the nature of the sexes as so diverse that unqualified evil would result from the bestowal of the elective franchise on her. The change proposed he regards as radical enough to alter, in the lapse of time, even the type of womanhood itself. His fundamental theory is that the nature of the one sex is complementary to that of the other; and his views on this subject ought not to be overlooked by any one who wishes to have a comprehensive view of the question. His analysis of the arguments by which female suffrage is supported is forcible and original: so much so, we think, that many readers will doubtless reconsider some of the conclusions at which they had arrived on this subject. His chapter entitled, "No Right of Suffrage Absolute in Man or Woman" is a timely antidote to a good deal of loose political thinking on the part of either sex."

Scribner & Co., announce a new and revised edition of Headley's Adirondacks, and President Woolsey's Work on Divorce and Divorce Legislation.—Fields, Osgood & Co. have reissued Forster's Life of Walter Savage Landor, a book very industriously praised in England, \$3.50; they also announce James Greenwood's Seven Curses of London, (Neglected Children, Professional Thieves, Professional Beggars, Fallen Women, the Curse of Drunkenness, Betting Gamblers, and Waste of Charity,) and Sermons by Rev. S. A. Brooke, Editor of Robertson's Life and Letters; both from advance sheets.—Scribner, Welford & Co. announce in their list of late importations, Prof. Pepper's "Cyclopedic Science Simplified," including: Light, Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Pneumatics, Acoustics, and Chemistry, 720 8vo. pages with six hundred illustrations, at \$4.50; also, Southey's, Book of the Church, \$1.75; and two new volumes of the Ante-Nicene Library, (Vol. I. of Tertullian's Writings, and the Writings of Clement of Alexandria), each \$3.50.—D. Appleton & Co. have issued Lecky's History of European Morals, 2 vols., 8vo., \$6.00; they also announce: The Land and its Story, (Palestine), by N. C. Burt, D. D., The Women of Business, &c.—J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce Moral Reforms, by Bishop Cox; Anecdotes of the Old Testament, &c. They have already prepared nine English and three German Almanacs for 1870.—Adams & Co., Boston, announce The Career of the God-Idea, by Hudson Tuttle.—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. have published the Divine Human in the Incarnate and Written Word, by a New York Lawyer, 12mo., \$1.50.—Oakley, Mason & Co., N. Y., have issued a book against dancing, entitled, "The Dance of Modern Society," by W. C. Wilkinson.—The National Intelligencer, published at Washington, has expired in the sixty-ninth year of its age.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dr. Wm. Smith is superintending a Dictionary of Christian Antiquities, by various hands. It is to cover the period between the Apostles and Charlemagne. The same indefatigable worker is editing a Classical and Biblical Atlas, also The Student's Manual of Ecclesiastical History, (to the Reformation), The Student's Hallam, and a work on Greek Prose Composition.

Dean Alford whose high scholarship is equalled by his piety and evangelical soundness, has issued a new version of the New Testament which, says the "London Bookseller," is attracting considerable attention. He has given a text which he considers genuine. Comparing all the oldest versions, he rejects that which is undoubtedly spurious, and points out portions which are doubtful. The well-known passage, Acts xxvii. 28—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," is rendered, "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Lightly thou art persuading thyself that thou canst make me a Christian."

The Copyright of "Once a Week," published by Messrs Bradbury & Evans, London, was sold at auction for £260, June 15th.

We read of "The Printers' Almshouses" in London. The popular firm of Cassell, Petter & Galpin recently presented them with \$500 in gold. This firm announce a monthly series of elegantly illustrated Travels in all parts of the world. Each part 50 cents. They are well worthy of universal patronage.

Late London announcements are: Rev. Henry Van Lennep's Asia Minor; a new edition of Aids to Faith; M. Guizot's last "Meditation"; Christianity in its Relations to the Present State of Society and Opinion; vols. 11 and 12 (conclusion) of Froude's History; vol. 5 of Spedding's Life of Bacon; Hume's Philosophical Works; Translation of Dr. Zeller's Stoics, Epicureans and Sceptics; Karl Gerok's Palm Leaves—sacred poems, translated by Miss Winkworth; Dean Hook on the Disestablished Church in the American Republic; a fifth edition of Darwin's celebrated Essay on the Origin of Species; Rev. R. C. Didham's new Translation of the Psalms; Drake's Notes on Amos; Pusey's Birenicion, 2d vol.; Rev. W. Stoth's The Apocalypse; Rev. T. Timpson's Key to the Holy Bible, 18s.; A. Macdonald's Love, Law and Theology; Mrs. Oliphant's Minister's Wife, 3 vols., 31s. 6d.—Mr. Wills, Mr. Charles Dickens' assistant in the management of "All the Year Round," is quite ill with paralysis.

There is a writer in Paris who gets the name of "Robespierre's Donkey" for his literary labors in defence of the bloody beast of the Revolution. There is a whole race of such donkeys which have made their appearance in this country since the Rebellion, but their croppings are scanty and mainly thistles.

The Round Table, one of the most brilliant and often quoted literary journals, has lately been after many vicissitudes, merged in the Citizen. Its circulation was about four thousand. It never paid expenses, but in the five years of its existence, cost from 30,000 to 40,000 dollars.

GERMANY.

"J. F. H." (Hurst?) sends a valuable letter occasionally to the Literary Gazette on Recent German Publications. That in the number for July 1st, is dated Frankfort-on-the-Main, June 10th. The London letter in the same issue is dated June 15th, while the Paris letter is dated February 1st! J. F. H. mentions a new work by Baxmann on the Policy of the Popes, the first instalment of which has appeared in Elberfeld. It covers the ground from Gregory I., A. D., 590, to Benedict III.

The same publisher, says "H," is proceeding rapidly with his "Theologisches Universal-Lexikon zum Handgebrauche für Geistliche und gebildete Nichttheologen" (Universal Theological Lexicon for the use of Clergymen and Educated Laymen). The articles are prepared with care, all of them are brief, and those of a biographical and literary character are specially commendable for the bibliography connected with their subjects.

A new edition of the Evangelische Volks-Bibliothek has just been completed. The correspondent says: "The work is the only one of its class in Germany, being an attempt to popularize the leading evangelical theologians of Germany and Switzerland covering the whole Protestant period. It consists of five volumes. The first one includes Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon; the second, third and fourth, relate to the minor writers and workers of the Reformation. The fifth volume is of special value, for it is a rich Protestant anthology, such as would be impossible to find elsewhere. Its title is in English, 'Religious Poetry from Luther to Klopstock,' and is divided as follows: I. The Poets of the Reformation; II. The Poets between the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War; III. The Poets of the Thirty Years' War; IV. The Poets between the Thirty Years' War and the Seven Years' War; V. Poets of the New Period. The work is receiving the highest commendations from all shades of the German press, and is richly deserving all the good words that have been said of it."

Miscellaneous.

THE POOR IN SUMMER.

By Rev. Dr. MUEHLBERG, OF NEW YORK. The poor don't go out of town: Sick or well, their health must thrive, without the change of air and scene, which we demand for our own. Doomed to alternate between the dingy pent up room and the foul street, the open face of God's creation seldom gladdens their eyes. The reviving breath of nature, fresh from the woods and lawns, braces not their nerves. The toilers in damp cellars, from daybreak till dark, have almost forgotten how the green fields look. Such a thing as a day's excursion, for pleasure, never enters their heads. The mechanic, the clerk, the apprentice, have sometimes the chance of a breathing space in the country. Schools all have their vacation, that the scholars, who can, may go from their playgrounds to the forests and the hills; but how many hundreds are there of invalid and weakly ones, particularly women and children, prison-bound by their narrow dwellings and the immediate neighborhood about them, breathing a miasmatic air! How many infants die every year, at this season, of diseases incident to their age, simply from want of fresh air! We recollect well the astonishment of several poor families, during some very hot weather, when, besides giving them their weekly allowance, we insisted on their spending in recreation an extra sum; which

a thoughtful friend had sent for them, on condition that they would use it in going now and then over the river for a ramble in the woods. "Sure," said one of them, "we have not done the like for years."

At how little cost might there be an occasional treat of healthful enjoyment to those whose dreary and monotonous existence is scarce relieved by a bright scene or a merry hour through the livelong year! But we must not be proposing picnics for the poor, lest we be set down for monomaniacs in charity—and yet, if the poor have the same capabilities of enjoyment which we make an argument for our own pleasures, the thing would not be so very monstrous.

Would it not then be considerate in Christian people, in carrying out their plans for the summer, to think of those, who have none else to think of them? Would it not be a good custom to leave something in the hands of their pastors or other almoners, for the sick and needy at a time when sickness prevails and need is cut off from its customary supplies? Enjoy yourselves, kind friends, wherever ye be—rusticating at your villas on the Hudson, on the Sound, or regaling at Saratoga, or Newport, or Bedford, or among New England's hills; but do have a thought for the folks stifled in closets, or roasting in garrets, or dragging their feeble steps in the hot sun at noonday, to find "everybody out of town." Perhaps you can call some of them to mind. You can remember individuals whom you ought not to have forgotten; for them, at least, leave something, that they may refresh themselves as they can; and that they may spare a day to carry their sick babies out to some country friend, who may manage to entertain them: A gift subtracted from your purse won't spoil the enjoyment of what the balance procures. The mountain air, the ocean breeze, will inspire naught less of health. You will expatiate with none the less delight, amid God's own architecture, for letting His lowly children have a sight of it as well as yourselves. Suppose you send a contribution to your Pastor, toward a FRESH-AIR FUND, for giving some of your poor brothers and sisters occasional trips, if only in the steamboats plying short distances from the city.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

[We cull a number of these stories from the Report of the Third National Sunday-school Convention, just published by J. C. Garrigues & Co., of this city.]

Mr. William Reynolds, of Illinois, said: "I taught a class once without results, continued the speaker. It troubled me sorely. I told my troubles to a minister of Christ who was staying with me. 'You lack faith,' he said. 'Have you ever taken your scholars one by one, and asked them personally why they were not Christians?' 'No, I never have.' 'Well, there is your difficulty. You have lacked faith in the virtue of such direct labor with them. Take your class now, and ask each one of them personally, 'What keeps you, my dear, from the Lord Jesus Christ?' Let us go apart and pray for your scholars.' We went to an upper room, and prayed that God would give me, as the teacher, each one of my scholars on the very next day. The next day was the Sabbath. I resolved that I would honor God by believing His promises. There was no unusual religious interest in the school. As I longed and prayed for my class, my faith increased. I pleaded, 'O Lord, for Thy name's sake, for Jesus' sake, for these dear souls' sake, give me all my scholars for Thee, on the morrow!' I went to my class the next day with feelings I never had before. I taught the lesson. I applied it. 'Anne, when do you expect to be a Christian?' 'I don't know, Mr. Reynolds.' 'Don't you feel that you ought to be one now?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Anne, will you not surrender your heart to Jesus?' She burst into tears. I faithfully spoke to the next, and the next, until my five scholars were in tears, and one of them said to me, 'Won't you please meet us in a prayer-meeting at our house, Mr. Reynolds?' 'With pleasure.' I went there. We knelt in prayer, and every one of them, there upon their knees, gave themselves away to Jesus, and they are earnest Christians to-day, three of them in my Sabbath-school, leading others to the same Saviour. I took another class, and pursued the same course. All but one were converted to Christ."

The venerable Dr. Tyng told the following: "When they formed the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, my father, who was a stern Episcopalian and a lawyer, riding in the stage with old Dr. Spring, the father of Gardiner Spring (for Gardiner Spring and I were born within a mile of each other), when the news came that Judson and Nott and their companions had joined the Baptist Church in India, my father said to Dr. Spring: 'Well, Doctor, I understand that your chickens have turned out ducks!' [Laughter.] Old Dr. Spring replied, 'Yes, Judge, and I should like to sit on hen's eggs all my life long if they would hatch such ducks as they are!' [Applause.] Let men read the life of Adoniram Judson. Why, I would let such a man as that carry me down to the bottom of the sea! 'Thirty years ago in Philadelphia there came one Saturday night a terrific snow-storm that filled the streets three or four feet deep with snow in banks. I went to church thinking that I would be alone. One little girl I found of sixteen years of age, up to her hips in a snow-bank, and utterly unable to get out. She had walked from Ninth street to above Broad in Chestnut, and had left her shoes somewhere upon the road, she could not tell where. I found her at the door. Would you like to know the history of that girl? I traced the conversion of twenty-five of my young people to the ministry of that girl. She was made the wife of a faithful young minister, and died within two years after her marriage. She went into her work for Christ simply to do good. She would get three or four of her half-grown boys of the Sunday-school to wait upon her home, and she would take one of them to her house, and one after another used to come to me, and when I asked the question, 'What has led you to seek a Saviour's love?' they men-

tioned this sweet and charming name—till I traced twenty-five, at least, among my young people who were converted through her prayers and labors—and among them, that beloved son of mine at whose bedside I sat for sixteen long hours wondering why God had taken him, and left me behind. This was the character of the girl. Nothing kept her back. And she did a spiritual work."

"I knew a young girl intimately. I saw her almost every day. She was a beautiful child, surrounded by all that wealth and affection could bring. Some of my brothers here knew her father, for he was President of the Young Men's Christian Association in Cincinnati. His residence was a magnificent mansion on a beautiful hill near the city. By home instruction and Sunday-school instruction, she, in early life, gave her heart to Jesus. One sad Saturday, turning around suddenly when near the fire, her dress caught, and almost in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Her screams brought her father to her room, and oh! what a scene for him to look upon! What horror must have crept into that fond father's heart! He said he never dreamt what misery was till that moment. He speedily extinguished the flames, and, finding they had not reached the child's head, nor apparently had time to burn her severely, he thought himself the happiest man in all the world for his darling was safe. He laid her on the bed, and began at once to apply such soothing remedies as he could command. Soon the child asked, 'Father, how long must I suffer this intense agony?' 'Oh, not long, Helen. Only an hour, I hope.' For three-quarters of an hour she did not murmur nor utter a cry, nor say, 'How near, dear father, how near is the hour up?' What submission in suffering was there! At last the poor father said, 'I hope in fifteen minutes, Helen, you will be relieved from this great pain.'"

"The physician came day after day. Mr. Neff at last saw by his countenance something that aroused his suspicions that his daughter would not get well. 'Doctor,' he said, 'do not keep anything back; tell me all.' The poor man, who was an intimate friend, burst into tears as he replied, 'God knows, Mr. Neff, that I wish I could do something more for Helen, but I have done the last thing in my power; she must die, I am afraid, before to-morrow morning.' Never, as that father told me, never had he experienced such feelings. 'Oh! how can I tell her?' He went to her, at last, took her hand in his, and, with all the calmness he could command, said, 'Helen, you are a very sick little girl.' 'Yes, pa, I know it.' Helen—and the poor father could scarcely frame his words, but God taught him—Helen, sometimes little girls who are as sick as you, are very long sick.' 'Yes, Papa, I know that!' He could scarcely go further, but at last had strength given him to say, 'My dear child, sometimes little girls as sick as you are do not get well at all.' The child turned her eye, beautiful and bright, upon him, and said, 'Pa, I am not afraid to die! God be praised for a religion that can enable a child, in such sweet trustfulness, to utter that testimony! That day was one of farewells to parents and grandparents and brothers and sisters. Her brother Wallie kissed her and said, 'Helen, you must forgive me for often annoying you.' 'O, brother Wallie, I have nothing to forgive. I want you to ask Jesus to forgive you, and make you his dear boy.' He has asked Jesus; and since his sister's death has united with the Church. Then her parents bade her farewell; and just before midnight she asked them to sing

'Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
and she sang clearly and beautifully, without a tremor in her voice, through it all. Then she commenced the Lord's Prayer, and that father said he never heard the words, 'Thy will be done in earth as in heaven,' uttered as she uttered them. When she closed the prayer she seemed to be for a time breathing an inaudible prayer, and at 12 o'clock the Bridegroom's voice was heard, and Helen went out to meet him, and the door was shut, and Helen went into the marriage supper of the Lamb.'—H. Thane Miller.

"Perhaps three months ago," said Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., "a man came to see me who said: 'I am one of the wickedest men in the city of New York. I have lived a life of crime. I have been constantly in prison. Four times I have served out a State's Prison term. And here I am. I want to be a Christian man.' 'What on earth brought you so far up town, to me? why did you not go to a minister near?' 'I don't know why I came up, but I want to see you and talk with you. The fact of the matter is, when I was in prison I heard that you were, being tried—[great applause, for some time continued,] and I thought that we had something in common! [Renewed applause.]

"Well, that man, through the very agencies which have been described, has been entirely recovered. He was engaged to a woman who, through all his career of crime, has been faithful and true and loving to him, whose influence has always been on the side of godliness and virtue, who has restrained him with all the power of her affection, and while he has been incarcerated has been patiently waiting for him, looking out of her lattice, wondering why his chariot wheels tarried. This woman has now become his wife. We got them a little house, some furniture, and put them in it, and the other day, this man, whom many of us would have feared to meet, and whose very name, if I were to mention it in the city of New York, would be recognized, came to me to join in church fellowship with my people. His aged father came to my study and said, 'I bless God that He has given friends in this great city to my poor outcast boy! He was lost and he is found again; he was dead and is alive again.'"

Mr. Stuart alluded to a somewhat similar case of one who was found in the city of Philadelphia, an infidel, who had been everywhere in iniquity, but who was taken in hand by Christian men, led to the prayer-meeting, where he gave his heart to Christ; and although many ministers of the gospel, and a good many excellent laymen, shrugged their shoulders, and said that they were fearful of these sudden conversions, that young man is to-day Superintendent of the New York City Missions, a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and is doing as much work for the Master, perhaps, as any other minister in that city. He is

luded to his friend and brother, the Rev. George J. Miggins.

Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, in the closing address, used effectively an illustration from his experience during the war, when Dr. Kirk and himself were in the woods in Virginia, trying to reach their destination for the night. They supposed themselves armed with the necessary countersign, but found, to their dismay, that a wrong one had been given to them. Challenged by the sentinel, who bade him "Advance and give the countersign!" Mr. Stuart replied, "Give see!" "No! Mr. Stuart, you have not got it!"—the sentinel was a Sunday-school boy who knew the speaker. They could not pass, but had to retrace their steps, secure the word, and on replying again to the challenge, "Massachusetts!" they were permitted to pass. "Have you got the other countersign, my boy?" asked Mr. Stuart of the soldier as he passed him. "Yes, thank God, I have!" "What is it?" "The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ!" was the soldier's reply. Sinners out of Christ to-night! at the judgment bar of God, when you are called upon for the countersign, there will be no retreating, no remedy for mistakes; but now, while I speak, even now, without money and without price, you may receive this precious pass-word—"The blood of Jesus Christ!"—which cleanseth from all sin and will admit you within the gates into the holy city, the New Jerusalem.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

The estimate of the O. S. Board of Foreign Missions for the current year's work required \$350,000. The disbursements of the year which closed May 1st were \$316,658; the receipts, from all sources, were \$338,330, and this difference reduced the debt to \$5,437.60. The enlargement of the missions will call for an increase in the receipts of nearly ten per cent, or with the debt, of about eleven per cent. There are, at the present time, under appointment one missionary for Japan, four for China, and one on his way; one to India, one to Brazil and two whose field is not yet designated. One has lately applied to go to the Indians or to South America. One young lady is appointed to Brazil, and two to India. Most of these will sail during the summer.

The field is marvellously open for Evangelistic work in France. Pious and faithful effort in the villages is universally rewarded by a good measure of success. So says a writer in behalf of the Evangelical Society and Free Church of France.

Rev. E. Cornes, O. S. Missionary to Japan, speaks of the pressure upon the authorities to repeal the edict against Christianity, and says:—"The opinion is quite prevalent among the Japanese that Christianity is going soon to spread among the people."

Rev. T. S. Wynkoop, writing from Allahabad, says: "This city seems a great battle ground. Christianity, Mohammedanism and Hinduism, all full of argument and assertion. The voice of the Mohammedan preacher mingles with that of the Christian, in the same bazar; and a man standing mid-way between the speakers may hear the name of Mohammed in one ear, and of Jesus in the other, while not far away, the pundit is singing the praises of Ram and Krishna."

A pledge of total abstinence from wine and all spirituous liquors is required as a condition of admission to the Theological Seminary of the Western Turkey Mission, at Marsovan. In that wine producing country, it is felt that the only safety to the churches is to be found in pastors who are not only temperate, but total abstinence men. The evils of intemperance are so keenly felt by the women in one of the Syrian villages that they promise to give up the Virgin Mary if the men would only give up their wine. In the Nestorian Mission the most strenuous efforts are made to bring up the native Christians to the high ground of total abstinence. It is one of the most difficult reforms to effect among a people long habituated to the free and excessive use of wine.

PRAYING AND WORKING.—I like that saying of Martin Luther, when he says, "I have so much business to do to-day, that I shall not be able to get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do to-day, that I have only three minutes for prayer; I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do, the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic: may we understand it! "Praying and pro- vider hinder no man's journey." If we have to stop and pray, it is no more a hindrance than when the rider has to stop at the farrier's to have his horse's shoe fastened; for if he went on without attending to that, it may be that ere long he would come to a stop of a far more serious kind.—C. H. Spurgeon.

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