

American Presbyterian and Genesee Evangelist.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1890.

JOHN W. MBARS, EDITOR.

ALBERT BARNES, GEORGE DUFFIELD, JR., THOMAS BRADY, JOHN JENKINS, HENRY DARLING, THOMAS J. SHEPHERD.

FAULTS IN CHURCHES.

We have not lost sight of the faults of ministers, but just now, there are two faults in churches which we think it timely to mention.

1. A minister is invited to preach for a Christian congregation. An officer of the church waits upon him, and is very polite. The minister assents, and the brother inviting thanks him warmly. The minister, perhaps, walks two miles in July or August to reach the church, conducts the services as appropriately and preaches as well as he can. He comes down from the pulpit, and is not one living man of the whole congregation takes him by the hand or says a solitary word to him. So at 12 o'clock he starts to walk two miles home, with the vertical sun destroying his shade, and of course, he has for reflection as he walks along, the feeling that he is esteemed very highly in love for his work's sake.

Now, in contrast to this, we know churches where all the official gentlemen, at least, come up to shake hands with the brother. They feel, that as gentlemen, the duties of hospitality are upon them in their own house of worship, as fellow creatures, that they ought to be grateful for services rendered, and as Christians, that they owe regard and respect to a minister of the cross.

2. The second fault is, that churches that are fully able to do it, do not pay ministers when they invite them to preach for them. The laborer is worthy of his hire. With our knowledge of the facts touching this point, we should as soon ask a man to dig our garden for us and not pay him as if an officer of a church, ask a minister to preach for a congregation without compensation. We wonder that churches will put themselves in such a position. A church that will give hundreds of dollars to foreign or domestic missions will take the services of a minister without offering him the least compensation. It would be far better to be just before they are generous.

We do not approve of greed in a minister. It is not his business to "preach for money." It is his duty to preach with or without compensation. If he gets only "forty stripes, save one," he must preach, and the less he says about it the better. But we editors feel at liberty to tell the truth to saint and sinner, minister and people. It is our settled opinion, that a church able to do so, ought always to offer compensation to a minister invited to preach, as much as a physician should be paid for a visit, or a lawyer for attending to a case. If the minister is precluded from pressing his claim, or if through a high-minded feeling he says nothing about it, this is only another argument with right feeling men to pay him. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

CHRISTIAN HONOR.

"A Christian is the highest style of man." A Christian minister ought to be the highest style of a Christian. The word honor and its derivatives occur one hundred and eighty-six times in the Bible. It is the kind of honesty that would lead one to do right when the law would not seize him if he did wrong, or when no one would know it if he did wrong, or when it was no advantage to him, or a disadvantage in a worldly point of view, to do right.

Honor is the quality that leads us to say of a man, that his word is as good as his bond, or that we would trust him with uncounted gold. The man who has it, is eminently trustworthy. He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greatest. Honor is a very high form of honesty. The *onestum* in Latin, means especially the honorable.

We regard a church as a very high trust which is committed by the Presbytery to a minister, when he is installed over it. What then shall we say of a man who accepts this trust from a Christian denomination, and then proceeds deliberately to detach the people committed to his charge from their own church and persuade them to go to another? Is he an honorable man? Is he a gentleman? Has he the heart, and soul, and sensibilities of one of Christ's shepherds? Or ought he to be marked as a traitor? Ought he to be "put in Coventry" by all honorable men? Ought he to be branded as a traitor? Ought we not to point to him and say—"habet fenum in coru?" Ought conduct to be tolerated in the ministry that would expel a man from a club of gentlemen, or that would subject an officer to a court martial? We pause for a reply.

BAPTISTS NOT SECTARIAN.

We copy the following from a Baptist paper: "A true Baptist, one consistent in following his principles, is not a sectarian, because he neither allows himself to be cut off from, nor does he cut any one off from, the Church of Christ."

As that paper advocates close communion, we beg to inquire, how any church can, by any possibility, more completely cut off Christians from the Church, than by refusing to commune with them? It will be observed that our Baptist brethren grant that they refuse to admit to the communion of the Lord's supper, true Christians; believers in Christ; men with whom they rejoice to hope that they will commune in heaven; men whom Christ has received, and whom the Spirit of God has regenerated. With these they refuse to sit at the table of the Lord in their own church, or to sit at the Lord's table in their church. This is certainly "cutting them off" from the Church as far as human power can do it.

Baptists often attempt to make the impression that Presbyterians and others who do not agree with them on the subject of baptism, are as sectarian as themselves. They assert that we require, equally with themselves, that persons who come to the Lord's table must be baptized, but that we receive as baptism affusion as well as immersion, which gives us only a wider circle of communion—but that the principle is the same.

To this we reply, that it is an entire misstatement. We do not require baptism as a condition of communion. We invite all Christians to commune with us who are in regular standing in their own churches. We do not inquire at all into the manner in which they became members. The responsibility of this is thrown entirely upon the authorities of the church from which they come. We receive them, as in the judgment of charity, Christians, of the evidence

of which, their own church is the judge. If Christians, our opinion is, that they have a right to come to the Lord's table, and, as such, we admit them. The Baptist, in excluding Christians because they are not baptized, in his view, the Seceder, in refusing to admit them because they differ in certain opinions, and the Episcopalian in refusing to commune with them because of certain church forms—all, in our view, are sectarian.

KING OF JERUSALEM.

We copy the following curious and suggestive paragraph from the *Evening Bulletin* of this city:

"The French Imperial Court is still living in the greatest retirement, broken only by short excursions in the neighborhood of St. Cloud. The longest of these was when the Emperor rode to Rambouillet, in company with Baron Rothschild, while the Empress went to Compiègne, meeting her august consort on the road, in returning. Baron Rothschild is at present exceedingly intimate with his Imperial Majesty, he being almost the only visitor now received at the chateau. Nearly every day Napoleon III. is seen promenading in the Park of St. Cloud arm in arm with the great banker; and scarcely a dinner occurs at which the latter has not the honor of sitting at the right hand of his Imperial Majesty. Of course the political gossip draw their own conclusion from this particular intimacy. According to some of their own data, it is the intention of the Emperor to make Baron Rothschild King of Jerusalem, under the protection of France, and—as may be expected—for a consideration."

This paragraph, which people will laugh at, may have more in it than meets the eye. The Eastern Question is one of the most difficult that ever statesman or diplomatist worked with. The Turkish Empire is breaking up. The difficulty is to create a nationality for Syria. The fragments of peoples there, Greeks, Maronites, Druses, Arabs of all sorts, Armenians, Turks—none of them make a nation, and any one that can be constructed of those materials is likely to be a rope of sand.

Where can a nation be found for Syria? Many of us believe that God has preserved the Holy Land for the children of Abraham, his friend, and that in his own good time they will solve the Syrian question. We do not know the disposition of Baron Rothschild, but we cannot conceive of any thing more grand than the using of the princely wealth of that family to gather in the Jewish people from the four corners of the earth and plant them in the Holy Land. There needs nothing to accomplish it but a disposition on their part to go, and money to go with. But it is well known that as a nation they are immensely wealthy, and hence an enthusiasm for Palestine, like the Crusades—an enthusiasm which might spring up in a day,—would produce this memorable result. The Eastern question seems to wait for it. A King of Jerusalem is not more unlikely than was a King of Greece before the battle of Navarino, a Sardinian King in Florence, or a Garibaldi in Sicily and perhaps soon in Naples.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Three bright illustrations of the transcendent worth of religion as an element of human character, and as a comfort both to the dying, and to those who survive them, have recently been given in the death of those venerable women, Mrs. Bethune and Mrs. Gardiner Spring, and the sudden and premature removal of young Hawes, of Connecticut. We do not remember that any special interest attached to the closing scenes of the life of Mrs. Bethune—it was of little consequence. The lustre of a well-spent, active, devoted and singularly useful Christian life of unusual length, was enough to light up the passage into the dark valley in the view of her friends, and to enable them and all others to realize how supremely satisfactory is such a life as was hers, and how far above the highest and most brilliant career which mere worldliness or selfishness has ever run.

Mrs. Spring had been the companion of the now venerable Gardiner Spring for more than fifty years, during which time it was her aim to relieve her husband of every burden within her reach. Her illness was protracted, and it was in the chamber especially that her Christian character was manifested. A New York exchange says: "From the early settlement of Dr. Hoge to the death of Mrs. Spring, he was a constant visitor, and at all times was met with cheerfulness. She was wont to sing the hymn commencing—

"Father, I long, I faint to see, The place of thine abode," and frequently she requested the singing of the hymn, commencing—

"My God, the spring of all my joys,"

It was expected that her death would take place before the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Spring, over the Brick Church. She was, however, exceedingly anxious that her life should be spared until that event had taken place. For this she prayed; and but a few days before her death, she asked her physician whether her life could be prolonged to enable her to congratulate her beloved companion. Her desire was granted, and a few hours after the immense crowd had hung upon the lips of Dr. Spring, his companion passed away.

But the most painful and touching and, in some respects, most illustrious act of the three, was that of Rev. Joel Erskine Hawes. Like Dudley A. Tng, the son of an honored father whom he but recently had followed into the ministry, by a mortal injury accidentally received, he was suddenly called away from the commencement of a career of usefulness, and died with words on his lips as memorable, as weighty and as deserving of universal dissemination, as those which were caught up by the Christian young men of our city, and made their watch word.

We cannot do better here than quote the remarks of the *New York World*, commencing with one of Young Hawes' dying expressions: "PHILOSOPHY WON'T DO IT!"—I say it from this bed, the gospel is God's appointed means for the salvation of the soul; philosophy won't do it! These words were said by the excellent Joel Erskine Hawes, the young pastor of the Congregational Church at Plymouth, Conn., whose lamented death was occasioned by the kick of a vicious horse. He was the son of the Rev. Joel Hawes, D. D., of Hartford, long and extensively known as one of the most useful and able ministers of the gospel in our country. The subject of this notice possessed the same spirit; so, too, did his sister, Mrs. Mary Hawes Van Lennop, whose remains lie in the Armeanian cemetery in Pera, one of the suburbs of Constantinople. The following account of the state of mind and feeling in which this young

servant of Christ met death is taken from the *Congregationalist*: "As was perfectly natural and right, Mr. Hawes desired to live, as did Hercules, David, and other good men; and on being told of his critical condition, before the door of hope was absolutely shut, he said, 'I should like to live that I may do my work better; but we rest more to the honor of Christ, prosecute his work more faithfully, and be prepared for the will of God, whatever it might be. When his physician, feeling his pulse, said, 'Mr. Hawes, your race is almost run,' an expression passed over his countenance indicating a momentary struggle, and then his face shone 'as it were the face of an angel.' He repeated the hymn, 'Rock of ages, dwelling on the words, 'Be of sin the perfect cure'—'perfect perfect,' and spoke of the 'righteousness of Christ imputed to us,' and of the 'hope which is as an anchor, sure and steadfast.'"

Taking a brother in the ministry of his own age by the hand, he said, 'We ministers have not preached the gospel in its simplicity; this gospel is God's appointed means for the salvation of the soul; philosophy won't do it.' Hear it, young ministers. The death-bed test will test the quality of our preaching. The death-bed demands a simple gospel. The death-bed reveals the gospel as 'the power of God unto salvation.' As the time of our brother's departure drew near, he made several efforts to repeat the passage, Heb. xii. 18-24, which speaks of the 'innumerable company of angels,' but failing, asked, 'What is that passage?' His mother opened the Bible and began: 'For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched;'—'Hurry on to the prospects,' said the dying man; and when the words were read—'But ye are come unto Mount Zion'—'There, that's it!' said he, and finished the passage; 'and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant.'"

How clearly this simple and most interesting statement sets forth the preciousness of the blessed gospel. 'None but Christ,' exclaimed one of the English martyrs, as he went to the stake. Young Hawes felt that Christ's blood alone could wash away his sins. The hymn in which he so much delighted, ('Rock of Ages clef to me'), contains two lines which describe the very faith which alone can give peace:—

"Nothing in my hands I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling."

How true it is that philosophy cannot stand us in stead, in that trying hour, but a child's faith will—a simple faith, if it rests on Christ alone. The latter part of this narrative is intimately touching, and can in no way be improved by any remarks which we can make. It is a great trial to parents to be called to lose such a son; but how great is the honor to have such a one to lose!

The experience of young Hawes in view of death was like that of the late Dr. Hope, of Princeton, who when dying was greatly surprised by the simple act of faith which is set forth in the stanza:—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On Thy kind arms I lean, The light and strength and righteousness, My Jesus and my all."

Such was the experience of young Tng, of Philadelphia, whose death, though so painful, could not keep him from extolling Christ, and exhorting his beloved friends to 'stand up for Jesus.'—And the late Dr. Archibald Alexander, one of the greatest and best of men of our times, fell and beautifully expressed, when on his dying bed, his deep sense of the preciousness of Christ and a simple reliance on faith on Him:—'All my theology is reduced to this—Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.'"

BORROWING WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

At least two articles out of our exchanges slipped into our last week's columns without proper acknowledgment, though every pains was taken by the Editor to secure it. We refer to "Agassiz on Darwin," a valuable article from our neighbor of the *Presbyterian* of this city, and the "Rail-road Switch," in which some important lessons were drawn from the highways of modern travel. Our aim is to give credit for all articles originating in the papers from which we extract them.

While on this topic, we might as well call attention to the fact that some of our contemporaries are content to rely on us for intelligence, or to borrow from our columns without due credit. If the New York press, which boasts of being at the centre of all intelligence from the old world and the new, finds us in this "village" beforehand with them on matters of general interest, they are welcome to the fruits of our labors, but they should hand them to the Editor. There is the *World*, which a few days ago headed its admirable religious column with an extract, in leading type and without acknowledgment, from our Religious Intelligence, which we had carefully culled out, and translated from a Berlin journal, incorporating our own comments. The *New York Observer* also treated its readers some weeks ago to a bit of information on the Moravian Church, in leading type, which first appeared in our columns, but which was not so credited in the *Observer*. The *Christian Intelligencer*, of the same city, copied with a very great endorsement our editorial on Humboldt's Correspondence, ascribing the article in question rather negligently to "one of our exchanges." The last number of the *Pittsburg Missionary* (Lutheran) comes to us with two of our editorials on its first page, one of which, however, "Not by bread alone," is credited to the *German Reformed Messenger*.

We say not these things ill-humoredly; we know by experience how difficult it is, between editor, type-setter and proof-reader, to do justice, even with the best of intentions. We only protest when we think we suffer more than our share.

BARNES ON THE ATONEMENT. OPINION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL QUARTERLY.

It will be remembered by many of our readers that Mr. Barnes' last work on the Atonement was attacked with singular vigor and bitterness by the *Protestant Review*. It was declared by that authority to be 'a brilliant but entirely of the great inland ocean at our leisure. Comparing it with the Jesuit's map, published at Paris, A. D. 1638, we were surprised to find that the various geographical portions there described, were given with as much fidelity as by Bayfield himself. We next ventured on another comparison.

Merely wish, at this time, to set you against this opinion of Princeton, the view taken of the same work by the *Protestant Episcopal Quarterly* for July. This quarterly is the organ of the Low Church (Calvinistic) portion of the body.

"The aspect of the Atonement considered in the essay of Mr. Barnes, is still more nearly related to those we have advanced than are those maintained in the sermons collected by Professor Park. [*The Atonement*. Discourses and Treatises by Edwards, Smalley, Marcy, Edmonson, Griffin, Burge, and Weeks.] Mr. Barnes has, we think, published nothing equal to this essay either in thought or expression. It is one of the most elaborate and finished dissertations of the day, worthy of its distinguished author, and an honor to the theological literature of the country. Through his valuable 'Notes,' Mr. Barnes' name has become a household word, as well in Britain as in America; and there are but few living writers to whom evangelists Christians are more indebted. In his commentaries he has communicated the results of extensive Bible studies in a style at once idiomatic, elevated, and reverential. In this Essay on the Atonement he has given full proof of a comprehensive intellect and of vigorous thought."

The view presented is certainly that which best accords with what man can here know of such a subject, and is sustained by most certain warrant of Scripture— unquestionably, therefore, it is a true conception of the nature of the Atonement in part— it is so only in part—for the subject is one of infinite issues. High as heaven, how little can we know of it! Deep as hell, who can fathom it? As manifold in its bearings as the mission and passion of the diving Redeemer, who on earth can pretend to treat it exhaustively, or regard it otherwise than as the profoundest of those mysteries which 'the angels desire to look into,' and which man surely should approach with reverence and awe, assured that the death of the Lord was the life of man."

REV. DR. JENKINS.

Recent letters have been received from our respected friend and colleague, Rev. John Jenkins, D. D., containing information of his return to England after completing his tour upon the continent, with restored health, and the prospect of an early return to America. We trust that he may continue to enjoy the divine favor and protection, and that safe from all perils by sea or by land, he may be permitted soon to resume his important labors in our midst.

THE TABOR MISSION.

We are happy to learn that this mission, under the care of Rev. George Van Deus, is still prospering spiritually; an accession of sixteen persons on profession having been received on Sabbath before last. This is cheering news, especially in the midst of the prevailing deadness and barrenness of the churches.

DEATH OF HON. JOHN L. MASON.

Judge Mason, an honored Elder in the Mercer street church, who for some months has been in feeble health, died on Thursday evening in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Mason was the son of the late Rev. Dr. John Mason, of N. Y. city, and was esteemed by all who knew him for the high character he attained as a man and as a judge of the Superior court of New York.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE SUPERIOR (KITCHI-GAMU): ITS TOPOGRAPHY, GEOLOGY, ZOOLOGY, AND POETRY.

Passing through the Sault-St. Marie canal, the massive masonry of which is superior to any thing of its kind on the continent, and whose locks are the largest in the world; leaving the wigwags of the red men on the right hand, and the houses of the white men on the left; the rushing, roaring waters of the river, the restless little fleet of fishing canoes, the sombre forests of Canada—all richly bathed in the crimson glow of sunset; such was our delightful introduction.

To the shores of Kitchi-GamU, To the shining Big-Saw-Water. "Here," says one, "such a Temperance man as you ought to feel yourself thoroughly at home. You are now fairly launched on the largest body of fresh water on the face of the globe!" "Yes," says our statistical friend Mr. Distarrell, in *propria persona*, "According to the chart of the accurate Bayfield, 380 miles in length, 140 in breadth, and 1600 in circumference." "You see," said another friend, a Geologist—"as Agassiz says, 'Lake Superior is to be figured to the mind as a vast basin with a high rocky brim, scooped out of the plateau extending from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi.' "Very good; but to carry out the figure, where is the pitcher that supplies this basin?" "Rather a difficult question that: more easily asked than answered. Though situated on the highest upper terrace of the continent, and thus draining an area of nearly 200 rivers and creeks that flow into it—the entire volume of water from these rivers is not sufficient to supply even the loss occasioned by evaporation. The original source of the Lake must be far down in the 'waters under the earth!'"

"One question more—what do you suppose is the use of so large a body of water in such a position?" "There are at least three uses for it. First, this Lake constitutes a great tank, or water works, for the supply of innumerable other lakes, on the lower terrace. Secondly, it never freezes more than a few miles from the shore even in the coldest of winters, it has thus a very salutary influence in moderating what would otherwise be the extreme severity of the climate. Thirdly, it constitutes a means of commercial intercommunication, the importance of which since the discovery of the mountains of iron and copper on its borders, it is impossible to over-estimate. "There is some poetry on the subject," said a young lady, quoting some unknown poetry from the inevitable Ritchie.

"Father of Lakes! thy waters bend Beyond the eagle's utmost view; When throned in Heaven he sees thee bend, Back to the sky its world of blue. Boundless and deep, the forests wear Their twilight shade thy borders o'er, And threatening cliffs like giants, heave Their fugged forms along thy shore." Still our ideas were too indefinite. We wanted something that would give more unity to our thoughts, and thus enable us to give a satisfactory description to others. Through the kindness of the Captain we obtained a copy of 'Bayfield,' and spreading it out upon the table, like a general entering upon a campaign—studied the outline of the great inland ocean at our leisure. Comparing it with the Jesuit's map, published at Paris, A. D. 1638, we were surprised to find that the various geographical portions there described, were given with as much fidelity as by Bayfield himself. We next ventured on another comparison.

"Father of Lakes! thy waters bend Beyond the eagle's utmost view; When throned in Heaven he sees thee bend, Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests wear Their twilight shade thy borders o'er, And threatening cliffs like giants, heave Their fugged forms along thy shore."

Still our ideas were too indefinite. We wanted something that would give more unity to our thoughts, and thus enable us to give a satisfactory description to others. Through the kindness of the Captain we obtained a copy of 'Bayfield,' and spreading it out upon the table, like a general entering upon a campaign—studied the outline of the great inland ocean at our leisure. Comparing it with the Jesuit's map, published at Paris, A. D. 1638, we were surprised to find that the various geographical portions there described, were given with as much fidelity as by Bayfield himself. We next ventured on another comparison.

COMPARED TO THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA. Lake Superior is sometimes called the Mediterranean Sea of America; the comparison is a good

one in the general; is it equally true in the particular? Let us see. Well, there is the St. Mary canal that commands the entrance to the lake; that is Gibraltar. There are the high ranges of hills stretching along the Northern shore; these are the maritime Alps, on a diminutive scale indeed, but still enough to preserve the comparison. Keweenaw, the long Peninsula of copper, extending far out to the middle of the lake is Italy, and "Portage Lake," the emporium of copper, is Rome. Manitow Island, lying just off Keweenaw point, with its narrow strait between, that is Sicily. Isle Royal, is Cyprus—Michiganport, Crete—"The 12 Apostle Islands," are the Archipelago—and the St. Louis river, is the Nile. If any one has ever carried out the resemblance between Lake Superior and the Mediterranean to the same extent, we say nothing; otherwise we put in our claim for originality. Like the famous comparison recently made between the Barbary states, and certain other states of our confederacy—it is singular how often Nature in the old world repeats herself in the new.

A DISAPPOINTMENT—THE MIRAGE.

The first sight with which I thought to have been greeted on commencing the circuit of the Lake was the mystic towers, columns, arches, &c., of the Pictured Rocks of Sandstone Looking over Lake and Landscape— Where the old man of the mountain, He the Manitow of mountains, Opened wide his rocky door way— Opened wide his deep abysses.

But alas! the "Doric Arch," the "Cascade in Portaille," and all the various wonders with which Schoelkopf had delighted our imagination, were not for us. Going up, bleak night concealed them from us—and a dense and most envious fog hid them from our view coming down. Whether we would have seen all that was seen by the author of the "Algo Researches"—it is therefore impossible for us to say. On the whole, however, after listening to a great variety of testimony on this subject, we rather incline to the opinion that his description of the aforesaid Architectural wonders is to be taken cum grano—unless on the principle of the poet—that "part the eye perceives—and part creates!"

But though disappointed in reference to the pictured rocks, we were more fortunate as to the extraordinary exhibition of the mirage. Such was the difference between the temperature of the air and the lake, that all day long we were looking at mountains, headlands and islands, which would rise up before us from the bosom of the lake—and then just as suddenly disappear. We can readily believe that astronomical observations taken in the afternoon are almost invariably worthless, when the sun himself, sinking into the lake, under the influence of the rapidly varying refraction—is sometimes shaped like a pear—at others, elliptical; proteus-like, assuming a different form every moment.

The author of the admirable little book, "The Mirage," had he ever sailed on Lake Superior, would have found no necessity for going to the deserts of Africa for his illustrations.

THE CLIMATE. BOUNTIFUL SUPPLY OF OXYGEN AND ITS EFFECTS.

But the one great and ever present peculiarity of the Lake Superior region is its climate. While the thermometer was ranging among the nineties in Philadelphia—and scores of people were falling from sun stroke at St. Louis, it is almost impossible to believe, that at the apex of the angle drawn from the two places, and at the same time, we were walking about the deck with a heavy overcoat on during the day, and sitting beside a stove in the evening, and sleeping under double blankets at night.

The amount of oxygen in this atmosphere is far beyond anything we ever breathed elsewhere. The heavy languid body that could scarcely drag one limb after another in Philadelphia, here becomes light and buoyant as a cork. The invalid, to whom even one meal a day had become distasteful there, here performed trencher duty daily to four full meals of meat, and a single day longer would undoubtedly have made a vigorous attack on a dish of pork and beans. It is nothing more than simple truth when we say, that the climate of Lake Superior at midsummer is delightful beyond all comparison, and now that the canal has been opened, and such vessels as the North Star &c., are fabled upon the water; and such hotels as the "Bigelow House," Ontonagon, "Mason House," Hancock, &c., upon the lake; we do not wonder that the region is becoming a favorite resort for invalids, especially those afflicted with nervous or pulmonary diseases. At Fort Wilkins, Copper Harbor, where the old fort has been converted into a Sanatory Hotel, the medium summer temperature is 61° 4'. As to the winter, in the absence of rain from the month of October until that of April, it is equally surprising and amusing to hear the old inhabitants declare that it is altogether the most agreeable part of the year. "The cold," said the captain of the tug who took us up to Portage Lake, "is not like the cold anywhere else. It is so dry that comparatively little clothing will keep it out." On the boat with us was a young girl about twelve years of age, whom we singled out as the finest specimen of a child, in clearness of skin, solidity of flesh, and strength of frame, that we had ever seen. It was something to the credit of the region when we learned that she was the second white child born above Sault.

A GLANCE AT THE TRAVELLERS: THE BISHOP OF MICHIGAN A SUCCESSOR OF THE APOSTLES.

How it may be at other times of course we cannot pretend to say, but more agreeable or intelligent companions *de voyage* than we met with, it would be difficult to find anywhere. Gentlemen from Boston, Rhode Island and New York, interested in 'copper,' having for the most part, their wives and children with them, editors, lawyers, merchants from Canada, a sang Philadelphia party who understood the art of travelling to perfection, family parties from Buffalo, Cleveland, Sandusky, Detroit, and various points upon the lower lakes, missionaries among the Chippewa Indians, pushing enterprise man of business from all quarters of the country—it may be well supposed with such a party on board there was no stagnation in the way of conversation or amusement. Landing at Marquette, away they were off to the great iron mountains at Portage Bay penetrating the mystic of the Quincy and Powish copper mines—at Ontonagon despatched in search of Lake Superior agates, native silver breast-pins, and especially of the diamond of the region, the Chlorastrolite or green star stone! So at Mackinaw, you might have seen some of them under (and some over) the arched Rock, and at other points of the route others again occupying their spare moments in fishing. What think you, O worthy Piscator, of brook trout of 41 pounds, such as was caught at Marquette by our old friend the Bishop of Michigan? What think you of a brook trout of 73 pounds in weight, such as (we have it on the same Episcop

copal authority), was caught by Col. Shiras of Pittsburgh? And then the Lake, or Mackinaw trout, or Siskawit, or whatever else you may choose to call them—how would you like to land a member of the famous family of the "Salmonidae," four feet long and fifty pounds in weight? We ourselves, with our own eyes, saw at Mackinaw, a lake trout three feet six inches by actual measurement, and weighing over thirty pounds. As for the white fish, &c., with all our prepossessions for Delaware shad, as the *ne plus ultra* of the finny tribes, we must confess, that the gifts of Providence to the Lakes in the way of fish, at least afford an equal occasion of thankfulness. He who made not the earth in vain, but formed it to be inhabited, had doubtless a wise and gracious design in placing the iron and copper on the shore, and the fish in the waters of Lake Superior. G. D. Ja.

A SABBATH IN PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburg, Aug. 13, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have spent a Sabbath in the Iron City, or as some call it, the City of Smoke;—let me tell you about it. Without difficulty I found Dr. Kendall's church, the one in which our General Assembly held its sessions last Spring. The Sabbath School was well attended for the season, with a good sized Infant School, and an adult Bible Class, led by a gentleman whose silvery locks showed well in such an occupation. Strange to say, he held a French Bible, and constantly gave us the translation of his version, which frequently threw light upon the passages. The church, I found much changed in appearance since I was last there, when Dr. Riddle was its pastor. The beautiful fresco work, the gorgeous stained windows, the well-played organ and efficient choir, all helped to set off a most interesting sermon by Rev. Mr. Hull, a gentleman from New England, who officiated in Dr. Kendall's absence. "It is a faithful saying, &c." is a very old text, but under Mr. Hull's handling there was an earnestness, a life and beauty, seldom surpassed. So with the evening discourse on "God's choosing the weak things of this world to confound the mighty."

In the afternoon I visited a powerful Mission School, sustained by the young men and women of Dr. Kendall's church. It is held in the Eighth Ward public school-house, a step in advance of our city, where the public school buildings are closed against the Mission School enterprises. It was a rough suburb indeed, but most of the children were tidy and well-behaved,—a great improvement in this respect having been brought about since the first opening of the school, I was informed. I was much pleased to learn that the Sabbath school of the church is contributing regularly to Foreign Missions, \$100 of their money going regularly every year to the Syrian Mission. Rev. Mr. Jessup, of Tripoli, corresponds with them regularly.

Pittsburg has ten Presbyterian churches—one of our own branch, four old school, and five of the United Presbyterian—seven or eight Methodist churches, and three Episcopalian. The man of sin has a magnificent cathedral built upon the highest hill in the town, and just like his magnificent projects in our own city, it can be seen from all parts of the town, and is, of course, unfinished. The Passenger Railroad Cars run briskly all day Sunday in every direction, the proprietors having evaded the law by being appointed to carry the U. S. mail letter boxes in each car. The church-goers patronize them largely in going to and from church in the morning, and in the afternoon they are crowded with the advocates of equal rights, lager and whisky. The mayor of Altogether has stoutly refused to let them run on his side of the river, even though they do carry Uncle Sam's boxes, and declare their tracks "Post Roads." What a pity Pittsburg had not another Mayor Henry to come to its relief in so important a crisis!

I am off for the West, and may get a chance to drop you a line while "floating down the Ohio." Yours, G. W. M.

WAVERLEY, N. Y.

On the 15th inst., Mr. David S. Johnson, late of the Theological Seminary of Auburn, was ordained to the work of the ministry, and installed pastor of the Presbyterian Church and congregation of Waverley, by the Presbytery of Chemung; sermon by Rev. Dr. J. B. Condit, of Auburn. Rev. F. S. Howe presided and proposed the constitutional questions; ordaining and installing prayer by Rev. C. C. Carr; charge to the pastor by Rev. Dr. A. W. Cowles, of Elmira; charge to the people by Rev. Wm. A. Niles, of Corning.

The congregation have enlarged and beautified their house of worship, so that it is one of the neatest and most commodious churches of the region. In connection with the services of ordination and installation, it was dedicated to the Triune God. Last Spring, with many tears, the people gave up a beloved pastor to the missionary work, and he has graciously answered their prayer, and sent them so soon another in whom they are all cordially united. The day was fine, the audience larger than could be accommodated in their beautiful sanctuary, and the occasion replete with fraternal memories. May God vouchsafe large measures of His Spirit upon pastor and people, and the glory of the latter house far exceed that of the former! R. S.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

The Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, to bring young men who are strangers under moral and religious influences, earnestly invite parents, guardians, or others, who have sent, or who are about sending their sons, wards, or friends, to reside in Philadelphia, to make the same known to the undersigned, when prudent measures will be taken by Christian young men to make the acquaintance of the young strangers, introduce them to the Reading Rooms, and other privileges of the Association, and bring to bear upon them such influences as may result in their everlasting good.

JOHN WANAMAKER, Cor. Sec. Rooms of the Association, Nos. 1009 and 1011 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Death of Rev. Thomas H. Beveridge.—The talented pastor of the Sixth United Presbyterian Church, Rev. Thomas H. Beveridge, deceased on Wednesday, at the residence of Mr. Cummings, of Kishacoquillus, Mifflin Co., Pa. He expired in the morning of severe headache, and brain-complained springing. Growing worse as the day advanced, a physician was sent for, who pronounced him incurable. He expired at five o'clock in the afternoon, while in a state of unconsciousness.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY, by Grace & Philip Wharton, illustrated by Charles Alabont Doyle, and the Brothers Daliel. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo. pp. 488. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a volume full of interesting memorials of those illustrious women of all times who have exercised a dominant influence in the high circles in which they moved. The characters and lives of sharply individualized women who have risen