American Presbyterian.

GENESEE EVANGELIST.—Whole No. 792. PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1861. VOL. V.—NO. 47.—Whole No. 264.

Poetry.

SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring;
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky
The mighty blows still multiply;
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang! we forge the coulter now—
The coulter of the kindly plough;
Sweet Mary, Mother, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang! our own coulter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide,
Amidst the song of the morning birds,
Amidst the low of the sauntering herds,
Amidst soft breezes which do stray,
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land;
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope is rolled
A ruddy sea of living gold;
We bless—we bless the PLOUGH.

Clang, clang! again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?
Clink, clank! we forge the GIANT CHAIN
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far away
In bolsterous times his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.

Say, on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?
By Afric's pestilential shore—
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar—
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in spring's perpetual smile—
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crushing broadside makes reply?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah! Cling, clang! once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?

Cling, clang! a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the SWORD.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;

Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn:
Or mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide;
Still, still, whene'er the *battle-word*
Is Liberty—when men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless the SWORD.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Correspondence.

THE ESSENTIAL ELEMENT OF A MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

JOHN III. 16.

This element is not any feeling of a kindred nature to romance or poetry. It is not a wish to become a party to novel and interesting adventure, such as sometimes occurs in the experience of the missionary in foreign lands. It is not a desire to *travel* and visit foreign countries, or perfect an acquaintance with foreign customs, or foreign literature, or foreign languages. It is not a longing to attain any selfish interest, or to gratify any selfish desire whatever.

Some of these things are the necessary concomitants, or the natural and incidental results of a successful prosecution of the missionary enterprise, but they do not form in the least degree the essential element of the missionary spirit. That element is *love for the souls of perishing men.*

It was love which prompted God to originate and execute the plan of sending his only Son into the world. The Scriptures inform us that "*God so loved the world*" as to provide means for saving those of its inhabitants who should comply with its necessary conditions. It was *love* for the human race which prompted Jesus to leave heaven and come to earth; and it was *love* which led him to endure the insults, and ingratitude, and injuries which men heaped upon him, and at length suffer and meekly die in their behalf, after a laborious and self-denying life. And it is love for the souls of men which should prompt the Christian to become a missionary to them. It is love only which can sustain him amid the toils and privations incidental to a missionary life in a pagan land, and which can stimulate him to continued and untiring efforts for the good of the vile, and the superstitious, and the idolatrous.

His love for perishing souls in order to be permanent in its character, should be pure in its nature. It must be free from all selfish, degrading, and unworthy ingredients. It should be deep, sincere, genuine. It must be active and self-sacrificing, or it will not be such in kind as moved God to send His Son into the world, or such as the Son exhibited during his residence among men.

Remark 1st. How important in view of these thoughts, that missionary candidates and all who are looking forward to the missionary life, should early and thoroughly examine their own hearts, and ascertain whether they have the essential element of a missionary spirit! How important that they should impartially sift their feelings and analyze their motives and desires, and having deducted the motive of *curiosity*, the desire for *travelling* and *visiting* in foreign climes, the wish to learn, by personal observation and study, *the customs* which prevail in foreign lands, &c., to find still remaining in their hearts a *fervent and profound love* for souls perishing for want of a Saviour. Happy for them, happy for the heathen among whom they shall go, and happy for their associates in the mission field, if they find such love filling and overflowing their hearts and ever pervading their lives. Without it they may not expect to be uniformly contented, or highly useful in the land of their adoption. After the excitements of bidding farewell to friends and native country shall have passed away, such love by the blessing of God, will go far towards sustaining them amid the discouragements and dangers of a life in a barbarous and heathen country.

Remark 2d. If the missionary candidate should be thus careful to have such love before he goes to foreign lands, and if the missionary himself should ever exhibit such love in his intercourse with the heathen, is it not also eminently desirable that the friends of missions living in Christian countries, should possess the same love for perishing souls, as the prevailing motive of their hearts in all they do in connexion with the missionary cause? Should not the Christians who remain at home, as well as those who go abroad, have the essential element of the missionary spirit in order to be like God and like Jesus? It is apprehended that many are influenced to contribute of their pecuniary means to advance the cause of missions, to a great extent, by a knowledge that the church expects them to contribute, or because they have acquired the habit of contributing, or because it is deemed generous and respectable, or because they are deeply affected by some eloquent and stirring appeal, or because of some other reason which does not pre-suppose and imply the existence in their hearts of an ardent and self-denying desire for the salvation of the heathen. And doubtless some Christians attend missionary meetings or the monthly concert, more to hear the recent news from the foreign field, or an address by some one who has himself labored in the cause abroad, than from any special and deep-felt interest in the conversion of the world; or they engage in prayer for the success of missions, seemingly more through the influence of habit, or in the imitation of the example of others, than because they have an earnest and absorbing love for the souls still shrouded in the darkness of paganism. And very many professing Christians appear to have neither part nor lot in the missionary enterprise! Now it is an acknowledged duty, equally binding on all Christians, to be like their heavenly Father and like their elder Brother. How important, then, that they should all strive to attain unto that burning and self-denying love for the salvation of men in all the earth, which God and Jesus have, and which constitutes the essential element of the missionary spirit—a love for souls which will naturally and necessarily develop itself in sincere and ardent prayer, and in some appropriate and earnest efforts for the conversion of the world.

CHINA.

For the American Presbyterian.

OUR POSITION—ABSOLUTE AND COMPARATIVE.

I speak of our branch of the Presbyterian Church. There is, for a church, one quality of high worth, either for the pleasantness of members in their relation to the body, for working efficiency, or for the cultivation of gracious exercises. It is that sameness of sentiment, purpose, and spirit, which takes the name of *homogeneousness.* In this quality, I believe that, through the favor of our covenant Head, we now excel all our own past history, and all the other great Christian bodies of our country. I look back through more than a quarter of a century of participation in ecclesiastical affairs, and I have never seen it so nearly perfect among ourselves as now. And I see no other denomination so well through with internal conflicts respecting matters of faith, polity, or public ethics.

I look at our press—every periodical or paper which can now, in any fair sense, be accounted *ours.* No one sustains the interests of a faction; no one represents a party in the church. No one could do it, for we have no parties. All now come to us, full of unity of purpose, walking by the same rule, and minding the same thing. We read in them only what inspires the best faith in our working system, and the most generous confidence in the men who are set to work that system.

I look at our General Assemblies. They discuss the most momentous issues now before us, without any surgings of party excitement, or any exhibition of feeling which imperils a cordial acquiescence in the result. No lobbies gather round them, and no evening caucus settles the tactics of the morrow. Our Assemblies now come about as near to a realization of the holy ideal of a supreme ecclesiastical judicatory on earth, representing only the whole church, and moving on with a singleness of aim for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, as I expect any such body to do until sin has left the world.

I look at the state of feeling in our church, now fast growing into unity respecting the great moral questions of the day. Our papers and our pulpits are conservative, not mulishly so, but in such a measure as consists with the great law of moral progress which binds the men of God to the task of regenerating the state of society over the globe. On subjects which are now deeply agitating the Christian world, they generally speak in thoughtful, manly, and unmistakable utterance, obedient to the truest moral impulses. Our Assembly makes its deliverance without any acrimonious debate, and under no threat of revolt.

I extend the same view into every field of ecclesiastical operation in our hands—our Permanent Committees, our seminaries, and whatever else our church works through instrumentalities of its own creation, or under its own patronage. I know not where a single ripple of disunion stirs the surface, or a single strife modifies the character which I have claimed on our behalf, of a homogeneous church.

We are the more bound to recognise the loving-kindness of God in this, because it is a condition which none too freely abounds in the churches of our country. The Episcopal Church has, for long years, maintained a unity of organization, under the absence of almost every thing else which belongs to the idea of oneness. Its papers, its seminaries, and some of its benevolent enterprises, sail under party banners, and they often mount the belligerent as well as party flag. The Conference of the Methodist Church feel the rising swell of an excitement on the subject of representation, which bodes no peace until the ministry submits to a surrender of its supreme control, or the storm spends its fury in some more violent result. Our Old School brethren have, within themselves a large element, lay and clerical, who, for years, silently fretted under the dictation—whether real or imaginary, I know not what—of Boards and administrations; and now, in two or three of their last General Assemblies, this feeling has passed from the stage of muttering into open expression.

To this we may add the fact, that the present crisis in the country has become to all these mentioned, and to some other great religious bodies, their own crisis. The late action of the Old School General Assembly on the state of the country—an action of only passable intrepidity—was adopted at the close of a raspy debate, and in the face of the protest of many influential members, North as well as South. At this moment it is producing the expected effect of disruption; and that church now presents a spectacle of discord, equal to any thing which preceded the events of 1837.

Let me, however, say, in hearty justice to that church, that while I have characterized its late action as one of only passable intrepidity, I regard the conception of that action, and the pursuit of it to a triumphant vote, as, under all the circumstances, intrepid and nobly so. Further, I expect that its influence for the future health of that body will be much higher than it would have been, had it met with no opposition from influential quarters. The opposition, to a great extent, came from what has long been felt as the dominating power of the church, and the point was finally carried in the face of that power. For the first time, in long years, an independence of that power was successfully asserted. Men who live in the past were left in the past, and the men of progress stepped boldly to the helm, and put the ship before the breeze. We now look for better times for that church, and none more heartily than this writer, will congratulate them, when this hope is realized.

Still there is no disguising the probability that the Old School Presbyterian Church, as well as others which have been referred to, must, for a while to come, be the home of conflicting elements, and the scene of some earnest strifes. They all have just the constituency, and are in just the position which exposes them to the violent agitation of the times. Lasting alienations are inevitable, and perils reaching even to disruption, stare each of them in the face.

Returning to the present homogeneous character of our church, I am the more impressed with its reality, and the prospect of its endurance, from the fact that, under God, we have ourselves wrought it out. Step by step we have made our way to it. It is the outgrowth of one of the most exciting and active ecclesiastical histories which this continent has produced, and the culminating of experiences which have all along been signalized by leading providences. We approached it through "openings of the Lord." We labored long and anxiously, sometimes in darkness, and often in doubt, until God himself revealed to us, through our trials and toils, the true position which he would have us occupy in the great Christian field. Experience has been our school, and God our teacher. Thus reduced to order from the chaos in which the events of 1837 left us, it is not strange that we should feel peculiar satisfaction in the great sameness of mind and spirit which now reigns in our church; in the great sympathy with the church as such, which, at the present moment, is felt by our ministry and membership; and in the prospect which facts just named afford, that all this is to remain enduring.

There is, however, one indispensable condition to the permanence of this Divine favor—humble and whole-hearted faithfulness. The internal peace of a thriftless church, is but the quiet of a grave-yard. A glorious mission is now in our hands. It is a mission which none but a living, praying, giving, and every way consecrated church can fulfil. In exact proportion as we fulfil it, we may know that ours is a living unity, wrought within us by the Holy Ghost, and kept by His guardianship and love.

OAK.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

NO. III.—GEN. xxii. 17.

"Thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies."

Very few of those who live, even in walled cities, at the present day, are aware of the importance attached to the "gate" of ancient cities.

It was customary to assemble around the gate especially in the evening. The merchants or traders who dealt with outside purchasers, the farmer who cultivated the neighboring fields, the mechanic who visited the other place for work or the forests for material, if he returned at all, did so near evening or about sunset. In some oriental towns, the gates are not closed at sunset precisely, but remain open for an hour after, and in Malta I have never been anxious to hasten my approach to Valetta before midnight, when on a visit to the country. But generally near sunset, and also at sunrise, a little company may always be seen at the gate. Hence plans are formed, bargains made, and anciently many important offices were performed, and deeds transacted "in the gate." It was the place of meeting for private business, of assembling for public duties, in earlier centuries than in later. The passage referred to above, (Gen. xxii. 17) is the first instance in Scripture of the significant meaning of the word. To possess the gate was to hold all authority over every transaction in that town to which the gate afforded entrance. In Gen. xxiii. 10, 18, we have the earliest account of a bargain and sale at the gate of any city.

There is still a similar importance attached to the word in modern times. The magnificent gate of Broosa, where was anciently the palace of the Sultan, afforded among the Turks a noted place for Assembly. Here the Court of the Empire was held. It was called the Bâb Humayûn, or sublime gate, and the name has been transferred to the Sultan himself, though now his seraglio or palace is at Constantnople opposite the ancient Broosa. The *Court of the Sultan*, however, is the Sublime Porte or gate, properly speaking,—and the decisions formerly having been announced as those of the Sublime Porte, or those of "the gate." The word gate, therefore, anciently was a synonome for "power," "authority" and "wisdom;" and in this sense is to be understood in all those places where "gate" is used in connections similar to that of the passage at the head of this paragraph.

H. S.

Belvidere, N. J.

THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD.

From Dr. Mills' very elaborate, able, and deeply spiritual discourse, as retiring Moderator before the last General Assembly, just republished from the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, we make the following extracts:

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

The Church in which God lives must, by a necessity of nature, be an aggressive and militant Church. Life implies the capacity for growth. It has been defined as the power of self-augmentation. Wherever it advances, it must come into conflict with death, and with whatever causes it. A Church, characterized by life from God must sympathize in his purposes and feelings, be jealous of his honor, loyal to his authority, and devoted to his interests. The truth he reveals, the law he enacts, the grace he proffers, the ends he desires, the ordinances and institutions he establishes, and the instrumentalities by which he works, will be precious in her sight, and she will, if need be, defend them with her blood. The atheism or pantheism that theoretically or practically denies his being and personality, the infidelity that rejects his word, the skepticism that unsettles moral foundations, the error that turns his truth into a lie, the philosophy, falsely so called, that undermines or adulterates his gospel, the ritualism that dispenses with the renewing and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost, the idolatry of wealth, station, intellect, and fashion, that usurps his place in the heart, and monopolizes the worship of his house; the social arrangements and customs which supersede his law; the governments and institutions, constitutional or absolute, monarchical or democratic, political or domestic, which interfere with his requirements and the relations and duties he has established among men, together with every high thing that exalts itself against him, she will strive to transform or uproot and destroy. The Church is not an institution of society, and cannot, if true to God, permit herself to be modified, directed, or controlled by it. Through her, God intends to transform society and all its institutions. Her work is a warfare that is vigorous and successful in proportion to the strength of true life within her. May God have mercy on her, when she indulges a temporizing and compromising spirit, and sits down to be comfortable and respectable, to please every body, and make no trouble in such a world as this!

OUR HISTORY AS A SEPARATE BRANCH OF THE CHURCH.

The first thirteen years of our corporate existence as a Church, was a period of comparative inactivity and inquiry as to the path of duty. Ten years ago, the attention of the General Assembly, meeting at Utica, was called in a direct manner to the necessity for an enlarged and systematic course of Church Extension. The call immediately rallied many who strongly felt the necessity of such a measure. After a brief discussion that year, the subject was referred to a committee, who presented an extended report to the succeeding Assembly at Washington. The principle assumed in that report was, "that it is the duty of the Church, in its organic capacity, to take full charge of the work of extending the gospel in the limits assigned it, and to use such agencies, denominational or cooperative, ecclesiastical or voluntary, as are best adapted to accomplish that important end." This principle was substantially, if not formally, adopted, and several specific measures adopted, which have been the forerunners of great practical results.

A decade of years has passed since the first proposal of the matter, and the General Assembly, after having met once on the Mississippi, once on the Ohio, thrice along the great lakes, once on the Potomac, twice on the Delaware, and once on the Hudson, now comes back to the region and the close vicinity of the place where it was first proposed, it is hoped to perfect it. During this period, we have established the Church Erection Fund of $100,000, and dispensed a portion of it with manifest benefit. We have set in operation a Publication Committee which, in the midst of difficulties, has accomplished much, and we have secured the Presbyterian House. We have inaugurated a Permanent Committee for increasing the ministry, which has contributed to awaken a new interest in this subject, enlarged the number of candidates, and the means of their support, and which, it is hoped, may be placed by this Assembly in a position for still greater usefulness. We have come to a satisfactory understanding with the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as to the management of our foreign missions. We have organized a Church Extension Committee, to supplement the deficiencies of the American Home Missionary Society, and are at this session to consider a plan for taking our home missionary work entirely into our own hands. A great deal has been accomplished, when it is considered that the Assembly has met but once in each year, and that new arrangements and changes cannot be rapidly made. We have had no leaders, in the acceptation in which the word is ordinarily used. We have followed perhaps too slowly the leadings of Providence, and it is using no orthodox cant to say, that if the great Head of the Church had not been with us, we should long since have been reduced to a very sad condition. Having obtained help of him, we not only continue till this time, but exhibit a numerical strength equal to that of ten years ago, though we have lost about 15,000 members, and nearly 200 ministers, by secession, in a body, on account of our maintaining the conservative anti-slavery position, which our Church has held from her beginning; and the withdrawal of a number more, who went out from us, because they were not of us.

SOUTHERN PRESS ON THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The *Central Presbyterian* says: The few Southern men who were present were such only in name, or they could not have been silent, when their countrymen were denounced as traitors. The speeches made by delegates from the Southern Presbyteries were a discredit to their authors,—and show that they were unfit to represent the South. We are not surprised to find such men in Philadelphia at this time.

The *Southern Presbyterian* says: It is a mournful fact that of the very few Southern men present, not one fairly represented his constituents; not one did justice to the glorious cause and principles for which the South is now ready to battle "to the last of its breath and blood." There may have been one or two true men in the body, but they either remained silent (and how could they do this?) or withdrew from the house during the debate. If Dr. Thornwell, or Dabney, or Adger, or Palmer, or Smyth had risen in the Assembly and spoken the truth to that body, it would have exposed them to insult from many of the members and to injury from the mob outside.

The Raleigh correspondent of the *North Carolina Presbyterian*, J. M. A., whom we take to be the pastor of the Church in that city, the Rev. J. M. Atkinson, says in a communication to that paper: "The conduct of the representatives from the Southern Presbyteries was "pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful." We hope their constituents—whether they can afford to send representatives to the General Assembly or not—will deal with them on their return as they deserve. If all Southern representatives were of their stripe and caliber, we should think it a very extravagant outlay—to send them to the General Assembly at any price.

Another correspondent of the same paper says: "The sycophant spirit displayed in the speeches of the Southern commissioners who attended the Assembly is truly astonishing. Not a word was spoken by any of them on behalf of their brethren South of the "*fatal, the accursed Mason and Dixon's line.*" Why did they not in the name of their Master protest against taking the resolutions of Dr. Spring from the table? Oh, no; they were alarmed lest they should be driven away from their Northern compatriots for the Union embalmed with the blood of their secession brethren in the South. One member from Tennessee said, that "what brought him to Philadelphia, more than any thing else, was his desire to save the Church!" If the church has no other Saviour than our Tennessee brother, I fear for her existence for any length of time. The Church was saved, protected, supported before he was born, and shall be saved without him hereafter. Another appeals tearfully to the cold sympathy of Dr. Spring's axemen; crying, "Do not drive us away from you! Do not oppress us! Do not crush us with this burden!" And when he was pleading so feelingly in our behalf, the North was pouring her troops in thousands to the South to oppress, crush and subdue us.

The speech of the Texan Commissioner was very hyperbolical; his life would appear to be in great jeopardy whether he will take as his residence North or South of "*the fatal, the cursed Mason and Dixon's line.*" We would advise him for his preservation to provide himself forthwith, a balloon where he may dwell in safety above the dread of being hanged."

THE GOOD NEVER DIE.

FROM REV. DR. TODD'S SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE DR. HUMPHREY.

The Rev. Heman Humphrey was born at West-Simsbury, Hartford county, Connecticut, on the 26th of March, 1779.

His father was one of the many small farmers scattered over New England, and from whom many of our most valued characters have risen. His name was Solomon Humphrey, and that of his mother, Hannah Brown, previous to her marriage. The father raised eleven children, all of whom lived to adult age. Both of his parents were pious, and early dedicated their children to God. They both lived to a good old age, honest, humble, pious people, of that meek and quiet spirit which, in the sight of the Lord, is of great price. The father died at Barkhamstead, Conn., in 1834, aged eighty-one, and the mother several years earlier, aged sixty-six.

When the boy, Heman, was about six years old, his father removed to Burlington, Conn., and it was in this small, retired place that he spent his youth, and where much of his physical and mental character was formed. Here he wrought on the farm, enjoying only the advantages of the common district school, till qualified himself to be a teacher. In the winter of 1798–9 there was a revival of religion in Burlington, and there at the age of twenty, the Spirit of God found him, and led him to Christ. We do not know what were the peculiar exercises of his mind, but, as he once remarked that he was "converted into Calvinism," and as his views of religious experience were ever after clear and deep, and thoroughly Calvinistic, we have reason to think his religious experience was a deep one. The Rev. Jonathan Miller was the minister at Burlington at that time. Dr. Humphrey always delighted to see and acknowledge the hand of God in his providences. And on his death-bed he mentioned, that it was not till after this period, and not till after he had acquired much experience as a teacher, that the thought of obtaining a liberal education ever entered his mind. Having engaged to labour for the summer, he was prevented by a spring freshet from crossing the river and meeting his engagement, and that providence was the means of changing all the plans and the whole course of his life.

He graduated at Yale College in 1805 in a class of forty-two. Among his classmates were Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of teaching the blind in this country, and Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York the almost unrivalled preacher and pastor.

After graduation he studied theology with the Rev. Asahel Hooker, of Goshen, Conn., and was licensed to preach, by the North Litchfield Association, at Salisbury, Conn., in October, 1806. The following spring, March 16, 1807, at the age of twenty-eight, he was ordained over the church in Fairfield, Conn. Here he laboured under many difficulties, but so judiciously and faithfully, for the space of ten years, that he was remembered among the first ministers of the State. At least one powerful revival came upon his people, in which his labours were abundant and successful. He had to encounter what used to be called the "Half-way" Covenant, and which under his influence, was laid aside. Here, too, he commenced his labours in behalf of the temperance reformation, of which, all through life, he was so strenuous an advocate, so consistent an example, and so successful a teacher. So early as 1812, he wrote an address to the churches on the subject of temperance, which was adopted and published by his Association; and, on his return from Europe at a later day, he greatly aided this cause by another effort.

He was married to Sophia Porter, April 20, 1807. She walks and feels the chief mourner today. They had ten children committed to them, of whom six are living. Of these ten, three have been or are pastors, and two married pastors—all occupying most important positions. One is now a distinguished Professor in a theological Seminary, one a Member of Congress, and all members of Christ's Church. One of these young ministers—and he most lovely—sleeps in our cemetery, and by the side of his dust we shall to-day lay the father.

In November, 1817, he was installed over the first church in Pittsfield, at which time the two churches, which had been separated in warm political times, were re-united. The wounds were outwardly healed, and all the broken bones were joined, and the bandages taken off, but they were still very tender, and few men could have so successfully taken this place and made the union permanent, as did Mr. Humphrey. None but those on the ground can appreciate the difficulties—so long-standing, so bitter, so apparently irreconcilable, reaching the two churches, reaching families, neighborhoods, and covering the whole town—and yet, under his judicious management, the spirit of peace took the place of discord, and all these troubles dropped away, as the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy all drop off if you let in the sun upon them. He remained here six years, and when I had the honour to take the position of pastor over this church here, I could feel his hand and see marks of that hand all over the town, though nearly twenty years had elapsed since he left. During his ministry here there were two very powerful revivals in his church, one of which was a wonder, such as was never witnessed here before. A great number was hopefully converted—some of whom, gray-headed men, are still alive, and are here to-day, with trembling step, and crowded memory, and tearful eyes, to follow their spiritual father to his last resting-place.

In October, 1823, he was inaugurated as President of Amherst College. The same year he was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Middlebury College.

Many will remember with what deep reluctance this people gave him up. The College was in its very infancy. It had graduated but eight scholars. It was without name, without funds, without buildings, without even an act of incorporation. Many felt that the burden was too heavy, the difficulties too formidable to be undertaken. And probably, had all the trials and difficulties been foreseen, few would have dared to make the effort. No one, who has not been through the labour, can conceive of the difficulties to be overcome. But this work—to raise up and establish a new College—one that must compete with the old institutions so long growing up—was to be the great work of his life; and Mr. Humphrey threw himself into the work with his whole soul. Year after year, time after time, saw him calmly asking the State to incorporate the College. The whole prejudices of the State had to be lived down or conquered. Few men could or would have toiled on, year after year, as he did. Slowly the walls went up, as did the walls of Jerusalem under Nehemiah; and after a toil of twenty-two years—a toil that seldom has a parallel, and without stopping an hour, save once to hasten across the Atlantic when worn down and ready to perish—he came to the place where he must stop. Loving labour more than food, and loving his College with the love of a father, he saw that it was the will of God that he should now lay down the burden and retire. It then seemed as if he could never rally, and that he must die soon. What had he done? He had gathered around him a noble Faculty of teachers—he had raised new buildings as fast as needed—he had gathered around the College the confidence and the sympathy of the Christian community—he had gathered funds and friends that would sustain the institution in full vigor—he had placed it among the brightest luminaries of the land—he had got it incorporated and made it to be respected—he had superintended the education, and seen graduated under his own eye, 795 young men, sent out to leave their mark upon the world, of whom 430 he saw become ministers of the Gospel—and of these, 84 are numbered as pastors in Massachusetts at this hour—and 39 were sent abroad as missionaries of the cross. Sixty-eight of these young ministers have passed away, and were on the other side of the river to welcome their beloved instructor. Some of them were bright and shining lights. He being dead, yet liveth and speaketh through all these—and they, to tens of thousands—and onward and downward the influences roll to the end of time. What the results are, and will be in this world, no tongue can tell; nor will they cease forever. The hallowed influences which have been impressed upon other minds and hearts, are so many cords of love and mercy, which remain to draw souls to Christ. And many a poor boy, and many a poor schoolmaster, will grow strong, and be lighted up in hope and courage, as he tries to prepare himself for usefulness, by knowing that the great and the good Heman Humphrey was once a poor boy and a poor schoolmaster, urging his way up to one of the highest posts of usefulness in the land!

After leaving Amherst, worn down and feeble, he came back to spend the sabbath of life in this community, where he was most warmly welcomed by a people who have ever felt it an honour and a blessing to have him reside among them. When the city of Edinburgh was about opening a new cemetery, and it was known that Dr. Chalmers had taken a lot and would lay his dust in it, there was a great rush for lots, as if all felt that there would be a safety in having their bones laid near his. So we feel that it will be a rich legacy to our children that they can walk through our beautiful cemetery and point the finger and say: "There sleeps Dr. Humphrey!"

The aged man commonly looks back and sees how much better former times were than these, so that what is new in the forms of vice must be worse than the old forms, and what is new in goodness must be only error under a false name. Dr. Humphrey kept himself a breast of the age, was posted up in every department of humanity, was fresh in all that was moving among men, and never unwilling to adopt what was new, if it was good. There was nothing like fossil about his mind, or taste, or heart. And yet his moral perceptions were so true that you might pour over him a load of theories and opinions, and he would instantly pick out the true from the shams.

Old men in Fairfield to this day will tell you how Mr. Humphrey used to visit the schools of that town, and when he saw little children sitting on benches without any backs to them, and so high that their little feet could not reach the floor, he insisted upon the unheard-of thing of having the benches altered, and many a little back was saved its aching.

His love to the children and to those just beginning life was very strong. And it was affecting to see the aged man of 80, go into our town meeting and plead for a park and for trees, in behalf of the childen too young to plead for themselves, and then to see him go out and superintend the setting out of those trees. There are hundreds of such trees now growing, under the shade of which those yet unborn will sit and walk who will never know whose hand planted them.

His last sickness was an exhibition of one of the mysteries of our nature, when disease preys upon the nerves with a power which no medical skill can control, and which seems to make the whole body a collection of diseased cords—not one of which can be quieted, till the body and intellect are overpowered—a state most painful to bear, and hardly less so to witness. For the most part, the reason was clouded; but even then, in the dark prison-house, his spirit was feeling after the pillars of truth, and searching for her accustomed light. Samson, in the prison-house, dark and dreary, is noble, even there. At one time, in the mazes of a beclouded intellect, tempted, as he thought, to apostatize, he told his imaginary tempter: "No, I can not become a Jew!" And as the trial was crowding harder, and he felt that he was persecuted to turn Mohammedan, he said, with his own emphatic voice and manner, "No amount of suffering, mental or physical, will make me turn Mohammedan!" and then added—and in the circumstances of the case it was sublime—"I know in whom I have believed! I know that my Redeemer liveth! I stand upon the rock of Ages!"

At another time, when a friend intimated to him that his end was near, he seemed to start up out of the lethargy—the cloud at once lifted up, reason rallied to her throne, and for a few minutes, like the dying Jacob, he sat up, called for his wife and children to come around him, when he gave to each a few words of love—more precious than jewels—and sent special messages to absent children and friends. It was the sun breaking out between the evening clouds—clear, soft, and beautiful. In a few moments he fell back, and the bright day-light was gone; and when the spirit again became conscious, she was in unclouded, everlasting day. When the hour of dismissal came, the angel of death walked the room so softly that his steps were not heard. Like David of old, "he fell on sleep," as on a pillow, and the only difference to him between sleep and death was, that in the one case the bosom barely heaved, and in the other it was still, and the prophecy was fulfilled: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season!" and the great prayer of the Redeemer was answered: "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."—*The National Preacher for July.*

EMBARRASSMENTS OF THE SOUTHERN METHODIST CHURCH.—The benevolent institutions of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church are in an exceedingly embarrassed condition. The presiding elders holding drafts against the Missionary Society have been notified that such could not be paid by the Treasurer, as the funds were all exhausted. They were instructed to try to raise collections within the bounds of their respective districts to meet them.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman, as the boy inquired—

"Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him and learn him to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the workhouse because they would not teach me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and they took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed to use his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge.

It became necessary after awhile that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. Here he made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language, and other branches. After being in this situation a few years, sitting at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth had thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation; "for what?"

"Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening," continued George, "and I will explain."

His kind friend was invited accordingly. At tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts—in English and French—and explained his singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a prize was offered by the French Government for the simplest rule of measuring plane surfaces, of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, and with letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister to the Court of France.

He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the King, and nobles, and plenipotentiaries, the American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides several presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, and took up a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States. Here he was preparing to secure the benefits of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Journal of Commerce.

LOST ARTS.

And in regard to colors, we are far behind the ancients. None of the colors in the Egyptian painting of thousands of years ago are in the least faded, except the green. The Tyrian purple of the entombed city of Pompeii is as fresh to day as it was three thousand years ago. Some of the stucco, painted centuries before the Christian era, broken up and mixed, revealed its original lustre. And yet we pity the ignorance of the dark-skinned children of the ancient Egypt. The colors upon the walls of Nero's Festal Vault are as fresh as if painted yesterday. So is the cheek of the Egyptian prince who was contemporaneous with Solomon, and Cleopatra, at whose feet Cæsar laid the riches of his empire.

And in regard to metals. The edges of the stones of the obelisks of Egypt, and of the ancient walls of Rome, are as sharp as if but hewn yesterday. And the stones still remain so closely fitted, that their seams, laid with mortar, cannot be penetrated with the edge of a pen-knife. And their surface is exceedingly hard—so hard that when the French artists engraved two lines upon an obelisk brought from Egypt, they destroyed in the tedious task, many sets of the best tools which could be manufactured. And yet these ancient monuments are traced all over with inscriptions placed upon them in olden time. This with other facts of a striking character, proved that they were far more skilled in metals than we are. Quite recently it is recorded that, when an American vessel was on the shores of Africa, a son of that benighted region made, from an iron hoop, a knife superior to any on board of the vessel, and another a sword of Damascus excellence from a piece of iron.

Fiction is very old. Scott had his counterparts two thousand years ago. A story is told of a warrior who had no time to wait for the proper forging of his weapon, but seizing it red-hot rode forward, but found to his surprise that the cold air had tempered his iron into an excellent steel weapon. The tempering of steel, therefore, which was new to us a century since, was old two thousand years ago.

Ventilation is deemed a very modern art. But this is not the fact, for apertures, unquestionably made for the purpose of ventilation, are found in the Pyramid Tomb of Egypt. Yes, thousands of years ago, the barbarous Pagans went so far as to ventilate their tombs, while we yet scarcely know how to ventilate our houses.

Wendell Phillips.

UNITARIANISM A FAILURE.

Mr. Martineau, one of the most prominent Unitarians of England, makes the following confession:—

"I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions, of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavorably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are, in almost every department, to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books, and the authors in chief favor with them. In Biblical interpretation, I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought, I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley, or of Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and all else feel poor and cold. I cannot help this, and I can only say I am sure it is no perversity; and I believe the preference is founded in reason and nature, and is already widely spread among us. A man's 'church' must be the home of whatever he most deeply loves, trusts, admires, and reveres—or whatever most divinely expresses the essential of the Christian faith and life; and to be torn away from the company I have named, and transferred to the ranks which command a far fainter allegiance, is an unnatural, and for me, an inadmissible fate."