Literary Notices.

BOOKS sent to us for a Notice, will be duly attended to. Those from publishers in Philadelphia, New York, &c., may be left at our Philadelphia Office, 27 South 10th St., below Chestnut, in care of Joseph M. Wilson, Esq.

DISCOURSES, Doctrinal and Practical. By *Edward N. Kirk, D.D.* 8vo., pp. 225. Boston: *S. K. Whipple & Co.* 1857.

This volume contains thirteen sermons in the characteristic style of the author. The sentences are short, the language very direct, the thoughts are condensed, and the illustrations are apposite and sufficiently plentiful. There is no attempt at rhetorical display in these discourses, and the effect is all the more immediate and powerful.

VASCONSELOS; A Romance of the New World. By *W. Gilmore Symms, Esq.* 12mo., pp. 531. New York: *Redfield*, 34 Beekman Street. 1857.

Mr. Simms has chosen the invasion of Florida by Hernan de Soto, and the time and the incidents connected therewith as affording suitable material for the work now before us.

THE ODOHERTY PAPERS of the late *William Maginn, L.L.D.* Annotated by *Dr. Shelton Mackenzie*, Editor of "Shiel's Sketches of the Irish Bar," "The Noctes Ambrosianæ," &c. In two volumes, 12mo., pp. 375; pp. 383. New York: *Redfield*: 34 Beekman Street. 1855.

We have already adverted to the extraordinary talents of Dr. Maginn, in our notice of the fifth volume of his papers, which Dr. Mackenzie is investing with a peculiar charm by his editorial labors. These volumes are chiefly occupied with the papers which he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Maginn was a perfect store-house of learning. He never forgot what he heard. His information was always ready at command. His facility in writing was truly wonderful, and whether he prepared a paper for publication in Latin verse, in imitation of Monkish rhymes, in French, German, Greek, or Italian, his work was done at once *currente calamo*, without any more trouble than the mere manual labor of putting it on paper. The literary world never saw any thing more wonderful than his rendering into Latin poetry of the old poem of *Chevy Chase*, which formed his first contribution to *Blackwood*. It is here given in volume I., pp. 191—204. Among his failings must be ranked an utter disregard to his own fame, and hence the importance of a competent editor to do justice to the varied productions in poetry, classics, antiquities, history, criticism, politics, and fiction, which in such wonderful abundance flowed from his pen. To American readers many of his most piquant and telling allusions would be unintelligible, were it not for the admirable manner in which Dr. Mackenzie has executed the task of editor. His intimate knowledge of the scenes and parties referred to, enable him to perform this duty in a manner which could not be excelled by any other writer.

SERMONS Preached before the University of Cambridge. By *Richard Chenerix French, D.D.*, Dean of Westminster; author of "Synonyms of the New Testament;" "The Study of Words;" "English, Past and Present;" "Proverbs;" "Poems;" "Calderon," &c. 12mo., pp. 137. New York: *Redfield*. 1857.

The titles of these Sermons are: 1. Christ the Only Begotten of the Father; 2. Christ the Lamb of God; 3. Christ the Light of the World; 4. Christ the True Vine; and, 5. Christ the Judge of all men. We are glad to see such a fullness of doctrinal statement in the sermons of Dr. French, as appears in the third sermon of this course on the Atonement, in which vicarious substitution and plenary satisfaction are clearly taught. We would modify some statements in the fourth sermon; but, on the whole, they are much more evangelical than the great mass of the pulpit exhibitions of the party in the English Church, to which Dean French belongs.

NATIONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS AND NATIONAL SIN, the substance of a Discourse, by *Rev. A. L. Lindsley*, South Salem, N. Y.

The law of God is one, and Nations are as really bound by it as are individuals. A people, in their collective capacity, have no right to do that which would be wrong in an individual, unless it be in the punishment of evil-doers, and in claiming services and property for the general good; and, in all this, they are to proceed strictly on the principles of the moral law. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Let the nations know that God rules.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE FOR APRIL.—This is an excellent number. The article from the *North British Review*, on Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations, will be read with deep interest.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW. February, 1857. New York: *Leonard Scott & Co.*

The subjects discussed in this number are: The Employment of Women; Modern Style; Dr. Samuel Brown; Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations; Mrs. Browning's Poems; Richard Hooker; Art Unions; The Trade in Opium and the United States Politics; Foreign and Domestic.

Our readers will see that this is a varied number so far as matter is concerned, and the readers of the *Review* will find that the talent and information of the contributions are of as high an order as ever.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS. No. 29. *Lapstone.* April, 1857.

Lapstone, or the Sailor turned Shoemaker, is the title of the story-book for this month. The retired seaman coins imaginary occurrences for the amusement of his juvenile hearers; but the scenes described, the usages on board ships, at sea, in harbor, in calms or in storms, &c., &c., are all strictly true. This book, with its illustrations, will, therefore, be a taking one among the young.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. January, 1857. New York: *Leonard Scott & Co.*

This number was delayed considerably in reaching us. We regret the circumstance, as it is a first rate number. The articles are: "History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire," admirably written, and very delightful; "Ferns and their Portraits;" "Homer and his successors in Epic Poetry;" classical, and filled with valuable criticism; "Rats," an extraordinary subject, but an interesting and really valuable essay; "Salmon Fishing, Breeding, and Legislation;" "Lord Raglan;" this really great man is at length having a measure of justice meted out to his extraordinary merits. The history of the Crimean War by the Author of "Eothen" will set him right with a community before whom he has long been traduced and misrepresented; "Life of Sir Charles Napier," equally creditable to the writer; and "Prospects Political and Financial."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. March, 1857. New York: *Leonard Scott & Co.*

The character of this magazine is a sufficient answer to those who are disposed to associate all literary power and merit with the past. We have seldom seen a number superior in all respects to the present. The contents are: "Æsthetics among the Alps—Elements of Power;" "The Athelings, Part X.;" "A Crow Plucked with Mr. J. Bull;" this is an exceedingly caustic and telling article on the foreign policy of England; "Picture Books;" "Scenes of Clerical Life, No. 2;" "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story;" "The Conquest of Bacchus," real poetry; "Hester Benfield;" "Barry Cornwall;" "Arctic Adventure;" and "Letters from a Light-house, No. II."

HOME MAGAZINE.—The number for May has made its appearance, entertaining and elegant as usual.

The Bible.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Bible Narratives.—No. 27.

LOT AND SODOM.—GEN. XVIII, XIX.

When Sodom and its confederate towns were destroyed, a molten sea was cast, upon which was written, in letters of fire, Jehovah's wrath against those finally given up by a striving Spirit. The words were inscribed to be read in after ages. Prophets, Apostles, and the Son of God, in the days of his flesh, all point to them, whenever they speak of the overthrow of the cities of the plain. But frequently the disaster which came upon the house of Lot, is either named, or intimated in connexion with the mention of the sad closing scenes of the history of the Pentopolis; thus giving a unity of impression from the conjoined history which we have in these chapters of the Bible. In this manner we shall view this part of sacred history.

Lot and his numerous family had joined Abraham, when, at the call of God, he emigrated to Canaan. But it is too evident to admit of a doubt, that an earthly, and not a heavenly country, was in a great measure the influencing motive of the resolve to join the household of the father of the faithful. Like those fed by miracle, who were ready by force to make Jesus king, while they looked upon him as a temporal Saviour, but who went away offended when he announced himself as sent to redeem from sin; so the house of Lot, when it was evident that "the better country," i. e., the heavenly, was the chief object of Abraham's search, soon found reasons for a separation. We are told that disputes between the servants or subjects of the two patriarchs was the cause which led to the settlement of Lot in Sodom. But, could we lift the curtain, we might perhaps see that the servants of Lot were only carrying out the indifference *shown* by their master to the views and hopes of Abraham. Though they were mistaken as to a total dissimilarity of aim by the two pastoral heads of families; yet, they did not miscalculate as to the ability to consummate a plan of separation, and to mark out another path for themselves. Thus, Lot removes to the wicked, yet fertile and populous plain of Siddim, and settles in Sodom, its most important, and perhaps wealthy city.

Though we are not told that by his exchange of pastoral for city life, he promoted his wealth, yet it appears to be intimated that, at the sacrifice of principle, he got for a time to himself great honor. His daughters are selected as wives by the men of the place. He is allowed to sit as judge, at "the gate of the city." His rescue, along with other captives from Chedarlaomer, by Abraham, who would be looked upon in Sodom as a remarkable warrior, may have contributed much to the deference paid him by all classes. Never, perhaps, until the evening of the visit of the angels, had he heard words uttered against his character, and the propriety of his course. For, though "his righteous soul was vexed from day to day by unlawful deeds," yet he seems to have concealed his disgust from the men of the city, and even from his own house, and to have shown a readiness to treat kindly the wicked in the midst of crime. His conduct on the evening before the overthrow of the cities, points in this direction pretty plainly.

The sight of angel messengers such as he had seen when his house was with God, as one with Abraham's, roused into activity his dormant and stifled feelings of piety. The strangers must abide in his house for the night. But the clamors of the mob soon cloud the sunlight that shines for a little while. He cannot bear that word shall be carried back to Abraham, and others whom he respects, that he has violated the laws of hospitality, and treated unkindly, men of God who have come to his house. He does not wish a suspicion to be whispered in the ears of the pious as to his piety. He looks at matters a little differently from some others. He believes he can be righteous, and do great good to the ungodly, by getting and keeping popular with them. So "he shuts the door after him," and between him and his pious guests; and lays aside the garments of piety to assume the clothing of a man of the world—even of a shrewd politician; courting popularity by pandering for the wickedest principles of depraved humanity. Yea, the feelings of the father, as well as the principles of virtue, are offered as a sacrifice at the shrine of popular favor. But the men of Sodom, as the wicked sometimes do, showed that their hatred to piety was greater than their love of lust; Lot must, therefore, either avow himself a good man, and true to principle, or, delivering up the pious guests whom he had invited to his house for the night, he must take sides with the Sodomites, in direct and open conflict with Jehovah and his laws. While Lot was hesitating, he was pulled into the house by the hand of the angels. This opened the way for the miracle of blindness—at once a figure of the blind infatuation of a mob in every age of the world, and a sign from God to strengthen the weak faith of Lot and his two daughters.

With such feeble exhibition of the inner life which Lot did possess, we need not wonder that he was not made the instrument of salvation to his wife, children, and servants, or to any of the inhabitants of Sodom; and that even the two daughters, who with him escaped the general destruction, should blur over their own and their father's piety, by an act which, but for the faithfulness of the sacred historian in describing sinful human nature just as it is, would have been omitted as too humiliating to be narrated. Thus the servants and all the children except the two, sink, unnoticed and unnamed, with the multitudes of the doomed cities. It is said of Methuselah, the oldest man of the antediluvian age, "and he died." This death took place the year of the deluge, and is recorded as an exhibition of the common ravages of the messenger which sin has sent into the world, to exact his wages. So here, though Lot's wife did escape sinking with others to the bottom of the Salt Sea, yet, looking back, she was overtaken by the fire of Jehovah, by which, smothered and stiffened as she stood, by saline incrustations, she became "a pillar of salt"—a more striking monument of the judgments of God against the highly privileged who turn their backs upon the mountain of safety, than if she had been buried in the common calamity. As Noah, the father of all who escaped of the old world, became drunken, and was thus at least the occasion of the announcement of a train of evils seen even to this day in the oppression and degradation of multitudes of the race, so a similar crime in the escaped of the smitten cities, was the occasion, if not the producing cause, which added to the number of the homeless and wandering bands of Ishmael; for among them the descendants of Lot, as well as Keturah and Esau, were eventually lost.

Thus, upon the shore of the lake of Sodom, a pillar is reared, and upon it is chiseled, in bold relief, a scene of awful, yet instructive interest. In the back-ground, part of the family and all of the numerous servants of Lot are sinking, with the masses of Sodom, amid flames pointing down from heaven; sinking into bubbling, burning, bituminous waters. In the fore ground appears the wife of Lot, arrested, as she had turned her face Sodomward, by a lambent flame which reaches out from its fellows, all of which pour down from Jehovah out of heaven; while Lot and his two daughters are hurried on, by the assistance of angels' hands, to the little city of Zoar, saved for their sakes. To this pillar Jesus points, when he says, "Remember Lot's wife."

Whenever or wherever wealth, fame, or even some worthier object of man's energies, leads the father and husband to neglect the home sphere, and the heavenly prospect, we will likely see similar results. Children of *great* men seldom exhibit a greatness of inherited talent. Children of the *great* and the good are not often equals of their parents in piety. More is expected of them, and yet their position and training are such, that less can be shown. It need not be thus. Parents should not suffer themselves to be made keepers of the vineyards, while their own vineyard they have not kept. If faithful, though they cannot impart piety, yet, like Abraham, they may give portions; and all their children may become fountain-springs of some stream of influence, by which God may mark a path through the dreary wastes of a sin-blighted world.

The separation of Lot from Abraham, his connexion with the cities of the plain in their wars and final destruction, and the mournful history of his house, gives such a lesson as ought to lead professedly pious parents, especially husbands and fathers, to pause before they select another home and other society, with no arrangements for promoting eternal interests. Because the destruction of those of their family who perish may be seen only in the back ground of the picture of time's woes, is no reason why they should not labor to avert it, as an awful calamity. The fact, too, that while the crimes of the ungodly may soon be forgotten, and the consequences on earth be but small, theirs may live and widen in effect with the extending influence of the little leaven of piety cast into the lump, should lead to great care, watchfulness, and zeal in the service of the Lord.

G. W. S.

For the Young.

The Ten Dollar Piano.

"A STORY THAT WAS TOLD ME."

BY ALMA MATER

I saw an old woman tottering along one cold day. The sight of my eyes affected my heart, and, as is usually the case, my feelings ran out at the pen's point, thus:

O Winter wind, blow not too bleak
On yonder trembling one;
Her limbs are old, and chill, and weak,
Soft greet her, Winter sun.

For she has seen no smile to-day—
No fire is in her cot;
So, Winter wind, go seek the gay,
Pass by and harm her not.

O Winter wind, toss not away
Those locks of faded hair;
They shone once o'er a sweet, blue eye,
When she was young and fair.

They glitter'd there like golden wings,
Gems held their bands apart;
Now frost lies on the faded rings,
And frost within her heart.

As I laid my pen down, a beautiful child, of seven Summers, with the golden light of youth streaming all over her bright curls, childhood's fresh cluster in her dark eyes, and June's reddest roses on her dimpled cheeks.

"O!" she cried, tossing the stray curls from her brow, "we've got the splendidest new piano over home, and mother wants you to come and try it. She says you shall play on it first."

Now, I am a child with children; my heart bounds, my pulses leap in unison with their sportive natures, when they are by. And when the locks are silvered on my temples, and my step grows slow upon the staircase, when the voices of my loved are only like remembered music, when my hand's grasp becomes tremulous, like the loosening tendrils of the dying vine, still may the dear Lord grant to me the trusting tenderness of childhood; still may the feet of infancy patter around my knee, and its red lips breathe perfume on my withered cheek.

Away went ink and pen, and up bounded I, to catch the hand of little Nellie, and off we ran. In at the beautiful mansion, into a room softly lighted, where Nellie's mother, who was an invalid, lay upon her accustomed couch; and up to the new piano, to soothe the weary sick one with strains of music. The instrument was one after my own heart—rich-toned, full, and melodious, and the soft strains answered liquidly to my touch. Now the sweet verse of Burns's "Highland Mary," and now the sweeter music of Tappan's "There is an hour of peaceful rest," occurred to my memory, and thus I played and sang till Nellie's father came. He was a handsome man, in the full vigor of manhood, and from him his little daughter inherited her golden-tinted hair and hazel eyes. He took a seat near his wife, and drew her thin hand into his, and he spoke to her. Then when I praised the new piano, he turned to me, laughingly, saying, "Yes, and the best part of it is, it only cost me ten dollars."

I expressed my astonishment, and my look of wonder drew another laugh from him.

"Let me tell you the story," he said, drawing little Nellie toward him, and encircling her little form with his arm, while she looked with as much astonishment as myself, and he began:

"A few years ago I went to Chicago. I had been there but a few days, when, in one of my morning walks, I encountered a girl some twelve years old, a very intelligent, bright-eyed child, whose face wore such a sorrowful expression, that I almost stopped to speak with her as she passed. The morning air was raw and chilly, the ground wet from a light fall of early snow, and I noticed that, as the wind blew, her thin garments about her form, she shivered with the cold. As she went by, she half turned, and I had gone but a little way before I heard quick footsteps behind me, and stopping, the girl lifted her hand, as if to place it on my arm, then drawing back, she said:

"'Please, sir, if you could give me a little money, to buy bread.'

"'Are you hungry?' I asked.

"'Yes, sir, real hungry,' and her lips quivered.

"'Does nt your father work, and bring home bread?'

"'Father is sick,' she said, 'and mother sprained her arm, and my brother, who used to help us, was drowned not long ago.'

"Something in my heart, and in her face, told me that her story was true. I took her into a baker's shop, bade her hold out her tattered apron, and filled it with loaves. Then putting five dollars into the shopman's hand, I stipulated that the poor family was to have bread every morning till the money was used up. Then I slipped another five dollars into the girl's hand, and turned hastily from her tear-filled eyes.

"'Well, ten dollars were gone, and I was by no means rich enough to spare it; but I felt as if, no doubt, the Lord would make it up; and, at any rate, ten dollars was cheap enough for the rare pleasure of giving to God's poor children. I went back to my hotel just as the gong sounded for breakfast, and took my seat with a hundred strangers. No sooner had I commenced eating, than I felt a hand laid upon my elbow, and looking up, there sat an old friend I had not met for fourteen years. When I last saw him, he was a young man, just starting in the world, with little means, and few friends.

"'I have not grown rich, he said, after the first surprise of recognition was over, but I am able to pay my debts. Do you remember one day, fourteen years ago, you lent me ten dollars in my extremity, and told me not to pay unless I was able? How I have tried to find your address many times since, but could not. Here is a ten dollar gold piece, and I am only sorry that I cannot double it, for your kindness to me when I was in trouble. But come and see me on your way through Iowa, and my wife and children will thank you with me.'

"'I was very much astonished and affected, for I had totally forgotten his obligation; but I could not refuse the just return. Truly, I thought, giving to the Lord does not impoverish, even in worldly means; and I said to myself, I will see what this ten dollars will bring me. So, looking about, I made a little investment in the new land, and went on my way, fully satisfied with myself and the world in general. Three weeks ago, I had an offer of five hundred dollars for my wee bit of land; I accepted it; and as my little wife and little Nellie have long been teasing me for a piano, I bought this for them.'"

"It seems like a dream," said I, gazing with a sort of reverence on the beautiful instrument. "You ought to commemorate the incident in some manner," I added.

"I have thought of inscribing on a small silver plate the words, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;' but it does not seem exactly appropriate to the case."

"Did you ever see the girl again, papa?" asked Nellie.

"No my dear, but I heard from her through a German missionary. She is a good scholar, and teaches a little school herself now, in Chicago. She has become a handsome and refined young woman, and is educating her only brother, younger than herself. I learned from him that my little gift put new life into the sinking heart of the poor, sick father; and the nourishment procured with some of the money, gave strength to his weak frame. The father obtained employment, the little brother found work to do in an office, and the girl obtained the favorable notice of a celebrated pianist, who saw that she possessed musical gifts of a high order, so that by his cultivation, she became enabled to support herself. So, you see, ten dollars made a whole family happy, grateful, and useful, and bought me this beautiful instrument."

Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.—*Examiner.*

Poetry.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

To Mr. and Mrs. M——, late of Pennsylvania, but now of Iowa.

The distance divides us, our friendship we plight,
Affection still guides us, our hearts still unite;
And though we may never again meet on earth,
Yet nothing can sever our love of pure birth.

'Tis not the cold friendship oft by the world
shown
But when 't is most needed aside it is thrown;
But 't is the *heart's feeling* of sweet Christian love,
The witness and sealing of the Spirit above.

We mingle together in hopes and in fears—
We have the same *Father* to wipe all our tears;
In heaven our treasure we labor to place,
And are not our joys in the smiles of his face?

At his mercy-seat meeting in daily complaint,
Our deadness lamenting, and ready to faint;
His promises cheer us—our spirits revive,
Assur'd he will hear us, and still bid us live.

When with deepest feeling o'er Zion we mourn,
And, at his feet kneeling, implore his return,
He says, 'Do not tremble, the ark is my own,
The 'set time' is coming when I shall be known!'

'Tis thus we commingle in hopes and in fears,
Although we're far distant in this vale of tears;
And soon we shall meet in the region above,
Where in Jesus' presence we ever shall love.

Nicklesville, February, 1857.

Miscellaneous.

A Valuable Table.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor or research is often saved by such a table as the following:

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—N. Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1626—Delaware settled by the Swedes and Finns.
1635—Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
1636—R. Island settled by Roger Williams.
1659—N. Carolina settled by the English.
1670—S. Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by Wm. Penn.
1732—Georgia settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union.
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union.
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union.
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1817—Mississippi admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1836—Michigan admitted into the Union.
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union.
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1845—Texas admitted into the Union.
1846—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850—California admitted into the Union.

Value of Sleep.

Dr. Alexander, was often heard to say in substance as follows: "Clergymen, authors teachers, and other men of reflective habits, lose much health by losing sleep, and this loss cannot be made up by any number of hours' sleep at any other time than that which Nature designs for it. Those who are in the habit of taking their leave of the world at night, are those who are most in danger of being called to leave it in the morning. Those who are in the habit of rising early, are those who are most in danger of being early called to their rest. Those who are in the habit of sitting late, are those who are most in danger of being late in rising. Those who are in the habit of sitting late and rising early, are those who are most in danger of being early called to their rest. Those who are in the habit of sitting late and rising early, and yet are in the habit of having their minds so much excited by what they have seen and heard, that they cannot sleep, are those who are most in danger of being early called to their rest, and yet have