

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly.

Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The September number of the "Atlantic Monthly" is now out, with the following contents: "The Vision of Echard," by John G. Whittier; "The Europeans," by Henry James, jr.; "Recompense," by Annie R. Annan; "American Finances from 1789 to 1835," by John W. Kearney; "Some French Novels," by Thos. S. Perry; "A House of Entertainment," by Horace E. Scudder; "John Mellish," by Barton Grey; "Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's Scores," by William F. Apthorp; "Count Scouvaloff," by Axel Gustafson; "The Silent Melody," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Primitive Communism," by Arthur G. Sedgwick; "Americanisms," by Richard Grant White; "Pope's Virginia Campaign and Porter's Part in it," by Francis J. Lippitt; "August Sailing," by H. Everett; The Contributor's Club; Recent Literature.

Scribner's Monthly.

New York: Scribner & Co.

The leading illustrated paper in "Scribner's Monthly" for September is entitled "Hunting the Mule Deer in Colorado," and the writer of the article is also the draughtsman and engraver of the picture which accompanies it. Dr. Morton's paper in the August number, "To South Africa for Diamonds," is followed in the September number by a supplementary article detailing the doctor's experience at "the diggins," and giving a good deal of interesting information regarding the finding, selling, buying, and stealing of diamonds in the neighborhood of the Cape. "College Fellowships" is a short review of the progress of American institutions in post-graduate education, in which the Johns Hopkins University, though the youngest of the colleges, is said to be the most advanced. "Days and Nights in Concord," from unpublished MS. by Henry D. Thoreau, is a characteristic paper, full of poetry and natural history.

St. Nicholas.

New York: Scribner & Co.

The current number of St. Nicholas is pervaded with the spirit of the season, and the delights and doings of September days are well represented in its pages. Near the beginning is an interesting short article on "Mackerel-fishing," with a fine picture showing a fleet of mackerel-boats; "My St. George" is a strong, exciting story of the sea, admirably illustrated by Alfred Kappes; and we catch a pleasant glimpse of the beach in Walter Sutterlee's picture "By the Sad Sea Waves." There is also a good story by Emily H. Leland, entitled, "How Lily-toes was caught in a Shower," with a capital picture by Jessie Curtis; and a series of very funny cuts, called "How He Caught Him," representing a queer fisherman's difficulties with his "catch." Other good out-door pictures are scattered through the number, and the instalment of Miss Alcott's serial, "Under the Lilacs," contains a large and beautiful brook-scene by Thomas Moran.

The Complete Preacher.

New York: The Religious Newspaper Agency.

The August number of the "Complete Preacher" contains the following sermons: "Duties and Dignity of the Pastoral Office," by S. D. Burchard, D.D.; "Our National Sin—Intemperance in England," by F. W. Farrar, D.D.; "The Failures of Infidelity, or, Opposition to Christ Unavailing," by W. B. Stewart, D.D.; "Concerning Jesus as a Poet," by Thomas Armitage, D.D.; "Under Constraint," by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Lord Chesterfield's words in favor of Prohibition, quoted by Dr. Farrar in his sermon on intemperance, ought to be kept before the public in the present day—especially before those devotees of fashion who seem to be more afraid of disobeying his Lordship's precepts than of breaking the moral law. It was in opposing the "Gin Act" of 1736 that the language was used:

"Vice, my lords, is not properly to be taxed, but to be suppressed. Luxury, my lords, may very properly be taxed; but the use of those things which are simply hurtful—hurtful in their own nature and in every degree—is to be prohibited. If these liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at length, my lords, secure them from these fatal draughts by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us check these artists in slaughter who have reconciled their countymen to sickness and to ruin, and who spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such baits as cannot be resisted. When I consider, my lords, the tendency of this bill, I find it calculated only for the propagation of disease, the suppression of industry, and the destruction of mankind."

Dr. Farrar says that if these words, once spoken by a professed man of the world, in the house of peers, should be heard now even from the pulpit, the speaker would be called an "intemperate Pharisee." The text of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon is 2 Cor. v. 14: "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead. The introduction is as follows:

"The apostle and his brethren were unselfish in all that they did. He could say of himself and of his brethren that when they varied their modes of action they had ever the same object in view; they lived only to promote the cause of Christ and to bless the souls of men. Viewed from some points the apostle and his co-laborers must have appeared to be raving fanatics, engaged upon a Quixotic enterprise, and almost if not quite out of their minds. One who had heard the apostle tell the story of his conversion, exclaimed: 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad;' and no doubt many who saw the singular change in his conduct, and knew what he had given up and what he had endured for his new faith, had come to the same conclusion. Paul would not be at all offended by this judgment, for he would remember that his Lord and Master had been charged with madness, and that even our Lord's relatives had said, 'He is beside himself.' To Festus he had replied, 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness;' and to Corinthian objectors he gave a still fuller reply. Blessed are they who are charged with being out of their mind through zeal for the cause of Jesus; they have a mote than sufficient answer when they can say, 'If we be beside ourselves it is to God.' It is no unusual thing for madmen to think others mad, and no strange thing for a mad world to accuse the only morally sane among men of being fools and lunatics; but wisdom is justified of her children. Every Christian minister ought to be able to use the apostle's words without the slightest reserve: 'If I be excited, it is in defence of the truth; if I be sober, it is for the maintenance of holiness; if I seem extravagant, it is because the name of Jesus stirs my inmost soul; and if I am moderate in spirit and thoughtful in mood, it is that I may in the wisest manner subserve the interests of my Redeemer's kingdom.' God grant that weeping or singing, anxious or hopeful, victorious or defeated, increasing or decreasing, elevated or depressed, we may still follow our one design and devote ourselves to the holy cause. May we live to see churches made up of people who are all set on one thing, and may those churches have ministers who are fit to lead such a people, because they also are mastered by the same sacred purpose. May the fire which fell of old on Carmel fall on our altar, whereon lieth the sacrifice, wetted a second and a third time from the salt sea of the world, until it shall consume the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and lick up the water that is in the trench. Then will all the people see it, and fall upon their faces and cry, 'The Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He is the God.'"

Dr. Stewart's sermon on the "Failures of Infidelity," is from John xii. 19: "Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? behold, the world is gone after Him." It is able, and contains many fresh things. The following anecdote of Tallyrand is not quite fresh but it has not been much circulated:

"It is said that one of the disciples of Rousseau had invented a religion which he was quite anxious to see adopted in France as a substitute for the Christian religion, but not making much progress with his substitute, he complained to Tallyrand of his want of success. Tallyrand suggested that it would doubtless help his cause very much if he would allow himself to be crucified and to be buried, and to rise from the dead on the third day, and then to show the people the print of the nails in his hands and his feet."

THE PSALMS IN SCOTCH.

A translation of "The Psalms frae Hebrew intil Scottis, by P. Hatley Waddell, LL.D., minister," has been published. The translator says:—"The bulk of the language, both in terms and phraseology, is such as was in daily use by all well-educated peasants and country gentlemen of the last generation, and such as they had received by tradition from their own forefathers, from the days of the Reformation and the Covenant." Here is a specimen:

Psalm VIII.

1. O Lord, Laird o' us a', how lordlie's thy name abowre a' the yirth; wha setten haist thy nameliheid abune the hevins.
2. Frae bairnies' mouthes an' weanies fine, ye has ettled might again a' yer faes; that the wrang-doeer baith an' wha rights himsel', ye may whush them ane wi' anither.
3. Gin I leuk till thy lift, that fingirwark o' thine; till the mune an' the starn ye hae set sae sikker:
4. What's man, quo' I, that ye bear him in min'; or ane o' yird's bairns ye suld mak him niebor?
5. Yet ye thold him but a thought frae God; ye hae theekit him roun' wi' gudeliheid an' gree.
6. Ye hae gien till himsel' maistership an' a' owre yer ain han's warks, ye hae putten a' laigh aneth his feet;
7. Beasties sma' an' owsen grit thegither: aye, an' the field gaen deer forby;
8. The fier i' the lift an' the soomer i' the sea, an' a' that gaes ben thro' the troghs o' the sea.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE GROWTH OF CORAL.—An Australian paper speaks of a piece of coral five inches in height and six inches in diameter which has been built upon a telegraph cable laid only four years ago.

A NICE WAY TO COOK POTATOES.—Pare and slice thin; let stand in cold water half an hour; then drain and put in half-pint of milk, a teaspoonful of butter and a little pepper and salt, and bake in the oven one hour.

BOILING VEGETABLES.—In boiling beef and vegetables, put a teacup of vinegar into the pot when the water is cold, and the beef will be much tenderer, and cabbage and beets better flavored, and will not fill the house with unpleasant smell. The vinegar will not affect the taste of the food.

SPICED VINEGAR.—For every quart of vinegar allow three ounces of grated horseradish, one ounce each of pepper, cloves, and allspice (whole), two ounces white mustardseed, two onions chopped fine. Simmer all together five minutes, and when cold pour it over boiled cabbage or beets. Horseradish-root is in perfection in November.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup each of sour milk and molasses, two eggs, one and a half teaspoonfuls of ginger, and flour to make it thick as pound cake. Warm the butter, molasses and ginger together, beat the eggs, and stir in; then add the flour, milk and soda. Bake immediately. If you use water, or sweet milk, instead of sour, use but three-quarters of a teaspoonful of soda.

REMEDY FOR THE EFFECTS OF POISON IVY.—Bromide, dissolved in olive oil or glycerine, in the strength of from ten to twenty drops of bromide to one ounce of oil. Rub gently on the affected part three or four times a day. The bromide is so volatile that the solution should be renewed within twenty-four hours from its preparation. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, and it promptly disappears within twenty-four hours if the application is persevered in.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.—One part of rectified oil of turpentine and seven parts of benzine, with the addition of five drops of the oil of verbenia to each ounce. This will destroy the poison germs of small-pox, scarlet fever, and other infectious diseases. Articles of clothing, furniture, wall paper, carpeting, books, letters, etc., may be perfectly saturated with it without receiving the slightest injury, and when it has been once freely applied to any rough and porous substance, its action will be persistent for an almost indefinite period.

TEACHING CHILDREN TO PICK THINGS UP.—We know a man who is quite particular about keeping everything in its proper place. We heard him say that he acquired this habit through the training of his mother. When a boy even as far back as he remembered, his mother always made him pick up and put away his playthings after he had got through with them. He was often allowed to get out all the materials he wanted for a good time. In bad weather the kitchen was often at the disposal of himself and brother, but they always understood that everything was to be cleared up at the close of the play. No doubt there is a difference in children, for we have known boys of the same family, of nearly the same age, brought up in all respects as nearly alike as possible, yet one of them was always careless, and became a careless easy man, while the other was extremely particular in all the details of his dress, sports and work. Still, granting this difference, which many would call a natural difference, we believe a persistent training in early childhood would make an orderly man out of the most careless child.

THE LUXURY OF COLD WATER.—The plague of winter is cold, and the plague of summer is heat, but we may do much to lessen the miseries of both seasons. Now that we are approaching the dog-days, it may be well to point out that by means of a liberal use of water one may pass through the summer furnace without suffering any discomfort. Water is good for other things besides the allaying of thirst. It has a permanent determination to evaporate, and as it cannot evaporate without heat, it consequently diminishes in the process the heat of our rooms. Pans of water, the cooler the better, stationed about a bedroom will positively reduce not only the sensation but the heat itself. Should any one doubt this, let him have his tub, with its shallow depth and wide surface, filled with spring-water, or water with a good block of ice in it, and placed in his bedroom, and mark in half an hour how many degrees the thermometer has fallen. It ought to be 6 degrees at least, and will be 8 if he is not stingy with his ice, and this improvement in the temperature will last for hours. If the heat still remains to great, throw up the bedroom windows, fasten an old blanket across the space, and drench that wall with water; in five minutes the air in the room will be reduced to that water's temperature. Never mind the breeze.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

POISON FOR RED SPIDER.—I find from experiments this winter, that sulphuretted hydrogen gas is an easy and effectual means of destroying the red spider, without injury to most delicate plants. All other insects are destroyed at the same time, and I think mildew is arrested, but am not sure on this point. My plan is to take a water-tight vessel, such as a keg, that will hold the plant and leave room on the bottom for a teacup. After placing the infested plant in the keg, I put by the side of the teacup, about half full of diluted sulphuric acid—about one part of acid to 5 or 6 of water. I then wind the end of a fine copper wire two or three feet long, around a piece of sulphuret of iron as large as a lady's thimble, so as to hold it securely and using the wire as a handle, let it down into the cup, and cover all up tightly with a bundle of papers pressed down by a bit of board. After ten or fifteen minutes the cover is raised a little, and the iron sulphuret drawn out by means of the wire. The plant is allowed to remain about half an hour longer. A little strong ammonia will neutralise the odor of the gas, which, however, if the operation is skillfully performed, does not escape in sufficient quantity to make it worth while to neutralise it. The remedy is so obvious to any one familiar with the properties of the gas, and I think it must have been tried before, but I have never heard that it was.