

Correspondence.

ALL GREAT SOULS SUFFER.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS, D.D.

Moses was great—he chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; suffering consolidated and purified his character, made him meek, made him trustful and great. Job was a sufferer—and in his sorrows and agonies, did he fight a battle for all men and leave the record of his victory. Elijah suffered—and out of the deep waves of adversity did he step into the chariot of God and go up to the Celestials. Stephen suffered—and his tears were lenses through which his upturned eyes caught the glory of the Lord! Paul suffered with Christ, and his light afflictions wrought out for him the "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The Christians of Piedmont suffered with Christ, and their Church has survived the corruptions and the flames of the Papacy. The Puritans suffered with Christ, and from their minds made pure by sorrow, and their arms made omnipotent by faith, sprang this new and mighty nation—this birth-place of liberty, this great field of battle in which man asserts his supremacy over institutions, and over nature. Four millions of sable men in our country have suffered with Christ, in patient sorrow and prayer, under the lash of the task-master, in malarious rice-fields, beneath cruel laws and more cruel prejudice—and now they spring into a new genesis, and take their places among the free and the brave of humanity.

Twenty millions of white men in our nation have suffered with Christ in advocacy of justice, in sympathy with the weak and wronged, in defence of law and government—and now they glory in a regenerated nation, in the triumph of freedom.

This is the law of life, of growth, for nations and for men. Every mighty and enduring empire has moistened its fields with blood, and built its institutions, as Nehemiah did the walls of Jerusalem, with the sword in one hand and the implement of labor in the other.

The great poet wets his harp-strings with tears before the immortal melodies are born. Homer and Milton wept from sightless eyes. The great orator speaks to the noisy sea, with a pebble beneath his tongue, and thus learns to still the tumult of the people, to sway the waves of human passion, to sound the depths of the soul.

Prescott, our great historian, was blind, and often so great was his pain from other maladies, that he could perform his literary labors only on his knees, or on his back. For days together his work was done in such a posture, while all that he wished to learn and all the facts of his great histories were read to him. The amount of his suffering was the measure of his victory and his fame. His life was true to the great achieving law of mind. And if, in his lower sphere of purpose and ambition, it reached its end—surely in the nobler field of Christian living it shall not fail.

For Paul, for Luther, for John Huss, for every disciple who suffers patiently in the kingdom of God, the thick darkness shall disclose eternal light, and expand into a celestial firmament, all set with golden planets. Made perfect by suffering, is written on all great and good life. The best warriors in our army were those who suffered most from battling and weariness and wounds. They were boldest, strongest in soul.

The throng of blessed spirits before the throne are they who come out of great tribulation, whose robes are washed in the blood of the Lamb—thus came they out of Christ's tribulation—and whose footsteps were watered by their own tears and blood—and so they come forth out of their own tribulation "made perfect through suffering."

Such was the Captain of salvation. "If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him—being glorified together." Not all sorrow has life and heaven in it. Only godly sorrow—only suffering with Christ.

AT WHAT AGE IS IT SAFE TO ADMIT CHILDREN INTO THE CHURCH?

BY REV. EDWARD PATSON HAMMOND.

This question is in these days being often asked by those who sincerely wish to know the will of God. It cannot be answered in a word, for children differ so much in intelligence and capacity. Some are more mature at five years of age than others at ten.

I have been led to think of this subject by a letter just received from a pastor in Millinburg, Pa., who was present at the union children's meetings in Williamsport, Pa. He wishes to know the earliest age at which it would appear safe to admit children to the Lord's table, and asks:—

"What is the age of the youngest child you know of that has been admitted to the communion of the Lord's Supper? A little lad in my congregation, between eight and nine years old, has found the Saviour, and obtained from Him a new heart. He comes into my young men's prayer-meeting, held in my study every night. We think his case very interesting—he is very bright and intelligent."

The answer, I think, is in the following letter, which I received from a little child in Williamsport, Pa. It seems that she was but six years of age when

she was admitted to the Lord's table. She is now eleven years of age. A minister, who has known her these years, told me she has lived a consistent Christian life. She tells her own story in these words, which I copy from her letter:—

"When I was six years old, I felt I loved Jesus, and have been trying to keep his word. My father was then stationed at Jersey Shore, and I asked him to let me join the church, which he did, on probation. I served my probation there. I joined the church, and I belonged to, and have been trying to live for Jesus, though I often do things I should not do; but I pray to God to forgive me, and I know He does it, for I feel it. On the 8th of January my dear Pa died. He was stationed here at Pine Street M. E. Church. A short time before he died, he wished to see us little children. I went so when I saw he would die. He said, 'Don't cry, Allie, you'll come to heaven some time and see your Papa there.' I am trying to meet him in heaven. Pray for me."

While I write, a mother tells me that her daughter joined the Church when she was eight years of age, and that she has followed Jesus faithfully now for eleven years. She also tells me that, at one time, eleven of her nieces and nephews joined the Church before they were twelve years of age, and that now, after eight years, they each honor their profession.

At a season of religious interest in the city of Washington, D. C., more than twenty-five years ago, a little girl only six years old, as she saw the minister—who related the fact to me—and her mother, starting for a religious evening meeting, begged of them the privilege of going with them. When asked "Why?" she said, "I want to find Jesus." We said to her, "You can find Him here. Give your heart to Him here at home." Her quick answer was, "I will." Her usual bedtime was seven o'clock; but that night, when they came home from the meeting, at half-past nine, she ran to her mother and exclaimed, "I've done it, mother." "What have you done, my child?" "Why, I gave myself right up to Jesus, as the minister told me, and He has given me a new heart, and I love Him."

Not long after, her pastor announced publicly that any who wished to join the Church might come for examination on a certain day, before the Session. I don't know how the little child escaped from her mother; but at any rate, when the grave, gray-headed elders with their minister were convened, in came this little one of six summers. They asked her what she wanted there. "Why, I've come to be examined to join the Church." "But you are too young. You don't understand these great doctrines." "Why," said she, "you come into our Sabbath-school, and tell us all to come to Jesus, and that He says 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' How old must we be before we can come to Him?" They found that the little child who had come to be examined, was examining them! They finally did "examine" her as she requested, and were satisfied that she was a Christian; but, on account of her being so young and tender a Lamb, wisely (?) concluded to drive her away from the warm fold for a few years, till "more mature." And so the weeping child was kept away in the cold, and was looked upon with suspicion for three long years; and then, when nine years of age, received into Church fellowship. Nearly twenty years have passed since then, and she has been all these years a worthy Christian, not a mere boarder in Christ's family.

If little children, it matters not how young, give Scriptural evidence of a change of heart, wrought by the Spirit of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and wish to join the Church, should they not be received? God forgive these who say, "No."

Many, many all over our land, are today saying, with one who was received into the Church at nine years of age, "I want to obey all of Christ's commands, and He has said, 'This do in remembrance of me.'"

PEORIA, ILL., March 13, 1866.

THE REVIVAL AT WILLIAMSPORT.

DEAR SIR:—I have seen several notices of the revival here, but nothing which at all approximates to the truth. God's saving grace has been manifested in a most wonderful manner. For more than two months past there has been unusual solemnity in the public services, and evident manifestations of the Divine presence.

Early in February, it was determined, if possible, to procure the presence of the Rev. E. P. Hammond. He was sent for, and came, intending to remain only two days; but his labors were so evidently blessed that he felt it his duty to remain longer. He preached for nearly two weeks. No church was large enough to contain the people, and the services were held in the Court House, a very large building. Three times a day it was crowded, and during the night services so closely packed, in the aisles and windows, that it was not possible to find room for more, and very many were obliged to go away. The anxious crowd stood, filling every nook and corner of the building, from early in the evening till ten and eleven o'clock, and sometimes later, unwilling to leave. Hundreds stood up for prayer, and the deepest religious feeling was everywhere visible, and in no respect was it more remarkable than in the awakening of old professors. These "reconstructed" Christians were aroused to activity, and the churches seemed shaken as by a mighty wind. The irreligious were anxious

and alarmed, and ordinary topics of conversation gave place to religious inquiries. Even in the streets, men were found talking with deepest interest about the things that concerned their salvation. Lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics, laborers, all were aroused. Men who had long been professing Christians, and who thought themselves unable to exert any direct influence in the church, were actively working for Jesus.

All classes felt the presence of the Spirit and power of God. When Christians and young converts, towards the close of the meetings, were called upon to rise, there seemed scarcely any who were seated. Whilst the union services in the Court House were conducted by Mr. Hammond, and in which all the churches except the First Presbyterian (Old School) united, there were interesting services, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Colt in that church, which also resulted in much good. It is not possible to ascertain how many have been hopefully converted, but as nearly as can be known, the number will probably reach eight hundred. It has been a season of great refreshing from the Lord. Such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit has never before been known in this part of the State.

We believe that much of it, under God, was due to the faithful services of that good minister of Christ, Mr. Hammond. He has bound himself to our hearts by the cords of closest affection. He will live in our prayers and in our remembrances as one greatly favored of God, in gathering very many here into the fold of Christ. The movement was also largely blessed among the children, but by far the largest number who have been hopefully converted are adults of ripe years, and many of them far past the prime of life.

That God may bless Mr. Hammond in his labor of love, and continue him in strength to do his Master's work, is the earnest prayer that goes up from many Christian hearts kindled into new life by his holy zeal, and warmed with love to God and their fellow men.

THE FREEDMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Many years ago, when there was great interest felt in the condition of the Greeks, quaint, eccentric John Randolph, of Roanoke, is said to have remarked to a lady, "Why, madam, the Greeks are at your own door."

The object of this communication is to call the attention of Northern philanthropists to the condition of the Freedmen of the South, to tell them "that the Greeks are at their own doors," and that they need immediate pecuniary aid.

Things have quieted down greatly of late. We of Virginia have accepted the present state of things, and are willing to abide by the Constitution and uphold the laws of the United States as far as in us lies. But the great question comes up, "What is to become of the negro?" I speak from a physical, not spiritual, standpoint.

As a laborer, many of us greatly prefer him to the ignorant foreigner thrown upon us, utterly unacquainted with any of our habits, totally unconvertant with our language. Our feelings toward the negro are far different from what many of the North suppose.

We are really attached to them. We have been raised with them from our infancy; they have sung the lullabies of our childhood; they have watched over us in sickness, and wept over us in death. Therefore, I say, we love the negro, and are willing to assist him in the untold relations of his new life. We are willing to instruct him to read and write, to teach him of God and heaven and eternal things. Most of our farms are working them in preference to white labor, for the reasons I have already mentioned.

Many of them, though of course there are exceptions, have shown themselves thrifty, industrious—perfectly capable of making their own contracts and taking care of themselves and their families; and I firmly believe, under the new order of things, they will prove themselves more valuable than they were before their emancipation. They work with a better spirit and feel a livelier interest in everything around them.

On my own farm, I have found this particularly the case. I have three families of colored, and one of white—the white, native—and of the two, I believe the negro the more thrifty. They have been regularly at work since Christmas, and as yet have not lost a single day. They furnish their own provisions. I find lodging, farming utensils, seed, stock, &c., and give them one-half of everything they make. Their families are not in my employment; but their wives are busily engaged in carding, spinning, raising fowls, vegetables, &c.; each one has a shoat, and they seem really cheerful, contented, and happy.

When they get out of provisions, they feel assured that they can purchase them of me at fair market price on credit. In fact, they feel that I am their friend, and will help them in any way in my power.

Thus far, they have rather kept me in their debt by little jobs, which they do in their own time, such as making brooms, mats, split-bottom chairs, (of white oak splits) and such like work.

They, of course, like their employers, have no money. In this respect we cannot possibly help them; and now, brethren of the North, if you will allow me thus to address you, will you not help

these deserving freedmen, who are doing all in their power to help themselves? They cannot get any money before their present crops are gathered in, and that will be next fall; too late for them to make the necessary preparations for winter.

Their summer clothing also must be furnished, and many of them have large families. They need mostly, to meet these emergencies, cotton, spinning-wheels, and cards.

Now, are you not willing to furnish them? They need assistance, and to you they must necessarily look.

Five dollars, judiciously expended, would furnish each family with these requisites, and without them they must needs suffer.

If you will furnish me the money, I will go to the trouble to purchase these things for them, and see that they go only to such as are deserving and making some effort to help themselves.

A hundred dollars could be judiciously expended at once in the county in which I reside, and much more, if it could be obtained.

As I am, of course, unknown to many of you, I will refer you to my publisher, M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway, New York, THOS. WARD WHITE, Pastor of Presbyterian Church at Lunenburg C. H., Va.

MISSIONARY BOX ACKNOWLEDGED.

Letter from Rev. Samuel Sawyer, of East Tennessee, in Acknowledgment of a Box from the Third Presbyterian Church of this city.

MARYVILLE, EAST TENN., Feb. 19, 1866.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—The "box," of whose coming you notified us, has at last arrived safely. By some misadventure, it went down to Atlanta and beyond, came back to Atlanta, and was stored there until disturbed by a "Tracer" and brought back to Knoxville. Though considerably racked by its long journey and frequent handling, as we opened it we found everything you had so thoughtfully provided, in good condition. We appreciate the kindness and liberality manifested towards us, and gratefully acknowledge our obligations to you all. The children say: "Dr. Brainerd's Church must be a noble Christian people, to send us so many good things." The little girl was perfectly delighted with her doll, and china dishes, and chairs, and sofa, and bureau, and tables.

Your Church gift was the most useful and valuable box we ever received. It helped materially in replenishing our wardrobe, which had been so thinned by wear and by plunder just before we moved from Knoxville. When I first came to East Tennessee, our salary was four hundred dollars per year. In three years it moved up to five hundred and fifty, and remained at that for six years, till I was forced away. Of course, it took some planning, economy and energy, to subsist on such an income.

While so kindly remembered by the followers of Christ in other parts of the great vineyard, we can cheerfully toil on in the Master's work among the hills and valleys of East Tennessee.

Your sincere friend, SAMUEL SAWYER.

LITTLE SARAH ANNA'S OFFERING.

OLD PINE STREET CHURCH.

A most touching incident occurred last Sabbath at the Missionary Meeting of the Sunday-schools of Old Pine Street Church. It was the presentation of sixty-five cents, from a little girl only five years old, belonging to the infant school, who had died the Sabbath before. This dear child was taken sick a few weeks ago, and to her great sorrow, was detained at home. The sweet hymns she learned at infant school were her constant delight. Often was she heard caroling up and down the house, "I am Jesus' little lamb." But her especial favorite was the sweet hymn, so dear to many hearts, "Shall we gather at the river?" These words were on her lips but a few hours before she died. It was a cold day, and standing at the window, she observed a little boy holding a horse. Fearing he would be cold, she begged her mother to bring him in to warm himself. Before the Sabbath ended, Jesus had gathered his lamb, "at the river, the beautiful river," where she shall say no more, "I am sick," and where God himself shall wipe away all tears from her eyes. Such was her love for the Missionary cause, that for months she had carefully saved every penny given to her to buy candy, etc. Collected in her little "Savings Bank," were pennies to the amount of sixty-five cents. These she requested might be sent to her teacher.

Little Sarah's offering, exhibiting such wonderful self-denial for her tender years, remains a touching evidence of the love which could conquer the natural desire of a child for the gratification of her appetite. All were moved to tears as the Superintendent held up the pennies and announced the sad tidings, that the hands which had so often clasped them were now cold in death. The words, "Shall we gather at the river," were sung with evident emotion, as they remembered that little Sarah, so lately with them, was singing the "New Song" where Jesus carries the lambs in his bosom in green pastures, and leads his beloved ones beside the still waters of the beautiful river, the River of Life.

A. C. W.

MARCH 12, 1866.

MR. WARNER'S LETTERS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

NO. VII.

DEAR SIR:—Methinks the President and some of his followers would do well to study the proprieties of American dictation. In France, the Chief Magistrate may justly claim to be the man of "policy," and to have the legislative body regarded as "his assistants." But it is not so here. The converse would be much more nearly true. Do men mistake the relative bearing of the words Chief Magistrate and President, as if it put the functionary of the White House above those of the Capitol? There could not be a greater blunder. Congress is not a magistracy, and the President's headship has no reference to that department of our system; it refers only to the subordinates of his own department, save, indeed, that in relations purely foreign it denotes a mouthpiece agency for the country at large. At home among ourselves, his chieftaincy is much rather one of police than of policy.

National policy, in the larger sense of the term, belongs exclusively to Congress; and if the President will have it, he must have it by usurpation. The difference of Louis Napoleon's case is self-explained: he is a sovereign prince; presiding over the lawmakers, as well as the law-executors of his empire. Independently of him, French legislation is but a pageant. I am afraid Mr. Johnson does not see this difference as he ought. Our Government is a Republic. With us, the legislative power is in Congress alone; he does not share it with them. And it is emphatically the sovereign power; the power that alone makes laws. And what is his function in the matter of the laws? Simply, to see that they be executed—a function clearly subordinate and ministerial.

It is true, the Constitution makes it his duty "to recommend to the consideration of Congress such measures as he shall deem expedient." In other words, if a kink of policy happen to get hold of his judgment, he must go to them with it. He may think of "expedient measures," but the right to put these in practice is theirs, not his, in the first instance. Afterwards, when policy becomes imperative by their enactments, he has again something to do with it—but now in the way of service only.

In short, the proper scope and drift of Executive home action in our Government is just what the phrase imports:—it is, to put the laws in force—a subservient, secondary business. The President may suggest measures of policy; but to institute them is in general to trespass on a sphere above his own.

Now, I conceive that he has thus trespassed in the whole course of his transactions with the rebel States; so far, at least, as his proceedings, instead of aiming at legitimate objects of military police and the preservation of order, have been designed in a policy of reconstruction, or as he prefers to call it, "restoration." If any particular measures (not founded in military jurisdiction) seemed to him "expedient," he should have proppounded them to Congress as the Constitution directs. His Amnesty Proclamation seemed at first not amiss. Its terms were more rigorous than those imposed by President Lincoln during the war. But were they meant to be so in operation? Has not their rigor all oozed out through a pardon crevice left open for that very purpose? Look at the twenty-thousand-dollar culprits, and numerous other classes nominally shut out from the general amnesty. Their case seemed desperate. And they began to think the man they should have murdered was Johnson, not Lincoln. At length, however, when they came to understand the philosophy of the crevice, a marvellous change occurred in their estimation of the President's character. And well it might. For no sooner did they approach his threshold to invoke a relaxation of his supposed wrath, than they found him all blandishment, with not a wrinkle on his brow, not a word of severity on his tongue, nor even a thought of it in his heart. They were to him returning prodigals, and he to them a father full of forgiveness, irrespective of their merits. So that they became at once devoted to him, admired his views of things, lauded his patriotism, and doubtless concluded that the murder which had brought him into power was, after all, not a bad job.

Apparently, (I will not say, in fact) this Amnesty Proclamation was the opening scene of the President's "policy" drama. Thenceforward he has been for bringing back the rebels as erring, but not disbanded, Unionists, and so without the necessity of appealing to Congress on the subject. I could never see that this was right. He calls it "restoration," as if aware that reconstruction is a point beyond his reach. But has he not assumed to reconstruct the South in several particulars, in order to their being "restored"? Has he not dictated constitutional enactments for their remodelled charters?—he, a purely executive functionary? So that his play upon words is but a subterfuge.

In fine, sir, my objection to the President's policy as such, is twofold; first, that it is jurisdictionally wrong, being coram non judice, as the lawyers say; and secondly, that it is wrong in principle.

As to which latter point, the objection is again double: taking ground, not only against receiving rebel States back without fresh guarantees, but also against allowing traitors individually to infer,

from our neglect of putting the laws in force against any them, that treason is neither very wicked nor very hazardous, and that the privileges of American citizenship are as safe for cut-throats as for honest men.

I lay stress, sir, upon the seeming covariance of Mr. Johnson's so-called policy at the horrible turpitude of the wretches he is befriending. The constitution bids him "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Has he done so? Has he taken one step in that direction? If not, what name can his conduct deserve, but that of official delinquency? Were he impeached, his "policy" would be of small service to him in the way of defence. I know not his motives, and will not presume to question them. His conduct is amazing. I am not aware that he has yet attempted, or even desired, to bring a single traitor to justice. Is the law of treason an exception to the canon of duty prescribed by the Constitution? That document informs him what evidence will convict a traitor, and there are millions of cases, of which he might take his choice for one or more conspicuous examples of condign visitation. Yet he deals in pardon only. Does he know that his pardoning power under the Constitution is a power to be exercised after conviction, not before? He ought to know it. What his pardons are worth in legal reckoning, need not, however, be discussed. The inculpation is, that he never punishes. Instead of which, he treats the pardon-seekers as if they had nothing of consequence to be forgiven; opens his drawing-room to them; tells them about his "policy," and how he wants them back among his other Democratic friends in Congress; utterly ignoring their enormous guilt, and leading them to dream as lightly of it as he does himself.

Sir, his policy is wrong, as involving a dereliction of executive duty under the Constitution. It is wrong, for the temerity of its drift in proposing to readmit traitors into power without pledges of future fidelity. If a thief had stolen your money, would you trust him in your counting-room again without precautions? It is wrong, lastly and chiefly, because baseless in its jurisdictional character. With great respect, &c.

H. W. WARNER.

A CALL TO FAITH AND PRAYER.

Let us, the people of God, take a higher and holier view of our position and responsibility. It is a solemn thing to be a Christian in this country and in this day. And, in order to quicken the sense of responsibility, let us dwell upon the value of the Gospel, its unsearchable riches. It comes to black and white, rich and poor, native and foreign, learned and ignorant; and bids the sinning soul look to Jesus, and be saved; and enables the vilest wretch to cry with unfeigned love, "Abba, Father!" It completely dispels the fear of death from those who all their lives have been in bondage to this king of terrors, and lets in the light of glory upon the souls that have dwelt in the blackness of moral darkness. O! to give an immortal soul such hopes, such possessions, is it not a sublime thought? The Gospel does this. The Gospel is that which we are commanded to give to our fellow-creatures.

O! why, why do we not go with it from house to house, from soul to soul, urging, entreating, inviting, offering, and pressing it upon our fellow-men? Want of clear spiritual vision, faith's eye being dimmed and almost sightless, is the great hindering cause. We do not believe, therefore we do not act. The Church needs a baptism of faith; a deeper impression of the unspeakable preciousness of Christ's Gospel; that it is not mere words of sound, but infinite, glorious reality. We need to go to each wretched soul, anticipate its eternal despair, and ask, "Can I not do something to exchange in that soul joy for remorse, hope for despair, heaven for hell?" We need to cherish this anxiety, to think of it, talk of it, pray over it, and act upon it, until the sinners all around us are saved in Jesus.

Then, too, the power of the Holy Ghost is too little appreciated in our Christian labors. It is His power that supports us. We fight and labor not at our own charges. The Spirit is promised. If we have this Spirit in us, we shall realize that souls are going to destruction, and we shall feel "that man is going to hell," and shall need no other consideration to take us to him with tears streaming from our eyes, and the message, "My dear friend, you are losing your soul: you must not lose your soul; I cannot bear to have you lose your soul!" And we shall then go to God with the pleading prayer, "O God! for Jesus' sake, do not let him perish." Then we must believe more in the efficacy of prayer. We lack here. The prayer that will not let God go, it is that we want. O, brethren! when the Church comes together to pray, pray, pray, hell will tremble!—Selected.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

There are many things of which you have a much more vivid perception at some times than at others. The thing is before you; but sometimes you can grasp it firmly—sometimes it eludes you mistily. You are walking along a country path, just within hearing of distant bells. You hear them faintly; but all of a sudden, by some caprice of the wind, the sound is borne to you with startling clearness. There is something analogous to that in our perceptions and feelings of many great facts and truths. Commonly, we perceive them and feel them faintly; but sometimes they are borne in upon us, we cannot say how. Sometimes we get vivid glimpses of things which we have often talked of, but which we had never discerned and realized before. And for many days it has been so with me. I have seemed to feel the lapse of time with startling clearness. I have no doubt, my reader, that you have sometimes done the like. You have seemed to actually perceive the great current with which we are all gliding steadily away and away.—Traveller's Magazine.