

American Presbyterian.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1866.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMAN NATURE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF CHRIST. I.

We cannot too carefully observe how the good and the bad qualities of the human heart, of friend and foe; of Jew and Gentile, of man and woman, of public men and private citizens, are brought to view in the last scenes of the life of our Saviour. Though the platform was narrow, and but few of the actors of historic importance by themselves, yet opportunity was given for an extraordinary play of human passion, and display of the most varied traits of human character. It would seem as if all the chief threads of life and the ruling impulses, good and bad, of which our nature is capable, crossed each other in this great event. Man, humanity itself, was on trial in the trial of Christ; so that the incidents of the trial and crucifixion have been unconsciously accepted as types of character and conduct; are quoted familiarly as historical precedents, and have gone into the proverbial language of Christendom.

And why should this be surprising? The greatest of human interests were at stake; the relations of man to his Creator and Judge were being adjusted; sin in the heart and life was meeting its grand antagonist; infinite love was bending to bless and to save perverse, hardened, guilty sinners. It could not be but that such a process should most thoroughly and searchingly test the inherent qualities of the soul. It must reveal, in a most emphatic manner, what was in man. The doors of the soul are flung wide open at such a summons, and all its secret tenants, all its dark passions and prejudices, all its subtle affinities for good or for evil, all its weaknesses, its grovelling selfishness and earthly-mindedness, its haughty indifference to spiritual claims and interests, its narrowness and bigotry, its craven fear and cruelty, its blindness in the midst of light, its cunning fraud and open disloyalty, its timidity, its policy, its vacillation, its despair; all these, as well as its capacities for good, come forth into the broad light of day and write themselves on the pages of history.

If proof were wanted of the historical correctness of the story of Christ's trial and death, the wonderful truth to nature of its various scenes and incidents would go far to confirm it. Amid signs not to be mistaken of something far above nature, we have the clearest and most instructive illustrations of what we know to be in us and around us to-day—a narrative, utterly beyond the powers of man to originate, yet in which never was man more accurately portrayed to himself. A grand figure moves gently and unresistingly, yet with sweet and stately dignity, through the scene, never ruffled by the storm of injustice, violence and cruelty raised against him; the crown of thorns cannot remove the Heavenly majesty from his brow; the mocking reed and garments, the bloody scourging, do not abate one jot of his royal beauty in our eyes. Divinity gleams through every defacement attempted by fanatical hatred. Through the darkest scenes of Gethsemane, of the Judgment Hall, and of Calvary, there is a mysterious and awful condescension of somewhat far above us to the limits of human life and suffering; but all around this Heavenly Sufferer, veritable men and women are grouped, whose moral individuality unfolds the more completely, it would seem, under the contrast of the Divinity with which, for the time, it is associated. One can scarcely find an opportunity for studying human nature to better advantage than in the unvarnished story which inspiration has furnished of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. And we urge this as a proof of the truth of the narrative. For the Evangelists were simple-minded men, without ambition or capacity as literary artists. Their work is a simple statement of facts; and the very nature of the facts, in such hands, is the proof of their reality.

We have, in fact, in the combination of individuals, parties and races to accomplish the death of Christ, a type of the fallen condition of humanity as a whole, and of the deadly hostility of our corrupt nature to God in His most gracious and saving attitude. It was the natural man, in Jew and Gentile garb, in Church and State, in the hierarchy and the laity, in the governor and the governed, in the partially good and the wholly bad, which rejected Christ on His mission of redemption, which clamored for His crucifixion, and for the liberation of Barabbas. Those dreadful

acts were the acts, not of a few scores or hundreds of people, long ago, and in a far-off country; they were, substantially, my acts and yours. In them we were fairly represented by the Jews and Pilate. The natural man is everywhere sure to cry out to the world's Redeemer: Not this man but Barabbas! As human nature is constituted, the murderous rejection of Christ was absolutely certain, and would be so to-day. Men had been rejecting all God's inferior agents, and when He sent His son they were ready to fly upon Him, exclaiming: "This is the heir; come let us kill him."

We are sometimes led off into vain and deceitful dreams of the excellence of human nature. Natural qualities are praised; and teachers of depravity are denounced as bigots. The inherent capacity of unassisted man to rise in civilization and in character, is often declared and still more often taken for granted. But test men, as the Jews and Gentiles were tested, by presenting a suffering Saviour, claiming Divine authority, requiring supreme devotion, and offering a free salvation by faith; and the most amiable and the most cultivated; as well as the most superstitious and degraded, will demonstrate the strength and universality of their depravity by rejecting Him as Jew and Gentile did. Their act, truthfully described as "the grand discovery of human depravity, and in all its circumstances the greatest single act of wickedness that ever was or can be committed," is, in spirit, done over and over again thousands of times, every day, by the impenitent rejecter of Christ. All the elements of its reproduction in its essential features, are involved in the character and acts of the men of this generation. It is part and proof of the degree of man's depravity that it rises most violently against the divine and perfect means of his recovery.

PRESBYTERIAN EMIGRATION TO SOUTHERN DELAWARE.

A NEW CHURCH—PASTOR INSTALLED AT BRIDGEVILLE.

Cheering instances of progress and recovery of lost ground are occurring in Lower Delaware. The Presbytery of Wilmington have always kept a close eye upon the old sites of Presbyterian Churches in their bounds, and have watched and improved every opportunity offered by the building of railroads and the movements of new settlers, for planting in new places, the institutions of the Gospel. The secession of 1857, indeed, almost shut them out of the lower part of the Peninsula. But keeping good heart, and having still some faithful men in the region; particularly in Milford, they manned the church there, established new preaching places in the neighborhood, and were cheered by a response from the loyal and intelligent classes of the old residents, and by a steadily increasing current of Northern immigration.

Two years ago, Rev. L. C. Lockwood called the attention of the Presbytery to Bridgeville, the home of the lamented Governor Cannon, as a promising field of missionary effort. It is remarkable that the immigration to that quarter, coming mainly from Pennsylvania and New York, is, without any previous concert, almost exclusively Presbyterian and Reformed Dutch. Some of the families are large; most of them, as may be expected from such antecedents, are intelligent; there are truly pious persons, zealous and active members of the Church; leading men in the community are praying and devoted men in the Church, ready for Sabbath-school enterprise, and so far as their means go, for every measure necessary for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. It is rare, indeed, that a new settlement furnishes such an admirable nucleus for a Home Missionary enterprise, as that which is gathering in and around Bridgeville.

The town lies about 106 miles south from Philadelphia, directly on the Delaware railroad, and is reached in a little over five hours from the Prime street depot. The soil in the immediate vicinity is light, but by no means excessively so. It is easily tilled, and susceptible of almost any degree of improvement. It is, however, especially adapted to trucking and peach-growing. Farms can still be had at from fifteen to twenty five dollars an acre, in the neighborhood. Settlers are favored by the railroad company, for the first year, by a reduction of one-third from the regular rates on passage and freight.

Presbyterian families, who are looking for new homes, may with the utmost confidence be referred to Bridgeville, Delaware, as a settlement where they will be certain to meet with those religious influences and those privileges, which they would most emphatically prefer for themselves and their

families, and where their church associations, from the material already on the ground, are likely to prove of the most happy sort.

On last Thursday, the Presbytery of Wilmington, by a committee, installed as pastor of the new Church of Bridgeville, Rev. Alexander Gulick, late of Hudson River Presbytery. The services were performed in a large and convenient building, once used as a storehouse, and recently fitted up, with benches and lights, for the congregation. This building was thronged by a most interesting audience, including a large number of young people, and many who could not gain admittance, crowded around doors and windows. A admirably-performed parlor organ, with a choir, added interest to the services, which were introduced by the baptism of the infant child of the pastor elect. The moderator of the Presbytery, Rev. John Patton, D.D., presided and put the constitutional questions; Rev. Wm. Aikman preached a sermon on Rom. i. 16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," etc., which was a lucid and faithful exhibition of the power of the Gospel to elevate, to bless and to save men. Rev. John W. Mears gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. Edward Webb the charge to the people. A spirit of deep tenderness and earnestness characterized the exercises, the very first of the kind ever witnessed by the old residents in that community. The impression made was, doubtless, most profitable. The associations connected with the enterprise, not only as a promising advance of our Church, but as part of a hopeful movement going on in that section of the State, made the services unusually interesting.

It gives us pleasure to add that Mr. Gulick has already won the confidence and esteem of the community, and that his ministrations are most favorably regarded by the people. A flourishing Sabbath-school is in operation with a good supply of faithful teachers, which is aiding greatly in commending the enterprise to the families of the neighborhood.

It is contemplated to commence building a church edifice in the fall. Lots have already been secured; and an effort to raise the necessary funds will soon be made. Friends who are called on for aid, may give with all confidence in the enterprise, as one of the most hopeful and deserving on the list.

Persons desiring information, with a view to settlement, are referred to Mr. George Cannon, Bridgeville, one of the elders of the Church, and a devoted friend of the enterprise, who will cheerfully answer inquiries.

"THE PRESBYTER."

We most cordially acknowledge the services rendered us by the Cincinnati *Presbyter*, in brilliantly advertising our paper in full, in its second editorial column, last week. It is rare, indeed, that a service so eminent is performed unsolicited. It would be difficult to calculate the money-value of an advertisement so conspicuously posted.

We must also express our obligations to it, which has guarded its readers against the not uncommon error of confounding the editor's name with Myers, which he very justly informs them is incorrect—the true name of the family being Mears. Recent investigations have brought to light some other modifications of the name, which, if the editor is curious on the subject, or desirous of lending his aid further in correcting or guarding against mistakes, we will communicate to him.

The general reader needs to be informed that *The Presbyter*, a paper of the other branch in Cincinnati, has taken these liberties—as we may call them—for the sake of discrediting the phrase "Constitutional Presbyterian Church," which forms part of the regularly published prospectus upon the title-page of this paper. At this late date *The Presbyter* has waked up to the fact of its existence there, although it is coeval with the history of the paper. The present editor of the *AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN* found it in the prospectus, where he has since left it undisturbed. It has seemed to him a truthful designation of the branch of the Church more particularly represented by the *AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN*. We cannot understand this sudden sensitiveness on a phrase which has been floating at our mast-head nine years, or the summons for its removal at this time. We are sorry, indeed, if so good a man as the editor of *The Presbyter* does not like it; for it is our decided intention to keep it there.

REV. EDWARD P. HAMMOND and lady sailed from New York by the *Hibernia* on Saturday, July 28. They go to the Holy Land.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE LAID.

On Friday, the 27th of July, the Great Eastern successfully completed the great enterprise of laying the Atlantic cable, and distinct and satisfactory messages were at once received, as during the whole voyage had been the case, from the other side. It is remarkable that, as with the cable of 1858, the first news brought is that of PEACE. In 1858 the first and almost the only news despatch announced peace between England and China. In 1866 the first news carried is of peace between Austria and Prussia. As this is a far more important announcement, we may take it as an omen of far greater service to be rendered by the new cable. Remembering our premature rejoicings eight years ago, we will not be over-sanguine to-day. We trust that ere this paragraph reaches our readers, full confirmation will be given to the hopes which now seem so reasonable, of entire success in the great scheme of putting all parts of the civilized world in instantaneous connection with each other. Certainly, it is not too early for all to express acknowledgments to our indefatigable countryman, CYRUS W. FIELD, to whose zeal, perseverance, good spirits, and undaunted courage, we owe this last and most promising attempt at Atlantic telegraphy.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

London, July, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR:—We are in the middle of "the dog-days." The heat is very oppressive, not very far short of the pleasant dose of it I had last year in your country. We have had a good deal of rain and genial weather for the last month, and everything bids fair for a good harvest and an early one. The cattle plague is gradually dying out—the weekly deaths have come down from thousands to hundreds, and we are in hopes of soon seeing the last of it. The last account I saw was only 325. We are slowly but surely recovering, too, from the effects of the late commercial crisis, or "panic," rather. Money gets easier, and confidence is gradually returning in commercial circles, though the bank rate of interest still stands at 10 per cent. We have had, too, since I wrote, a ministerial crisis, and that, too, has passed quickly over. Lord Russell and his party are "out;" Lord Derby and his party are "in." The feeling is very strong that there was no need of the ministry going out. They were defeated only on a matter of detail in regard to their Reform bill; and it was thought that, considering the state of matters at home and abroad, a ministerial interregnum ought not to have been added to the complications, without much stronger reasons than the outgoing Cabinet could offer. But now all is over. What remains of the time devoted to the sitting of Parliament will be bestowed on the passing of necessary measures only; then will come the prorogation—then the Derby ministry will be left to prove itself, unless any very great crisis arise, till the usual time of the meeting of Parliament in February of next year. The feeling is prevalent that the new ministry must have a fair trial, and that it will have, between now and the meeting of Parliament.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

But the position of foreign affairs absorbs all interest. All eyes are eagerly turned and wholly fixed on the continent. As earnestly as we watched your internal struggle, do we now watch and wait for the last news from the seat of war. It all seems like a fevered dream. When I last wrote you, war had not been proclaimed; or if it had, that was all; now, it may be over. It was only on the 14th of June, not yet a month ago, that "Federal Execution" was decreed by the Germanic Diet. Two days after, the Prussians entered Leipsic; the following day they entered the Hanoverian Capital. On the famous 18th of June they had entered Bohemia, and had taken possession of Dresden. The first action of any importance, near Trautenau in Bohemia, took place only on the 25th of June. Then action followed action with fearful rapidity. Each day had its new engagement, and its new victory to the Prussian arms. Prussia carried all before her, in one unbroken stream of conquest, till the 3d of July, when, in the desperate battle of Sadova, Austria was fairly baffled and beaten. As account after account comes in, the completeness of the victory is established. We have now accounts of all sorts from all sides. We have two separate accounts from two very able correspondents of the *Times*; one a military, and the other a literary man. The soldier correspondent was with the staff of the Austrian General; the *littérateur* got posted on the top of a high turret in the fortress of Koniggratz, from which he could see nearly the whole field of battle. By their accounts, the Austrians were completely routed. These accounts are

confirmed by official documents from Austria, from Prussia, and from correspondence of all sorts. It seems altogether beyond doubt that Austria, as a military power, is fairly, for the time, crushed and utterly crumpled up. It seems undoubted that she lost, in that one disastrous battle, in killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, upward of 80,000 men, 150 guns, vast stores of war material, some of her ablest generals, and the very heart and courage of her beaten army. Prussia is not slow to see and follow up her advantage; she now holds Prague, and so Bohemia; and is within two or three days' march of Vienna, on which there is hardly anything to hinder her from walking and taking possession, so soon as she pleases.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

There was a long letter in the *Times* "after the battle," by a spectator of the field. The description reveals a scene of horrors truly awful. One picture was very touching. The dead soldiers were laid in trenches side, by side, Prussians and Austrians together, in their uniforms; the officers in single graves apart, marked only by a wooden cross. The writer saw a woman sitting on a fresh mound over a common soldier's new-made grave. The wooden cross at the head of it she had decorated with oak boughs. She held his shattered helmet in her lap. She had followed her husband through all his weary marchings—faithful to the very death; and now she sat, pouring out her deep sorrow alone over his grave. O, the hearts that have been dried, up, crushed, and made desolate by this horrid butchery! And yet, "It was a glorious victory."

RESULTS.

The result hitherto seems to be this: Austria cannot stand up alone against Prussia, man for man. The needle gun carries all before it. The needle gun—yes, but in able hands, and with able generals. Prussia has established her superiority, first, in promptitude; second, in generalship; third, in the superiority of her soldiery in strength and endurance, if not also in bold courage and daring; fourth, in the clearest and most undoubted point of all, in her arms—small arms. It seems a clear result, that the needle gun, all things else being equal, is about, at the lowest computation, equivalent to multiplying the side that is armed with it by three; some say by five; others enthusiastically go higher still. One result of that is, that we have already ordered the conversion of 100,000 Enfield rifles into breech-loaders. But further, Italy was undoubtedly beaten at Custozza. That is admitted by common consent. Beaten, but by no means shamefully so; overcome by mere strength and mere force of numbers, planted in a superior position. She was again gathering her strength up for renewed battle, when Austria, beaten on the other side, by a master stroke of policy ceded Venetia to the Emperor of the French. He and all the diplomats are now at work—the latest rumor, while I write, speaks of "armed mediation" on the part of Louis Napoleon. It is said that two or three iron-clads have already left Toulon, and that other vessels are busily engaged in victualling, prepared to follow. Speculation is baffled. What the next step, the next result may be, God only knows. "But men are beginning slowly to confess that the finger of God is growing more fully visible. It is not the least use attempting to forecast the future. The situation is now very complicated. If France is drawn in, Russia will undoubtedly follow; and then how we can escape and dwell apart, does not seem so clearly visible. We rejoice in our insular position. We dwell as in a castle surrounded by a most—a broad and deep ditch, always full—70 miles in breadth at the narrowest part. There, and in our trust in God, lie our security."

COURT GOSSIP.

We have had no end of royal marriages, too, since I last wrote you. The gossip that has been going about these marriages, and about the royal family generally, in this West End of London, is truly wonderful. "Court gossip" is confined to the higher circles. It percolates very slowly down, and it is long before it reaches the lower strata of society. Round the royal residences, at Windsor, at Osborne, and at Balmoral, the gossip is thick and fast "as leaves in Valhambrosa." When Buckingham Palace was used as a royal abode, during the season, there was no lack of "court news," "court scandal," and "court gossip." This was picked up at the clubs and at parties by "our own correspondent," slightly embellished by him in his neat, oracular style, and sent off to his country newspaper, whence it soon went forth over a whole country-side. This "season"—I may tell your readers, by the way, that "the season" coincides with the usual meeting of Parliament and lasts till its adjournment, or till toward the "middle" of July—this

TERMS.

Per annum, in advance: By Mail, 85. By Carrier, 83 50. Fifty cents additional, after three months. Clubs.—Ten or more sent to one address, payable strictly in advance and in one remittance. By Mail, \$2 50 per annum. By Carrier, \$3 per annum. Ministers and Ministers' Widows, \$2 50 in advance. Home Missionaries, \$2 00 in advance. Remittances by mail sent at our risk. Postage.—Five cents quarterly, in advance, paid by subscribers at the office of delivery. Advertisements.—12 1/2 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for the second insertion. One square (ten lines) one month.....\$3 00 two months.....2 50 three months.....2 00 six months.....1 50 one year.....1 00 The following discount on long advertisements, inserted for three months and upwards, is allowed:—Over 20 lines, 10 per cent. off; over 50 lines, 20 per cent.; over 100 lines, 30 per cent.

season, then, the gossip has been more than usually abundant, more than usually consistent, and more than usually credited. I am thankful to say, that most of that regarding Prince Christian has turned out to be false.

DEPLORABLE FANCY OF THE QUEEN.

But still the gossip goes about the Queen herself. Her persistent absence from London life—her wearing mourning so long, even at her own daughter's wedding, and at that of Princess Mary of Cambridge—her fancies regarding her late husband—she will not permit any one to speak of him as "the late" Prince Consort; she persists in the belief that he is alive; keeps his horse always ready, saddled and bridled; keeps a lamp burning at his shrine, night and day—and a thousand things of that sort. But the gossip goes down further. There is a "gillie," by name John Brown, a low, vulgar fellow, they say, who smokes a short, black "cutty" pipe, and spits as he goes—the report, in the very highest circles, is, that the Queen sees a likeness to the Prince in Brown; that she believes that Prince Albert's soul has gone into this man; and so, wherever the Queen goes, goes with her John Brown—a stalwart, brawny Highlandman. The other day, at Windsor, as the Queen was driving to or from the railway station, with the inseparable gillie standing on the footboard behind the carriage, the mob grew and gathered and shouted out to him, in its wrath, "Why do you not go inside beside Mrs. Brown?" A board, too, was stuck up in Balmoral, on which was the doggerel rhyme painted in black upon white: "Mrs. Brown's gone out of town."

That these things should be even said in any quarter, is deplorable in the extreme. That they should be said in the very highest circle of the land, and believed there, is worse still. The popularity the Queen so long and so largely enjoyed, has been for some time on the wane; and people are beginning to ask, What is the good of keeping up a State puppet of this sort at a cost of £300,000 a year? *Cui bono?* I am sorry to say the Prince of Wales, does not stand much higher in the estimation of the good and true in our land.

ALARMING SPREAD OF RITUALISM.

In ecclesiastical matters, there is little to report, beyond the growing ritualism of the Church of England. Convocation had a committee appointed to consider and report thereupon, which committee reported and considered; at least, judging from the report, they reported first and considered afterwards. There is not a word of Scripture in the whole document. There is not a word in it which a heathen, ignorant of the source of our faith; the Bible, might not have penned: It blows hot and cold—recommends this and that—do and do not; but substantially, hold fast all you have got in the way of ritual, if you can keep it; if not, let go only what you must. Meanwhile, "the movement" waxes strong and spreads. One hears of it everywhere. Reports come from all districts of strange sayings and doings; of incense regularly used; of the whole Popish vestments being regularly employed; of the elevation of the host; of prostrations before "the bread of God;" of confessional boxes openly set up in churches; of processions out of doors and in, with crosses, banners, and surpliced priests, and choristers clad in all manner of ecclesiastical finery; of prayers for the dead; of sisterhoods and of brotherhoods, of retreats, of fasts, and of penances—in short, as one of the ablest of the evangelical clergy of the Church of England said to me only the other day, "Sir, we have men among us by the score and by the hundred, who want only one thing to make them complete and out-and-out Papists; and that is, acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope, not in general terms, for that they do, but over themselves." And yet, things being brought to this pass, how are they met? By feeble protests, feebly uttered and feebly offered. They are met by indifference, a shrug of the shoulders, and by a hope expressed that "all will be put to rights when the Lord comes."

A general expectation prevails among the clergy of the Established Church that the personal advent of the Lord Jesus Christ is near at hand; that all things must grow worse and worse till He comes; and therefore they acquiesce in "things as they are," almost without a murmur. One thing grows clearer to me daily—if things do not get mended soon, the Lord will certainly be down upon them in judgment, for they are very ripe, indeed, for that. My paper is done, and I close hastily.

Yours ever, PHILADELPHIA.

REV. EDWARD (not William) WEBB was installed pastor at Glasgow, Del., July 19.