

## Book Notices.

A COMMENTARY ON ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS. By Martin Luther, which includes "Tucker's" Lives of the Prophets; also, A Discourse on the Life of Zwingli; also, A Discourse on the Glorious Reformation, by S. S. Smucker. D. D. pp. 632. Price \$1.25. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co., Pittsburgh: Wm. S. Renold.

It is too late to say anything in praise of this great Commentary of the wonderful German Reformer, that has not been often said already. It has been admired alike by scholars, Divines, and the humble Christian who wished to feast upon the precious Gospel of the Son of God. This is the book of which John Bunyan, the grand old dreamer, wrote: "I do prefer this book of Martin Luther upon the Galatians (excepting the Holy Bible) before all the books that ever I have seen, as most fit for a wounded conscience." Smith, English & Co., have brought it out in excellent style, and at a price so moderate that we hope, it will find its way into many libraries, not only of ministers, but also of private Christians.

COMMENTARY ON THE PENTATEUCH. Translated from the German of Otto von Gerlach. By Rev. Henry Donagan, Incumbent of St. Mary's, Kingswood, P. B. 665. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co., Pittsburgh: Wm. S. Renold.

The author of this work was a man of great learning, and at the same time an active pastor and successful preacher. This Commentary bears a high character in Germany, has already passed through several editions, and is regarded as a masterpiece in its kind. Set at the same time it makes no pretension to be a critical work on the letters of the text; it is rather of a popular than a scientific cast. The object is to help toward the general and devout reading of the first five books of the Bible; the practical application of the text is never lost sight of. Still, a full amount of Scriptural knowledge is demanded, and the general meaning and bearing of different passages are usually explained with a sufficient degree of fulness. Viewed in this light, the work is a valuable one to every reader of the Bible.

THE INTUITIONS OF THE MIND INDIVIDUALLY INVESTIGATED. By Rev. James McCosh, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Glasgow College, Belfast, Ireland; author of "The Mind and Its Objects," &c. &c. Pp. 504. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The previous publications of Dr. McCosh have given him a high reputation both in Great Britain and this country, as a clear and vigorous thinker, while in general, his principles have been in accordance with the views entertained by Divines and Metaphysicians of the "Old School" order. But in the very outset of the present work, he indicates an apprehension that the ground taken in it will not be generally adopted, since he stands about equally distant from Transcendentalism and Spiritualism. He thinks, that in so far as the former we are one who is commonly termed self-contaminated, but in the latter the extreme sense is employed as the limit. He places himself fairly and squarely on the doctrine of intuition and immediate perception, without any doubt or hesitancy. His views on the controverted subject of the *Will*, are not entirely such as to meet the approbation of the school of theologians to which the author has been generally considered to belong. But notwithstanding this, the work is one that richly deserves study, and that will add very considerably to the already high reputation of the author. He has but few equals in handling the weapons of metaphysics and logic.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Messrs. Hunt & Mifflin, the Pittsburgh agents of this work, now in course of re-publication, in this country, by the Apotheker's, of New York, have sent us the twelfth number. We have already spoken several times in its commendation, and can only add, that every successive number convinces us more and more of the excellence of the plan on which it is conducted and of the vast amount of useful knowledge on all subjects it will contain, when completed. Each number contains about sixty-five pages, and is sold for fifteen cents. The whole will be completed in about eighty numbers.

We have also on our table a pamphlet containing two well-written and highly suggestive discourses by the Rev. William T. Findley, of Xenia, Ohio, on the "Ethics of Eating and Dressing"; "The Educator"; for March, edited by the Rev. Samuel Findley, of Pittsburgh; "A Scion on the Life and Character of John Brown," by the Rev. George Gray, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist church, Pittsburgh; and the "National Preacher," for March.

An Old Saying.

Little people, as every body knows, are apt to forget the proverb, "A place for everything and every thing its place." This is a very serious fault, and often causes great inconvenience to themselves and others. A boy is sent on an errand, and must go immediately; but he cannot find his hat, and he cannot go without it. He runs one way and another, and much time is lost before the missing hat is found.

Or a little girl is going to school. It is but fifteen minutes to nine o'clock, but where is her bonnet? She cannot remember where she has put it, and looks in all directions, but in vain. "Oh dear, what shall I do?" says she; "I do, Mary, help me find my bonnet." After searching the house, in the kitchen, where she was born in haste, the day previous; and the little girl goes to school, crying late, and displeased with herself and every body else.

Another is making a dress and apron for her doll, but cannot find her needle and thread or scissors. She runs to her mother, and asks for hers, but her mother says, "No, dear, you must look for your own." At length the needle is found on the table cover; the thread had rolled away under the table, the scissors were left, where she had been cutting paper dolls, and the thimble cannot be found. All this consumes time and patience, but children think little of the value of time, yet.

"Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages. Of earthly.

I have a work-box which belonged to a little girl five years old, who has gone to the Saviour. It is now just as she left it, four years ago. The key is tied to a green ribbon, and I often take it, unlock the box, and look at the contents. This little girl used to have her own things, and was careful to keep them in their places. One day a little pebbler boy came in, and she asked me to give her some needles, thread, and tape. I did so, and what she did not use still in the work-box. In the compact measure are some little books, laid up carefully, the largest at the bottom, and the smallest at the top. In another are some pencils, and a small hair brush, which she used in painting pictures, a spool of thread, and a roll of tape.

In the middle are two needles and some pins upon a cushion; also a thimble and paper needles; a knife and scissors, in places made for them.

"Sammy, what shall I tell you?" After a moment's hesitation, he replied, "Please, tell me about Jesus." O! how it reproved his sisters, who were both older than he was; and how well I deserved the gentle censure! I said, "Why do you want to hear about Jesus?" "Because," said he,

"I then told him of the birth, childhood, manhood, and great sufferings of the Saviour. He seemed to forget everything that was around him, and listened with intense earnestness to every word that I was saying; occasionally asking some question, showing that his whole thoughts were of Jesus. I looked up, and a tear glistered in that mother's eye. Soon she sent the children away. She is not a Christian; but immediately she commenced talking about Sammy, and said, that he had often asked her questions about some Bible story that I had told him last winter, and she would have to read it herself before she could tell him. She is a very poor woman; earns her living by hard labor, and says she used to think at nights that she was too tired to read so dry a book as she supposed the Bible was; but through the questions that her little boy asked day by day, she learned that there were beauties in the Word of God, of which she had never dreamed. Now, every night she reads her Bible, and never feels too tired for it, but the content refreshes.

"What shall the end of these things be? God only knows; but there is certainly

great cause for encouragement to pious persons to sow the seed broadcast, knowing that God's word stands sure; and that if the seed shall be lost, though it may lie a long time buried. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good."

## Truths for Wives.

In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one the feelings—mutual love and confidence being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and money is spent in trifles which would easily be believed. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over, and carefully reflected on incurred; the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province.

There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well regulated house. An unfurnished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are nothing but trifles; but each can raise an angry word, or cause discomfort. Depend upon it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well dressed mutton-chop, or a tidy breakfast-table. Men grow sick of beauty, trees of music, are often too wearied for conversation, however intellectual; but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth, and smiling comfort.

A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice, friends, family, country, for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the equal beauty of an Armida, but she fails to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of high order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

## American Girls.

American girls of good education do not know how lucky they are. Every American girl who is sane and sound—and many are neither the one nor the other—has not one, but many chances of marrying.

The Committee to draft the Declaration were Dr. Ephraim Bayard, Rev. H. H. Kinnish, James Leitch, and Mr. Kenyon. Mr. Smith refers to Rev. Dr. Wm. Henry Root, in his sketches of North Carolina, and to the work of J. Scovell Jones' defense of the State of North Carolina from the aspersions of Mr. Jefferson.

This Mecklenburg Declaration is one of the most curious things in all the history of the American Revolution. It was written and presented by a committee, the draftsmen of which was a Presbyterian elder, and another member of it a Presbyterian minister, and what the third (Mr. Kenyon,) was, we cannot say. This Declaration is a year older than Mr. Jefferson's celebrated paper, the Declaration of Independence; and that it was the first Declaration of Independence is obvious enough to those who will compare the spirit, style, and language of the two papers. When the elder Adams in 1819, first read the Mecklenburg paper, he was amazed to astonished, and sent it to Jefferson immediately, whom it suited to treat it as spurious. When the paper was adopted, it was sent to Mr. Jefferson in Philadelphia, who, supposing it to be ahead of time, put it in his pocket, instead of presenting it to Congress. But Mr. J. was a year afterward, got the embodiment of his Declaration of Independence from the Mecklenburg resolutions, seems about as certain as certainly itself, and that so late as 1819, he may have forgotten its indubiousness to that paper, if possible at all, is barely possible.

Owensborough, Ky.

## Poetry.

## School Children.

Past my window, cloud or shine,  
Daily patter little feet;

Through the rain, or wind, or sleet,

On the cold or icy street,

Daily little feet.

First I heard them in the Spring,  
When the golden vernal hours  
Brought the first young straying flowers,  
From the Southland's faeless bower,

To this Winter's realm.

Some were rough, and brown, and bare;

Some were dressed with nice care;

Some were merry, chubby, fair;

Some were slow, and scared, and spare,

Taught too soon life's toil to share.

But these varied little feet,

Put up the same street,

Running off along the edge,

On the green turf by the hedge,

So to feel the soft caress,

Of the violet they press;

But the violet, I weet,

Tenderer to see than scarce to fear;

Unlike selfish, human love,

Soothing least what needs its love.

Every morn I listen now

For the sound of little feet;

'Neath my window in the street;

And I wish to be a child,

With heart free, as tresses free,

From the world's restraint and rule,

Hurrying to the village school.

Selected.

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THE AMERICAN CHRISTIAN RECORD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. P. WILLIAMS,

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