

Correspondence.

OLIVER CROMWELL. II.

When the King and Parliament finally came into open collision, and both were struggling to raise an army, Cromwell's course, for the first time, became clearly pronounced. His arm is better than his tongue; and as Parliament passed from words into action, he immediately takes a prominent position, which he ever afterwards maintains. He contributed three hundred pounds towards the advancement of his cause. He then joined the Parliamentary Army with his two sons, one twenty and the other sixteen years of age. Shortly afterwards, he raised two companies of volunteers at Cambridge. Here is high treason at the very outset, and, if the King shall conquer, loss of life and property. But Cromwell took his course, and not all the kings of the world can turn him aside. Soon the hidden energy of the man begins to develop itself. He gathers around him that famous body of cavalry to which he gave the name of Ironsides. He selected for it religious men, who fought for conscience sake, and not for prey or plunder. He inflamed them with the highest religious enthusiasm. Fighting under the especial protection of Heaven, they would rush to the battle or to a banquet and embrace death with rapture. These Ironsides were truly religious men. To see them singing psalms and praying, some might curl their lips at the thought of their being warriors. But with their helmets on, and their sabres shaking over their heads, and their eyes flashing fire, they swept on like a thunder-cloud to battle. The battle of Edgehill was fought in 1642. The next year, Cromwell was busy subduing the country. In 1644, the famous battle of Marston Moor took place. The King's army of thirty thousand was utterly routed, and almost entirely destroyed by Cromwell and his Ironsides. The next year Cromwell is appointed commander-in-chief of the cavalry. And at the battle of Naseby he commanded the cavalry himself. It was on a cold January morning that the battle was fought. The war cry of the Puritans that day was, "God is with us." It rolled along their lines in one shout, as they moved to the attack. It was the fiercest battle that had yet been fought. During these years of toil and victory, Cromwell moves before us like some resistless power, crushing every thing that would stay its progress. Simple, austere, and decided, he maintained his ascendancy over the army. With the Psalms of David on his lips, and the sword of war in his hands, he swept over his victorious battle-fields like some leader of the hosts of Israel. Discouraged by no obstacles, disheartened by no reverses, Cromwell leans in solemn faith on the arm of the God of battles and of truth. Without the feverish anxiety that belongs to ambition, or the dread of defeat which accompanies the love of glory, he is impelled onward by a feeling of duty, and loses himself in the noble cause for which he struggles. Acting under the eye of Heaven, with his thoughts fixed on that dread judgment where he must render up a faithful record of his deeds, he vacillates only when he doubts what is right, and fears only when a pure God rises before him. At the battle of Dunbar, he appears in the simplicity and grandeur of his character. Here fortune at last seems about to desert him. His little army of twelve thousand men was compelled to retire before the superior forces of the enemy, and it finally encamped on a small barren tongue of land projecting into the Frith of Forth. On the bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile and a half wide, might be seen the white tents of Cromwell's army. In front of him is a desolate, impassable moor, with a low ridge of hills, beyond which stands an army twenty-three thousand strong. It would seem at last as if the lion was caught. But here Cromwell, calm and self-sustained, waits the issue. Forgetting himself in the nobleness of his great heart, he says, "Let me fall in silence, let not the news of my danger bring discouragement on our friends—God's will be done!" That night his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with orders, as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long the drenched army stood, without a tent to cover them, in the cold storm, while the moan of the sea seemed chanting a requiem beforehand for the dead that should cumber the field. But amid the shriek of the blast and the steady roar of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines. Towards morning, the clouds broke away, and the moon shown dimly down on the silent host. With the first dawn, the trumpets sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire—while louder than all rings the shout, "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" as the infantry and cavalry pour in one wild torrent together on the enemy. As the sun rose and sent his beams over the struggling host of the enemy, Cromwell shouted forth, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" and soon the twenty thousand men were seen like a cloud of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the fields. At the base of the hill on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt, and he and his army sang the 117th Psalm to the tune of Bangor. When the psalm was sung, they rushed on to battle and achieved a complete victory. The true heroic greatness of Crom-

well is strikingly displayed on the occasion of dissolving the Rump Parliament. This Parliament could not get along with its business. Cromwell's patience became exhausted. One day in April, a certain person informed Cromwell that the Parliament was passing a bill to prolong its own duration. On hearing this, he became indignant and excited, and hastened down to the house and took his seat. For about a quarter of an hour he sat still. At length he rose to speak. At first he spoke in a calm tone, and gave them all honor for what they had done. Gradually, however, becoming warmer and more vehement, he charged them with injustice, delays, strifes, and petty ambitions, and declared that he had come to put an end to the power of which they had made such bad use. He had now fairly got on his battle face, and his large eyes seemed to emit fire as he strode forth on to the floor of the house, stamping it with his feet. "You are no Parliament," he thundered forth; "I'll put an end to you. Some of you are drunkards"—and he pointed to those whom he had in view. "Others live a corrupt and scandalous life"—and his eyes glanced brightly on them; "I say ye are no Parliament! Get ye gone! Give way to honest men!" Thus we see Cromwell, whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God, or tramping down the ranks of the enemy under the hoofs of his cavalry; whether lost in a strange enthusiasm over a Psalm of David, or standing alone as the rock around which the waves of the Revolution were dashing and were soon to sleep, displaying the same lofty purpose and steadfast heart. But as the sun must set, so must Cromwell lie down and sleep the last sleep of death. In 1658, Cromwell felt his health declining. About the month of August, he was attacked with a fever. He grew worse and worse. He was soon advised to keep to his bed. Prayers both private and public were offered up on his behalf. The sick man spoke much of the covenant between God and his people. As his wife and children stood weeping around his bed, he said to them, "Love not this world; I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world." At one time he exclaimed, "Lord, thou knowest if I desire to live, it is to show forth thy praise and declare thy works." At another, "I am a conqueror and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!" Such were Cromwell's engrossing reflections in those solemn moments when the soul, no longer master of itself, shows what it really is. All his thoughts were directed to his Saviour, his Covenant, and his Heaven. On Monday, August 30th, a dreadful hurricane burst over London. The wind howled and blew with such violence, that travelers feared to set out on their journey, and the chamber of Whitehall echoed with its roar. That night Cromwell offered up a most solemn and affecting prayer for his people and even for his enemies. He died September 3d, 1658. In reference to the great storm that attended his death, the poet Waller sung:—
Nature herself took notice of his death,
And sighing, swelled these with such a breath,
That, to remotest shores, her billows rolled
The approaching fate of their great Ruler told.

HAVE WE A BIBLE RUBRIC? VI. DIFFERENCES OF ADMINISTRATIONS.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I am glad my last letter, on the marriage and funeral services, commended itself to you and your friend's judgments, and I hope this may be read with the aid of the same judicious critic. The truth is, God gives us more grace, and more freedom, than we generally avail ourselves of; but when a great revival comes we walk at liberty, and wonder at our former worship of graven images. As to your demurrer against instrumental music, as not commanded in the New Testament, that is Baptist ground. The Presbyterian principle is, that a Divine ordinance, such as infant church membership, or instrumental music, needs only one institution, and is in force till repealed. Now, no one can produce a repealing text in the case of either. Your second demurrer, that it is carnal and Jewish, is a confirmation of my position. You bring a Bible institution to the tribunal of your reason, and decide that it is carnal. You do not say it is not, but that it ought not to be, of constant obligation. The objection, however, I may say, comes with a very bad grace from one who so strenuously maintains that the Psalms, of which it was an accompaniment, are the most spiritual and Christian of all liturgies of praise. How can you make the hymn spiritual and the music carnal? The hundred and fiftieth Psalm, for instance? But the most extraordinary manifestation of the presence of the Holy Ghost under the Old Testament, was given in response to worship which consists of the union of vocal and instrumental music. "It came to pass, that as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard, in praising and thanking the Lord, and when they lift up their voice with trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord saying: 'For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever,' that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister, because the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God." A Seceder exegesis of that passage would be a curiosity. Are the heavenly harpers carnal worshippers? Let us humbly

acknowledge that our controversialists have indulged themselves in a very profane way of talking about such Bible ordinances as they did not like; and have, by their rationalistic pseudo-spiritualizing, prepared the leverage of prejudice against the Old Testament, which the Broad Church now use to such a variety of processes. But whether carnal or spiritual, no man can deny that the worship of God by instruments of music is an ordinance of Divine institution, recorded in Scripture; and no man can produce any Scripture commanding its cessation. Now, if you believe in the biblical authority of the Bible, why have you not a brass band in your church? For such is the pattern shown in the mount. We are greatly more prone to idolize the special ordinances of the Church, however, than the common ordinances; witness the sanctity which Episcopal ordination is supposed to confer. Yet imposition of hands was at first bestowed on justices of the peace, afterward upon the general of the army, thereafter on the lowest order of clergy, the deacons, and finally upon multitudes of sick persons, and new converts. In each of these cases it appears that the action was not a religious formality, but an effective conveyance of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. It is, as you well know, a greatly disputed point, whether in any case it was employed as a designation to the presbyterial or episcopal office. There is no clear scriptural example of any bishop or Presbyteries ordaining any body to the Gospel ministry by imposition of hands, though there were hundreds of bishops in the churches ere the canon closed. The only thing which looks like it, is the dedication of Barnabas, and the Apostle Paul to the Foreign Missionary work, by the Presbytery of Antioch; both of whom, however, had been long in the full exercise of the ministry, and the latter of whom expressly asserts the independence of his apostolic authority of any human being. Whence commentators conclude the design to have been the conveyance of fresh powers of the Holy Ghost. Hence the great diversity of ordination services, even in the same Church; and the general acknowledgment, that where a ritual is used, it is ecclesiastical, not scriptural. The ordinance of chrism, however, lies under no such uncertainty. It is appointed in one of the Catholic epistles, in language plain, direct, and incapable of sophistication. The subjects, administrators, mode, accompanying prayer, and consequent blessing are plainly prescribed. It is commanded along with prayer, praise, confession, intercession, and conversion of sinners. It has never been repealed, nor does the least hint thereof appear in subsequent Scriptures. There is no more direct authority for baptism, or the supper, than for chrism. Yet no Church observes it as instituted, and the Protestant Churches do not observe it at all. We all feel instinctively that a mere Scripture command cannot make an ordinance. The law hath no dominion over a dead Church. The Popish perversion of anointing men for death instead of recovery, is genuine anti-Christian. Our neglect of it is merely non-Christian. "Why, then," you ask, "do you not revive this ordinance?" Alas! my brother. If you ever hear of any man who can receive a dead ordinance, tell me, and we will cross continents and oceans to have his hands laid on our heads. But let the hideous exhibitions of the Irvingites warn every believer in the Holy Ghost to beware how he begins to galvanize the corpse of a Divine ordinance. O Lord, when wilt thou anoint us with the Holy Ghost and with power? Baptism is the next ordinance in order, which I shall pass over lightly, as it is the point in dispute, and my assertions, or your friend's, would be merely begging the question. Yet I suppose your friend will admit some modern improvements, such as warm baths, water-proof dresses, and examination of candidates before the Church. There is also a wonderful stress laid on following Christ into the water, and an apostolic succession of immersed believers, and a great desire for immersions, which scarcely correspond to Paul's declaration, "that Christ sent him not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel." He would not stand well, I fear, with a Baptist Board of Missions in such terms. And I may here express the opinion that to make any mode of baptism a term of communion is to elevate that ceremony above all the other forms of worship, which we all treat as secondary, to the level of an article of faith, or a duty of morals. It is to mistake the sacrament for the grace, consecrate the outward form with the importance of the living Spirit, and lead the unthinking crowd to confound the washing with water, with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. R. P.

ARE CHRISTIANS to be scared from their propriety by the spirit of fashion and wealth, and the egotism of this world—the heavenly by the earthly? Shall a royal priesthood, a holy nation, blush, and cringe, and skulk, and compromise in a world of shams like this? A spiritual life—which is in the will, irresistible righteousness; in the conscience, delicacy and decision; in the understanding, light; in the affections, reverence and love—is the one thing our churches want, and ours to-day is the high honor of consulting how to bring it to them or to it.—Scottish Congregational Magazine.

WESTERN MATTERS. THE LUMBERMEN. I suppose the habits and character of all people are largely modified by their particular pursuits, and that this modification will extend to their moral and religious character. In this part of the world, where the manufacture of lumber is a leading business, one has abundant occasion to remember this fact. Lumbermen are, I think, a peculiar people, wherever they exist. I have reference more especially to those who do the work, rather than to such as furnish the capital, run the risks, and share the profits. These latter are perhaps little different, if any, from other people. But the real lumberman spends his summers in a mill—a saw-mill at that—and his winters in the woods. In the latter case, he is cutting and getting out his logs; and in the former, he is working them into boards. In either case, his life is one of work. The mills in summer—for the mills hereabouts do not run in winter—commence their running with the first dawn of day, and do not stop till dark; and in this latitude the days in summer are a good deal longer than in Philadelphia, as you may see by looking at the almanac. Is the lumberman a religious man? Does he attend church on the Sabbath? So far as I have knowledge, it is the general case that he neglects religion and religious privileges. In summer, his only relaxation is in the evening, after his work is over. He is therefore tempted to be with his company at the saloon, where he prolongs his stay often far into the night. His winters are in the "camps" in the woods, where large numbers of men are gathered together by themselves. Their amusements are such as usually attach to such a mode of life. Of course, there is no religious exercise of any kind in such communities; at least, not often. I do not say that there are not such camps made up largely of religious men, and who take care to secure religious privileges for themselves, for I do not pretend to know of all such communities; but I apprehend that such cases are rare exceptions. Many of the men are Catholics, so far as they have pretensions to religion; but the priest seldom follows them to their winter quarters. The effects of such a state of society upon its general, and especially its religious condition, is easily seen. Strictly lumbering regions seldom become flourishing as to their general, and particularly their religious interests. The owners and agents seldom reside in the pine districts in permanence; they go there to make money, which they spend elsewhere. Hence, affairs in such communities do not usually assume permanence, nor become attractive to other people. There is apt to be a large floating and a small permanent population—similar to the condition of things which obtains in mining districts. As a consequence of this tendency of affairs, this region did not grow much in settlement, nor become attractive, till the development of new capabilities, commencing five or six years ago. At that time successful borings for salt were made, and this branch of business has increased with wonderful rapidity. The first wells were sunk in 1860. In the following year, 7500 bushels of salt were sent to market. In 1862 the yield had increased to 1,270,000 bushels, and in 1864 to 3,000,000 bushels, valued on the ground at over one million dollars. The salt manufacture has developed other matters very rapidly. It has led to the discovery of the agricultural resources of this section. It was thought previously to be a sunken, swampy, and consequently permanently unhealthy region, from which it was advisable to cut away the pine trees, and begone with them as soon as possible. It is found on the contrary, that the land is nearly all drainable, and is astonishingly fertile, and the State being so surrounded with water, has a mild climate; combining this with its high latitude, so that it must be very soon greatly desirable for residence, on account of healthfulness; for, its malarious tendencies must give way, so soon as the ground is brought into culture. This is now being done at a very rapid rate. The lumber interest now combines with these other interests, to give impetus and success to business, and permanent growth. It has been, for a few years, past, and seems destined to continue for a long while, a very remunerative interest. And the money made by it is no longer all carried away, but is expended upon the ground, as it ought to be. The result of these things together, is the very rapid growth of the Saginaw Valley, in population, wealth, and whatever of advancement is naturally connected with these. And with other changes came those of a moral and religious character. With the moving population, which largely attaches to the lumber interest, by itself, to found and foster churches into growth and strength, is a very difficult business. Indeed, the thing was well nigh impossible. For if you have an active church and a full congregation this summer, you cannot assume the same thing for the winter; for your people may be most of them gone elsewhere. But can anything be done effectively for the lumbermen, as a class? They are very numerous in these United States. All this upper lake region is full of them. And they are a hardy, bold, enterprising, enduring people, full of good impulses, and yet their business so separates them from the stated means

of grace, that they naturally fall into irreligious habits, which become chronic. MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY. The University of this State is in a very flourishing condition. It has a fund of about \$500,000 and the number of students increases from year to year. The institution has now and then a sort of political storm to undergo, but it does not seem to effect its condition very much. Two or three years since, a change of Presidents was made; Dr. Tappan having become at odds with the Board of Regents, and a terrible stir it made; the old President being very popular with the eight hundred students then in attendance, and the new one being specially in their favor. But the number of students in all is now more than a thousand; so I concluded the storm has long since blown over. Of the one thousand and seventy-three students, four hundred and forty-one are medical, and three hundred and sixty law students. But the controlling interest of the University is, after all, the literary department. Its students are from nearly every State in the Union, and some out of the Union. The large attendance is from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, and Pennsylvania. From Illinois, for instance, there are one hundred and twenty-five students. The educational system of this State is very good. It is a system graded from the beginning to the top—the top being this University. The primary school fund is about \$1,700,000. There is also a Normal fund of \$20,000. Michigan is on the whole going to be a great State, bye-and-bye. She has an immense lumber interest—good to begin with—then she has unknown treasures of copper, iron, gypsum, salt, and I know not what else, in the way of minerals. And then, she is bordered with a sea of fish, as well as intersected by lines of them. And then her agricultural resources are going to astonish people—even her own people—bye-and-bye. Then the State has a good population. It is largely settled by people who look out for the school house and the church. Hence her fine educational system. Hence her many large and flourishing churches. All this upper region of the State, now showing upon the map nothing but parallels of latitude, and county lines, is going to bear very soon, a great population. The pine timber is being cut away, and that involves the destruction of quantities of other timber; roads are being cut through in all directions, and not very far hence it will be intersected with railroads; and settlement, and the school house, and the church will follow. INDIANS. At this point we see a great many of the Aborigines. They are Chippeways, and their residences stretch up the State from this point; their first settlement being only five or six miles from here. They lately came down for a payment, which was made them here by the General Government. It was given them in "green backs," and the difference between them and gold was made up. They are very quiet, as indeed they always are, it being a high misdemeanor to sell or give an Indian whisky. Many of them are very well clad indeed, in the white fashion, as well as the whites themselves. Indeed, the most of them seen here, dress like other people, with occasional uses of moccasins and blankets. The nearest settlements are Methodists, and there are many good people among them. They dislike to use the English language, and flock to the stores where they are addressed in their native guttural. They are very fond of trade, and a large portion of their payment was spent before they left town. It looks a little queer at first to see an Indian driving his span of horses in his sleigh, loaded up with household comforts. The tribe does a great deal of hunting, for this State is yet full of game. They sell large quantities of beaver, mink, raccoon, and muskrat furs, with a large sprinkling of other pelts related to, or existing with, these; and their furs bring ready money and a good price. So that there is no reason why these dusky men should not live very comfortably, if not usefully. AMBROSE. REV. HOMER B. MORGAN. In the *Missionary Herald* of December, there is a valuable, yet succinct account of the life, character, and labors of Rev. Homer Bartlett Morgan, whose death at Smyrna, on the 25th of August last, was announced in these columns. The following statement is placed on record as a tribute to his memory, both on account of his personal worth, and the cause he so faithfully and ably served. He was born at Watertown, New York, (where his parents yet reside,) May 31st, 1827. He was a child of the covenant converted in early life, and after graduating at Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary, was ordained by the Presbytery of Watertown, of which he remained a member through life. Having given his services to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, he was by them, in 1851, first sent to Salonica, in Greece, and afterward transferred to Antioch, in Syria. He had nearly completed fourteen years of missionary life. His knowledge of the languages used in that field, the confidence reposed in him, both by the Board and the missionaries, and his remarkably robust constitution and power of endurance, eminently fitted

him for his work, and render his removal inexpressibly afflictive. It having been decided by the Committee and the Central Turkish Mission, to which he belonged, that he should return to this country with his family, for the purpose of leaving them for a year or two, while he should speedily return to his work, he prepared for his departure from Syria, in great haste, expecting to reach this country in season to attend the meeting of the Board in Chicago last October. As they were about ready for their journey, one of their children, a lovely son of two years of age, sickened and died. This event, with his responsibilities at his post, and his official cares as Treasurer of the Mission, devolved upon him an amount of labor at this juncture too great for even his capacity for endurance. His intense application to bring all his accounts and charges into such a state that he could safely leave them for a few months, brought upon him the fever which terminated his life. On arriving at Smyrna in a French steamer, and being too ill to proceed on his voyage, he was taken immediately to the house of his missionary brother, Rev. D. Ladd, where he received the best medical attention the city could afford. Mr. Morgan had spent a year and half of his missionary life in Smyrna, and had many friends among the English and American residents, but they were nearly all absent, having abandoned the city on account of the prevalence of the cholera. It was, therefore, somewhat difficult to obtain needful attention to the sick, or fitting burial for the dead. Under these circumstances, the attentions of strangers, of Prussian deaconesses, and of Captain Hamilton and his crew of the barque *Armenia*, of Boston, were peculiarly grateful. Should this notice meet his eye, he will know that the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless has been, and yet will again be invoked in his behalf and that of his men. Captain Hamilton watched with Mr. Morgan on the last night of his life, and at his burial six young American sailors, members of his crew, bore the remains of the American Missionary to their last resting-place, in the English cemetery, near the Dutch hospital. Dr. Pratt, of the same mission, and who had been their family physician, was at this time in Constantinople, and hearing of Mr. Morgan's death, hastened to Smyrna, and accompanied the widow and her family to America, and to the residence to her husband's parents. Mrs. Morgan, who is the daughter of Rev. H. H. Kellogg, formerly of Clinton, New York, now of Marshalltown, Iowa, leaves behind her the graves of two husbands and three children. Her first husband was Rev. Joseph Walworth Sutphen, who died in Marsovan, Turkey, in 1852. With her remaining children, the widow finds a home with her parents, having been wonderfully sustained through all her trials. Her health is steadily improving, and she wishes to acknowledge the kindness of her numerous friends, both in this country and abroad, whose letters of sympathy have been exceedingly comforting, and for which she is grateful, but to which she is unable at present to reply. The letters received by her from the different members of the missions in Turkey, show how high a place Mr. Morgan held in their respect, and how warmly he was beloved. We give brief extracts from but two, in concluding this article. Says Rev. J. W. Parsons, of Nicomedia:—"Brother Morgan was greatly endeared to us. His love was the star of our hearts during many dark days in Salonica. Great as we feel the loss personally, greater is the loss to the Missions in Turkey, first to his own Mission, and then to the others. The wisdom in council and good judgment which he always exhibited, rendered him of incomparable value to all." Rev. Dr. Hamlin, now President of Robert College, Constantinople, writes, "Your departed husband was a noble missionary, a man of right judgment, of executive power, of self-denying devotion to his work. He has finished it early, but done it well, and now rests from his labors in the enjoyment of an eternal reward." H. H. K.

GEN. GRANT'S OPINION OF NEGRO TROOPS. The *New York Tribune* says, editorially: "For guard duty and picket duty, the march and in assault, I consider the negro troops surpassed by no soldiers in the world, and equalled by very few." "But," queried a listener, "does not that include all you can say of a soldier?" "Nearly, but not all," responds the Lt.-Gen. "What remains is the ability to endure the steady pounding of a protracted campaign." "Yes," said another questioner, "if the negroes are good for everything else, why not for that?" "I don't say they are not," rejoined Gen. Grant; "I only say they have not been tried." The parties to that conversation were Gen. Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and Henry Ward Beecher, and we had it from the lips of the latter. In heaven all God's servants shall be abundantly satisfied with his dealings and dispensations with them, and shall how all conduced, like so many winds, bring them to their havens, and how even the roughest blasts helped to bring them homeward. HEAVEN is a day without a cloud darkening it, and without a night to end