

Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, July 5, 1865.

The poor Lord Chancellor has succumbed at length. For the last fortnight, he has been the best abused man in all England. We are in the middle of the hottest summer I ever remember; we are in the thick of the bustle of preparation for a general election; people are flying to the seaside and to the country in all directions; but with a thousand other drawbacks, the Lord Chancellor has been the only man who could hold together an audience, and for the last fortnight he has succeeded. At every meeting, in every hut and house, in castle and in cottage, from the palace to the pettiest pot-house, universally the Lord Chancellor has been the topic of all men's talk. And Lord Westbury—for that is his title—has yielded. No sooner had the Edmunds' scandal been bridged over in the House of Lords, than another, "the Leed's case" burst out in the Commons. The Commons also appointed a committee of investigation, who, after sitting till as nearly the close of the Parliament as they dared, and delaying the printing of their report and evidence till the last moment, had nearly proceeded in relegating the whole matter to the future; but the fates were adverse. The Chancellor had few friends and many sincere foes, and the chance of a counter hit at him was too good to be lost. So in spite of a favorable report from the committee; in spite of all the maneuvering of the ministry; in spite of the whole weight of the Government, by a majority of a dozen or so, the House of Commons passed a motion which was equivalent to a vote of want of confidence, and so, on the following evening, in a speech of great simplicity and dignity, and I may add ability, the Lord Chancellor resigned; came down from being the first subject of the kingdom to being a plain "law-lord," with no great character, professional, political, public or private.

In all the cases, those made public and those only talked of in private, his sin has been nepotism, one of the commonest sins in this country, and one against which the loudest outcry is occasionally made. The late Bishop of Durham, shortly after his translation to that, the wealthiest of the bishoprics in England, appointed his own son-in-law to a very fat living shortly after it was vacated. The outcry that was raised was so loud and so long, that the poor Bishop heavily felt the blow, staggered under it, and speedily died. It was too much for him; and yet I fearlessly assert that not one of all the curs that yelped and barked at the poor man's heels, but would have done the very same thing had he only had the chance. And Lord Westbury's only crime has been that he too easily let off sinners against the public weal, that he might make a comfortable berth for two sons, the one of them being a bigger blackguard than his father. The Chancellor, too, is clever. He has worked his way up very speedily from the lowest seat at the Bar to the highest seat on the Bench. But he is careless of hurting the feelings of others. He is conscious of his great powers, and often makes onslaughts right and left. In the House of Commons he made many enemies, when a member of Parliament, by his slashing speeches; and his character, private and professional, is really bad; and so he has come down faster than he went up. The press has hunted him down with a wonderful unanimity; and now, that he has fairly and finally fallen, it is to be hoped that he will be permitted to rest in peace. Your readers shall be troubled about him no more by me. I never met him but once, and then only for a short time, and the only thing that struck me about him was his soft, smooth manner, and easy, nonchalant look. But the stories one daily hears about him and his, are truly awful. Requiescat in pace.

Parliament is about to be dissolved. It came to a natural death, having fulfilled its days; the days of its life having been the full seven years. For the first time in my life has a Parliament seen the full term of its existence; the thing is not common with us; there is generally a crash and a ministerial crisis every three or four years. But—at present, politics in this country are nearly a thing of the past. And so, though the whole country is in the stir and bustle of a general election, and stump oratory is going on everywhere, it is all flat, stale and commonplace. The driest of all reading is these electioneering speeches; no living soul, whose time is of the least value to him, does so much as look at them. Here and there, however, there are small exceptions. A man of mark in this place and in that does cause a little more stir than usual. One of these extra places is the ancient city of Westminster. For the representation of that venerable city there are no fewer than three candidates. One of these is a "Grosvenor," captain, or colonel, or something—a son, one might guess, of the Marquis of Westminster, who, by the way, is about the richest man in the kingdom, and the most greedy. The second candidate is Mr. W. H. Smith, whose father has made enormous wealth by book-selling, at railway book-stalls, and in other ways. The son is—his son. The third candidate is Mr. John Stuart Mill, a man, who as a writer on logic, or philosophy, and on political economy, will be known to you, and to a good many of your readers. Mr. J. S. Mill is in politics, what they call a "liberal," and in religion, nothing at all. He is of the most advanced school, and so

it is that sundry of our newspapers, which fear God and seek to obey him, have denounced him, as no fit representative of anybody or of any place but himself and his own house. *The Record*, a Church of England evangelical paper, *The British Standard*, an independent journal, and *The Morning Advertiser*, a worldly paper, but yet conducted by an editor who personally fears God, and seeks to keep his commandments, have all come down heavily on Mr. Mill. Whereupon out comes no end of people to back up and bear out their chosen friend. Mr. Maurice could not miss the chance of upholding one who is even more advanced than himself; the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Charles Kingsley, "et hoc genus omne," have all testified to the genuineness of Mr. Mill's faith and the perfection of his orthodoxy. The contest waxed hot. Wherever I go, on all dead walls, on all pot-houses and posts, there is nothing visible but "W. H. Smith for Westminster;" "Grosvenor for Westminster;" "vote for J. S. Mill, for Westminster," etc., etc. It would not at all surprise me to hear that the infidel candidate gets chosen. It will not matter much, for the religion of the other two taken together is about as small a quantity as is expressible.

For the last two or three weeks, paragraphs of all sorts, shapes and sizes, have been going the rounds of the newspapers, concerning a merchant on the Exchange who died very lately, and who is said to have been worth upwards of three million pounds sterling; say 15,000,000 dollars. He is said to have been worth that, which I greatly doubt. A man is worth not what he has, but what he spends aright; a man is worth what he gives rightly from a right motive, and no more. An epitaph on a man's tombstone, who seems to have learned this truth, reads thus: "What I spent, I had; what I kept, I lost; what I gave, I have." This poor man, three million man, has given scope to no end of paragraphing. All his ways, and how he made his money, are duly chronicled. In fact, he is hero-worshipped. Not a word is said about the smallness of intellect and of heart that is needed to gather together, and keep safely when gathered, so many pieces of paper or of gold. "Not one word is said about the wretched abuse of so long a life and of so many opportunities of glorifying God by doing good to his fellow men, lost and lost forever; not a word on the wickedness of hoarding up the vast heaps of gold representing so much bread, when thousands were hungry; so much medicine when people were suffering agony for the want of it; not a word about the great God, and the great white throne, and the reckoning day for every farthing of that vast sum. Of him, silence is the best; the name of him was Jones, or Smith, or Thompson, or something like that.

With the close of Parliament has also come the dissolution of "Convocation." It had a royal license to do something, with pretty full instructions as to what was to be done, and how to do it. A canon which nobody obeys except when it suits himself, was to be altered, or another substituted for it, which would have been liable to the same liberties, but there was a hitch somewhere. Something in the machinery went wrong and Convocation dissolved after a good deal of stout talk, and nothing ever yet got done. When the Church of England does really waken up she will need a real convocation—this sham one will not do her any good.

Meanwhile there is abundant need of some sort of work to be really done, not any longer talked about. The Puseyite party in the Church of England are no longer Puseyites but Papists. They are really as perfect Papists as any one can be, who does not actually and in set terms acknowledge the Pope and recognize everything and person besides. Confession is openly preached and as openly practiced. The garments of the priests of Rome are openly worn. Incense is used in very many churches, Virgin worship is far from unknown; and in "Father" Ignatius we have a superior of a Church of England monastery. The holy father is at present causing some slight sensation in London, so far as any thing or person can in this fierce heat, by preaching in shaven crown and sandalled feet, and monk's cloak and hood, in St. Martin's Hall, where you must pay to go in, with reserved seats at a high figure, and the show is really worth seeing, by all accounts. Unfortunately when the cat is away the mice will play. And so when Father Ignatius is up in London his unruly children in the Monastery at Norwich have been falling out, have fought, excommunicated their Father, and had the police down upon them. In fact playing at Monasteries has turned out to be no joke at all, and poor Father Ignatius is like to lose both his children and his money. Whether the man is mad or not, is a question for a medical man, and I possess no diploma in medicine. Some of the congregations in London who attend these English Popish churches are very small, some of them very large. But at all events the thing is now clear that within the borders of one church, fed on the same loaf, professing the same creed, ruled by the same bishop, under the same ecclesiastical law, the two extremes of the rankest popery and the fullest, freest evangelism may dwell together in peace and unity. Light and darkness, it would appear, can have fellowship. It would almost seem as if the insoluble problem had yielded to man's ingenuity at last, and it were now possible to serve two masters and be friends both with God and mammon.

In the House of Lords the subject was brought forward by the Marquis of Westmeath. Unfortunately both in the House of Lords and of Commons the men who take the lead in Protestant matters are not all they should be; and their appearance is a signal for "loud laughter." But the Marquis of Westmeath is an old man, a very old and feeble man, and he is not the wisest of men. A very good man, zealous, earnest, but he lacks the power of leading. When first he brought forward the subject, the Bishop of London replies virtually, "It may be all very true, but there is no proof of it—it's difficult to get legal proof; people write to me anonymously, or when not, I ask them to come forward and substantiate their assertions, and they decline." Under these circumstances what can a poor Bishop of London do, on only £15,000 a year? Whereupon the Marquis of Westmeath, not to be beaten on that score, takes his wife on his arm one fine Sabbath and goes in to one of the worst of the Popish churches of the establishment, has a friend to go also, and makes him write a letter describing what he saw, the Marquis also telling out what his own eyes and ears had made him cognizant of. Here, now, my Lord Bishop of London, is a good and trustworthy witness who is ready now, at any time, to bear testimony in any place to the things which he has seen and heard. Whereupon up rises the Bishop of London, blows hot, then blows cold, then hot again, indignant, sorrowful; but there is some canon, or there is some clause in some old and obsolete act of Parliament, that makes it doubtful if a conviction could be got readily at; indignation again, and a little more see-sawing, and down sits the Lord Bishop, leaving everybody but himself exactly what and where they were, only a little more confused and hopeless. The result is that the Popish party are greatly emboldened and take longer and swifter strides than ever.

The Parliament is dissolved and the country is astir in the agonies of a general election. It was doubtful what Lord Palmerston would do; to-day the mystery is solved, and his lordship has issued his electioneering address to his old constituents at Tiverton, in as hopeful, jaunty, and cheerful a style as a youth of nineteen. He makes no sign of showing the white feather; but is bold and confident as ever. It is also reported to-day that the new Lord Chancellor is to be Lord Cranworth, a man of the highest character and who held the same office under Lord Aberdeen's short ministry in 1859. The Lord Chancellors have a retiring pension of £5000 a year, and there will now be four of them in receipt of that annual trifle.

A trial of great interest is at present going on in Edinburgh. Dr. Pritchard, a medical man of some standing, is on trial for the murder by poison of his wife and his own mother-in-law. The details are very horrible and go to show that for three months he kept dosing his own wife with antimony. The medical evidence seems to leave not the shadow of a doubt on the case; and the conviction is universal that he will be condemned. The motive is said to have been the possession of some money which his mother-in-law had left to his wife, and falling her to Dr. Pritchard, for the benefit of their children. By at once getting quit of them both, he would have obtained possession of the money. Altogether in some of its features the case is worse than even Palmer's. The murdered woman actually died in her husband's arms. A young servant girl of seventeen is mixed up in the case in a most unpleasant manner.

A serious fire broke out the other day in the residence of the Prince of Wales. By dint of great exertion the fire was got subdued. The Prince himself happened to be on the spot—stripped off his coat and waistcoat and worked as hard as the hardest, all sweat, smoke, and soot begrimed. No very serious damage resulted. The Duke of Sutherland, who lives opposite, and whose great hobby is fire-engineering, was soon on the spot, and no doubt rejoiced in the opportunity of displaying his fire-extinguishing skill. The Prince and Princess, with their two infant children, left soon after for Windsor.

After a long season of drought we have refreshing rains.

LETTER FROM CHINA.

FUH-CHAU, May 5, 1865.

MOHAMMEDANS IN CHINA. An interesting passage in Chinese history, both past and present, relates to the rise and prevalence of Moslem influence. I can give only a very condensed sketch. Adherents of the sect first appear in the empire as early as the Tang dynasty, within a century after the Hegira. The only and the first authentic records of the very limited migration, during a thousand years from Ptolemy to Marco Polo, are gathered from the narratives of the Arab travellers, Wahab and Abuzaid, A. D. 850 and 871. From these accounts we learn that a flourishing trade was conducted by Arab merchants at Canfu, probably near the present Chassu, and that at the sack of that place, (or of the opulent Hangchau in its vicinity?) no less than 120,000 Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, and Parsees were slaughtered. The foreign trade subsequently found its chief seat at Canton, which indeed could boast of having traders from the West as early as A. D. 750.

THEIR POLITICAL INFLUENCE. Chinese Mohammedans are found throughout the whole empire, though they are comparatively few in numbers

in the Southern provinces. They pass the literary examination, and hold office; and to gain such positions it is natural to infer that they must yield to the prevalent worship of Confucius and the State idols. Such a despotic rule as that of the "Sons of Heaven" would scarcely tolerate herodoxy in such a vital matter. Yet it cannot be positively asserted that they are addicted to any other idolatry than that involved in the worship of their prophet.

MOSQUES.

De Guignes speaks of a deserted mosque at Hangchau having a gate concave under the top like a cupola, and columns with entablatures terminating in crescents. An inscription in Arabic reads thus, "Temple for Mussulmen who travel and wish to consult the Koran." In a mosque at Canton "the votaries are distinguished from others as persons who have no idols, and who will not eat swine's flesh." Mr. Milne, an English missionary, visited a mosque at Ningpo. The head priest boasted that his ancestors came from Medina. He could read the Arabic, and converse both in Arabic and Chinese. The pillars of the hall of worship were inscribed with sentences from the Koran, and "the sacred seal" was supposed to lie behind a pair of ornamented doors hung on the wall. On observing the imperial tablet near the entrance, Mr. M. asked the priest how he could allow such a blasphemous monument in a place sacred to the worship of Aloha, the true God. He replied that he never worshipped it, that it occupied a low position in the temple, but that if ever charged with disloyalty by the enemies of his faith, he could appeal to the presence of the tablet in vindication of his innocence. It is an interesting fact, viewed in its connection with the sacred mosque in China, that (as stated in "the Middle Kingdom") these Chinese Mohammedans occasionally visit Mecca to drink in new inspiration at the fountain head of their religion. Only think of a phlegmatic Chinese affecting the spirit of the fiery Mahomet!

THE FUH-CHAU MOSQUE.

The approach to it is through a narrow lane, lined with the small cottages of native Mohammedans. The temple consists mainly of a large room, with numerous gilt tablets on the walls. There are several resident priests, and about thirty fakirs, or religious beggars, subsisting, it is said, on the superstitious fears of the people. This is, however, nothing strange in a land where beggars of both sexes and of various grades, often demand cash of shopmen with loud menacing cries, and thumps of their staves.

MOHAMMEDAN INSURRECTION.

During the long struggle of the Taipings against the imperial domain in the central portions of China, a rebellion under Mohammedan leadership has been in progress in the North and Northwest. And now that the power of the former seems to have collapsed, that of the latter begins to assume a marked progress. Allow me to send you a few brief statements on the authority of a Shanghai paper, whose sources of information are regarded as in the main reliable. The Mohammedan insurrectionists started from Kansuh, in the extreme Northwest, and followed the course of the Yellow River to Kaifung, whence they have made successful excursions into Shantung, and established themselves at Tungchang on the Grand Canal. There are rumors of conflicts still raging in Kansuh, Shensi, and Shansi, from which it is manifest that a large region is disaffected. It is an interesting question how these religionists can effect so serious a movement against the legions of the Emperor. At the commencement of the last century, according to "the Middle Kingdom," they numbered only half a million. During the century and a half they have probably much increased in numbers, and what is more to the purpose, in political influence. The Chinese too are most inveterately materialistic in their views, and their busy scheming minds are prone in expedients to get gain and place. Wealth, influence, and fame are their watchwords and their gods. The mass of the Taipings were doubtless Christians only in name, who scented plunder, and therefore readily swarmed about the standard of a man whose amazing success in the very incipency of his enterprise promised so much. So it is, we may fairly suppose, in this Mohammedan movement. The poor and oppressed, the vicious and turbulent, the scheming and ambitious, of this vast hive of humanity are swelling the predatory armies which may yet task to the utmost the imperial exchequer and soldiery.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Is there more temper in Mohammedan swords than in the blades of the pseudo-Christianity of Taipings? To what extent does this political influence permeate the Northern provinces, and does it possess the requisite constructive skill to organize a State, and cope successfully with the long established Manchu dominion? And will some second Mahomet arise, crowned, not with a turban, but with buttoned cap and feather, and by the force of his personal character or some new phase of the Moslem superstition, gain a permanent ascendancy? These are questions awaiting the decision of the stern logic of events in Providence. A glance at the empire in its politics, morals, and religion reminds us of certain apt Scripture similes in prophetic vision, as of the "beast" rising from the sea, having ten horns, and of the four winds of the heaven striving on the great sea. To borrow

these as illustrations merely, the "great sea" is the vast seething mass of a multitudinous people, while the "horns" and "winds" are the politico-religious creeds striving for mastery. Here are Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Shamanism, Mohammedanism, and Romanism intermingling, and making themselves felt in high places. We rejoice to know that there is another power distinctive and wholly antagonistic to these in their religious elements, not a creed simply, much less a policy; but a pure, holy, vitalizing faith, which will eventually subdue them all. But by what special moral process best adapted to national characteristics and prejudices, by what marked providences in the crises of this people's history, and in what "acceptable year of the Lord" the leaven of grace will affect the mighty transformation is known only to Omniscience. Here is food for faith, and incentive to patience and prayer.

A MODERN IDEA.

To show how easily we moderns can make the ends of the world meet at the Chinese antipodes, look for a moment at an illustrative instance taken from a Shanghai paper. Here are two flowing editorials, one relating to the Mohammedan insurrection, the other introducing American slaves and white adventurers to the flowery land. I omit quotation marks, as there is room in my letter for a resume only. The destinies of the world have been seriously affected by the American contest, and more important results will follow a cessation of hostilities. . . . The negro once emancipated will settle in the productive districts of the Northwest of the United States, where his distinctive characteristics will be lost by intermarriage, and the inevitable struggle between the two races! (I am responsible for the exclamation points.) Others will go to the large cities and find the same fate, while a third class of more adventurous spirits will leave the scenes of their degradation in search of name and fame. By such men, including turbulent whites from the armies, this Empire will probably be flooded!! And against the ill effects of the irruption we should take all the precaution in our power!!! The geological formation of Southwest China is like the West coast of South America. There are gold mines to be worked, and the said adventurers will come to work them, and we may with reason anticipate a radical change in our intercourse with the Chinese!!!!

I beg the indulgence of your readers if the transition to the last topic seems too sudden. They will agree with me, from the evidence thus furnished, that "the world moves," and often quite suddenly. And doubtless we shall see strange revolutions in China and elsewhere, before the kingdom which is unchangeable comes in power. C. C. B.

AWAY FROM HOME.

In going from Albany to Niagara Falls, the train stops first at Schenectady, a city of ancient date, settled originally also by the Dutch. Here, on an elevated plateau, is Union College, over which the venerable Dr. Notch still presides, assisted by his very able and popular colleague, the Rev. Dr. Hickok. The College is not as well filled with students as in former years. This is, probably, owing mainly to the fact that other institutions are now sharing the popularity which at one time, within certain geographical limits, Union almost monopolized. An hour's leisure will enable you to visit the College grounds, which are delightfully situated, overlooking the town, and a wide extent of the surrounding country. The centre of attraction is Professor Jackson's garden, occupying quite a large space of ground, and exhibiting unusual taste in its arrangement. There are flower beds, rich in the profusion and variety of the flowers that adorn them—pleasant intertwining walks leading you to sudden surprises as you emerge from dense shrubbery into the presence of groups of laughing roses, or lilies bending gracefully upon their slender stems. At one moment you cross a rustic bridge that spans a bright, gurgling stream, and then pass along a narrow, secluded path, overshadowed by the branches of dense forest trees. Then, as you emerge from this forest seclusion, a large flower garden stretches out before you, free to exhibit all its glories at once, with no intruding shrub or tree to intercept the view. Adjoining this is a broad lawn covered with verdure, the opposite side bordered by a thickly studded grove. In the centre of this lawn is an immense tree, apparently the growth of more than a hundred years, and beneath this tree are rude benches on which the visitor may sit and meditate. The vegetable garden is near at hand, and in its luxuriant products indicates diligent and thorough cultivation. Large sums of money have been expended here, as well as vast labor—but all to a good purpose.

It would be well if all other colleges would imitate this noble and useful example. Lef Hamilton, which has displayed so much life and energy of late in other respects, take the lead. There is one professor at least, connected with that institution, who might direct such an arrangement with ability that would secure the most satisfactory results. Of this, his own private grounds are the assurance. Let the conception there so beautifully expressed on a limited scale, be expanded over acres, to be cultivated under the auspices of that same liberality, which has already raised the college to an eminent sphere of influence and usefulness. And here we would respectfully suggest to Dr. Goertner an effort in this di-

rection, as peculiarly worthy of his enlightened perception of the wide range of agencies essential to the thorough training of the intellectual and moral powers. There is no purpose, in our view, for which twenty thousand dollars could be so well and so wisely invested. The annual proceeds of this sum would furnish botanical contributions of immense practical value to the student;—to say nothing of the aesthetic influence which such an arrangement would perpetually exercise, refining and elevating the thoughts by the very sight of nature's choicest adornments.

We would have a grand conservatory, so that the flora of every clime might be largely represented.

Would not such an enterprise render more acceptable an institution already advancing rapidly in public confidence and favor? There are men of taste, we believe, who would encourage the plan by contributing liberally to its prosecution; and there are, perhaps, two hundred of the graduates of Hamilton who would cheerfully contribute one hundred dollars each, in order to secure for Alma Mater an arrangement which would give it a marked and beautiful pre-eminence among the colleges of the land.

It is amazing with what stupid facility the names of places are changed, often to gratify the pride of some wealthy inhabitant. Thus, not far west of Schenectady, we arrived at the village of Fond-a. The Indians called it Caugh-na-waga; a word easily pronounced and truly musical. The principal emphasis is on the penult. This name was abandoned some years ago for that of a reputable gentleman, who happened to own a little more land in the neighborhood than any one else. Another enterprising gentleman took a leading interest in the prosperity of the village, and erected the hotel, which, we believe, he still owns. Our wonder now is that they did not dignify the place with his name, and call it Borst; vulgarly pronounced Burs. We know not the meaning of the Indian designation; but it was probably expressive of some historic or local fact, or of some poetic conception.

A few miles further west is Ganajoharie. The original name has been happily preserved. In the creek that flows near the village and empties into the Mohawk, is a huge rock, scooped out probably by the constant action of the water that falls upon it, and as the creek pours its contributions into this receptacle, the water whirls and foams; and hence the appropriate and significant name, which means, The Boiling Pot.

May the time never come when Wyoming shall be styled Brown's Hollow; or the Wissahickon shall be called Bear Creek, in honor of the celebrated Bruin who has so long perambulated its charming banks. C. A. S.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

Death of Rev. L. H. Loss—His Field of Labor—Soldiers' Orphans' Home—Trials of Missionaries—Church Erection.

A correspondent writes from Marshalltown, of this State, to the *Chicago Journal*, under date of July 14, as follows:—"The death of Rev. Lewis H. Loss, a Presbyterian clergyman of this city, has caused great gloom over his charge, and through the whole community. It was mainly through his exertions that his church has one of the finest edifices in the State. He did not live to see it completed, but passed away peacefully on the 10th inst., just as the daylight began to fade in the west." Thus, alas! another of our brethren in this State has left us forever.

Marshalltown is a central and important place on the railroad running west from Clinton, and is situated a little east of the centre of this State. It numbers about 2,500 inhabitants, though not more than about six or seven years old; and is surrounded by a most rich and beautiful farming country.

Our departed brother has been laboring for two years or more to accomplish the good work spoken of by the above mentioned correspondent. This is an important opening for some good and earnest practical man.

At this place, Marshalltown, there is to be a grand fair in behalf of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home of this State, next month. This institution is "in advance of all others," and is another evidence of the thorough patriotism of Iowa. Large sums of money have already been raised for this noble object, and now this fair is contemplated to raise other needed funds. The Home is already in operation, and draws the benediction of all good men. As there is no Old School or Congregationalist church at this place—and as the building needs to be completed—we earnestly hope that the right man may be found for this place.

Brother Loss wrote your correspondent a few weeks before his death—saying that he feared his work was almost ended here—but expressed a great desire that this work might be carried forward. There is little doubt that the deceased hastened his end by over-work in the building of the church. There was much to discourage him—and among other things that seemed to have weighed him down, was his disappointment and trial in connection with the plan of church erection and its working. Much light, it would seem, may yet be shed upon this system in its operations with our Western churches. One who has been on the field as a laborer, may be supposed to understand the feelings of brethren and the evils of the plan better than any other. G. D. A. H. IOWA CITY, July 19, 1865.