

Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT  
London, July 3, 1864.

We have taken the last step in humiliation, and declared to the world that to us Treaties are but waste paper when the maintenance of them is opposed to our interests. For next to that outrageous breaking of a Treaty which Austria and Prussia have been guilty of, is the deep moral indignity of coming at, or yielding to their injustice. If we were not prepared to go to war to compel the Germans to keep the Treaty, we at least should not have so meddled with it as to have conceded that it is a dead letter. There is a power in a silent accusation of injustice which is taken away when we interfere with wordy protests and after we are kicked for our interference, retire with self-approbation. This I am pained to say, is very much our position now. The time for our armed intervention if at all, was the siege of the Danneverik. The only just cause of intervention could be the maintenance of the Treaty and of the integrity of Denmark. Lord Palmerston, on Monday night, declared that the Government was not prepared to do either, and held out vague threats of something to be done in the event of a bombardment of Copenhagen, &c., &c. When we have allowed it to go so far as that, we shall certainly have no just ground for war with Germany. By that time the ground will have left our feet. We should then assuredly be going to war for an idea—battling for the continuance of a sovereignty which would be a mere farce, and for a balance of power which it is impossible to restore. The balance of power was changed when Austria and Prussia seized Schleswig-Holstein. We are in the midst of a Parliamentary crisis, and next week will very likely be disastrous to the whigs. They have had a long bout, and have managed in every quarter of the globe to embroil us without honorable result. It is much to be doubted whether the Tories, with their present curious conglomerate of principles and their generally unpopular foreign policy, will do any better. If they go in we shall, as far as I can learn, certainly have war; and you may look in America for a somewhat different policy regarding the "Confederate States." The Commercial interest—which is always an interest of peace, is however, exercising a continually increasing influence on our statesmanship, and the city shrinks from the contingencies of an European struggle. But it is asserted that a conservative government will be able to re-establish friendly intercourse with France, and that in Danish and American questions they will be able to obtain the Emperor's co-operation.

The debate on the condemnation of the *Essays and Reviews* in the Lower House of Convocation, to which I referred in my last letter, ended, in spite of vigorous opposition on the part of Dean Stanley and Canon Blakely, in the acceptance and approval of the Report from the Upper House. In consequence the Convocation comes in for a good share of abuse as a worn-out, old-fashioned, weak institution, unsuited to the progressive idea of the age, and one which it is time to abolish.

Meanwhile, such scandalous outrages as the following, which I am glad to say are rare, embitter the feeling which grows strong against the Church:

Mr. William Eley, a Baptist Protestant Dissenter—wishes to bury a child of his, aged thirteen months, in the Church of England burying ground, when he was informed by the Rev. incumbent that the corpse would not be permitted to enter the church, and that neither himself nor his curate would read the burial service over the remains at the grave, inasmuch as the child had not been admitted into the Church of England by the rite of infant baptism. Under the circumstances, the father submitted to the child being buried without the service. But these facts becoming generally known, the pastor of the chapel where the parents attended, accompanied by a portion of his congregation, proceeded with the corpse to the church, where the Rev. Mr. Major had an interview with the clergyman, and requested permission to sing a hymn at the grave, which request was rudely denied, and the dissenting minister and his friends ordered to leave the churchyard, which they did. The dissenting minister then addressed the people outside the gates, from the top of the mourning coach, after which they sang a hymn, and quietly dispersed—the clergyman intimating to Mr. Major that whatever power the law invested him with he would assuredly use.

Dr. Gobat, the well-known Eastern Missionary, and now Bishop of Jerusalem, is on a visit to this country, and gave some interesting details regarding Christian work in Jerusalem, at a conversation at Westbourne Terrace, last week. He stated that many young Jews were influenced by the truths of Christianity, and others at least led to doubt their own system. There was, he said, increasing mildness on the part of unconverted Jews towards Christianity. Many were ready to acknowledge that Christ was a good man; others held the notion of two Messiahs—a suffering and a glorious one, and

owned Christ as the suffering Messiah. A large proportion of the Jerusalem Israelites live on alms from other countries. Conversions in the Holy City were thus sure of becoming widely known, and produced a startling effect in stimulating inquiry, as they had been known to do in Germany. He also added that he had been obliged, contrary to his original intentions, to accept proselytes from the Greek Church, on finding that their priest forbade them to read the Bible. Five hundred of these, chiefly in Galilee, had declared themselves Christians. He also spoke in very hopeful terms of the mission work in Abyssinia, with which his name has long been connected. It looks as if the prejudices of the East were being gradually broken, and the way of Christ's Gospel opened back again to those to whom it was first sent.

A meeting has been held in Edinburgh for the purpose of giving Dr. Guthrie a testimonial, on his retirement from the ministry. It is only right that this should be done and some provision made to preserve him independent for the rest of his life. The sustentation of "Worn out Ministers," as the Wesleyans happily term them, is a matter which that body only seems thoroughly to have worked out. It would be well if every denomination turned its attention to this very serious subject. There are asylums for old dogs and horses, but the worn out hack of the pulpit, God's own messenger, is often left to end his days in painful degradation. Of all the subjects of charity to men, women and children, I can conceive of none more worthy and more imperative on the Christian people, than that of shielding from want and distress in their incapable days, the ministers of the Church. Men like Dr. Guthrie are generally and rightly taken care of; but what of the country ministers and those whose whole life is almost a constant beggary? The tears and trials of these men cry to Heaven and God will demand their retribution at the hands of Dives.

On Thursday there was a consecration of three Bishops at Canterbury Cathedral, one of them the Rev. Samuel Crowther, a colored man, who is now Bishop of Niger.

There is very little new in the Presbyterian world. Another Missionary has been sent to China by the English Presbyterian Church—the Rev. William Macgregor.

That foolish man Gilfillan gets for his attack upon Calvin a short dressing in a paragraph in the *English Presbyterian Messenger*. He was always more worthy than witsome. The editor designates his picture of Calvin as "worthy of him of whom it was wittily said: He thinks himself a great painter because he paints with a big brush. All Mr. G's reputation, such as it is, has been made by laying on the paint thick, by bold dashes of color, without much regard to harmony or verisimilitude. His last effort fully sustains his character."

ADELPHOS.

LETTER FROM MEMPHIS.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 5, 1864.

DEAR BRO. MEARS:—Few places in the South have a greater interest to a northern man than the city where this letter is written. Memphis, next to Charleston, displayed the most rabid ultraism at the beginning of the secession troubles. Here men were persecuted who were suspected even of attachment to the Union. Here the insane attempt was made to rupture every tie and destroy every memorial of the glorious old nationality. The statue of Jackson that stands on Court Square was defaced, some southern colonel having tried to blot out the famous motto of old Hickory, which is engraved on the pedestal: "The Federal Union, it must be preserved." Here, too, from these bluffs that overlook the river, was witnessed the annihilation of the rebel fleet some two years ago, when the daughters of the chivalry stood looking on with tears and execrations, while their boasted iron-clads were sunk or driven away in ignominious defeat by the navy of the Union. For her ultraism, and for her subjection to the authority of the nation, Memphis is regarded with peculiar interest by every lover of our noble Government. It affords heartfelt satisfaction to see these lords of the lash bow their unwilling necks to the power they so much affected to despise. It is with much opposition, and sometimes with many traitorous demonstrations that they accept the authority of the Government. And so General Washburne, the commandant of the district, was compelled, the other day, to set aside their election and appoint officers to manage their city government for them. They make many wry faces, but the edict they are compelled to obey.

What is especially annoying to these chivalric sons of the South is, to see the colored population treated with so much

respect and consideration. It is no uncommon thing to see former slaves carrying books and slates along the streets. In common parlance, "the niggers" are learning to read and write. Beneficent Uncle Samuel has come among them, not only with bullets and bayonets, but, with what they have quite as strong a dislike for, spelling books and Bibles. Why? Such a process verily destroys the market value of these sable sons of toil. An intellectual, thinking, reading "nigger" is a positive monstrosity. For a slave black man, they cherish the warmest love and admiration, but for a free black man, who can read God's word for himself and who is earning his own livelihood, such a creature is scarcely recognized in their system!

But what is the greatest cause of affliction to these rebellious Memphians, is the fact, which they have steadily refused to believe, that the negroes will fight. It was bad enough that they should prefer freedom, and show themselves utterly oblivious to all the kindness and consideration they had received from their masters, by running off and forsaking them. But that they should take up arms and help to fight against them, and that they should fight with such manly bravery, is what they had not dreamed of in all their rhapsodies upon the favorite institution. But every day, in plain open sight, sunning themselves underneath their lordly mansions, are the wounded heroes of the 55th and 59th U. S. Colored Infantry, who, the other day, at Guntown, kept Forrest's butchers at bay, and saved almost the entire army that drunken Gen. Sturgis defeated by his wretched incapacity. A more courageous defence has not been made by any soldiers since the war began. With "Remember Fort Pillow" as a war cry, they assaulted with desperate resolution the victorious lines of the rebels, and in three bayonet charges they drove them back discomfited until they were flanked by superior numbers and compelled to fall back. Forrest's butchers and their Memphian sympathizers have occasion to remember Fort Pillow. *The black men took no prisoners.* Reluctantly are the chivalry compelled to admit it, that the black men will fight. And how fearfully ominous this fact appears to them, may be understood when we remember that to the 70,000 such warriors now in the ranks of the Union army, 20,000 have recently been added from the slave population of Kentucky. Let this war go on another year and our black forces will nearly equal in number the entire rebel army.

But my letter is running out to too great length. When I write again I will give you some account of the workings of the Christian Commission in the Western Department.

Yours truly,  
J.

PATTERNS OF THINGS IN THE HEAVENS.

Some writer, whom I do not now recollect, observes: "It is remarkable how much the temple imagery prevails in the representations of heaven itself, even in the description given by John, who wrote in an especial manner to the Gentile churches." Paul tells us of the Aaronic priesthood, Heb. 8:5; that they "served unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when about to make the tabernacle; for, see, (said he,) that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the mount." On this passage, Mr. Barnes remarks: "The reference is to the tabernacle, which was a mere example or copy of heaven. The word here rendered example—*hypodeigma*—means a copy, likeness or imitation. The tabernacle was made after a pattern which was shown to Moses; it was made so as to have some faint resemblance to the reality in heaven, and in that 'copy' or 'example,' they were appointed to officiate. Their service, therefore, had some resemblance to that in heaven. And shadow: that is, in the tabernacle where they served there was a mere shadow of that which was real and substantial. Compared with what is in heaven, it was what the shadow is compared with the substance or reality."

Again, we are told in Heb. 9:23, 24, "It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." On the 24th verse, Mr. Barnes remarks, "Which are the figures of the true. Literally, the antitypes—*antitypa*. The word properly means that which is formed after a model, pattern, or type; and then that which corresponds to something or answers to it. The idea here is, that the type or fashion—the true figure or form

—was shown to Moses in the Mount, and then the tabernacle was made after that model, or corresponded to it. The true original figure is heaven itself; the tabernacle was an antitype of that—or was so formed as in some sense to correspond to it."

It will be observed that the word *hypodeigma*, the copies, likenesses, or patterns, refers to things in the heavens. It is said of Christ in the 24th verse, that he is entered into the heaven. In other words, the patterns are of things in all heavens, but Christ has entered into THE HEAVEN—*ton ouran on*. Also the words which are rendered "heavenly places," are "to spourania," the heavenly. Epourania is an adjective in the plural without a noun expressed. Our translators have added the word "places," but it is evident that places is not the noun which is understood, for epourania is in the neuter gender, and topoi, places, is masculine. The whole connection appears to point out the word *hagia*, sanctuaries, as the proper noun to be supplied. The whole passage may therefore properly be rendered, "It was therefore necessary that the patterns of the [sanctuaries] in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly [sanctuaries] themselves with better sacrifices than these. For Christ entered not into sanctuaries made with hands [hand-made sanctuaries], antitypes of the true [sanctuaries]; but into the heaven itself, now to appear in the presence [to the face] of God for us."

From these and other passages, it appears evident that everything about the Jewish tabernacle and temple was calculated to remind the worshippers of something that is in the heavenly sanctuaries. Everything had its antitype in the heavens. Under the instruction of inspired men of God, how delightful, beautiful and instructive must have been the lessons given, as they explained the types, and pointed their hearers to the antitypes. Everything about the temple taught them lessons, which, alas, we have lost—lessons of the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of which we can form no conception. We have a fuller revelation, but they had a fuller and more glorious typical system. I am disposed to believe that many have very greatly underrated the glory of the Mosaic dispensation. How few and insignificant are our types, compared with theirs; and how correspondingly meagre and incorrect are our views of the heavens, compared with theirs! The glory is departed from us!

Paganism seems to have borrowed many things from the temple, and made them objects of veneration. Different nations appear to have had idols, which were designed to represent things which are in the heavens. Satan cares little what men worship, whether it is in heaven, earth or hell, provided it is not the true God. The Babylonians, Persians and other nations had idols, which were evidently intended to represent the Cherubim. So also Layard has brought to light many things in the ruins of Nineveh, which had been designed to represent that family of the heavens. Even the golden calf, which Aaron made, has been supposed by some to have been intended to represent a Cherub, and not the Egyptian god, Apis. The two calves which Jeroboam made are supposed to have been imitations of the sacred symbols. The idolatry of the Israelites, like that of the Papacy, was often the worship of things, or patterns of things, in the heavens. Hence, in the second commandment they were forbidden to make or worship any image, even though it might be of things in the heavens—though the patterns might be in the temple. It is as really idolatry to worship a holy created thing as an unholy one—an angel as a devil—a saint as a fiend.

JAMES KEER.

THOMAS CHALMERS.

THE APOSTLE OF CITY MISSIONS.  
III.

And so the eloquent preacher and brilliant social ornament chose his audience and his associates not among those few who occupied the apex of the social cone. He plunged into scenes of misery and vice in his parish, determined to grasp and measure for himself the depths of depravity which festered in the district over which he had been appointed a minister of Christ. While there was hardly a drawing-room in Scotland that would not have felt honored in his presence, he cheerfully relinquished the pleasure he might have thus enjoyed and spent the time which general society would have consumed upon the lanes and closes of the poor and degraded in the chief cities of his country. And in filthy alleys and dirty workshops, he spoke to these degraded men and women, with an outpouring love and a tender earnestness, with which not even his most admired efforts

at the Tron Church and St. Johns could be compared.

Dr. Chalmers' first great field of parochial labor was in Glasgow. He was called to the Tron Church early in 1815, and was installed in July. The parish was believed to contain between eleven and twelve thousand souls. The work was great, but it is well to remember that Dr. Chalmers' position as a clergyman of the Established Church of the land gave him an advantage in the eyes of these twelve thousand people, over whom he, and he alone, had been settled as in some sort an act of the government. In our country there are no parishes which are not, or which may not be alike the territory of half a dozen different churches. Chalmers could rightly regard the people as specially committed to his charge by the government. In this country we must win our way to their hearts before we can lay any claim to them, and must meet a certain competition in the work which ought to secure, beyond a doubt, the thorough cultivation of every part of the field. But to return to the thousands of Chalmers' parish in Glasgow. The biographer says:

"It did not satisfy Dr. Chalmers that the Tron Church was filled from every part of Glasgow, while in his own parish there were eight or ten thousand who were as ignorant of the gospel as heathen. To visit every family of such a population was a Herculean task; yet Dr. Chalmers resolved to accomplish it. He first of all wished to know from personal observation the condition of the people that had been committed to his charge.

"To hold religious services in every house would have been impossible. At first, therefore, his visits were generally short. He only asked a few questions regarding the state of the family as to education, church attendance, etc., made a few kindly observations, and passed to the next house, leaving it for the older who attended him to announce the discourse which would be delivered for the benefit of a neighborhood, on a week-day evening, in some school-house, or other convenient place in the vicinity. The work was hard; the streets were often close and filthy; the stars were narrow and steep; the houses were vile and ill-ventilated; yet cheerfully and resolutely did he carry it through, heaving ever and anon the flagging spirit of his companion as he went along.

"His visitation of the parish, however, convinced him that if these swarming multitudes were to be reclaimed, who, hidden from the public eye, were living in ignorance and guilt, and dying in darkness, a large band of fellow-laborers must go down with him and enter upon the spiritual cultivation of the neglected territory. As yet it appeared that but little could be expected from the regular office-bearers of the church. In truth, parochial influence was a mere name, it was not even understood. Some of the elders of the Tron Church were excellent men, but their chief duty was to stand at the plate, receive the free-will offerings of the congregation as they entered, and distribute them to the poor, by a monthly allowance. Their spiritual duties and exertions were but small, and mostly confined to a few of the sick. The first step in this Christian labor was to ordain as elders some young and less prejudiced men, who might be more efficient coadjutors. On these he relied as his assistants in his visits among the people."

Meantime, he at once invigorated and set in operation upon a great scale the machinery of Sabbath school instruction and visitation. He formed a Sabbath School Society from members of his congregation, of which he was the life and head. Monthly meetings of these teachers were held under the direction of Dr. Chalmers.

"Our meetings," says one of the members of the association, "were delightful. I never saw any set of men who were so animated by one spirit, and whose zeal was so steadily sustained. The Doctor was the life of the whole."

"He divided the parish into forty sections, allotting thirty or forty houses to each section, and told each of them that his specific business was, instead of taking children from all parts of the city, and those that had a previous inclination to attend, to go forth within the limits of his own district, and visit every family, telling them that he had a Sabbath school in the neighborhood, and requesting parents to send their children to it. Instead of waiting for them to come to him, his part was to go to them, and induce the parents to send their children to the school."

No less than twelve hundred scholars were thus brought under instruction and numbered among Dr. Chalmers' hearers. Societies upon the same practical plan of covering a definite territory and reaching personally the wants of the entire community, sprung up. "These schools," says Dr. Hume, a witness quoted by Dr. Wayland, "continue to the present day, and there have flowed from this small local Sabbath school society eight other societies in different parts of the city and suburbs, all fairly traceable to the impulse given in the Tron parish, by Dr. Chalmers, to this branch of parochial economy."

The glory of kings is in the wealth and peace of their subjects. The glory of Christ is in the grace and holiness of His subjects.—Owen.

WHAT IS THE USE OF PRAYER?

MR. EDITOR:—I would like to reproduce an old illustration as a fit reply to the question, Do not the Calvinistic views of the Divine sovereignty and the changeless purposes of God dispense with the occasion for prayer? Does not prayer imply a supposed possibility of changing the mind of the Being addressed, conforming it to the will of the suppliant? The illustration referred to lies in the dim memory of some former reading. I cannot give the author nor can I vouch for the accuracy of this attempt to revive it. But as nearly as I can remember, thus it runs:

The helpless soul is like a raftman, out on a swift river, with destructive rapids just ahead. He has lost his oars and poles—has lost everything by which he might turn his course shoreward, so that no resisting power against destruction is left. In his despair he looks once more toward the land, and sees help approaching. From the shore one end of a rope is thrown to him, while the other is made fast to the land, and the sheet is raised, "Pull! pull for your life!" And he does it. And now, beholding the agony of the muscular strain upon that rope, you would say that he was in strife to draw the shore to himself. But he fails to stir that immovable shore. Indeed, the very fact that he cannot do it, is his salvation. If he could move it he would be ruined. But this remain changeless, or he is lost. In his life struggle, which seems like a vain effort to draw the immovable shore to himself, is in truth all the while drawing him to it, until he reaches it, leaps upon it, and sends back over the roar of waters his shout of deliverance.

So prayer is the rope let down from the everlasting throne, to be grasped by helpless mortals while in the face of ruin. Our strong, agonizing hold of it may seem like an effort to bring God down to us, but in reality it draws us up to his sovereign purposes of mercy. And the fact that we thus change, not his ground, but our own, is our salvation. To bring him to us would be our destruction. His immutability is the solid shore to which we must be drawn, and that immutability is our only hope of good from prayer. B. B. H.

"SWEARING OARS"

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, who travels largely on the railroads leading to Washington, proposes in addition to a smoking car to have one in which all who wish to use profane language should be required to take passage—on the ground that profanity is as ungentlemanly and offensive as smoking.

To this the *San Francisco Pacific* adds: "We wish that the steam navigation companies of California would provide a 'swearing steamer.'" For we have often been shocked to listen to the profanity which is allowed in the saloons. And how many times have men and women wished that the stage companies would have smoking and swearing stages! Rather wished they could have any others. Dust and heat are bad enough, but add to these the fine dust of tobacco juice, which the wind scatters in your face, and the fire of the pit which flames out of human lips, and you are to be pitted. You are a martyr in a torture worse than that of the Inquisition."

If any point of etiquette or good manners, to say nothing of morals, is well settled by common consent, it is that profanity uttered in promiscuous society, where more or less people of refined sensibilities may be presumed to be present, is an unbearable nuisance. The time was, that in a stage-coach, car, or steamer, a civil intimation of the impropriety of the thing, sufficed to shut the mouth of a swearer, especially within hearing of ladies. If this failed, a word to the conductor or captain secured a prompt enforcement of the laws of decency. The thing is now just as much within the power of those officers as it ever was. It is no uncommon thing to see a passenger put out for a much smaller offence, and when it is done all who remain understand how they are to deport themselves in the matter concerned. A very little of this administrative energy would effectually abate the evil complained of above.

We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple yet sage reflection. "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called "good things." It has posts of honor and power to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable powers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian, whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the whole and exclaims, "How much is there here that I do not want! I have what is far better—my treasure in heaven."—Dr. Tyn.

A GREEK POET implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain: there is a nobler bliss still,—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought.