

Correspondence.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR EDITOR:—While your correspondent writes, we are in the midst of the week of prayer. The season was never more generally observed in this region; and, although it is too soon to speak of special results, yet we cannot doubt that every entreaty is heard on high, and, in due time, a blessing will descend. It was just so we entered upon the last year; and the columns of the PRESBYTERIAN in April, May, and June especially, teeming as they were with the records of revivals, bore witness to the fact that God hears and answers prayer.

But what a concert is this! A concert of Christendom—prayer going up from China, from India, from Africa, from Europe, from America, and from the islands of the sea, almost in the same language, asking for the same things of the one only and true God, who has promised to hear his chosen when they cry. Surely a blessing may be expected in answer to such supplications.

VOLUNTEERING.

All our patriotic readers—and we do not believe the PRESBYTERIAN has many others—will be greatly gratified to learn that volunteering is going bravely on in all this region. The recent appeals to the patriotism of the young men, and the large bounties offered by the general Government and by local authorities, are rapidly gathering the recruits needed for a glorious spring campaign, which we fondly hope may be sufficient virtually to crush the rebellion, and set the leaders, such as are not caught, to flying to the ends of the earth. We advise the most of them to strike sail for Botany Bay, at the earliest opportunity they may have for running the blockade; while some few will be expected, of course, to quarter themselves upon their dear English friends, as near Parliament House or Downing Street as possible.

In our own city, the "Razor Strop" man is doing his country good service, constantly drumming up "a few more of the same sort." He has been in the army, has seen the enemy, brought away honorable scars, and is now using his voluble and witty tongue in persuading young men to join the glorious army of freedom. He marches through the streets with music of drum and fife attending him, and a crowd always following; halts and harangues the multitude at one recruiting station and another; defends the Government with brave words; tells good stories; makes earnest appeals to the patriotism of his hearers, and is aiding essentially in swelling the ranks of the recruits. He was never more successful even in selling razor strops than he now seems to be in raising soldiers for the Union armies. He deserves an honorable mention. This district will escape the draft.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.

The Catalogue of this admirable institution, for 1863-4, has just come to hand, and shows well, in respect to numbers and appointments. The friends of this honored seat of learning may well be gratified with the increased favor and popularity which it has gained within a few years. The number of students reported in the four classes is as follows: Seniors, 68; Juniors, 45; Sophomores, 45; Freshmen, 35; total, 193. Of these, however, twenty-five from the senior and junior classes are connected with the armies of the Union—five captains, five lieutenants, eight sergeants, and seven privates; and, when the country is saved, and the dear old flag floats again on every fortress from the Lakes to the Gulf, Hamilton College will have credit for having done her part in the great struggle for the life of the nation. Such patriotism speaks well for the character of the instruction given within her classic walls. How sure and intimate the association between highest culture and a true love of country!

We said twenty-five are in the army. Two are not. They are already "starred" on the catalogue, even before their brief college course is run, for they have fallen in their country's service.

Some changes have occurred in the college arrangements since the last catalogue was issued. Prof. Curtis is no longer among its corps of able instructors, he having been called to the presidency of Knox College, Illinois; and Rev. Dr. Gortner succeeds him as college pastor, while the department of Moral Philosophy falls, we believe, to the care of the president. The college was never more prosperous, and never in a better condition to give to all who seek its advantages a thorough course of scientific and classical instruction.

THE CHURCH IN LAWRENCE.

A few weeks since, we spoke of the fact that Rev. Abram Blakely, an able and excellent minister, who has been preaching in Wolcott, Wayne Co., had struck tent and started for Kansas, having received an invitation to Lawrence, to labor for the

building up of a Presbyterian Church in that poor, pillaged city. He has been upon the ground—found about seventy Presbyterians there, ready and eager to welcome the ordinances of the Gospel and the faithful ministrations of a good pastor. But they are scattered, and without a house of worship. Many of them suffered badly also in the great massacre by Quantrill, some losing almost all they possessed. They are, therefore, in no condition to build for themselves the sanctuary which they so much need; and Mr. Blakely has, by their earnest desire, returned to the East, to try to raise the necessary funds to give them a house of worship, so that he may get the scattered flock together, and preach to them the Word of Life.

His mission is one of great importance, and we would earnestly bespeak for him the confidence and sympathy of all those who want to see the church spreading in its beauty and power into the waste places. Lawrence now has a population of 2,500 inhabitants, and is growing rapidly, immigrants arriving almost daily. It is the county seat of the richest and most populous county of the State. It is right in the track of the Pacific railroad from St. Louis west, which will in a very short time be in a running condition so far. It is also the proposed terminus of the Lawrence and Galveston Railway, thus linking itself with the regenerated South as well as the East. It is the seat of the State University. The foundations for a large Female Seminary have also been laid, and are only waiting for the right man to rear the superstructure. Thus it will be seen that it is a place of great importance, and a church of our faith and order ought to be reared there as soon as possible.

Mr. Blakely brings good tidings from western Missouri. The change of public sentiment in all that region toward liberty and the Union is most marked and cheering. A large part of the ministry of all denominations, he tells us, were disloyal and went off South. Now the people, having seen enough of treason, are ready to welcome a ministry who will come out plainly for the government, for law, and order, and liberty. Many true men are wanted in that region, to preach in all faithfulness just as our best men preach in this latitude. Even those who are called "conservatives"—many at least—scribble all our troubles to slavery, and hail the signs of its utter overthrow with manifest delight. Truly the world moves.

Rev. Dr. Anderson, President of the Rochester University, who has been sojourning for a year or two in Europe, on account of impaired health, has recently returned and resumed his arduous duties at the head of the institution. We understand his health is quite restored; and he is cordially welcomed back by troops of friends, both in his own denomination and others.

The sermon of Dr. Smith, of Buffalo, of which we gave a brief notice two weeks since, was so highly esteemed by his friends and admirers that it passed through three separate editions, amounting to seven thousand copies, and was scattered far and wide. The Young Men's Christian Association sent large numbers to the soldiers in the army. It was good seed of great truths well sown.

We learned also, on a more recent visit to Buffalo, that the Dr.'s church are attempting a good thing for the outcasts and waste places of their city. They have already raised \$800 toward the object, and intend to employ a city missionary of their own, and try to give the gospel to many poor, neglected ones in lanes and cellars, while they are enjoying its best privileges in their large and beloved sanctuary.

GENESEE.

Rochester, January 8th, 1864.

LETTER FROM CHAPLAIN STEWART.

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, Harper's Ferry, Monday, January 4th, 1864.

DEAR EDITOR:—The best laid schemes 'o mice and men, Do gang aft agley.

"Man proposeth but God disposeth." I do hereby, in the most formal manner, beg old Father Time's pardon. And should forgiveness be granted, do faithfully promise never again to flout at or boast against said sturdy veteran. In my last, the old grudge was told in a civil manner, to go about his business—to bustle on with his moving; that to dinner on New Year's he should not be invited, although bountiful provisions were already made in camp for passing out the old and ushering in the new period. Time has had his revenge.

All the houses in our new city near Brandy Station, had been completed. Not in all our campaigning had we been so easy; with, moreover, so fair, even distinct prospect of wintering in these comfortable quarters. During the last day of the year, the rain came down as it only can in Virginia. Night stole on and still it rained heavily; literally flooding the whole flat section of country.

At 11 P. M., an hour of the old year remaining, this writer was sitting as

snugly as man well could, before a warm fire in his little house, with rain still pattering on the canvass roof, and without dark as Egypt—yet what cared he? A few notes were being to the past year indited e'er it fled away forever; when the well-known voice of our Assistant Adjutant General was heard without, and in front of the Colonel's tent, shouting, "PACK UP! WE must leave in an hour." Was it a dream? What nonsense. What a strange time for my young friend to be engaging in military jests. "PACK UP AT ONCE," was repeated in earnest, emphatic tones not to be misunderstood.

And sure enough, in an hour and just as the New Year came in, our cherished city was abandoned, my own dear little home deserted, and much of my preparations for a "Happy New Year" left behind, no way possible offering to take them along. Still raining, and darkness to be felt. Our regiment with the brigade was in line and groping its way to Brandy Station through mud and water, which had already been worked knee-deep.

Ere the dawn, the troops were packed into cars, or standing upon open ones and away towards Washington. My lot was to remain a few hours, and among other matters, look after some Church-appendages. At 9 A. M., on the first day of the year, Jessie and myself were huddled on a baggage car, in connection with our Quartermaster's department, and not unloaded until Sabbath afternoon, and that at a dreary, forsaken, yet rather romantic looking locality, called HARPER'S FERRY. May we be hereafter delivered from such another railroad trip. For three days and two nights were we confined on that dreary old baggage car, without fire or semblance of comfort. On the first day of the year, as all with us will long remember, the wind commenced blowing heavily from the North, and freezing like Greenland. Many of our poor fellows had their feet frozen, their shoes having been previously filled with mud and water, with no possible opportunity for warming, drying or change. Of all our past three years campaigning, these four days' past have been the most trying and terrible.

Here we are in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, on these bleak old heights without house or tent as yet, and a heavy snow storm coming on. And yet believe me, dear reader, a more cheery, jovial set of men were never in company together. Some trees have been cut down, chopped up, rolled together and huge fires made. Before one of these and sheltered a little from the falling snow this letter is now written. During these terrible days and nights I have scarcely heard a complaint, a grumble or a murmur. Cheerily, cheerily onward have gone those brave, noble, self-sacrificing men. I do verily believe, and this with no ordinary degree of satisfaction, that a nobler set of young fellows were never before together, than those by whom it is now my lot to be surrounded.

Why were we thus hurried here, why were we selected and not others—how many came—for what we come, and how long we are to remain here, have not been submitted to this chaplain, and had they been, he might not be at liberty to write them. My own decided opinion is: that the devil, using perhaps some fancied rebel raid as an instrumentality, had a large hand in this sudden and unexpected change of base. This no doubt in order if possible to break up or thwart our religious influences already enjoyed, as well as those more largely expected, and for which preparations were in rapid progress. Never before had we been so hopeful. Never were evidences for good in camp so numerous.

CHURCH BUILDING.

An ordinary camp arrangement would not suffice for our large religious meetings. A church of considerable dimensions—fifty by twenty-five feet—was accordingly planned. This to be used as church, reading-room, school-room and lecture hall. The Lord opened the heart of every one—saint and sinner—who was asked for help. All seemed to look favorably upon, and contributed even more liberally than asked, towards the enterprise. Like the Israelites in building the tabernacle—all gave themselves willingly to the work. Our brigadier-general made requisition for a thousand feet of boards. Our brigade-quartermaster tendered an awning, twenty-six by thirty feet for covering. The Christian Commission another as large, together with a stove. Our brigade wagon-master and reg. quartermaster, furnished four large wagons a day to haul the needed timber; large squads of soldiers volunteered to chop it; while axemen and carpenters put it into shape and location on the ground. The sutler of the 139th Reg. P. V., gave me \$25 to furnish the reading room. Thus nobly went on the work. So far was advanced, that we were confident of having it completed by last Saturday evening, and dedicated on the first Sabbath of the year. Yet all frustrated in an hour. Axe and hammer have ceased upon a beautiful camp structure, for the erection

was tasteful as well as commodious. Such are the uncertainties of campaigning life. Satan has gotten a seeming advantage. We were no doubt too confident of large success from that enterprise. Well let not, however, that arch old serpent boast beyond measure at his apparent success. We'll conquer yet. The Lord of Hosts is on our side. Judging from the precious religious service we held on this bleak mountain last (Sabbath,) evening, God is here as near and precious as at Brandy Station. Should we again become seemingly stationary, let that old arch rebel deceiver take notice; we'll build two churches instead of one. And should we be on the move or unsettled all the winter, our religious meetings will be held each evening in the open air and through all kinds of weather as been done for the past two years.

A. M. STEWART.

A GOOD WORK AT DELAWARE WATER GAP.

DEAR EDITOR:—We have had a series of meetings at Delaware Water Gap. From the very first we felt we had the spirit of the Lord. This has had the name of being a bad place to such an extent that religious meetings were disturbed, persons would talk; the meetings were not quiet or solemn. But on the Wednesday evening—the first of the series—there was a marked solemnity—a stillness prevailed as if we were in the presence of majesty. I know it seemed to me as if the presence of the Master was sensibly felt. Eleven persons stood up openly for Christ last Sabbath. Fifteen would probably have done so but for the intense cold. The mountains were covered with ice. Last summer I could not but think it was taking up the cross to find out the mountaineers in their far-off dwellings; but then I was often cheered by the splendid prospect before me. What was my thought last Saturday afternoon and last Sabbath, bitter cold days, to find from her home in the mountain, a poor old woman, the mother of a large family, who had come down through all the cold and biting wind, having descended in some way the hills of ice and snow, to hear the preparatory lecture, to be examined by the session, and to connect herself with the people of God. This woman, last summer, allowed me to read the Bible and pray with her, but did not seem particularly interested. I little expected to see her among those who were to stand up for Jesus, but she was there, ready to say, "If by any means." She, with two others, stood up before a large congregation, and was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Another woman who joined the church, the mother of a large family, tells the following story:—I had been telling the children in the Sabbath school that the church bell called people to church; that it was like a voice saying: "It is church time—come—come—come—come and hear the word of God. She says, one night, while the meetings were going on, one of her little boys said, Mother, don't you hear the church bell? (She seldom went to church.) She replied, Yes; what of it? Why the minister says, It calls you; why don't you go? She tried to stop the child, but he would say, Why don't you go? At last she exclaimed, Hush, I don't like that man, and I am not going. The child's question, "Why don't you go?" touched her. She made up her mind she would go. The more I went, she remarked, the better I liked it; and finally she felt her heart interested, and stopped at the inquiry meeting, and is now (we all believe,) a true follower of Jesus. The blessed result apparently came through the Sabbath school.

E. J. P.

UNION COMMUNION.

At Norristown, on Christmas day, a Union Communion was celebrated in the German Reformed Church.

Four clergymen, of as many different denominations, took part in the service, and at least four congregations by the communicants.

The very full liturgical service of the German Reformed Church was used. Rev. P. S. Davis, pastor of the church, reading the introduction, the consecrating prayer and the benediction; Rev. Dr. J. F. Halsey, Presbyterian, (O. S.) the exhortation and the post-communion prayer; Rev. Mr. Knapp, Lutheran, the preface, and Rev. D. G. Mallory, Presbyterian, (N. S.) the confession and absolution.

All the ministers by turns took part in the distribution of the elements to the communicants who surrounded the altar in successive companies, according to the custom of the church in which the service was celebrated.

There was no sermon or address, the congregation having assembled simply for the celebration of the Eucharist, that highest act of Christian worship; to "show forth the Lord's death," and to participate in "the communion of the body and blood of Christ."

It was a day and a service never to be forgotten by those who were present. The holy associations of the day, the solemn beauty of the service, the "communion of saints," the union of Christians,

the testimony to the unity of the body of Christ, combined to make it a season of precious experience then, and of hallowed memories hereafter.

Here was a Union meeting worthy of the name. The bond of union was faith in Christ crucified; the standard was the simple cross of Christ.

May God lead his church to see and mourn the sin of its distracted and divided state, to long and pray, and labor for the unity of Christ's now divided body, and hasten the time when all Christ's people shall be one. D. G. M.

DR. BOURNS AT PORTVILLE.

Dr. Bourns' cherished purpose to place the original ambrotype of Sergeant Humiston's children, which came into his possession at Gettysburg, (and which was identified through the notice published in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN,) together with the proceeds of sales and collections in the hands of the surviving family at Portville, has at length been accomplished. The purpose of the citizens of Portville to give him a fitting reception, was also fulfilled, as will be seen from the following account, which we are sure our readers will be glad to have in full, from the columns of the Olean paper. It is written, we presume, by Rev. Isaac G. Ogden, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Portville, of which Mrs. Humiston is a member.

[This article will appear in our next.]

PRESBYTERY OF WASHOE.

This is the name of a Presbytery formed since the last meeting of the General Assembly in Nevada Territory, a field of extraordinary promise to the church and the nation, as letters from the Missionaries abundantly show. Rev. A. F. White, the pioneer of the mission who established himself in Carson City, 1861, wrote:

"I feel when I write to you as things are in this territory, that my statements are regarded as exaggerated—the product of excitement—but, believe me, we had better neglect any other field in the world than this. The wealth is here—untold.

I would not, knowingly, ask any one to leave a higher for a lower field of usefulness, but the fact is, the man who preaches the Gospel successfully in Virginia City will occupy a mount of privilege in more senses than one. He will exert a powerful influence over the most active and intensified mind in the world. He will plant the truth in the very foundations of a community which is to grow ere long into one of the very wealthiest States in the Union. He will do much to sanctify a power which, according to every providential indication, will, in a few years, be felt round the globe.

Everything here indicates wealth beyond any statements yet published. We now ship every day an average in bullion of \$55,000, and often double that. One mill alone sent off \$40,000 in five days, and never were improvements progressing with such rapidity as now.

Discoveries are being made daily. Mines are opening, and these worked the longest are increasing in richness, and the ledges are widening as they descend into the earth. The other day I visited four or five mines and never before did I have such an impression of the wealth hoarded away in these mountains.

Shall we plant our churches here upon these hills, underlined with silver and with gold, and whence we shall command the means of sending the Gospel round the world, or shall we let the favored opportunity pass from us forever? Not a moment is to be lost; what we do we must do now.

In response to Mr. White's appeal, Rev. S. P. Webber, of Indiana, was sent to his aid in June, and Rev. D. H. Palmer, and Rev. W. W. Macomber in July. These four now constitute the Presbytery of "Washoe," recently established. Mr. Palmer was assigned to Virginia City, where he was expected to receive at once a salary of \$3000 to \$3500. His congregation numbers perhaps 150 and is increasing; a weekly prayer-meeting and Sabbath-school are well sustained. The congregation, says Mr. Palmer, hope to raise a subscription of \$500 per month to meet all current expenses. They will secure a lot during the Winter, perfect their plans, collect materials, and in Spring erect a church worth at least \$25,000.

He says to the Home Missionary Committee:

Send all the men to California you can—but by all means send your best men to Nevada—and if possible send them overland. And I can assure you that the men who best understand the wants of this field and its importance as a missionary field are those who reside within its bounds. I think there is no doubt that this is the second town in importance, and in population, on the coast. The latter is recorded at 15,000. The activity and enterprise of the place are most intense. No Eastern congregations can be said to embrace, in proportion to their size, more intelligence and culture than those of this city. Unlike most churches on this coast, we have working men of energy. There is no disposition to throw the external or material interests of the church upon the minister.

While I remain here I shall require no aid from you. I also hope eventually to be able to refund what I have received. "Gold Hill" and "Silver City" are occupied by Mr. Macomber. A church was organized October 1st. The population is nearly 5000, and a nucleus exists for a Second Church.

Mr. Webber goes to Austin or "Reese River," a rapidly growing place of 1200 inhabitants, where Mr. White has the donation of ground for a church and parsonage.

I at present feel greatly encouraged to believe that our work is destined to be greatly blessed of God to the good of this territory. The wealth of these mines to you may seem fabulous, but to us who see the great quantity of silver and gold in bars and in circulation it has very much the force of sober reality.

CALVARY CHURCH.

We are informed that Calvary Church of this city has extended a unanimous call to Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, D. D., Professor in Union Seminary, New York. Prof. H. will preach in Calvary Church next Sabbath.

A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE.

The good people of Westminster Church, Chicago, have certainly "exceeded" in the article of Christmas trees. A writer in the Evangelist describes the specimen and its fruit in the following manner:

Before the pulpit stood a stately tree, the fruit whereof was soon to shake like Lebanon. After appropriate opening services, the tree was gently shaken, and down comes a gift for every child in the Sunday School—a token of affection from the church to its children.

Then it was shaken again, and down comes a beautiful testimonial from the "little men and women" of the church, as Chalmers calls them, the infant class to their faithful teacher.

Then another shake and down comes a silver pitcher, silver, and goblet from the school to its beloved superintendent.

By this time you might think the tree is barren. By no means. It is one of the sort which produces sixty and a hundred fold. Another shake, and down rains a miscellaneous shower for the pastor, such as sofa pillows (for blue Monday), photographic albums, pin cushions, Bible marks, etc., various and unique.

This is probably the end of the chapter. Not at all. Amid such an encouraging state of things it was thought best to continue. Another shake. Now there are the literary droppings for the pastor, embracing Motley; De Tocqueville; Life and Times of Huss; Shedd's History of Doctrine; Mason, Calvin, Marsh, and several miscellanies. Good!

Another effort, and down from the pendulous branches comes the American Encyclopedia, in calf, for the pastor. Better. Ah, what a free generous tree.

One more shake, lest there might be something remaining on a top-most bough. Down fall fifty-dollar notes "from the people to their beloved pastor, to be invested in books according to his own taste."

Ah, gaping shelves of a young person's library, no longer will you cry, "My leanness; my leanness;" for henceforth stately editions of this world's wisdom, arrayed in turkey, and calf, and sheep, will flash down their inspiration, and make the manuscript more nutritious, which, through six days of the week, is slowly maturing for the seventh.

Then an elder in Israel arises, and in words of warm sympathy makes the formal presentation of these precious gifts, and the pastor, by this time being in a tangled condition as to his feelings, makes a very miscellaneous reply, and then all stand upon their feet, and with glistening eyes sing those words of universal gladness:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

Wasn't that a merry Christmas? At any rate, as we walked home to our quiet study, sandwiched, flanked, enveloped in books, bundles, packages, souvenirs, and gifts of divers sorts, we were strongly impressed with two thoughts:

- 1. That a sabbatar without Christmas is very undesirable, and
- 2. That the pastor of Westminster Church had every reason to be a happy man.

A QUAKER ARGUMENT.—"Ah, said a skeptical collegian to an old Quaker, I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible." "Do you believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Then," inquired the old man, "do you believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it I have seen others who have. Besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist." "Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Ever see a man who did see thee?" "No." "Dost thee believe thee has any?" "No." "Dost thee believe thee has any?" This last question put amend to the discussion.

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REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN.

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