

Editor's Cable.

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

This is an era of military histories, since the rebellion has set all pens at work; but Mr. Benj. J. Lossing's PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812, possesses great advantages over most recent books of this class. Its interest to the people is probably greater since the rebellion has given us the means of understanding the situation and the movements. Its execution is more complete than our histories of the rebellion itself, because the distance of half a century enables us to appreciate the perspective of the whole. It possesses the characteristics which made Mr. Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution" so popular, clear and simple narrative, moderately graphic description, popular selection of details, patriotic fervor, and overflowing illustrations of places, persons, documents and medals. There are nearly nine hundred pictures in its 10,821 pages, and we have not noticed one of slovenly execution. Mr. Lossing holds that the war was on the whole a real benefit to the nation, while it did not secure immunity from the right of search, and lost us the right of fishery in British American waters, about which our ancestors cared most. It opened to us the valley of the Mississippi, secured the co-operation of England and America in the suppression of the slave-trade, demonstrated our national vitality and fixed our main boundaries until we were ready to enlarge them. Thus God secured for us His greater ends while we lost some of our lesser ones. Published by Harper & Brothers and for sale by the Lippincotts.

The National Temperance Society has published THE TEMPERANCE SPEAKER, a collection of Original and Selected Dialogues, Addresses and Recitations; Edited by J. N. Stearns. As might be expected the pieces in the volume are of uneven value and quality, ranging from the gravest to the gayest, and from dialogues manufactured for children's exhibitions, up to the fervid oratory of the great moral reformers in this cause. Emerson used to say "Eloquence is dog cheap, among the abolitionists." Judging from this volume, we cannot say quite as much of the Temperance men, although most of the abolitionists are Temperance men. Yet there are some pieces here of real magnetic power and from great orators, one notable one being Judge Denton's "A Postrophe to Cold Water," which is sometimes quoted as Mr. Gough's. The poetry is even less able than the oratory, being not much above the average of our Political Campaign Song books of twenty years ago. The absence of great names shows how few of our ablest singers have been champions of the Temperance cause. Yet both the prose and poetry of the volume have a certain average excellence, and are probably selected and written less with a view to literary display, than for the proper presentation of just views of the whole subject. Pp. 288, 16mo.

We confess to a growing respect for Bishop Coxe of Western New York. His earlier literary productions, written in the fervor of a proselyte's zeal, were not of a kind to cause any admiration of his head or heart, and we believe that he himself has publicly expressed his regret that some of them were ever published. Of late years, and especially since he has been raised to the Episcopate—a dignity long occupied by his honored father in our own Church—he has been growing in grace and honor. His recent Pastoral in regard to some of the sins of fashionable society elicited universal praise from the organs of all denominations. It has grown into a book of a hundred and fifty pages, with the general title MORAL REFORMS, in which the subject is discussed in more detail. Another and a much longer pastoral letter on Woman's Work in the Church is included in the volume, and is in the main soundly Protestant and safe. There is much in the book that we dissent from; the author has many idiosyncrasies with which we have no sympathy, and seems to us to often sink the reformer in the special pleader. But there is nothing in it in the spirit of his "Ecclesiastical Ballads," and there is much that is every way commendable and valuable. We rejoice to believe that its plea for the "weightier matters of the law" will come home to a wide circle of readers with a social prestige and a weight of influence on account of its author, which does not belong to most writers of popular morality. J. B. Lippincott & Co. publish it.

Miss Warner's new book will be welcomed by many waiting readers, as it is the continuation of a continuation. It is the second series of DAISY, which is in itself continued from "Melbourne House." We shall not spoil a reader's enjoyment by dissecting the plot, but only say that the story runs on through the scenes of our late civil war and ends happily, as Miss W.'s stories always do. She always deals out poetical justice before she is through. From an expression on page 366, where the heroine's mother "declaims against the religion which does not make daughters dutiful and attentive to their mothers," we infer that the author has been listening to some of her English critics, but we infer also that like Daisy in these circumstances she would say "I heard but did not feel." That Miss W. finds the martyrs and

saints of society in little girls of exceeding wisdom and piety, is not the only fault that we find with her. Her male characters are "soft," far beyond the average of the heroes of lady novelists. Not even the bad ones have hardness enough in their bones to be endurable, though there is more manliness in them than in such beings as her "Guy Carleton." Yet her books are good practical sermons to young folks; they err in a direction which is too little heeded; and their error is so excessive as to furnish an antidote without exciting a reaction. We owe her many hours of pleasure. In younger years "Queechy" made a long sea voyage less tedious to us, much to the scandal of an old sea-captain who thought "people ought to read nothing at sea except their Testaments." We commend her new book to a wide circle of readers. Pp. 340, 16mo.

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.

(Continued from our last.) Thus far, I have considered those qualities which nature gave him, untouched by the grace of God. There are men who seem to be born to be Christians. Such an one was he. To them the new birth is divorced from those pains and rendings with which it is clothed to others. So it was with him: God called Samuel and Samuel answered. In response to the Divine call was the charge. God called Mr. Dunning into his service when he was but twelve years of age; he listened, he had been prepared for it, and, as naturally as rivers flow to the ocean, he glided into the Christian life.

Follow me along the line of his Christian character: His piety was undemonstrative.—It was a quiet stream gliding through the green pastures of confiding love. He had a deep religious experience, and from its fullness he furnished guidance and consolation to others, but of it, as his own, he hardly ever spoke. He did not favor public references to the life existing between the soul and its God. One reason may, perhaps, be traced to the fact, that he regarded many of these experiences as related simply for effect. I said one with whom I visited him one day, as we reached the street: "He has strong feelings, but he shows everything that resembles can." He preserved the same temper through every stage of his sickness. He was the same unpretending Christian. Though many expected memorable revelations from him as he approached the gates of death, I know not that he gave expression to one immortal utterance. The calmness, the cheerfulness, the patience, the constant acknowledgment of God's goodness, that hallowed those months of suffering, so beautifully supplementing and justifying a life given to God, are the holiest mementoes possessed by weeping friends. Besides a natural peculiarity, we trace in this type of characters, evidences of the old truth that the still waters are the deepest. The most frequent and lasting grief betrays itself the least. He is the profoundest thinker who speaks on rare occasions. The noisy and demonstrative Christian consumes himself in the effort of an hour; while he, who has an opposite disposition, reserves his forces for grand and successful action. Christians gain by weaving their hopes into their lives, rather than by using them to season their speech. Mr. Dunning excelled in living.

He was a conscientious Christian.—He adopted the idea that to be a Christian one must assume a higher style of thought and conduct,—that, though the same duties were performed, before the new life began, afterward they must be wrought from different motives, and reflect a higher light. As a Christian, he occupied a different position. He was no longer his own, but another's. He was a servant of God, bound to obey with cheerfulness the Divine will. Everything he did, he did as a Christian. Whether he ate or drank, or sat, or walked, it was to the glory of God. The Omniscient eye was on him. He did all things well. It was his doctrine to be careful, not only in speech, in conduct, in all moral influences, but, in the preparation of a sermon, in the offering of a prayer, in a pastoral visit, to strive to do his best. He was regular in his attendance on all meetings, whether of a business, or a religious character, because he was a Christian, and was determined to maintain his character as such at any cost. He considered it his duty to be present at the meetings of the Board of Trustees, just as much as at the Sacramental Board. Duty was duty to him, in one sphere, as truly as in another. It is a necessity that the individual and the church should render religion more of an active, controlling principle. It is the want of such a recognition of its practical power that often causes it to be regarded as a useless appendage to a man's life in this world, having virtue only at the hour of death, and in the life to come. To Mr. Dunning religion was a reality.

He was a charitable Christian. This was in a very great measure an acquired virtue. Did a man injure him, the first impulse was that of resentment; but in a moment the cloud had passed away,—from the lips dropped words of kindness, and the hand of reconciliation was cordially extended. I have heard him speak of a man, who, to use the mildest expression, never labored much to promote his welfare, in language that surprised me, though long before, I had learned the golden rule. While I fear I should have forged red-hot thunderbolts of indignation, and hurled them at the offender, he uttered words of kind apology. If a man erred, in him he had a friend. He realized, what many good men forget, that we all are of the same nature, that the same dark possibilities lie along the path each one must tread.

In faith, he was far from bigotry. He loved his denomination with a decided love, yet he was no sectarian. Free from trammels he rose above names and embraced the whole church in his catholic arms. The Bible was his creed. Christ, in his view, was the "Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe."

For fourteen years he stood alone in this city.

No brotherly hand extended to him or his church. Hardly recognized by those trusting in the same crucified Christ as worthy to pick up the crumbs of their feasts, I have yet to learn of a single uncharitable word or act that can be treasured up against his memory. In regard to the great question of re-union, already settled, his desire was, re-union, if practicable, if not, let it be delayed for a season. If charity is the bond of peace out of a perfect heart, he must have been a strong bond in the kingdom of God on earth.

He was a prayerful Christian. He recognized no such being as a prayerless Christian. Himself, effectual in supplication, he believed it essential to spiritual growth that there should be much fervent prayer in the life. Man who prevails with God, is the mightiest power on the earth. Many feared the prayers of Knox more than she did armies. I do not believe Knox had any more power to find and wield the secret utterance of the Almighty, than Halsey Dunning. When the prayers of many of you died, before bursting into the language that heaven never failed to hear, he forgot not to pray. His marked physical vitality has elicited much surprise. I hope I betray no confidence of the sainted dead in relating a circumstance, with which he favored me, as it illustrates this point in his religious character. He was speaking of his prospects of living. He said: "I do not despair of days to come, and I will tell you why, though it is the first time I have mentioned the event to any one. About three years since, I was visiting my brother in New Jersey. Early one morning I had hemorrhage. Of course I was alarmed. There is a little rise of ground covered with trees in the rear of my brother's dwelling. Thither I repaired, just as the sun was rising, to meet my God. I bowed in His presence and inquired of Him whether I should live or die? I rose and descended from that knoll with the conviction that I was to live." You know how in the face of physicians, who pronounced it impossible, he lived, and he lived in answer to that prayer. The strength that was marvellous in his very weakness, was the gift of God, bestowed upon him because he prayed. In that morning communion he met God. Did he not often enjoy such seasons with his Maker? Was not the possession of such a man, capable of beseeching God, of far more value to you than wealth, and influence, and eloquence? Not many churches are favored with a pastor possessed of more faith and power in prayer. Are these prayers dead now? It may seem so. But they are not. They are like fruit, ripening among the branches of the tree, when the time of tripping is fully come, God will shake them into the spiritual treasury of this church.

The prayers of the first pastor of this congregation shall become memorial gifts, of precious value, set in these familiar walls. I know of no better attribute with which to round off his Christian character. It is the key-stone of the arch. He was a man of prayer.

My tribute would not be complete if I failed to consider him in his public character, as a watchman on the walls of Zion.

He magnified his office. In this respect he was a studious follower of Paul. He had a most exalted idea of the Christian ministry. At times, his reverence for his calling seemed superstitious. The pulpit was to him, a holy eminence, from which, in Christ's stead, he besought men to be reconciled to God. He spoke with the solemnities of eternity hovering around him, as if the judgment was near. He was completely consecrated to his work. He had but one thought, and that thought was Christ and how to bring men into loving captivity to his will. The saddest hour of his life was that which bore witness to the conviction that his life, as a preacher, was no more. His intense love for the pulpit often led him here, when he should have been in his dwelling. The last sermon he ever preached was on the morning of the first Sabbath in December, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. He delivered the lecture preparatory to the Communion of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, from the words, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Thus closed his public ministrations. He tarried on earth a year longer before ascending to the higher ministrations of God's eternal temple.

Character of his preaching. He preached a pure Gospel. None complained of his erring from the faith, and forgetting gravity of speech. He dealt with the soul as a creation of God, destined to live here, for a season on earth, and by its life here, to determine the character of its eternal state. While many men preach the Gospel, they are apt to adopt some particular phase of it, and exalt it at the expense of the rest. It is difficult to find the man who presents the Gospel in its true proportions, giving each doctrine its appropriate place. The mental constitution and the physical state of the man leave their stamp on his public teachings. Mr. Dunning was not a one-sided preacher, but I think he gave peculiar prominence to those features of the Gospel that lie nearest the law. He loved the cross, but he remembered that God descended from heaven, amid thunder and lightning, long before the cross was raised, and published His unalterable rule to mankind.

He never was esteemed a popular preacher. He would have disowned such an appellation. For who is the popular preacher of to-day? He is the man who can create a sensation, that shall be sustenance for inferior minds; the man who prostitutes the pulpit to the laying of the beams of his own reputation; who converts the sanctuary into a place of jesting—not of wit, for that is to be tolerated everywhere;—who says sharp things, that he may be considered of a rare order—who, once raised above the flood, scruples not to use any means by which he may bolster up his uncertain reputation.

Neither was his style calculated to arrest the seeker of a chaste eloquence and faultless rhetoric.

His sermons were carefully prepared, accurately weighed, sturdy expositions of the truth. Though he sometimes touched the finest chords in the human heart, he had not a poetic mind.

He lost, in failing to enter the realm of history, nature and daily life, to gather illustrations for the enforcing of truth. Though his manner was far from being perfect—though to him was denied the silvery eloquence of some, and he was destitute of the graceful arts of others, he had those superior gifts, character and earnestness; and all who listened to his solemn utterances were sure that they flowed from his heart.

I think his weekly lectures were more fruitful of interest than the more formal discourses of a Sabbath.

He was a sower. There is a time for sowing and a time for reaping. The order of nature is neither to be disturbed nor removed. "One soweth and another reapeth." It is very seldom the same man performs both of these offices.

One is not often permitted to garner the fruits of his own toils. It always was the province of Mr. Dunning to cast the seed into the earth. Is he who sows worthy of less honor than he who reaps? Could harvests spring from a seedless soil?

For ten years God commissioned him to scatter the good seed in this vineyard, and then directed him to Cuba to recruit his shattered system. During his absence the Spirit descended, and many were saved. What is the logical conclusion? Halsey Dunning prayed, wept, labored, sacrificed, enriched the earth with his devotion, but he was not the one to gather in the sheaves. Yet it is certain there could have been no harvest had there not been the long year of faithful preparation. I say this, since some are disposed to undervalue the silent worker, and I love to see the seal of merit put just where it belongs in this life.

There cannot be a revival of religion in this church—a spiritual advance of any magnitude, in which God will not discover some evidence that Mr. Dunning lived, and labored and died, in the interests of this people, and that his work was not in vain. If, to the unthinking man, his ministry appears to have been barren, it is because the ways in which God moves is not fully recognized, and the criterion of Heaven is not understood. To the eye of religious philosophy it was a complete success, and from it this church is destined to grow into a holy temple to the praise and glory of the Most High.

He was a model pastor. The last time I visited him, he remarked, in a conversation concerning the best method of influencing the human heart to yield to Christ: "I have been more successful in personal efforts than in any other." He was kind in tone, loving in deed, ever ready to do good. He acquired the friendship and affections of the people; that he might gain their souls for the Master. I have seen many good pastors, but never his equal. I have known those who would visit, but I have never known another who could visit to such purpose—shedding a genial influence all around, and securing the respect of all with whom he came in contact. Pastors are friends, since their position renders it necessary.

He was a friend, because his nature and his piety rendered it impossible that he should not be. He stood by you, not as a pastor only, but through the pastor shone a friend of the loveliest tenderness and rarest sympathy. He entered a sick-room, he was in spirit, one of the family standing in dread anxiety around the couch of suffering. He prayed and watched, as if on that bed lay the center of the hopes and the affections of a long life. He went into a family from whose circle a father had just ascended to the Parent of the race. No child around that hearth, on which the fire had ceased to burn, mourned more sincerely than he. Again he stood by the side of one whose partner had been swept away—whose hopes had been blighted by an unexpected frost, and so tender was his sympathy, so moist his eyes with gathering tears, that a stranger could not tell which was the ruined man. He rejoiced with them who were in joy. His strains of thanksgiving was as sympathetic as his agonizing intercession. His sympathies were active, personal, always awake. It is not irreverence to say that, like Him who bears the burdens of ages, he, in his sphere, well-nigh literally carried the griefs and joys of his people. But why do I rehearse these virtues? With streaming eyes and voices tremulous with hidden emotion, you speak more eloquently than can any human tongue, though inspired by the graces of poetry and song. For fourteen years he was the light of your homes. For fourteen years he baptized your children, joined your sons and daughters in holy wedlock, and buried your dead. For fourteen years he pointed you in your seasons of darkness and grief to the Cross of love and the Heaven of light. He loved you with a holy ardor. Thank God, though you have consigned him to the grave, you cannot bury his memory. Let that live, and throw its beams of softened light across your way forever. A congregation of his love, you cannot yet realize the depth of your bereavement. For a single church to expect more than one such pastor is too much.

His pastoral excellence was his crown. His peculiarities as a man may fade from your remembrance. As a preacher his memory may become dim, but as a pastor, he will ever live in your most hallowed recollections of a changeless past.

It is now more than three years since friends became convinced that disease was weaving its fatal coils around his manly frame. It followed him with a malignant smile along every path he trod. He bade it retire. He visited other climes. It found him there. He gazed on other scenes. It revealed itself in every flower, and blade of grass, and sounded its threatenings on every breeze. Others would have yielded. For forty-two months he disputed the ground. He combated it, as man always should, for, if one ever glorifies God in the flesh, it is when he clings with all the tenacity of a great spirit to the life so kindly and divinely given. God loves men who wish to live and act. He lived and acted till he died. On the morning of the eleventh of January he passed from the tests of life to receive the crown which the righteous Judge had reserved for him. When the last moment came and the roar of the dark waters were heard just beyond, wrapping his mantle about him, he descended into the stream, with the firmness of the hero, the consistency of the philosopher, and the faith of the Christian.

He had but a few months before completed his fiftieth year, had just entered on that period which is the intellectual man's prime; for, if one is ever colossal in mental excellence, it is during the decade stretching from the fiftieth to the sixtieth year of his race. The passions of youth are hushed; its ambitions calmed. Time has been afforded for the rectification of mistakes that occur in every life. Experience has ripened the mind and the heart, and all the forces of the moral being are trained to act in perfect concert. Just as he was striking for the zenith his sun went

down. As he died, one of God's royal men passed away. In ecclesiastical councils, as in every circle that he graced, he will be sadly missed. Who will catch his falling mantle and wear it as he wore it? The entire Church mourns, for from her towers, a mighty one has fallen. His trumpet that gave no uncertain sound shall never sound again, for God has called him home.

This simple tribute can shed no immortal fragrance on his virtues, it is but the offering of a heart that loved and trusted him. That silent marble is not to perpetuate his memory, it is but the expression of a people whom he led in spiritual paths for many years. His noble life is his proudest and most enduring monument. It is eternal, since he has built on the immortal rock of righteousness.

The man whom we saw, slumbers in his tomb, to-night. The man whom we did not see, but by whom we were moved to holy living and Christ-like sacrifice, is this moment an attendant of God, as he sits on His throne, above.

If departed spirits in their ministrations of love are permitted, to care for the precious objects which they left along the shores of time, then this Church is watched over with eager tenderness by the noble leader of days no more to return, save on the waves of consecrated memory.

For her his love was unselfish, his zeal unbroken till the last, and to-night her name is written on his heart in characters of living beauty. He has a reward in the church triumphant. What shall be his recompense here? What can you render?

Rear a thousand columns of granite, they shall be splintered and broken by time. Twine ten thousand wreaths of burning gold and gleaming silver around a monument of adamant, and let each letter of the inscription it shall present to the shining touch of the rising sun, be cut into the diamond; the gold shall rust, the silver lose its gloss and the letters be bleared as the monument crumbles to dust.

You would honor him. He cares nothing for these tokens of respect. Here build a spiritual temple that shall endure forever. Let harmony be the chief song within its walls. Let each one for whom he toiled and prayed erect a noble Christian life to his memory. Let him not have lived and died in vain for you.

Yes, as we bid farewell to Halsey Dunning at the gates of death, and gather up our robes to hasten on to meet him amid the radiant scenes of Paradise, as the youth Rogers, and that other disciple, Haphine, whom Jesus loved, have already met him, there comes but one response to our competition to do him honor, "Remember me by remembering Christ."

ROMISH CHURCH.

—For a thousand years, says a North German correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Catholic Episcopate have never been so utterly powerless, so helplessly servile to Rome, as at this moment. An ominous increase has taken place in the ranks of the Jesuits, which on the 1st of January last numbered 8,584 members, while in 1833 the entire order did not count more than a third of that number. Its headquarters are of course in Rome, but by its emissaries it is ubiquitous, and many of its patrons, perhaps even of the affiliated, are German Bishops.

—The freedom of the Romish Church in the State is declared to include the following stipulations: "That the State shall tolerate no dissent from the Roman creed; that marriage and education are within the jurisdiction of the Church and not of the State; that the members of the hierarchy are not amenable to the civil courts; and that it is the duty of the State to enforce the decrees of the Church." What, in all this, has become of the freedom of the State and of the individual?

—In Hungary there is a stir as of Protestant air, in the Church itself. The laity have demanded a recognized place in the administration of its affairs. The government has warmly supported them, and the Romish archbishop has been constrained to call a Church Congress, which is expected to reorganize the Church government under an old law, by which churches and schools were placed under the control of a mixed commission of clergy and laymen. The Congress met June 24th. It is also asserted by a newspaper correspondent that the Hungarian Government is firmly resolved, in case the Court of Rome is unable or unwilling to furnish certain guarantees required as to the spirit and tendency of the approaching Council, to strictly and absolutely forbid the members of the Hungarian Episcopate to attend it.

—Mrs. Lewes, an English authoress who usually signs herself as *George Eliot*, has received from the Messrs. Blackwood, her publishers, \$87,000 for her works, viz.: for "Silas Marner," \$12,000; for "The Mill on the Floss," \$20,000, and for "Romola," \$30,000.

—MacMillan, the well known London publisher, is about to open a branch store in New York, as has been successfully done by Strahan, Routledge, Nelson, Cassell, and others.

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