

Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, February, 1866. The Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. It is the first time she has appeared in public since the death of the Prince Consort. The mob was great; mob of poor without, and of rich within. The contrast between the splendid dresses of the peeresses and nobilities riding to and fro in carriages, and the squalid rags of many of the mob was striking enough. Take it all in all, the public was satisfied with the spectacle. The politics of the speech from the throne, which was read by the Lord Chancellor for her Majesty, you will get from other sources.

LONDON REUNIONS. "The Season" has fairly commenced, and gives token of much vigor. Members of Parliament, and other fashionables, have located themselves for the session in their "winter quarters." All our religious efforts receive, at this period of the year, a new impetus. Last week I attended, for the first time this year, one of our London reunions. I may as well give you a peep into this phase of our religious life. Latterly, public religious meetings on week-day evenings have got to be almost deserted by the upper classes. These evening public meetings interfere with that important hour of an Englishman's day—the dinner hour—which is about seven o'clock. So to make up for that obvious lack, something must be found out. I believe it was the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird who first set the example of what you might call a private public meeting, to give full information on religious topics. The manner of accomplishing it is this: cards are issued to a very wide circle of friends—"tea and coffee from 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 o'clock, conversation till 10 1/2." "Information will be given on" say "Indian Missions." The company assemble in evening dress; they dine a little earlier for that evening—and after "tea and coffee" comes the "public meeting." Ex uno disce omnes. I went last week, by invitation, to the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird's. All your readers know the man; many of them may have seen him. He is in your country last year with Sir Morton Peto and others, at the same time as your humble servant.

HON. ARTHUR KINNAIRD.

Mr. Kinnaird is brother to Lord Kinnaird, the head of a very old Scotch family. Mr. Arthur Kinnaird is member of Parliament for Perth, in Scotland. Politically, he is of the Whig school, and takes a very active part in the House of Commons. He was the intimate friend and trusty councillor of the late Lord Palmerston, but he has never accepted office in the government. In addition to his political duties, he takes a most active and leading part in almost every religious movement in this Metropolis—I may say in this country. I suppose he is treasurer to half the religious societies of London, on the committee of every important religious effort of any kind, and holds very few sinecure posts. He is, too, most catholic, and is, in his own person, an embodiment of the Evangelical Alliance. The Established Church and the Nonconformists find in him, head, hand, heart, and purse, a willing helper for any good work. How, with the calls of business—for he is a banker—he manages to get through half his work, often puzzles me. And yet to look at his smooth, round, honest, cheery, smiling face, you would see him down, as he bustles about, with a kind look, a kind shake of the hand, and a kind word for everybody, as a man who had nothing to do, and who did nothing in the world but make himself agreeable. After Lord Shaftesbury, no man in London has so many friends as the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird; and, I may add, better deserves them. And he is well seconded in all his efforts by his lady. Her activity and business tact and management is only equalled by that of her husband. She, too, has an active, helping hand, ready at any time for any good work. She is a noble hand at raising funds. If she undertakes a cause, it is gained. She has a very large circle of wealthy friends, and helps them to a share in many a good work which, but for her untiring industry, they would have missed.

Mr. Kinnaird's residence is in the very heart of London—quite central, and easily accessible from all parts. You are asked to a meeting on "Female Education in India." You reach the door about eight o'clock. Carriages are drawing up, disgorging their occupants, and departing in long succession. You are announced on being shown up to the first floor, where is a noble suite of rooms; in one, tea and coffee, with "fixings," as you would say, are being served out to the guests. They are all, gentlemen and ladies, in full evening costume. After coffee, you enter the drawing-rooms, two large and lofty apartments, separated by folding doors, which are thrown open. Here the guests are gathered in knots and groups, the host and hostess flitting about, welcoming everybody, and keeping the whole thing in active life, introducing the right persons to each other, and welding the whole into a unity.

It was a noble gathering. It was a goodly sight to see so many of our noblest, best, and bravest gathered under such a roof and for such a purpose. There was the Earl of Dalhousie, better known to many of your readers as the Hon. Fox Maule; and better still, as

Lord Panmure, and Secretary of War during our struggle with Russia in the Crimea. His lordship is not a young man, but he is of noble appearance; and I have seldom seen him look better than on that evening. He has a mass of hair, once dark as the raven's wing, now considerably more than three parts mingled with grey; a face and forehead which, for massive force, breadth and power, I have seldom seen equalled. An elder of the Presbyterian Church, of the Free Church of Scotland, he takes an active and leading part in all her great works, attends many of her committees, and shares in the debates in her General Assemblies, and, in short, follows worthily in the footsteps of the stout old Barons who fought the good fight in Scotland's Reformation. If all her nobility were to do as Lord Dalhousie does, to take him for pattern and example, it would be a glorious day for dear old Scotland.

And there was Sir Herbert Edwards, the Indian hero, and his lady, an helpmate every way worthy of him. Sir Herbert is one of nature's nobles. I never look on his mailed hand without reverence. As good as he is brave; as true and loyal to Christ as in the day of battle he ever was to his country. And there was Lord Radstock, a man who will take his turn at preaching in the streets or in the parks, and who will put his hand effectually to anything that can in any way further the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and think himself ennobled anew thereby. I am afraid if we could show many such nobles we would make even you Republicans bow to us!

And then there was Duff—Dr. Duff the Indian missionary. Duff—what name more widely known and honored. It was pleasant to refresh one's eyes on the worn-out old warrior, come home to spend his evening of repose, not in idleness, but in active work still for his beloved India. He looks worn and weary. He has latterly permitted his beard to grow, and the look of the man with his snowy beard says to you that one of the old Hebrew prophets stands before you. And many another Indian was there—H. Carr Tucker, not the least notable; Lady and Miss Peto, the Rev. H. Venn, William Arthur, Capel Molyneux, after Mr. Spurgeon perhaps the most popular preacher in all London; the Hon. Rev. Leland Noel, Samuel Morley, Esq.; these are names nearly as well known with you as with us.

But it is half-past eight o'clock. Mr. Kinnaird stands up by the folding doors between the drawing rooms, the company is seated in groups, silence reigns. Mr. Kinnaird, in a few happy sentences, announces the topic for the evening, and introduces Dr. Duff to the assemblage. "The old man eloquent" stands up, and gives you a succinct account of the whole question of female education in India, its rise and progress, and present state, its difficulties, its importance, and closes at half-past ten with an eloquent appeal for help. A few words from Mr. Arthur, a few more from Sir Herbert Edwards, and an earnest and impressive prayer from the Rev. C. Molyneux, and the business part of the proceedings is ended. The company proceed to the supper room, where an ample repast is provided; carriages are called, and by eleven o'clock the last guest has disappeared, and silence reigns in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Arthur Kinnaird.

You may form some idea of how hard this noble family work for the cause of God, when I tell you that such a gathering as this I have now described, may be held in the course of a single season as many as twenty times. Think of the labor and cost here involved of the invitations, and letter writing, and preparations of all sorts. Already there have been two such gatherings there this season alone. I went there the other evening to an assembly on behalf of "the London Diocesan Home Mission." This is a noble work carried on by the Church of England for planting new charges in the very worst and most neglected districts, and God has already very greatly blessed and honored the workers.

LOSS OF THE LONDON.

The topics of most interest generally current are the loss of the London Australian auxiliary screw steamer, and the cattle plague. You will receive the accounts of the loss of the London; but no accounts can well convey to you the general interest felt by all classes of the community in this sad catastrophe. Hardly a man you meet but has lost a friend, or who does not know a friend who has lost one. Those who went down when she sank came from all parts of the country, and so the mourning has been all but national in its proportions. The present writer knows two beautiful faces that saw the light of day for the last time when the London went down. Two brighter and better, two happier and more cheerful young ladies he has seldom known. The one had not been long married, and her husband, Mr. Amos, went down with her. I preached a sermon about the matter, as the whole family to whom they belonged once sat for years in my congregation. A young lady, connected with one of the largest and best photographic establishments in London, brought me two portraits a few days after, and asked if these were my friends? They had sat for their portraits a few days only before the vessel sailed. A close investigation has left the feeling very prevalent that the loss was one of that sort which should be called preventable calamities.

CATTLE PLAGUE.

The cattle plague pursues its ravages. The weekly returns now show a loss by

death of about 10,000, rather over than under, with a tendency rather to increase. Remedies are powerless. What seems the identically same treatment is followed by life, in one instance, and by death in the other. It is a proof of the very solemn and serious nature of the calamity, that nearly all the speechifying that has been made in the Houses, both of Lords and Commons, since the opening of Parliament has tended that way. Something must be done—but what? Some say the only remedy is "stamping it out"—i. e. on a given day, wherever the plague appears, kill and bury all the infected animals, and all connected with them; kill and bury, and so soon as it appears, and wherever it appears, again pursue the process till you have buried the plague six feet deep in the earth. This plan has been carried out in Aberdeenshire, in Scotland, so effectually that twice over it has been stamped out, and has hitherto, by rigid watching, been kept clear of it. To give you one instance of the fierce nature of its ravages, I went the other day into the shop of a dairyman. I said, "you still sell milk, I see; have your cows escaped?" "Sir," said he, cautiously, looking quietly around him; "I had thirty-five cows; they were all my own property, the savings of my whole lifetime, and they ALL died. I have nothing left. I now only buy milk from the country, and retail it out as I can." A friend of mine also told me that many farmers were utterly ruined in Cheshire, and that many of the wealthy proprietors will be reduced to penury for many years, as they can look for no rents. A day of humiliation and supplication is loudly demanded, and it is hoped will be speedily granted.

Convocation, too, is holding its sittings. The talk is of what is called the conscience clause. They talk most loud and long about it; but it will all end in talk. The question is this: shall children who attend Church of England schools be compelled to learn the Church of England Catechism? Shall they who have no God-fathers, or God-mothers be compelled to tell who and what they are? Convocation says yes, Parliament says no; and beyond all doubt the noes have it.

We have had a most remarkable winter in regard to weather. With the exception of a tremendous fall of snow, that went as fast as it came, we have had hardly any winter. The weather all through has been open and mild, with much rain. Already the earlier trees are putting forth their leaves, and in some cases even the blossom is white, red, or yellow. It is to be hoped that the frost will not come now.

Yours truly, PHILADELPHOS.

LETTER FROM ERIE, PA.

MR. EDITOR—DEAR SIR:—Some of God's children here have been earnestly praying for a blessing during the past few weeks, but many remained in a cold, indifferent state. Meetings were held every evening for about five weeks, in the First Baptist Church, and there were about seventy-five conversions. But there was no united effort.

On Monday morning a union prayer-meeting was held in the Baptist Church—a meeting to pray for a blessing upon the children's meeting in the afternoon. Christians felt that this was a critical time, and plead with God for his blessing upon the efforts which should be made.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the largest church in the city was crowded with children. Mr. Hammond talked to them in his own peculiar way; told them of Jesus' love for them; that He died for them, and was anxious to save them "just now," and then called on Christians to talk and pray with the children personally. A few Christians went among the children and labored faithfully with them, pointing them to the Lamb of God. Many, very many of the little ones were anxious to know how they might find Jesus, and I believe many gave their hearts to Him before they left the house.

On Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, after the close of the session of the Convention, meetings were held for the children, with great results. But there was not perfect union on the part of Christians, and some even opposed the work.

In the nine o'clock prayer-meeting on Thursday morning, God's people were called on to "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Such a prayer-meeting as that it has rarely been my privilege to attend. There was honest, repentant confession of sin, and sincere prayer. Christians stirred up one another to good works. At the close of the meeting we felt sure that God would bless us. In the afternoon, one hundred and fifty-five children professed that they had learned to love Jesus. We cannot doubt that the majority of them had found the Saviour.

By this time the work had extended to older people, and it was thought advisable to hold a meeting for adults in the evening. At the appointed hour, the largest church in the city (Rev. Dr. Lyon's) was crowded full. A deep solemnity pervaded the assembly, as sinners were urged to flee to the "City of Refuge." At the close of the sermon, when Christians went among the people to urge them to come to Jesus, scores were found to be anxious. On Friday, the meetings were as interesting as before; on Saturday and Sunday, also.

A young man, who has six lads in his Sabbath-school class, tells me they all think they love Jesus,—all have found

Him during the past week. Tears of joy came into his eyes as he saw the happy faces of those boys and heard them singing "Happy in the Lord."

A little girl, only six years old, who had attended the meetings, when left one evening at her boarding place, with two young ladies and another girl older than herself, asked one of the ladies to read in the Bible. She complied with the request, and the little girl then asked if it would be wicked to have a prayer-meeting then and there? When told that it would not be, she knelt and prayed for herself and for every person living in the house.

On Saturday, Mr. Hammond took nine young Christians with him, and went to Dunkirk to hold a children's meeting. There has been a good deal of interest there for some weeks. Many have been converted. Christians of all denominations work together there. Before the meeting closed, almost every child in the room was in tears. Many said, "We will begin to love Jesus just now." It was a glorious meeting, and we all felt that it was good to be there.

While waiting for the cars, at the depot, our company commenced singing revival hymns. A crowd of men and boys soon collected, and after we had spent a quarter of an hour in singing, Mr. Hammond said a few words to the men, and then, being very tired himself, asked one of us to speak to them—to tell them of the love of Jesus. He offered a short prayer for a blessing upon what might be said. One and another of our company went forward, and told his experience, and another prayer was offered. The men were very attentive, and we all felt that the Spirit of God was there.

While we were talking, an engine came past, which we supposed to be the train we were to take. We were going out of the door, when one of those men in the crowd turned back and said, "It is no train; come back and tell us some more."

A lady who happened to be in the depot sat down by Mr. Hammond, and said, "I have heard of what Mr. Hammond has been doing in Towanda. O, I would give anything to see him and have him tell me how to be a Christian." She afterwards learned that he was the man she wished to see, and went to him with tears in her eyes and asked him to pray for her.

Four news-boys at the depot asked him to pray for them.

This is what was done in the depot at Dunkirk. We all thank God that the train was an hour and a half late, thus giving us an opportunity to speak for Jesus.

Our Sabbath-school teachers, and Christians all, would be more faithful to the interests of the young under their charge. O, that they would oftener make a personal application of the truths of the Bible to their children and friends. O, that all Christians felt from the bottom of their hearts that it is a blessed privilege to be permitted to engage in the service of God.

A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT. ERIE, PA., February 12, 1866.

SOWING IN DARKNESS, REAPING IN LIGHT.

To be a follower of Christ and a winner of souls, is the sum of every true Christian mother's ambition for herself and her children. That is the limit of her seeking; she may not go beyond it, and yet seek what Christ sought when he lived and died for a lost world, and committed the work of salvation into our hands in the command, "Seek ye first the kingdom of Christ."

In the work of training our children in this way of holiness and usefulness, we have great encouragement. The day of judgment is on our side, eternity is on our side, the Bible with its exhaustless storehouse of wisdom is on our side, and Jesus is on our side, ever ready to help us, and to rebuke those would coldly push aside the tender lambs as meddling intruders.

O, how many have gone forth in this field, weeping and bearing precious seed, who have come again, rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them! No truly faithful sower ever sowed in vain here. While we live, the heavens may seem brass, and the earth burning ashes; yet His promises are sure, and His covenant abiding. "Seed time and harvest shall not fail," there will come at last the quiet reviving power of the latter rain, and the buried seed shall be quickened into springing green.

Thirty-seven years ago to-day, a little boy first saw the light in a humble house, which stood on the banks of a limpid stream among great solemn forest trees in a Western State. How many weary steps those feet have taken. Ah! "We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why." Those little feet often faltered in the morning of their journey for lack of a mother's steady hand, for the poor mother who bore him, grew faint under life's too heavy burdens, and failed by the way, before the sun had climbed to its noon.

The heart that had loved her little children with such a great love, had ceased to feel the pangs and joys of earthly loves.

The lips that had always spoken so much comfort and holy teaching to her poor, feeble boy, had given their last smile, their last word of counsel and sympathy.

The hands that ministered to each want with unflagging patience were folded in their long rest, above the drapery of the grave. A hired stranger now moved about the plain rooms, performing each day's routine of work; and

poor little Johnny, shivering with ague, or burning with fever, creeps away up stairs to his little bed under the rafters, to suffer all alone, and to think yearning thoughts that reached out after a mother's pitying voice and caring hand.

When, a few weeks later, the eldest born of that narrowed household lay in death agony, stricken down by a sudden and rapid disease, the neighbors whispered, as they looked at sick Johnny, whose hold on life was always slight, "How strange, if either must go, that it is not he." For was not the dying boy his father's hope, his "strong staff and beautiful rod;" he that had been like the bounding roe, so full of vigorous energy, so bright and fun-loving; all ready at the age of fifteen to enter college, and exhibiting such a wonderful mechanical genius, that all who knew him predicted for him the brightest future? Could, oh, could he die, of whom so much was hoped? But their thoughts were not as His, who delights to choose the weak things to confound the mighty, and selects frail earthen vessels, in which to hide his treasure: "That the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."

The sickly boy grew into the thoughtful lad, who might have been seen on commencement days at a neighboring college, drinking in the whole scene with eager avidity. The imposing array of college officers, the orations of the students, and all the surroundings filled his young heart with awe, and awakened aspirations to become something beyond what he was then. In a few years the object of his aspiration was attained; he was an inmate of ——— College, and new scenes, associates and allurements were fast drowning a sweet voice speaking yet from a low grave, "when his steps were arrested by the 'Spirit's gentle call,' and there, in that College prayer-room, he lingered and consecrated all to Christ and to the work of salvation; and returned to urge his room-mates to enter the same blessed service. With that young man's decision, began a glorious work of grace in college, which extended to the Young Ladies' Seminary in the same place, and many precious souls were rescued. Here was the first harvest from seed sown in that humble home by that praying mother years ago.

It was not in vain that she had turned aside so often, when weary and oppressed with many cares, to seize upon each passing occasion to impart some Gospel lesson to her little children,

"Extracting every weed, Sowing good and precious seed."

Did she ever feel tempted to turn aside and rest awhile, and let the weeds grow apace? Did the work ever seem all in vain, when the same lessons of patience, self-control, and obedience must be repeated again and again, and the naughty heart be held up daily before its little owner, until he trembled at the picture of his sin and its consequences? No; she

Never dared the question ask, Why to me this weary task; These same little hands may prove, Messengers of light and love.

A voice said, "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh,"—the night of the grave to you, mother, and the night of a sin-seared conscience to your child,—when you may no longer mould him at your will.

"Little feet will go astray, Guide them, mother, while you may."

On commencement day in ——— College in 1849, those who listened to the fervid and graceful eloquence of a slender youth, with dark locks clustering about a pale spiritual face, rejoiced that he had given himself to Christ, and would use his gifts in that blessed Master's service.

Several years after, he knelt amid the solemn circle of hands placed on his head in setting him apart to the work of the holy ministry; and it seemed to one who saw the scene, that a bright spirit leaned from the battlements of heaven to look on her son; for was not the "glad fruition" of all the hope that had yielded those early sowing years crowded into the small circle of that one hour? What a work the saving of souls must have seemed to her, who knew what it was to be saved. And when God added His blessing, and through his ministry gave him souls to be his joy and his crown, I saw that harvests were still springing from that seed of a mother's planting. And who can tell to what harvests that planting may grow, before time shall tell his last hour? And then, as I look on through coming ages, and see how those little wavelets of influence, started by a pebble cast from a feeble hand, will widen and widen over the infinite ocean, until eternity alone can measure them, I feel who would not exclaim from the depths of the soul how infinitely, infinitely great, and solemn, and blessed above all others, is the work of the Christian's mother. M. B. L.

FEBRUARY, 1866.

PERU.—The Christian World says that in Lima, the work of the American and Foreign Christian Union, under the labors of Rev. Mr. McKim, is going forward pleasantly and successfully. Thus far he has preached in English, but he hopes to be able, in the course of a year, to preach fluently in Spanish. He says there are three or four fields of labor already open, which ought to be immediately occupied. He names, especially three—Guayaquil, Cuzco, and Coquimbo. He further says that there are only seven missionaries on a coast of four thousand miles, yet there are three millions and a half of people, and nearly twenty-five thousand English and American.

YOUNG CHRISTIANS "GOING TWO AND TWO."

TOWANDA, PA., Feb. 20, 1866.

DEAR EDITOR:—Your readers have been furnished with an account of the great revival in the village of Towanda. I now propose to relate the evangelistic work of our young Andrews and Phillips, (disciples of a day old,) in finding out the Simons and Nathaniels in the surrounding places, and the effect of their earnest message "We have found the Messiah."

A number of our young men have been going out, "two and two," holding religious meetings nightly, in the school-houses and churches in the neighboring townships and smaller villages. The people take great interest in the subject of religion, and the meetings are well attended. The state of feeling has been compared to a cup of water full, ready to overflow on the addition of a single drop more. As an illustrative example, I will give one instance taken from many.

A young lady, Miss C., from the country, was converted at one of the last of the union meetings held by Mr. Hammond in Towanda. The next day she walked up to town, six miles, to secure the services of two of the young Christians to hold a meeting in her neighborhood. She gave notice, and collected a goodly number of persons, but unfortunately the young men did not come, and the people went away laughing at her. Nothing discouraged, she walked up again, and procured the positive promise from two others to go the next night. As they were about starting out, a clergyman of the "little faith" kind, advised them not to cast their pearls before swine, in so unpromising a locality. There was no Sabbath-school there, no preaching, and no prayer-meeting held in the place. The two young men who went had never conducted a meeting before, and their religious experience had been very short. They had to do all the praying themselves, and nearly all the singing, the audience not having even respect enough for religion to bow their heads in prayer. The exhortations of these young men were not attempts at lay preaching, they were not public speakers, and they had literally obeyed the injunction to "take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither do ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye, for it is not ye that speak but the Holy Ghost." They told the story of their own conversion and the conversion of so many others in Towanda, at those precious meetings in January; they told the story of the cross, too, in a plain and simple way, though Christ did not seech you by us ye reconciled to God.

The result I must tell you in a few words. Before the close of the first meeting, six or seven arose for prayers, and a unanimous vote was taken that the meetings be continued, and that the aid of the Y. M. C. Association of Towanda be requested for this meeting.

The work was continued by these and other young converts nightly, without a single sermon by a minister; and at the end of two weeks, the seed sown was watered by the Spirit, sinners were converted, fifty-six arose for prayers or as young converts, and only one man, at the last meeting, did not rise as a young convert, an anxious inquirer, or as a Christian; he went home, and that night, for the first time in his life, had family worship, and he is now a hopeful, happy Christian.

It was either at this, or some other meeting, that a man of influence in the neighborhood, showed his indifference to the subject by whittling a stick during the meeting, and after his conversion he acknowledged that his Bible had been locked up for more than three years. Several professing Christians asked for the prayers of the meeting, that they might be "reconstructed."

This sort of work by these young men is extending into nearly every township, within convenient distance of this place, and revivals are everywhere reported, of the most remarkable character. Numerous calls for persons to hold meetings must remain unanswered, "for the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." All our clergy, of course, are working with unwonted zeal and energy, holding meetings here and in the country around, daily.

I send you this imperfect sketch of what is going on here, to show young Christians elsewhere what can be accomplished, with God's blessing, by a little enlightened, well-directed effort to convert sinners. My others go and do likewise.

We had a grand reunion meeting here last night. Rev. E. P. Hammond was advertised to deliver a lecture on "Moral Heroism," but the people here had got far above morality, and instead of a paid lecture, gave us a free Gospel, from Psalms xli, 6: "The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance in heaven." The speaker was in his best vein, fresh from the warm atmosphere of grand revival in Williamsport, Pa., where the Lord is doing wonders.

In our own town, some gleanings of the harvest work are being gathered in, and occasionally a "heavy, rusty old spike" yields to the influence of the "tack-hammer." (Dr. Newton, of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, has been here, following up the labors of Mr. Hammond, and preaching to revival meetings of the same platform.)

J. M.

AT JERUSALEM, eight converts from Judaism have recently been baptized.