

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Littell's Living Age.

Boston: Littell & Co.

The "Living Age," published weekly, is occupied with articles from the current numbers of the most prominent English periodicals, with serial tales from the authors' advance sheets. It thus supplies its readers with a great variety of choice literature, at little cost.

The Canadian Methodist Magazine.

Toronto: W. Briggs.

The opening article in the "Methodist Magazine" for August, on "The Canyons of the Colorado," and that on "Wesleyan Missions in the West Indies" are beautifully illustrated. Besides these the number contains a large quantity of very readable and instructive matter.

Johnston's Penny Test Maps.

London and Edinburgh: W. & A. K. Johnston.

The size of these maps is fourteen and a half by eleven and a half inches. They present the outline of a country, its physical features, the position of the cities, towns, etc., but no names. They can be made very useful in schools and in private education, for by using them alternately with the ordinary maps the knowledge of the pupil can be easily tested, and he will prepare his lesson much more thoroughly when he knows that he will be subjected to such a test.

A New Map of Western Asia.

By Prof. H. S. Osborn, LL.D. Oxford, Ohio: University Publishing Co.

This map is on a very large scale, distinctly marked, and corrected from the latest explorations and surveys. It includes Mesopotamia, Assyria, Media, Armenia, and Asia Minor. The agricultural and geological features, the heights of plains and mountains, the population of villages and towns, the trades and manufactures, mission stations, ancient and present mines of gold, silver, copper, alum, naphtha, etc., are all indicated. The map is a little over six feet wide and four and a half feet high.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

The August number of the "Canadian Monthly" contains: "The Seat of the War in South America," by J. Douglas, jr.; "In my Garden," by Frances J. Moore; "Some Irish Minor Poets of the Century," by Rev. C. P. Mulvany; "Forest Destruction," by P. S. H.; "An Old Story," by G. G.; "Under one Roof," by James Payn; "Woman as a Nurse," by Mrs. Francis Rye; "Neptune's Address to Hanlan," by Robert Aude; "The Fallen Leaves," by Wilkie Collins; "Ab Initio," by Isabella Sinclair; "The One who loved Him," by Mrs. Frances J. Moore; "Say When Every Zephyr Sips," by R. Marvin Seaton; "Newfangle and its Opinions," by *A Non-resident of the Same*; Papers by a Bystander; Round the Table; Book Reviews. The writer of the article on "Forest Destruction" has happened on a subject which belongs to the hearth and home of every resident of the Dominion. In those parts of the country that are well fitted for cultivation, the timber disappears as a matter of course, but the destruction goes on also in many extensive tracts which can probably never be cultivated. By fires arising from accident or from wanton incendiarism many square miles of valuable timber are destroyed every summer. This occasions great loss, not only by depriving the inhabitants of the use of the timber but by rendering the climate more inclined to long periods of drought through the denuding of the country and the want of high points to attract a rain-fall. We agree with the writer of this article when he says: "It should be everybody's business to insist that at least these portions of the country [the portions not fit for cultivation] shall continue, for all time, to be covered with growing timber, ever replenishing it by cultivation as it become depleted through accidental causes, or from being removed for use. Looking even to the not very remote future, this is a policy which the prospective welfare of the country imperatively demands."

WE know not what evils we have been preserved from; for dazzling prospects do not always bring the cheer and comfort we expect, and promise of future good often results in disappointment and sorrow. There are blessings and privileges in every life; let us be thankful for those which fall to our lot.

DANIEL QUORM'S NOTIONS ABOUT PREACHING.

It was as he cobbled away one Monday morning that a talk of the previous day's sermon with young Cap'n Joe gave an opportunity of expressing his opinion on this matter.

"Well, Cap'n Joe, my advice to everybody is this: Don't you preach if you can help it. 'Tisn't enough for a man to want to preach. Nor yet for a man to fancy that he could preach. If that was all, good preachers would be as common as blackberries. An' 'tisn't enough for other folks to think that a man's got a call to preach either; though there is something in that. No; afore ever a man have got any business in the pulpit, he must feel like it was 'long with Jeremiah the prophet. You know, he thought he'd give up preachin', an' take his name off the plan. 'I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name:' that is what he said. An' if a man can hold his tongue an' be comfortable about it, 'tis the best thing he can do; there's gabble an' cackle enough in the world a'ready, what with geese and other folks. But, bless 'ee, Jeremiah could no more hold his tongue than he could fly: 'His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.' There; when a man do feel like that, he'll preach somehow; he must. An' if a man have never felt like that, well the heavenly Father may have meant him for a decent shoemaker, Cap'n Joe, or a carpenter, or somethin' o' that sort; but he was never meant for a preacher 't all, an' nobody could ever make a preacher out of him either.

"Why, you can tell 'em in a minute—a'most before they do open their mouths; for there's nothing in this world that's farther off from each other than them two: the preacher that men do make and the preacher that is sent by God. I've noticed that the old prophets always had 'a burden' afore they spoke. Like as if the message o' the Lord laid heavy upon 'em, an' pressed them 'day an' night. That's the difference, Cap'n Joe, between men that can preach an' men that can't. The prophet that is come from the Lord do feel the truth all over him. It do take up all his thoughts, an' do press 'pon his heart, givin' him a thrill o' joy in it his own self, or else makin' him tremble at it with very fear. It'll be ringin' in his ears 'day an' night, a-followin' him wherever he goes, an' whatever he's a-doin' of. Why, when the word of the Lord comes 'upon me like that, I can't help hammerin' my shoes to the text that I got runnin' in my mind, an' stitchin' 'em with it, like as if it was the application. The very clock will keep tickin' it in my ears, and a'most everything that I see do come to be mixed up with it. There 'tis, seemin' to me: the word must be a burnin' fire shut up in the man's bones; an' then he'll preach, then he'll preach." and old Dan'el tapped away at the sole as if that settled the matter. Cap'n Joe was turning the notion quietly over in his mind, without saying a word. Presently Dan'el looked up again, the little eye twinkling merrily:

"An' talkin' o' bones do put me in mind of another thing. I've heard tell about 'Skeleton Sermons.' Now, seemin' to me, Cap'n Joe, that there's only one way for a sermon not to be a skeleton. It must come out of a man's own heart, wrapt up in his own flesh an' blood, an' breathin' with the man's own life. If it don't, then there'll be bones; dead bones; nothing but bones. Put together all in order, I dare say, but bones only, Cap'n Joe, for all that. No naturalness about 'em—I do mean no life an' no realness, but a sort of a ghostly thing that you can see through. All varnished an' shinin', may be, but dead bones still. Why, I should every bit so soon expect for to see a passle o' skeletons a-walkin' about, as to meet them there kind o' good people that yoo hear about sometimes from the pulpit, or them there dreadful sinners. I should so soon expect for to see a skeleton standin' up to young Polsue's smithy a-pullin' the bellows, or to see a couple of 'em sittin' down here alongside o' me, mendin' shoes, as to see them there kind o' sermons anywhere out o' the pulpit. They'm skeletons, Cap'n Joe; an' all they're good for is to be kept locked up in a box, and brought out every two or three years, so dead as dust an' so proper as nothin'. There's no life in 'em; no kind o' brotherliness for to shake hands with 'e an' for to wish anybody brave speed. I've very often thought when I've been listenin' to them that these here kind o' skeleton sermons would do very well perhaps for a lot o' skeletons to listen to if

you could only get 'em together; very good for them that aren't troubled with any flesh an' blood, an' so haven't got to work for their bread an' cheese, an' never need a new suit o' clothes, much less a button put on or a pair o' stockin's for to be mended. You see, Cap'n Joe, if you happen for to step 'pon their corns, why, they can't feel it, an' that makes a deal o' difference; so 'tis no wonder that they do stand all the day long smilin' with such a lovely smile, like as if nothing couldn't put 'em out.

"Though, there—it won't do for me to set myself up for knowing how to do it better than other folks; but I have learnt this here lesson: a man may think about his text so much as ever he mind to, an' get ever so much light 'pon it; but when he've made his cake, he must take an' bake it down by the fire o' his own heart: and that do mean that he've got some fire down there. Skeletons haven't; they'm all head and ribs. There 'tis, Cap'n Joe, depend 'pon it. A man must take the text down to his own heart an' find out what 'tis to his own self; then he can talk about it. He must get the blessed Lord to be to his own soul what he is tellin' about to other people; then it will come for to have some real flesh an' blood an' life about it. Never mind what a man do think or what he do see; my belief is that he can't preach any more o' the gospel than he have got in his own heart."

THE NEW REVISION PREPARED FOR.

In a year, at farthest, the Revision of the New Testament will be finished. Publication will probably speedily follow. Those who have been for so many years devoting a large share of their time to this work naturally begin to consider the result of such publication. Criticism, wise and unwise, honest and prejudiced, may certainly be expected. In many cases the perusal will be a test of the real submission of the reader to God's word; in others, hasty judgment, mainly the result of ignorance, will find expression in words of praise or blame, alike indiscriminating.

There can be no doubt that many circumstances have combined to prepare the way for a favourable reception of the Revision. That the work was begun at all; that it has been unchecked, in its beginnings and progress alike, by ecclesiastical deliberations; that such harmony has prevailed among those engaged in the task, and that consequently there has been such remarkable unanimity in results,—all these things are propitious.

But for the circulation among the mass of Bible readers, nothing has been a better preparation than the seven years' study of the Scriptures brought about by the International series of Sabbath-school Lessons. The faults of this method of Bible study have been frequently noted, and this closing year of the series has naturally called for special attention to the obvious objections. But nothing has ever accomplished more for the study of the Bible in America. The Reformation, perhaps, did more for Europe, but no method has succeeded more fully in directing a mass of minds to the exact words and meaning of the Scriptures. With all the defects in the helps published, it has been possible to circulate large editions of notes by competent scholars, which have presented to the Sabbath-school teacher facts that were unknown, twenty-five years ago, to the average pastor. The Revision seeks to present, in the emendations adopted, the same facts already emphasised in commentaries, notes, etc. Furthermore, the methods adopted have encouraged a desire to know the exact thoughts, and to value exactness in words because it leads to exactness in thought. The habit of mind thus cultivated is exceedingly favourable to an unbiased reception of the Revision. As we now rejoice in the providential orderings which led the way to the universal acceptance of King James' version, so our descendants may mark the many circumstances which paved the way for success of this last monument of patient labour "in the word." The uniform lessons for Sabbath schools will doubtless be regarded as not the least potent pioneer in the pathway of its triumph.—*Prof. M. B. Riddle, D.D., of the Bible Revision Committee.*

IT is one of the proofs of the indestructible religious nature of man that it is easier to rob him of his liberty than of his conscience, even though it be a superstitious one; easier to despoil him of his goods than of his gods, though he would so often gain by the loss; easier to enslave his body than to coerce his mind.—*Henry Rogers.*