

Correspondence.

JOTTINGS FROM A PARISH JOURNAL.

NO. X.

"THIR NEW SQUEEL [school] MEN ARE GRAN CHRISTIANS. I WUSS WE HAD THEM AMANG US."

In sauntering through Montreal, Canada East, a short time ago, I found my way "up town"—for Montreal, the most thriving city in British America, has got an "up town" as well as New York.

In one locality I observed four splendid ecclesiastical structures in process of erection. One was opened on the 8th inst. for Divine service, in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists, an elegant, chaste Gothic building, capable of seating about one thousand people.

Let the Presbytery of London give the Scotch congregation and its excellent pastor, Mr. Balmer, to the Presbytery of Detroit, and in turn, let the Presbytery of Buffalo give the St. Catharine's congregation and its worthy minister to the Presbytery of Hamilton, C. W.

It seems that the great Presbyterian family on this continent has suffered already by division, and if there is one spot on the continent in which, above another, UNION is wanted, Montreal is that spot.

In the rear of this new church, but two blocks distant, the Presbyterian congregation formerly worshipping in St. Gabriel street—the oldest Protestant church building in Canada—are completing a very neat Gothic building, which is to be known by the name of "Knox's Church."

On the opposite side of the same street, but one block further "up town," the American Presbyterian congregation, N. S., for many years worshipping in a plain, roomy stone building on the corner of Great James and Magill streets, are erecting a very large and commodious church, with lecture and school-rooms, forming a cross building attached to the rear of the main one.

While wandering about in this region, and gazing with interest and delight on the progress of this great city, and especially on the progress and improvement in the way of church building, I met a plain, blunt, brawny Aberdonian, who, like most of his countrymen, seemed to be posted on Church matters.

The congregation of American Presbyterians is composed of some of the very best Christian people in Montreal—liberal, large-hearted, open-handed men. They unite with other evangelical Christians in every scheme of Christian benevolence, and from them, as from the church at Thessalonica, "sounded out the word of the Lord."

"Not going!" echoed half a dozen voices, in mingled tones of surprise, incredulity and grief; "surely you are not in earnest?"

"Quite in earnest," said Mary, very coolly, adding, with a scornful curl of her beautiful lip: "I will say, frankly, I never desire to hear our minister pray again." These words were from lips which, but the Sabbath previous, had humbly asked of the beloved pastor, "What must I do to be saved?"

The eager questions of the astonished girls failed to elicit from Mary any more definite explanation than the following: "When I saw Mr. Burton pray at the last inquiry-meeting, I was convinced of his hypocrisy, and do not wish again to subject myself to its influence."

Earnest were the discussions of the young ladies on their way to the vestry, as to what had so set Mary against their revered and beloved minister.

"Mary seemed quite solemn at the inquiry-meeting, and the prayer to which she alluded was very fervent," remarked Jane.

"Yes, and 'effectual,' too," exclaimed Rose, "for my little sister Annie hopes she then yielded her heart to Jesus."

An Old School Presbytery in the United States.

There is a congregation (Scotch) in Detroit, under the care of the Presbytery of London, C. W., which, from its proximity to the Canadian coast, works tolerably well.

Notwithstanding Nettie's sarcasm, there were those who "peeked," at the minister, as he prayed that evening, to try to discover Mary's secret; but they saw nothing to offend even the taste of the most fastidious.

After meeting, our young ladies talked over the matter once more, and resolved, (good girls that they were,) not to repeat a word that Mary had said, lest it should do harm.

Mary Morton was universally loved and respected, far more on account of what she was in herself, than on account of being the only child of the wealthiest man in C—, and the fact that she had lost her confidence in Mr. Burton, in consequence of something dreadful which had occurred at the inquiry-meeting, made quite a stir in the community, and had a very strong and evil influence upon some, who were just inclining to heed the heavenly counsels of their pastor.

That evening, Mrs. Morton, who was an invalid, called Mary to her room, and asked what had shaken her confidence in her minister. Mary evaded. "My daughter," said Mrs. Morton, "I must insist upon a direct answer. Mrs. Deacon Jones called this afternoon, and said the revival is all going down—woe to them that have put stumbling blocks in the way; and when I asked her what were the stumbling blocks she hinted something about my Mary; and when I demanded an explanation, she said you denounced our minister as a hypocrite, and declared yourself so outraged by his conduct at the inquiry-meeting, that you never would hear him pray again. Now, my child, is this true?"

"Something like it is true, dear mother," replied Mary; "I need must tell you all. Two weeks ago, I went to the inquiry-meeting, feeling my need of Mr. Burton's counsels and prayers. There were several present. He conversed with each of us, with great apparent earnestness and solemnity. I never felt the nothingness of the temporal, and the infinite importance of the eternal, as I did at the moment when he begged us, as we followed him in prayer, to exclude every earthly thought, and cast our perishing souls at the feet of an all-sufficient Saviour. I was just reclining my head, when Mr. Burton placed his chair in such a position that I could not help seeing him kneel, and as he did so, he turned his pants round at the knees, so as not to injure them by kneeling upon them in front. Oh, mother, you can't think what a chill came over me. Our minister to think of such a thing, when our immortal destiny was pending! I heard no word of his prayer, and my heart has been as hard and cold as a stone ever since."

Mrs. Morton was seized with a violent coughing fit just at this moment, and all that Mary could catch of her attempted reply, was "Devil of Satan," and "God help the poor ministers." (Why the minister did so at the inquiry-meeting must be the subject of a future article.)

WHAT THE MINISTER DID AT THE INQUIRY-MEETING.

There was a revival at C—. A group of young ladies stood upon the marble steps of the "handsomest house in the village," inquiring and waiting for Mary Morton. They were on their way to the weekly prayer-meeting, and had called by appointment for their friend to accompany them. Mary came quickly to the door, but only to disappoint her eager friends by saying: "I am very sorry to have troubled you to call, for I am not going."

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thing, and if she was a peeping when she should have been praying, it's no wonder if she found the minister did wink with the wrong eye, or speak out of the wrong corner of his mouth."

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CORRESPONDENCE IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN, October 25, 1865. DEAR PRESBYTERIAN:—I have been long minded to write you some letters—say, now and then one—for your paper continues to find me faithfully, though so far up on the map, and rather off that parallel of latitude upon which it finds its greater number of readers.

And now, perhaps, I may be allowed to say that I have read said journal with more of interest perhaps, in part, for the reason that Philadelphia was a city which formerly suggested, not brotherly love alone, but was thought to be particularly warm-sided toward the Southern brotherhood—insomuch, that it was thought to be quite as "conservative" on the matter of negro slavery, as the region itself which lay to the south of it. To find an organ there, which has been in the front rank of outspoken journals in the times of trial, such as the few past years have been, is peculiarly refreshing.

THE NEWSPAPER EXCITEMENT.

Have you thought how much we have been living in the newspapers for this last quadruple of years? They have been meat and drink to the public. We wanted them as the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. The advent of the newsboy to a train of cars was the welcome event of the journey.

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But the newspaper mania is over. The papers are getting "dull." The newsboy visits the train with diminished bundles, and the passengers do not care whether he comes or not. They look at him as a herd of overfed cows do at the distribution of frost-bitten cornstalks. They will no longer pay a dime for his wares. There is no excitement now. The returned soldiers have told their story, till it is getting old; and only the bigger—rather biggest—generals can get up a crowd.

OUR PENINSULA.

But I want to say something of this region. Probably your readers generally take no interest in anything being, or done, here. Probably, those who take the trouble to look at this letter, will ask—"Bay City; where is that?" The truth is, it is not a region which has made a great deal of noise in the world hitherto; but is now attracting some attention in certain quarters.

As to population, no North-western State has so purely a Yankee population as this. Be the Yankees better or worse, they predominate in all the villages and cities of the State, out of Detroit, with which I am acquainted.

THE CHURCHES.

The Presbyterian interest is very strong here. The Synod of Michigan was established in 1834, and numbers now nine thousand members, by less than one hundred; being the fourth in size in the New School connection, and leading the strong Synod of Geneva by a few members.

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OUR VALLEY.

To return to this Saginaw Valley. Your older readers will remember, perhaps, that Hon. James G. Birney once ran for the Presidency, and that his residence was dated as at Lower Saginaw. That is the precise point where this letter is dated.

It turns out 250,000,000 feet of lumber yearly, and its salt manufacture is second only in the Union to that of the Onondaga works in New York, though the first well was only sunk in 1860.

Yours, AMBROSE.

THE YEAR-DAY THEORY ONCE MORE.

When Constantine used the two nails from the Saviour's cross which Helena sent him from Jerusalem, one as a bit for his horse and the other as an ornament for his helmet, the Christians of his day saw in it the prophecy fulfilled; "In that day shall be on the bells of the horses, Holiness to the Lord."

With similar absurd associations of the facts of history with scraps of prophecy, the prevailing systems of prophetic exposition are filled. That this process may be carried on and the prophecies of the Divine word be applied to the continuous history of Christendom, the prophetic periods of that word must be immensely expanded.

This historical system of interpretation necessitates the use of the Year-day Theory, while that theory lends its aid to the system, and gives it whatever of plausibility it may have, and opens the way for all the calculations of the end of the world.

In the communication of W. P. A., the expressions "Anti-christian powers," "Papal horn," "the two witnesses probably representing the true Church," and "Turkish angels," present before us the prominent points of the historical interpretation which demand the "Theory" in question.

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Thus the necessities of a false exposition alone demand the Year-day Theory. To argue the above mentioned points at length, would occupy too much space, and that unnecessarily.

IN MEMORIAM.

DIED, in Washington City, D. C., October 20, 1865, Rev. AMOS D. HOLLISTER, in the 65th year of his age.

The Rev. Amos D. Hollister was born in Burlington, Otsego County, N. Y., February 24, 1801. In his twentieth year he joined the Congregational Church and was ordained as a deacon.

In 1839, he was called as pastor of the Church at Milford, New York. Again he was obliged to rest his over-taxed mind and body. After a short period of repose, he was called to the Congregational Church at New Lisbon, New York.

In 1845, he labored among some feeble churches in Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, whence he came to Washington where his remaining years were spent in such ministries as his feeble health permitted.

The history of his call to the church at Burlington, is characteristic of the appreciation of the man by those among whom his childhood and early youth had been passed.

Few men ever possessed so guileless a disposition. He had eminently that charity which "hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

LORD HAILES AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"I was dining," said Dr. Buchanan, "some time ago, with a literary party at old Mr. Abercrombie's, of Trillick, (the father of Mr. Ralph Abercrombie, who was slain in Egypt), and we spent the evening together.

"About two months after this meeting I received an invitation to breakfast with Lord Hailes, (Sir David Dalrymple) next morning. He had been one of the party. Daring breakfast, he asked me if I recollect the curious question about the possibility of recovering the contents of the New Testament from the writings of the first three centuries.

"Well," said Lord Hailes, "that question quite accorded with the taste of my antiquarian mind. On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible."