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Poetry.

For the American Presbyterian.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The following poem is the sweet breathing and swelling sublimity of true inspiration. It appeared recently in the *Federickian* (Va.) News, to which paper it was forwarded by a correspondent, who says, "It was transcribed from an old copy of the 'Church Register,' Philadelphia, 1831. I think the poem nothing less than masterly. It was originally published in an Annual, the 'Amulet,' 1830, signed *epitaphus*; (Christians) do not know the author, but he justified his *nom de plume*."

B. F. S.
Washington, D. C., Sept., 1860.

City of God Jerusalem,
Why rousest thou thy living stones?
The world's price, the heavenly store,
The Roman in his pride, are there!
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Swallow round Calvary's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide;
There come the bridegroom and the bride,
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The old, the young, the bond, the free;
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn'—from height to height
Shouts the keen arrows of the light,
And central in their glowing shower,
Palace of Holiness and Power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Looks like a risen sun below.

But who to kill and who to save!
Against them shall come forth a wall;
And who to bridegroom and to bride,
For death shall be the awarded rite;
And who, these resplendent thrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine!

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep,
Ere destruction's awful pall
Black'ning o'er Zion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore,
They hear the coming armies roar;
They see in Zion's halls of state
The sign that makes desolate,
The flag that means the smoking ruin,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall—the chain,
The long, long scroll of guilt and pain,
The exile's thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears,
Jerusalem, a wand of woe,
Her tribes, earth's warning, scoff and shame.

Still pours along the multitude,
Still rolls the masses of the blood,
But in the murderers' furious van
Who totters on? A weary man,
A cross upon his shoulders bound,
His brow, his frame, one quivering wound.

And now he treads on Calvary—
What havoc upon that hill must die,
What land, what mountain, what vale,
Must be the mountain, what vale,
There stand two victims, gaunt and bare,
Two culprits emblem of despair.

And who the third? The yell of shame
Is heeded at the sufferer's name!
Hands clenched, and from his eyes
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that this dying hour could sting,
Arouse about him, then throned—*King!*

Yet curbed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath for him by Him returned,
No vengeance flows from his 99,
The sufferer calmly waits to die,
The ready scepter, throned crown,
Bring to that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bowed, the nails are driven,
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee,
Now, Roman, bend the mocking knee!
The cross is reared—the deed is done—
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

Such was this earth's consummate hour—
For this had swayed the Prophet's power,
For this had blazed the conqueror's sword,
Had 'twined, and from his neck restored,
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone!

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness—earth itself a dream,
Foreheads on which shall sorrow be laid
Sullies when sun and star shall fade,
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hang on thy anguish, King of Kings!

Still from his lips no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom,
No earthquake burst, no angel brand,
Crushes the mad, blaspheming band—
What say those lips by anguish rivet?
"God, to my murderers forgiven!"

He dies! In whose high victory
The slayer, death himself, shall die,
He dies! By whose all conquering tread
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head,
From his proud throne to darkness hurled,
The God and tempter of our world.

He dies! Creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word,
To come in triumph from the skies,
To bid the buried world arise;
The earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
Redeemer! may thy will be done!

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

THE INTEREST OF PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS IN MISSIONS TO THE CHINESE DISPROPORTIONATE AND INADEQUATE.

"It is possible that my life in India has given me a disproportionate interest in this land as a field of missionary effort; and yet I cannot avoid feeling that the Christian world, and especially the American Church, is greatly at fault in not putting forth more interest, sympathy, prayer and effort in behalf of the perishing millions of India who are hastening to idolaters' graves at the rate of 14,400 every day." Am. Pres., Dec. 8, 1859. Extract of letter from Rev. R. G. Wilder.

To ministers, missionary candidates, theological students, and Christians generally in the United States.

Greeting.—I have a pleasure in the above paragraph at the head of this letter for the purpose of criticizing it. I would rather draw the attention of Christians in America to their renewed and prayerful consideration. My heart was deeply affected on reading it two or three months since, at the time of its arrival here. I know how to sympathize with the feelings of its author. How vividly does it indicate the ardent interest which missionaries have in the land where they have labored. It has been suggestive of some thoughts in regard to the disproportion and inadequacy of the efforts made by Christians for the spread of the gospel in this empire. Allow me, to appropriate his language so changed as to apply to this land, and say: "It is possible that my life in China has given me a disproportionate interest in this land as a field of missionary effort; and yet I cannot avoid feeling that the Christian world, and especially the American Church, is greatly at fault in not putting forth more interest, sympathy, prayer and effort in behalf of the perishing millions of China who are hastening to idolaters' graves at the rate of thirty-five or forty thousand every day."

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STANDARD OF MISSIONARY INTEREST.—POPULATION OF CHINA.

What should be—not what is—the standard of missionary interest in a heathen land? By what principle should the missionary force be distributed, or what should be the criterion by which to decide the proper proportion of laborers in different countries? These are subjects not only worthy of, and appropriate to, the particular and prayerful consideration of Missionary Societies through their secretaries and committees, and of candidates personally, but also of the pious and interested friends of missions generally.

Has the population of a land, and the extent of territory to be influenced, anything to do with its proportion of laborers? Considerable China in respect to extent and population. It is allowed by geographers to be the second largest empire on the globe, Russia being the largest, and inaccessible to Protestant missionaries. Unquestionably, China has the most numerous population of any country ruled over by one man, being variously estimated from three hundred to four hundred millions. But the number of missionaries in this land is very greatly less in proportion to its population and extent than in almost any other accessible heathen country. Though the missionary has personal access at present to comparatively a small portion of the empire and the population, still, by means of books and tracts, written in the classical or general style, and by the agency of native Christian helpers under his superintendence, he can do, by the blessing of God, an amount of good, limited only by the amount of funds and number of men thus to employ, in places whither he himself cannot penetrate. There is no censorship of the press in China. Books written by the missionaries can circulate in all parts of this vast empire, and, if well written and adapted to the interests of the Chinese, may be read by multitudes of the reading portion of the hundreds of millions of this people. The time, we trust, is near at hand when Protestant missionaries of the gospel may go everywhere in the empire, preaching Christ crucified, without let or hindrance from the Chinese government.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

What deters the missionary candidate from seeking to proclaim the way of salvation to the Chinese? Does the language deter him? Is it possible that a language used by the most populous nation on the globe for several tens of centuries, should be the insurmountable barrier between them and the missionary candidate, whose soul is burning with the love of Christ, and is consuming with zeal for the salvation of men? It is feared that many candidates are, indeed, kept from coming to China in consequence of the magnified difficulties of the language. Some seem to prefer to go to India, where the Sanscrit should be studied; or to Syria, where the Arabic should be learned, rather than come to this land, because the Chinese language is so difficult. I knew a fellow-student, a fellow-countryman, who decided to go to Syria and learn the Arabic, because he could never, he said, acquire the Chinese! He has often thought, when reverting to the sentiments entertained by missionary candidates at home about the Chinese language, of the common proverb about the fish, frying-pan, and fire, or the more elegant classic allusion to those famous whirlpools between the coasts of Italy and Sicily.

IS CHINA UNINTERESTING?—ALAS, FOR CHINA!

Does the fact, or rather should the fact, that there is no pressing call for missionaries coming from the Chinese, and no absorbing and general interest among them in regard to the gospel, decide the missionary candidate to desire to go, or the Missionary Society to prefer to send him to some other land where there is evidently a more urgent call from the people, and a greater general interest in the religion of the Bible? This is a grave question, and deserves to be well pondered. Different persons will doubtless, viewing it from different stand-points, come to different conclusions. But, alas! for the Chinese, if they are still to be left to drop into "idolaters' graves," at the rate of thirty-five or forty thousand per day, because they are not an interesting people, or because they are not specially interested already in the gospel! Though the language is not easy of acquisition, and the people, in some respects, are difficult to interest and influence—it is one of "the nations" unto ALL of which, according to Matthew, He made it their duty to go and teach all that he had taught them. Did not Jesus die for the Chinese as much as He did for other heathens? How great is the responsibility of the Church, when she practically neglects, and even virtually refuses to carry out the Saviour's command to say that like a proportionate and adequate extent, as touching the immense and populous empire of China!

And if the Church is waiting for a great interest in the gospel among this people, before she sends a proportionate and adequate supply of her sons and her daughters either as missionaries, and before she pits up her ardent and official prayers for the Divine blessing to rest on the missionary efforts in this land, how long will she thus wait? Will this empire ever become the Lord's harvest without the use of appropriate means? Must many millions, say hundreds or thousands of millions, all "idolaters' graves" in this dark empire before the Church shall awake to her duty to the land of Sinim?

If, on every successive day for a month or even a single week, a city as populous as Urich, or Syriac, or Rochester, should be swallowed up in the bowels of the earth, what a profound sensation would the fact produce on some as known all over the civilized world! But the fact that the same number of human beings are hastening to "idolaters' graves" every successive day for every successive year from this one empire, is viewed with comparative equanimity by Christendom!

OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE N. Y. WILDERNESS.

Whitehall, August 13th, 1860.

AT NIGHT.
Down the valley between Mount Marcy and Mount Martin, flows the "Opalescent Brook," so called from the peculiar beauty of its bed. On its bank, two and a half miles from the summit of Mt. Marcy, is a new back camp in which we had stretched our weary limbs for the night.

A very large and cheerful fire was blazing before us, and we were yet excited with the view from the summit, which we had first left two hours before. All were talkative and mirthful, and the spirit of slumber might have been found anywhere but under that low, back-river.

Sleep came at length, however—but in snatches. Charley had unfortunately placed his bed across the remaining rods of a demolished stump, which by the transformation of his troubled dreams, might become variously the gridiron of his mentor, or any other disagreeable excess of that "roughness," which he had come three hundred miles to enjoy. Nobuchadnezzar, with all his visions, slept more quietly than Charley. As for F. the punkies were very assiduous. And the good man might have been seen to rise during each of the silent watches, and with sorrowful earnestness poke the fire for a few yields of thick, delicious "smudge."

Not even Ossian himself could have adequately portrayed the solemn majesty of this slowly moving form, there dimly outlined upon the dark walls of the night.

B. was occupying a very small space at the farther end of the camp, and it was, as silent in that quarter as if the wretched with broomstick steeds had spirited him back to the mountain top; but soon a head rose slowly to view with hair wild as Cassandra's, though shorter, and filled with leaves and sticks, and there shone a face unusually expressive as seen in the glare of the camp fire; and there burst forth upon our ears a most thrilling passage from *Macbeth*—done in the highest style of "bombastic" *Macbeth* art; filling up the full measure of affectionate awe in sublime success to the very highest octave, and altogether attaining to a perfection of mimicry that convulsed the whole party, and postponed further sleep for some hours.

The first appearance of dawn, however, found us again slumbering—all but the indefatigable F. He was astir; he had replenished the fire, and was looking after the affairs of the household with great energy and effect. We had vague ideas of somebody, somewhere, arousing us to some kind of effort. And our consciousness became quite clear at length when we felt a dash of cold water in our faces, and we looked up just in time to see F. with a volley of slippers about his head, making masterly plunges through the under brush—his long pendant scap, well inflated with the speed following promptly in his wake.

Though at great personal risks F. had performed a patriotic deed. We were soon breakfasted, and on our way down the Opalescent, only stopping for a bath in one of the beautiful pebbly basins that are found beneath each of the many cascades.

Before 12 o'clock we were at Lake Golden Camp. It was not the hour for dinner, and we had time to do as we pleased. For a while we were at the foot of the mountain, and we were looking after the affairs of the household with great energy and effect. We had vague ideas of somebody, somewhere, arousing us to some kind of effort. And our consciousness became quite clear at length when we felt a dash of cold water in our faces, and we looked up just in time to see F. with a volley of slippers about his head, making masterly plunges through the under brush—his long pendant scap, well inflated with the speed following promptly in his wake.

These suggestions are made, as nearly as I know my own heart, not in a carping or fault-finding spirit, nor from any feeling akin to personal dissatisfaction or discouragement in my work. They relate to highly important and practical subjects intimately connected with the most rapid spread of the gospel in all the world. As such, they are recommended to the serious and prayerful consideration of the pious reader. I do not pretend to have properly and fully discussed any one of the different points presented, but merely to have suggested some subjects for the contemplation of those western Christians who may see them. May the Holy Spirit lead those in my native land who love the Saviour to feel a deeper interest and more cordial sympathy in labors for the salvation of the perishing millions of this most remote and populous land, and to offer up more ardent prayer, and engage in greater efforts in their behalf. While China has been and is still comparatively neglected by the Church, I have rejoiced, and I will rejoice, that other lands do receive from her more abundantly, the still very inadequate interest, sympathy, prayer and effort. I would not have less bestowed on other lands, but more on this.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

China, June 23d, 1860.

P. S.—Will editors of religious papers in America insert the whole or a part of the above letter in their columns, or give its subject such a notice as they think it deserves?

I append a few items of statistics in regard to the missionary work in this empire.

Protestant missions in China were begun fifty-three years ago, by Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, who arrived at Canton in 1807, from England. Rev. Dr. E. C. Bridgman was the pioneer of American missions, arriving in 1830. Now the number of Protestant missionaries from Europe and America is about ninety, of whom more than one half are from America. Of the American missionaries, those sent out by the Presbyterian Board (O. S.), stationed at Shanghai, Ningpo, and Canton, are the largest body. Those sent by the Episcopal Board of Missions, stationed at Shanghai, under the supervision of Bishop Boone, are the next largest. The American Board's missionaries are ten in number. Their stations are at Shanghai, Fuhohan, and Canton. In ten years this Board, the first and largest missionary organization in the United States, has sent out seven men to China. It has lost during this time six by death, and one by retiring from the work on account of ill health.

The Reformed Dutch Church in America has sent two clergymen to reinforce its very successful mission at Amoy during the last twelve years. The Methodist Episcopal Church has a mission at Fuhohan, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has a mission at Shanghai. The American Baptist Missionary Union has representatives at Hong Kong (unless recently transferred to Swatow, one of the new ports), and Ningpo. The Southern Baptist Convention has representatives at Canton and Shanghai. There is also at Shanghai a missionary station of the Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society. There is no missionary at the New Port on the island of Formosa, opened to foreign trade, according to the American Treaty, made in June, 1858. Who will come and occupy that port, as well as the other ports which will probably soon be opened, according to articles in English and French Treaties? How many?

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place just at dark, having been absent on the mountains nearly three days.

STILL ANOTHER EXCURSION; INDIAN PASS. A night's rest upon the floor of the ample parlor, prepared us for one more mountain excursion—a visit to the "Indian Pass." Hunter had left home when we set out next morning, and as we had no guide, we were left to learn our way from our map, and this could tell us nothing of the paths. We happened, unfortunately, to take the wrong side of Lake Henderson, and found ourselves wearing away the precious days in walking around a succession of irregular bays or arms of the lake, and likely never to reach our destination.

"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." But we remembered having seen a flat-bottomed boat at the foot of the lake, and were not long in securing possession. Many thanks to the projector and builder and owner of that flat-bottomed boat!

The most exquisitely turned wherry would have been in keeping with the beauty of so romantic and beautiful a lake, but we waved our weather-beaten hats in heartfelt exultation as we peddled the good old generous flat over the placid waters, for we were sure to solve the question of the path, and however grotesque the picture we furnished for some artist's eyes, we certainly carved out some very wide ripples, and made a great deal of unrestrained noise and awakened a great deal of misapprehension. May all accidents and mishaps in our lives, and all deviations from the right path, and all vexing delays and losses of precious time, result as happily as that ride in the aforesaid flat-boat, so roomy and commodious and opportune. In grateful and determined forgetfulness of her undue proportions, let her henceforth be known as *The Maid of the Mountains*.

We had a full and satisfactory view of the lake—every side of it, and were unanimous in ranking it high among the hundreds of these mountain lakes. We had seen it often in the frontispiece of magazines, but now we were borne over its glassy surface. Soon the path was found, and we were walking up the bed of the Hudson, stepping from stone to stone.

At about three o'clock, P. M., we reached the Indian Pass, or, as it is sometimes called, "The Notch."

NEW MARVELS.

We had ceased to wonder, as we supposed, at natural marvels, and yet here we were again, gazing upon a new and unique curiosity with new enthusiasm, and overwhelmed with a sense of awful grandeur. The place is not easily described nor easily forgotten. "Wall Faced Mountain" approaches with a perpendicular precipice 1,000 feet in height and nearly like a mile long. The trees upon its top look like small shrubs, while their leafless fellows that have fallen into the abyss below, reveal the fact that they are all of medium size. Opposite this bold front is Mt. McIntyre, with a steep though not perpendicular side, leaving a frightful and almost bottomless gorge between.

From the Mt. McIntyre side, and perhaps from both, great masses of rock, thousands in number, and some of them 50 feet, and even 100 feet in diameter, have fallen into the chasm, while others of great size have stopped midway on the mountain side. How they could have stopped when once in motion—how they could have been arrested in a leaning position, and that on a slope of from 30° to 45°, is a marvel. We found one perhaps fifty feet high, and projecting so far that a plumb-line from its brow would have fallen thirty feet beyond its base. Our only possible explanation of this singular phenomenon was, that it must have come down the mountain with a sliding instead of a revolving motion, and that its centre of gravity was regulated by a broader base than appeared above the surface.

SOURCES OF THE HUDSON AND AUSABLE RIVERS.

The rocks that have reached the bottom form, in one place, a high ridge across the gorge, and from beneath this wild chaotic mass, flow two rivers of very different destination. On the south side, as you listen among the rocks, you hear the gurgling infant wail of the Hudson, and a little farther down it bursts forth with a vigorous flow that bespeaks its rare promise as destined to bear the fleets that, through the metropolis of a continent.

On the north side, the Ausable River goes brawling forth in like manner, and with different proclivities, flows towards the great St. Lawrence and the alliances of a foreign dominion. It is rather the *Esau* of the twin streamlets, and, forsaking its birth-right, seeks persistence in the inhospitable north, and leaves the rich inheritance to its brother. "How many a family history is here epitomized! How often, from the same cradle, do the most divergent destinies go forth!" We clambered over these wild masses of rock, and gazed at the towering walls of creation as long as the declining day would allow, and then turned with a rapid step homeward. The sun was about setting when we reached the lake and re-embarked on the graceful and elegant clipper, *Maid of the Mountains*. The voyage was but too quickly accomplished, and we were at Hunter's.

SABBATH SERVICES.

A quiet walk of ten miles the next day, brought us to McIntyre's, where, after this detour of six miles, we were to enjoy another Sabbath's rest. Four or five different parties of tourists were in the immediate vicinity during the Sabbath; and these, with a few scattered pilgrims, were twice assembled for religious services. We heard two excellent discourses from Rev. Dr. Imbrie, of Jersey City, and Rev. Mr. Fowler, of our party, and altogether the day was one of much profit.

A WALK IN THE RAIN.

The next day was one long to be remembered for its heavy and continued rain. It is remarkable how soon wild life-reading one indifferent to the inconveniences of the weather. To walk one day under the gentle or vigorous patter of a good rain, seemed to us not a very serious matter—merely a new experience; but to be shut up for a day within the close walls of a backwoods hotel, appeared intolerable. We set out, therefore, at half-past eleven, and walked without stopping till half-past five, having accomplished twenty miles in an incessant storm.

We were now at Roots, nineteen miles from Crown Point.

A thorough drying and a night's rest put us in good condition for our last day's walk. As morning came the rain still continued, and our belief that rain was better than idleness still continued. We again strapped on our knapsacks and sallied forth for Crown Point. The rain subsided after an hour or two, and 7½ o'clock, P. M., we were on board a veritable steamboat bound for Whitehall.

BACK TO CIVILIZATION.—ADIEU TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Pleasure seekers, ticketed for Lake George and Saratoga, were all about us, and as if by magic, the age of crinoline, and "scoop shovels," and "stove pipes," and "patent leathers," had suddenly re-appeared. Rip Van Winkle himself could not have been more an island than were we. But then we were not exactly asleep, nor had we been asleep; and amid such scenery as surrounds Lake Champlain we felt quite at home. And now a goodly village, "lying round loose" upon the ridges, and under the ledges, and in the valleys, is announced as Whitehall, and squeezing into it through a tunnel, we find a hotel, and trunk of clothing, and in short a wonderful exterior transformation. After determining, practically, how far and how high to step in the light, thin boots, and how most naturally to lift the unaccustomed head above the dignity of collar and cravat, and at what angle to erect the smooth polished shaft of a beaver, we came forth as naturalized (?) citizens of "A Great Republic," and were soon lost to ourselves even in the throngs that crowd the swift rail-road train.

Adieu to the grand and inspiring wilderness scenes which still remain—and may they ever!—as God made them. Adieu to the generous companions in travel whom we had learned to honor and love.

F. F. E.

AN INVITATION TO IOWA.

For the American Presbyterian.

Mr. Editor:—Doubtless there are some of your readers who contemplate coming West, ere long, to live. And I desire to say to such, that the time has again arrived when it is safe to come to this state, (Iowa.) The wave of speculation in lands has passed away. Those who arrested the natural course of emigration by getting possession of the public domains, have found themselves compelled to keep possession, while the *vacas* have been to them a constant moth, until many would be glad to dispose of them at any price. And more or less of these lands are from time to time exchanging hands, at even less than Government price, (\$1.25 per acre.) And I am informed that land can be bought within five miles of this place for \$3 per acre, and within 20 miles, good prairie land can be bought for less still.

And will you permit me to call the attention of your readers, once more, to this region in which I live. Iowa Falls, Hardin Co., Iowa, is one of the located points of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, which the Government Land Grant will cause to be completed, and to this place, if I understand it right, within three years. It is in a healthy and good farming region, and is a good judge think, one of the best stock regions in the world. The reaction from the speculation prices, caused by the moneyed crisis, has probably reached its extreme point, and an upward tendency is in some places beginning to be manifest. Also, crops are good and abundant this year. And now is really the best time to immigrate. Those coming here now, with only moderate means, can take things to an advantage; and have also, soon, all the advantage of a direct Railroad communication with all the East.

And, as a minister of our denomination, and laboring to build up the cause of Christ, in connection with our Church, in this region, I feel that I can conscientiously and heartily invite the members of our Church, East, who desire a home West, to come out here now, and take advantage of the present opportunity, (for it cannot be long, as a considerable number also are already here, at a very small cost, with lodging, and whole or partial board, and when sick or out of employ, young women here find a home where they are cared for with motherly and sisterly care. On Sundays the