

Editor's Table.

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

Another book of the genus *Ecco Homo* appears from the press of Messrs. Lee and Shepard of Boston with the terse title *CRISTO*. It is anonymous, but appears to be from the pen of a layman, as its author seems not to possess much skill in the technicalities of theology. Yet he has evidently given much thought to theological questions, and writes with much freshness and vigor. The range of subjects is a wide one. It is first shown that the Bible is a "Supernatural Book," from the fulfillment of its prophecies concerning ancient nations, the Jews and the Church, as well as from its accordance with the discoveries of science. The existence of "Supernatural Beings" is then proved from the resurrection and the personality of Christ, and Satan and Spiritualism are discussed. The "Supernatural Life" in its mysterious beginning in conversion, and its mysterious relations to the life and person of Christ is the third general topic. "Supernatural Destiny," its character and the intimations of it presented in experience, close the work. The work is not without objectionable passages,—passages which err in both directions. Traditional arguments are sometimes pressed too far; traditional convictions and their expression are sometimes too lightly dwelt on. But on the whole we think that it will be an excellent provocative of thought, and that its author has collected into a very small compass a very large amount of interesting fact, and just argument. For sale by Alfred Martien. Pp. 444, 16mo.

From the same house and through the same bookseller we have received the first of a dainty series of books for children, which are meant by the author to impress on their young readers the lessons of our terrible war for the overthrow of slavery. The series will be called *PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY TO THE COTTON ISLANDS*, the present volume being *FROM BOSTON TO BALTIMORE*. We confess to being most interested in the fifty pages of "Preface for children who care to learn," in which the author, the well known Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, records her experience in regard to the curse of negro slavery during her residence in Boston, Georgetown, D. C., Baltimore and Canada. Patty, the central character of the book, is well-drawn, though we fear a little bit morbid, and planned too much after Unitarian ideals of childish conscientiousness and innocence. She is not equal to that finest of child geniuses "Doty Dimple," though occupying a much higher ethical and intellectual platform. "Sophie May" got down on her knees among the children when she drew "Doty," Mrs. Dall takes Patty upon her own knee. The style is faulty here and there, being slightly sprinkled with words too big and allusions too remote for children to comprehend. But still the book has many excellencies, and ranks far above the run of children's books, as much in its noble ethical and patriotic purpose, as in the style of its artistic execution. Pp. xlix, 198, 16mo.

Mrs. S. R. Urbino's *AMERICAN WOMAN IN EUROPE* is a pleasant and chatty book of travel, which is nearly as good as a guide book in the abundance of its housewifely information. No long descriptions take up her pages; all is terse and varied, telling just what struck the open, quick eye of a Yankee woman and elicited her interest. Pp. 335. Price \$1.50. Same publisher and bookseller.

Mrs. Julia M'Nair Wright's new book, *JOHN AND THE DEMI-JOHN*, is a temperance story of the days when little public sentiment had as yet been created in the Church and Society in opposition to the use of alcoholic beverages. It shows by what steps a bright, hopeful boy was led to a drunkard's grave, and how at first by social influence and then by the grasp which intemperance had laid upon him, the blessed influence of a sister's care and affection was brought to nought. The literary workmanship is equal to that of any of Mrs. Wright's earlier volumes, and the publisher has not been behind hand. Pp. 408, thirteen illustrations. Published by Henry Hoyt of Boston, and for sale by Alfred Martien. Price \$1.50.

Thrice have the Anglo-Saxon Churches drawn on the German for the words in which they should pour forth their Christian Life in Song. In the days of the Reformation the songs of Luther and Hans Sachs were done into rude and vigorous English by Coverdale, and by the Wedderburns of Dundee, whose "Good and Godly Ballads" were the first Scottish Presbyterian manual of praise and were largely from the German Hymns. Again in the Great Methodist movement of last century the Wesleys drew on the same rich treasures for the use of their societies, and more than one hymn credited to the Wesleys is a translation from Tersteegen or some kindred author. And lastly in our own times, when a broader and more Catholic taste in literature prevails, manifold versions of German Christian lyrics have found their way to the heart of the English and American Churches, giving us a new interest in the singers, into whose words and aspirations we can enter with such hearty sympathy. Catherine Winkworth has been among the most judicious of the interpreters in this work, and her *Lyra Germanica*

and "Chorale Book for England" will be a lasting monument of her taste, genius and Christian wisdom. To these she has added a little work: *THE CHRISTIAN SINGERS OF GERMANY*, which appears as a volume in MACMILLAN'S SUNDAY LIBRARY with the American imprint of J. B. Lippincott and Co. Miss W., has drawn on large stores of information, and graphically traces the history of German hymnology from The Heiland (A. D. 800) down to Rückert (A. D. 1850). The personal surroundings and experience of the singers is portrayed in lively touches, numerous specimens of their work enliven her pages, and the many excellent and quaint woodcut pictures of the principal among them makes us wonder that so fine a book sells at only \$2.00. Pp. 340, 16mo.

THE QUARTERLIES.

*The New Englander* opens and closes with articles by President Woolsey, the first being "The Religion of the Future," and is a keen review of the dreams and ideals of sundry modern rejecters of the Church and the Word of Christ. The second is an equally keen review and refutation of Senator Sumner's speech on "The Alabama Question," an article which must have great weight as from the first lay lawyer, and the second writer on international law that our country can boast of. President Woolsey fully vindicates the English Government in their proclamation of neutrality, and takes ground against the sentimental demands of the Massachusetts Senator.

Of the three articles which lie between these, the first is, part third of Professor Porter's discussion of "The American College and the American Public" and is an able plea for almost the only institutions which stand as the aid and witnesses of reason and truth in the prevailing turmoil of sects, factions and parties. The other three are on the Romanist controversy. The first is the fifth Price Lecture on a foundation endowed by an Episcopalian of Boston in 1770. The author, Dr. Harwood of New Haven, deals in a philosophical and historical spirit with the essential points of division and difference which separate Rome from Protestantism. The second is Rev. L. W. Bacon's reply to *The N. Y. Observer* in regard to the genuineness of "The Secret Instructions of the Jesuits," and seems to us conclusive against that much discussed document. The article contains a severe charge of unfair dealing against Dr. Hatfield, who wrote part of *The Observer's* article. The third is by the same author, and exposes the utter falsity of the statistics in regard to the moral influence of Romanism and Protestantism which *The Catholic World* copied from a Ritualistic book [Mr. Bacon wrongly calls it a Journal] of essays called "The Church and the World." The facts in the reply are derived from Rev. Hobart M. Seymour's introduction to his last edition of his "Evenings with the Jesuits."

The number closes with the usual book notices, a department in which this quarterly is not unusually strong.

*The Bibliotheca Sacra* for July opens with the continuation of Prof. Bacon's rather lengthy discussion, "Natural Theology of Social Science" proceeds with a refutation of the Know-nothing Philosophy of Hamilton and Mansell by Prof. Herriek of Bangor. Dr. Macdonald of Princeton fixes "The Date of the Apocalypse" at before 70 A. D., from internal evidence. Professor Schaeffer reviews the marginal readings of our English Version of the Epistle to the Romans, as a critical specimen of their general value; Dr. Laurie tells what he learnt of Mount Lebanon from personal experience and a wide range of reading. The number closes with the usual literary intelligence (a biography of the late Dr. Karl Nitzsch this time); Dr. J. P. Thompson's "Notes on Egyptology;" and "Notes of Recent Publications," American and German.

Miscellaneous.

REV. HALSEY DUNNING.

Memorial Sermon by Rev. Mr. Noyes, his successor as pastor of the First Constitutional Presbyterian Church, Baltimore.

"Know ye not there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—2 Samuel, 3: 38.

Why have the altars of this church been robbed in the emblems of grief beyond the period usually allotted? "Why do your eyes, to-day, for the first time, rest on yonder tablet, destined to a perpetuity as lasting as the history of this Zion? Why these flowing tears extended sympathies, and memories awakened no more to slumber?"

Why the dirge, the softened prayer, the word of eulogy? It is all strange here.

It is because a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel.

What prince has fallen? What great man has departed? Has one been smitten like Abner, distinguished in councils, and brave on the field where armies meet to hurl and to be hurled into the arms of destruction? Do we mourn as David mourned? I enter the temple of earthly fame, and open the golden-fringed record of lives that are esteemed grand,—destined to form themes for the pen of some future historian;—and though I peruse, with care, each page, I discover no name stricken from the long roll at the moment Halsey Dunning ceased to become a part of the great life of humanity.

They, who regard simple greatness, as bounded by the horizon of time, will say that I make a wrong application of this language of the great King.

Now go with me into that other temple, which God has built for the enshrining of His worthies; whose crystal pavements have never been soiled by a selfish tread, from whose ceiling have never

depended earthly passions, whose sacred treasures the angels guard. Ungal its records. Behold those whom God esteems great and counts precious, and you will see that one has vanished from our sight, in the midst of his days, great in the kingdom of God, and princely in the virtues of his Master. As I come from that temple and that survey, it is with the conviction that the Scriptures afford no single passage better adapted to this occasion, than the one that I have chosen.

When a pastor is removed by death, a chief is indeed taken from the people. It is his to lead; and what leader so exalted as he who guides the immortal soul along the way of Christ to God? If he is true to his mission, and develops with his opportunities, he can but be great, since real greatness has its roots in the soil of the heart rather than in that of the intellect.

As preparatory to a right contemplation of the character of our friend let us briefly trace his history.

In the town of, Beenville, situated in the Northern section of the State of New Jersey, on the third of July, eighteen hundred and eighteen, Halsey Dunning was born. His early training was obtained on a farm, shadowed by mountains, terrible in their grandeur during the season of snow and ice, but apparently reposing close by the throne of love as they catch the dews of spring, glow in the warmth of summer, or reflect the strongly combined hues of autumn. I have often thought that his being reared, beneath the silent watch of those grand sentinels of God, had an influence in moulding that rugged and heroic spirit which shone through his weak and crumbling earthly tabernacle. A mountaineer by birth, he always loved mountains.

At quite an early age,—though he remained beneath the family tree long enough to leave the ways of wisdom and discover the paths of peace, he went to the city of New York to begin, as many are doing, the toilsome ascent of business life. He labored, with the zeal and diligence which ever characterized him till his nineteenth year, when he was warned by powers unseen, to throw aside the ledger for the Bible, and to exchange the language of the market-place for that, which draws its purest inspiration from the utterance of Him who "spoke as never man spake."

He never delayed to enter the path of duty, and he was very soon engaged in preparing for the ministry. As his resources were few and limited, in common with the grand army of American youth, who will rise, though they toil with their hands while they enlarge and beautify the mind, he taught village schools, and labored in varied ways, as opportunity suggested, that he might complete his course with honor and success.

He became connected with the University of the City of New York, from which institution he repaired to the Union Theological Seminary. Having become a member of one of the Presbyteries of the metropolis, he accepted an invitation to the chaplaincy of the State Prison at Sing Sing.

This position he occupied for nearly a year, and then resigned in consequence of a change in the political complexion of the State. How well fitted he was for such a post, you, who know how kind and sympathizing he was, can easily imagine. During this period, he preached to the largest audiences of his life, numbering men of the keenest wit and clearest intellect, in whom the prisons of that Commonwealth so signally abound.

In a short time he was invited to supply the pulpit of the Church Hill church, Richmond. He never became pastor of that church, not anticipating, at the beginning, so long a ministry. Declining other and more lucrative positions, he remained here for six years, when, Providence seeming to him to forward and second an invitation from this church—but just organized—to become its Pastor, he accepted, leaving behind him, in every circle of the city of his previous labors, memories that render his name an honored name till this day.

Of this church he was installed Pastor on the 30th of October, 1854. I need not tell you of his coming among you at that glorious time, when all were bound together by a single hope in a noble enterprise. Of his laboring in the fullness of an undying faith till God touched him with a fatal disease, it is unnecessary for me to speak. You are far more conversant with these things than I. You are my instructors in this chapter of his history. It is wiser to speak of him as I have studied and understood him. Let us gather up the influences of his noble life, weave them into our own, and thus become better for time and wiser for eternity.

I am glad these weeks have intervened between his death and the offering of this simple memorial of his life, as we can now speak in tones calm, and free from the passion of early grief. I shall speak as I have ever spoken of him. My opinion of his life and services is the same—now that his body reposes in the beautiful cemetery of his choice, and his soul gleams with celestial splendors,—as it was when he used to move along these aisles, and stand on this platform.

I remember the hour I first met him. It was at the close of a summer day, that, in company with a friend, I called at his father's residence to see him. He had just arrived from Baltimore, the physician said, to die. He was sitting, the centre of a group, on a portico of the house which faces one of the most charming landscapes ever pencilled this side of the heavenly gates. He had been reading, and as the book lay carelessly on his knee, and his countenance was wrapped in dreamy meditation, he betrayed the air of a student, and an appreciative lover of the majestic in nature, and the pure in spirit. He greeted me with an ease, cordial yet dignified, and during that brief interview I became possessed of a conviction, which has never yielded its place in my heart, that he was a man rarely gifted by nature. Little did I imagine, then, that in a short time I should be brought into the close and sacred relation to him that the last two years have witnessed, and which, permitted, more nicely, to study those qualities, which, as a harmonious whole, impressed me so favorably at first.

He was the man he was, since in the depth of his nature lay an honorable pride as the foundation of his peculiarly grand and imposing virtue. He had a solemn interest in himself, and devoutly believed that those powers with which the Creator had so kindly endowed him, should be carefully nurtured and bountifully watered till a perfect development should be reached.

It would be the salvation of thousands, skillfully endowed by nature, and magnificently panoplied by Providence, if they possessed a like internal spring of thought and action. Permit me to specify a few of those characteristics, which distinguished him as a man.

*His benevolent disposition.*—This trait of his character was proverbial. He was one of the most sensitive men I ever knew. Though he endured suffering with a fortitude truly heroic, the slightest trace of it in others affected him to tears. He never failed to manifest good-will to those in stations, equal, or superior to his own. He was singularly free from that mean and petty jealousy which poisons the affections, and narrows the powers of so many. He acknowledged genius and talent in others, though his own was obscured by their superior brightness. Many a man, who can be very liberal with his money, is mean and begrudging in bestowing encomiums on exalted and meritorious worth.

In this greatest attribute of true greatness Mr. Dunning was pre-eminently great.

But his benevolence rested not in sentiment, it extended to the generous giving of his substance. The poor discovered him as soon as he became a resident of this city, and he was besieged by them on all occasions. He never refused to befriend a worthy man. He listened to the voice of every charity. He did not seek to stimulate liberality in others without setting the example himself. The varied enterprises of this church were precious to him; its contributions were materially increased by his personal sacrifices.

Would that in the ministry there were more such men to encourage the young, as he did—to love the poor, as was his wont—to regard the interests of Zion, as he never failed to; then might we confidently expect more power, less sorrow, and sublime triumphs. At the last day, many shall rise up to call him blessed.

*His modesty of deportment.*—He preferred retirement to the open glare in which so many love to display their plumage. He never went where duty did not lead him. If it became necessary for him to act, he acted in a way, that breathed of the spirit within. If elected to a chair of honor, he occupied it with a dignity becoming those, who know what is expected of them. He never aspired to a title, the acme of many a man's aspirations. He had no tact to boast of his own powers and acquisitions. He was a scholar, without being pedantic. Men, with little knowledge, give you the benefit of it at a single interview. He, with a vast fund of learning, permitted you to catch but a single glance; and then, because the occasion demanded, and propriety assented. He had travelled extensively, had witnessed men in varied climes and conditions, had studied the morality and customs of nations, but he never exalted himself above wearied friends by an unnecessary recital of these things.

Perhaps he was too retiring. In this age of swift movements and rapid victories one must not be too reserved. If true men, in Church and State, had less of this sensitive shrinking from seeming to be too fast, it would be better for mankind. The smatterer would be swept from the stage, and the truly strong would assume his place. The tinkling of the shallow brain would be lost in the melodious swell of the clear and controlling mind. Had his advance been equal to his power,—and such a relation may be sustained without a violation of modesty,—he would have gained a wider reputation, and, to the eye, have wielded a more extended influence. He never brought forth all the powers of his mind. He never rose to the possibilities of his nature since opportunity never offered, and he would not wander from his path to show what he could do.

Though so modest he was no less sensitive concerning his rights. He was active to maintain them. We to the man that had the misfortune to feel the sharp edge of his withering rebukes! I shall always remember him as one whose modesty of deportment we cannot too faithfully imitate.

*His marvellous firmness.*—His character had not a single negative element. He was positive in thought, word and deed. Slower and more cautious than many to form an opinion, when formed, it was formed never to be severed. He blended purity of purpose with independence of action. His ideal of right was lofty, and he pressed forward to its realization with a sublime faith and an unconquerable energy. He assumed grand heights, and he kept them too. He was fashioned to live in an age of solemn earnestness and immortal activities. He was composed of the material out of which the martyrs of the Church are made, and had he lived at a time, when, to confess Christ was to be led to the rack, or the stake, he would have moved with ready zeal and firm step to his fate. Firmness was the bulwark of his character.

The possession of this trait was an admirable qualification for the profession of his choice, since, if it is desirable for any man to be a rock, it is for a pastor. He is a spiritual ruler with dispositions of every type to encounter.

He is beset by voluntary advisers, each recommending a plan of action that is far better than any other. Amid a perfect whirlpool of excitement created by these antagonisms, what shall he do, but rear for himself, on his own responsibility, a determination by which he will abide forever? To please man is to let go the hand of God. A man must be himself, or he loses that sturdy self-respect which is the only sure exercise of every life. I plead not for obstinacy. Obstnacy is of sin. Firmness of God. The two cannot blend. Firmness, baptized with the spirit of obstinacy is a difficult attainment. Mr. Dunning reached it and always displayed it. Not always sympathizing with his views I could but honor and admire the persistency with which he defended them.

Standing, as you do to-night, where the surging billows of his life roll up the shore of tender memory, you must admit, that, in differing with him, at any time of his pastorate, as to what policy should be pursued, you were obliged to render sincere homage to his honesty, firmly and consistently maintained. Man saves himself from many unpleasant dilemmas, and unfortunate consequences, by being loyal to his inherent convictions of what is right.

Because he was firm his friendship was priceless. Once a friend he could never be a foe. Much of human friendship is like snow, that melts as the rain falls. Man promises for to-morrow, but when to-morrow becomes the to-day of life, he forgets to perform. As the weather depends on the currents of air, so friendship, far too often,

is determined by the fleeting circumstances of life, not so with him. The man, who rejoiced in it one day, could expect it for the morrow; yea, for all time, whether the skies above burned with brightness, or were hung in the drapery of night. I know of what I speak. It is but for me to cut a single leaf from the book of a personal experience; there are sympathies too tender to feel the public jar. Memories too precious to be uncovered in the presence of an immense concourse like this. Had he not been controlled by strict religious principle he would have been a terror to his enemies. "Be firm, courageous, persistent, was the language of his life; let it be the grand inspiration of ours."

*His indomitable industry.*—There are two classes of men in the world. They, on whose altars burn the fires of genius as kindled by the hand of nature, so that, without the additional fuel of their own exertions they hasten up the mountain of distinction,—constitute the one. They, on whose altars burn only those fires themselves have kindled, who walk slowly and fly with care, form the other. The former may dazzle the eye for an hour, but the pleasure of an hour is not for duration, and they as rapidly fade from the eye and remembrance of man. The latter, by constant increase, become mighty, and eventually reach a point where weariness is unknown, and the shadows of decay never fall. To the latter class belonged Mr. Dunning. His attainments were due to a patient exercise of his power, to long processes of laborious thought. Not a genius by birth, he carved out of his powers a noble mental structure, and filled its chambers with indestructible riches. He began life by being scrupulously industrious. As a business youth, such was his character. In the midst of difficulties, he conquered by his industry. He never counted anything in life small and unworthy of notice, but in all things, though despised by others, he saw reflected the unfailing wisdom and creative skill of God. In his relations to this church, this spirit shone forth. He surpassed his strength, and went beyond his reason. While many ministers are in the rear of their labors, he was in advance of his. His industry became a habit, an instinct of his being. I called at his house, one morning, not long before he was confined to his bed. He could not read. It was as impossible for him to be idle, and he had taken down a painting procured in the days of his youth, and was endeavoring, by varnishing it, to bring out its original beauties, and he succeeded admirably too. He resorted to many such expedients to satisfy the cravings of his ambitious nature, that would not let him rest. It was so till the last moment. In his sick room, though grateful for the attentions of friends, assistance was not welcome if his own strength could possibly rise to the exigencies of the moment. The character he attained is an unanswerable argument as to the power of industry in squaring and completing one's life.

[Conclusion in our next.]

—Macon, Georgia, has five colored Sunday-schools, with an attendance of 1,100 scholars, about one-fifth the entire colored population. The superintendents are colored men, with one exception. Miss Barnes has charge of one of the schools, and uses the blackboard with success. A union Sunday-school concert is held bi-monthly.

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A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of using the hair with a party admittance of astringent and vigorous, its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling out, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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For **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Listless, Weak, Languid and Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.  
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For **Dysentery or Diarrhoea**, but one mild dose is generally required.  
For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Pains of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins**, they should be continually taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.  
For **Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purgative.  
For **Suppression** a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.  
As a **Diurnal Pill**, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.  
An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangements exist. One who feels too frailly well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists.  
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