

Correspondence.

REV. E. P. HAMMOND'S LETTERS FROM PALESTINE, No. II.

It is impossible to give you a full account of the many objects of interest which fall under our notice during a journey through the Holy Land. I shall, therefore, not attempt to speak of Kadash and Safed, and other places of historic interest, which we passed on our way from Cesarea Philippi to the Sea of Galilee. Our first night beside its waters was passed at Tiberias, one of the four cities, which the Jews regard as especially sacred. For they believe that the Messiah will rise from the Sea of Galilee, land at Tiberias, establish his throne at Safed, which overlooks the lake from the neighboring heights, the "city that is set on a hill."

During the first few centuries Tiberias was to the Jew a second Jerusalem. Here, for a time, was established the Sanhedrim. But in 1837, some 5,000 persons were destroyed by an earthquake in Safed. Some 500 lost their lives in Tiberias. Its shattered walls still speak of that terrible tragedy. It now numbers only 2,000, of whom one-half are Jews. Our first visit was at the warm baths of Tiberias, on the eve of the 22d of Nov. Indeed they seemed hot baths, rather than warm; for the water issues from the earth, very near the shore of the lake, at the temperature of 144 degrees Fahrenheit, with a bitter taste and a strong smell of sulphur. The house erected over the fountain appeared to us, in the twilight, to have been of elegant marble construction, coeval, it is said, with Herod the Great, and perhaps built under his guidance. We found the water at least five feet deep, and so hot as to be well nigh unendurable. I cannot say that I enjoyed the bath as much as I did a swim that day after a duck which I had shot a little distance from the shore of the lake. We were glad to get away from that dark, lonely spot. Our ride of three miles, back to our tents, without our Dragoon, after dark, amid the desolate ruins of the once proud city of Herod, the murderer of John the Baptist, and, watched by, we knew not how many Bedouins, who would be glad of a chance to kill us, was not of a very pleasant nature.

The next morning it was agreed to have a sail upon the lake, and to witness the marriage of the Jordan waters with those of Galilee. Our Dragoon told us there was but one boat upon the lake, and that that was at our disposal. It seemed a pleasant morning, and we were soon at the water's edge, but the boat was a rod or two distant, and we were each obliged to be carried, ladies and all, into the boat in the arms of the Arab boatmen. We soon found this to be a leaky affair, requiring all the labor of one of the four men who manned her, to keep us afloat. This did not trouble us much, so long as the sea remained quiet; and so we continued to read and chat, quite at our ease.

The accounts we had read of the terrible storms on Galilee, seemed all exaggerated, for as we had looked upon the lake from Safed, and from the shore, it appeared much smaller than we expected. Dr. Budington even expressed the wish that we might have a little wind to fill our sail and perhaps also to give us some idea of a miniature storm, just to call to mind the disciples' experience, when they said, "Master carest thou not that we perish?" It was not long before a fearful storm burst upon us. We were then near two miles from the shore, in that part of the sea which is about eight miles wide. But, as the fierce waves tossed our boat about like a plaything, it seemed as if the lake suddenly expanded in all directions. Instead of being sixteen miles in length, it appeared nearer thirty. I have, at different times in my life, been in great danger upon the water. I was once upset in a boat on Lake Superior, and had to swim for my life. But never but once, and that when we struck an iceberg in the Atlantic, was I so much alarmed. I really felt we were in danger of going to the bottom. The miserable Arabs seemed to know nothing about managing the boat, and we could not make them understand a word of our language, and they were as much alarmed as we. One of the ladies was sea sick. The boat was leaking all the time, and occasionally a large wave paid us an unceremonious visit. Oh! how vividly all this brought to mind those urgent words: "There arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full, and He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow, and they awoke Him, and say unto Him, 'Master carest thou not that we perish?' And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, peace, be still, and the wind ceased, and there was a great calm. He said unto them, why is it that ye are so fearful? How is it that ye have no faith?" Mark iv: 37-40.

We thought also of that mid-night scene recorded in Mark vi, Luke ix, and John vi. It was "in a desert place," not far from the north-eastern shore of the lake that He had fed the 5,000 with five loaves and two fishes. As night approached He constrained his disciples to get into the ship and to go to the other side—while He sent away the people. "And when He had sent them away He departed into a mountain to pray. And when the even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and He alone on the land. And He saw them toiling and rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them. And about the fourth watch of the night He cometh unto them walking upon the sea." No wonder that they were at first alarmed, but when they heard His cheering words,

"It is I, be not afraid," all their fear vanished. Yes, and as "He went up unto them into the ship the wind ceased."

Oh! how vividly these panoramas passed before us. And we concluded that it would be wise for us to follow the example of the disciples and to cry to Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," for His Divine assistance. We did so with all our hearts, and we could but feel that He heard our prayers. "And the wind ceased."

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY PARSONAGE.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

By the help of our God upon us, we were enabled, in November last, successfully to organize such an Association here. The number of young men here to engage in any such an enterprise, is not great. Many families, with respect to their sons and brothers, are like Rachel, weeping for her children, because they are not. The war took not a few, and forgot to return them all. The all-pervading mania to become hastily rich, a craving for unenjoyed excitements, together with a desire to escape from laborious manual toil, continue to impel our young men from country to city. Concerning this wholesale inroad upon country prosperity, you, Mr. Editor, and your compeers, are not innocent. In future letters from the parsonage you will have a number of things additional in connection with this matter.

To fathers, mothers, teachers, pastors, elders, and citizens, this subject is one of intense interest and significance. Such leaders of society in the country are, to a large extent, guilty for this stampeding of their hopeful young men after callings which are supposed to be more honorable, profitable, or accompanied with less toil than tilling the soil. Cities have heretofore possessed a monopoly of advantages for social, intellectual, moral, pleasurable enjoyment and improvement. Music, painting, sculpture, museums, academies, associations, and lectures on almost every conceivable subject are constantly within the reach of dwellers in cities. Railroads, with various other facilities, are scattering into every section of our country, multitudes of daily papers from our cities, with glowing accounts of all these and a multitude of other things. YOUNG AMERICA: this commodity is in country as well as city; reads, ponders, compares, becomes uneasy, and is off—perhaps to success, but perchance to ruin.

An object of our Young Men's Association has been, as far as practicable, to introduce into this exceedingly beautiful section of country the peculiar advantages of our cities. But few country neighborhoods have the advantage of a well-selected library, nor has the taste for reading books of a superior order been sufficiently cultivated. The impression, moreover, exists, that in rural districts there is need to "cultivate" an appreciation both for the pleasure and profit of a well-digested, literary, moral or scientific lecture.

Arrangements have accordingly been made by the Young Men for a library in order to general circulation. They have also resolved to inaugurate a course of five lectures, to be held at the full moon of each month during the cold season. The Committee have been happily successful in securing for the present season a corps of well-known and talented lecturers. From the coming of these, month after month, much pleasure, as well as profit, was anticipated. Two of the lectures have already been delivered.

EX-GOV. JAMES POLLOCK, of Penna., introduced the course on the 15th of December. His theme was, "The Historical Development of Individual Character." A lecture abounding in philosophic thought with historic research, and delivered in the wonted happy manner of this well-known Christian statesman and philanthropist. A brief synopsis could hardly be given without doing injustice to the unity of thought maintained throughout the entire lecture.

REV. G. F. WISWELL, D.D., of Wilmington, Del., delivered the second of the course on the evening of January 15. His subject was, "Books, Authors, and Reading." Such a theme presented by a man of thought and research, and wielding a ready pen, could not fail to be of interest and profit to any intelligent audience.

BOOKS.—"Of making many books there is no end." Were all that have ever been written and printed preserved until now, the world could not contain them. The reader would become bewildered, and no single person be able to read even the title pages in a life-time. Not a loss but a gain to us that the famous Alexandrian Library was burned. A blessing also that countless other volumes have perished out of memory. All the accumulations from past ages worth preserving are retained to us still. Silent and unobtrusive, yet interesting and instructive companions, are books. So beyond all computation is that Book of books whose Author is Divine and whose instructions are infallible.

AUTHORS.—Of these the number has been legion. Happily the memorial of a vast majority of them has perished from the memory of those now living. Ancient authors seem to have collected the cream of thought for the use of all coming ages. Their productions still survive and are read by multitudes, while thousands of succeeding volumes have, and are still perishing. The thoughts as written by most modern authors, seem wonderfully diluted and spread over a large surface of paper.

Many authors scribble books for the mere novelty of writing—others write from the ambi-

tion of authorship—not a few for money; while a small number become authors from an earnest desire thereby to do good.

READING.—Every body, now-a-days, reads. Many gormandise on books, periodicals, pamphlets and papers, with the apparent effort to read every thing that is published. Some read for mere amusement and in order to kill time; others in order to appear learned; while a small number read in order to be instructed, and thereby become able in turn to instruct others.

The world is full of literary trash and its perusal is dissipating the minds and destroying the usefulness of multitudes. Fifth-rate novelettes, in the shape of sickly religious stories, burden the shelves of our Sabbath school libraries and are fast vitiating the tastes of our children.

No one can read all, not a tenth, no, not even a hundredth part of the books which are now being published. When time is allowed for reading a book, an all-important question to be asked is, "Is it the right one?" Intelligence, judgment, advice and experience are all requisite in order to make a judicious and profitable selection.

This brief report of matters and things here in East Whiteland is sent you, Mr. Editor, not only because they interest us, but also with the hope that others may be, in like manner, interested and assisted in like efforts. A. M. STEWART.

KOLAPOOR MISSION.

ENCOURAGING INDICATIONS.

Late letters from Rev. R. G. Wilder speak of his health as so much improved, that he has recommenced his preaching tour. He says:—"I have got so enlisted in this village-work, that it is with extreme difficulty I can write at all. I have preached in six villages to-day, where the name of Christ was never heard before. The people listen with intense interest, and the force of truth seems to convince their minds and affect their hearts much. Upon these people I trust that superstition will never be so firmly fixed again. Nipani, where we spent some days, preaching in it and surrounding villages, is a town of 10,000 souls, and a very good place for a mission station. There I saw a poor man who had made a vow to Kalaba, (idol god,) that if he would heal his limbs, he would roll to his shrine—some 30 miles away. Fancying that Kalaba had healed him, I saw him starting on this pilgrimage, rolling his naked body over and over on the ground, through dust and dirt and mud, resolved to fulfil his vow. Yesterday, in the stone door-sill of one temple, I counted 130 rupees firmly imbedded there by worshippers in fulfillment of such vows. In the stone sill of another temple was much larger sum. Under the force of their superstition, many of these poor idolaters give more largely than Christians do under the sacred impulse of love to Christ and the souls of perishing men."

In another letter it is said that, "the students and teachers of the English school in Kolapoor are wishing to have their schools put under Mr. Wilder's superintendence, and have drawn up a petition to that effect to present to Government. Just fancy the change since we came to Kolapoor fourteen years ago, when it was so difficult to get a boy to come to school! The head master of the English school has for years been coming to Mr. Wilder for instruction. He is present at our chapel service almost every Sabbath. I hope the time is not distant when many of this people will embrace the Christian faith; then, this will indeed be a pleasant land."

FROM DENVER TO CENTRAL CITY.

The impressions upon first entering the city of Denver are favorable. It has an appearance of comfort and business prosperity, which cannot fail to strike the observer. The houses are well built, and, with the fine stores, banks, mint, and churches, vindicate its well-earned reputation. The city is delightfully situated, and even in the winter season, the beauty and novelty of the surrounding scenery is impressive. To the south, about seventy-five miles, towering above the horizon, is Pike's Peak, and sixty miles to the north, looming above the range, Long's Peak is seen in the distance; and between these points, and far beyond to the north, until lost in the distance, is the grand and ever-varying scenery of the Rocky Mountains. Between Denver and the "Fool Hills" is a level plain, and the nearest point is about fifteen miles, but to a person ignorant of the fact, they appear to be but a few minutes' walk from the town. Last summer a party of gentlemen just arrived from the East, deceived by the appearance, proposed taking a walk over the hills before breakfast, the morning after their arrival. They travelled a greater part of the day, and returned to the hotel late in the afternoon without having reached them. Beyond the "Fool Hills," the mountains, as far as the eye can see, are broken and uneven, resembling immense piles irregularly distributed, while far above them in the distance, is the "Snowy Range," in an air-line about fifty miles from Denver—and about fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. This range, in the hottest weather of midsummer, is covered with snow, and gleams with dazzling brightness in the sunshine of a clear day. The summit is smooth and unbroken, and all along its course there is scenery of rare beauty and wonderful and surprising effect. Middle Park, just beyond the "Snowy

Range," is one hundred miles long, and nearly as wide. It is a level plateau in the midst of the mountains, covered in summer with tall grass. This, together with South Park and San Luis Park, near Pike's Peak, and North Park with Monument City and the "Garden of the Gods," are prominent among its many attractions.

The farming lands, as you approach the mountains, are covered with ditches and supplied from mountain streams, for irrigating the soil in summer, as there is seldom any rain. By this means, fine crops of wheat are raised, averaging thirty bushels to the acre. The winds from the mountain defiles are so strong that fences are inclined at a considerable angle, and must be supported by posts.

As you enter the Fool Hills en route for Golden City, you are impressed with the variety of the forms which present themselves. Now a tall, castellated rock frowns upon you—then every conceivable shape of hill and slope crowds the view, until, lost in wonder, the devout heart acknowledges the manifestation of the power and presence of the Almighty. Back of these, hills there was pointed out to me a narrow range of sandstone with a vein of coal accompanying, and believed to extend many miles. Unlike our Eastern coal formations, the strata are perpendicular or dipping but slightly. It burns freely without coking, and if it proves to be extensive it will be of vast importance for this region; as the demands of the miners are fast depriving the mountains of their pines. Many of these have been fire-killed, and present a black, unsightly appearance.

Golden City, fifteen miles from Denver, is the Capitol of Colorado. The Legislature were in session as I passed through—the exciting political topic at this time being the admission of Colorado as a State. The negro suffrage question is the difficulty in the way of its accomplishment. Golden City is beautifully located in a natural basin, surrounded on all sides by towering mountains, without apparent outlet. There is considerable speculation as to whether it, or Denver, is to be the important centre of business when the railroad connection with the States is completed. Passing through Golden Gate, we soon entered into a narrow defile which widened as we advanced into the mountain range. For twenty miles amid these grand and magnificent views, we wound slowly through gorges up a mountain slope or dash, with fearful speed down a steep declivity. We reached Central City late in the day. The rarity of the atmosphere was very apparent. Our pulses were accelerated and breathing somewhat difficult. We had made a gradual ascent from Denver, until we were nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Central City, with its environs, extends about two miles in a continuous line along various gulches, and is a town where the mining interest is made altogether subservient to every thing else. Houses have been undermined and the picturesque appearance of the country quite obliterated by the miner. The unsettled future of its denizens is a great drawback to its improvement. The intelligence and courtesy of its inhabitants generally is remarkable. I met here gentlemen of the highest order of refinement and education, and accomplished men of science, men of vast experience in mining, my intercourse with all of whom I can recall with pleasure, and shall ever remember in years to come the gratification I received during my short sojourn here. This may be owing to the genial effects of the mountain scenery, but principally to the fact that enterprising and whole-souled men of intelligence are those who brave the difficulties of a new country, and who, laying aside the sordid egotism of thickly populated cities, are prepared to greet all men of fair intelligence and education as equals. The facilities thus afforded enabled me readily to accomplish the object of my visit. It is not my intention to occupy you with a description of the operations of gold mining which at present are not conducted here with satisfactory success owing to the combinations; but operators are waiting the result of experiments or new processes, the development of which will be an incentive for renewed energy and enterprise in this region. CENTRAL CITY, Jan. 14, 1867. C. T.

HYPOCRISY vs CONSISTENCY, No. II.

A WORD FOR THE REST OF THE MINISTER'S FAMILY.

This same feeling that prompted the remark of Mrs. Sharp is revealed in numerous ways in regard to the minister's family. Some talk as if his children should receive a certain share of their parent's piety by inheritance. They suspend the theory of innate depravity that they may lash them with unsparring severity. For the same reason they demand of the parents greater success in rearing their children. Though statistics show that their success is greater, there is so much attention bestowed upon the exceptions that the impression in many minds is directly the opposite. They cannot be what they pretend to be, unless their children are all converted before they are ten years old. The children must never show any signs of a wicked heart, even if they are not converted. These parishes do not judge other children nor their parents in this fashion, nor would they allow themselves to be so judged, not they, because they are not ministers.

The same spirit leads to criticisms on their brethren, on grounds equally arbitrary. Each

one is prone to read the Bible and hear the sermon for his neighbor, though of course no small amount is supposed to be more applicable to the minister than any one else, especially all considerations requiring humility and self-denial, and unbounded trust in providence against all human appearance. These things operate to make the law of God of none effect, to neutralize preaching, and to lower the standard of piety in the church. They separate the minister from the people, and prevent them from exerting a proper influence upon him, while his example is regarded as so much a matter of course belonging to his office, that none consider it. Aquila and Priscilla might expound to the eloquent Alexandrian the way of God more perfectly, but they must do it without hypocrisy, and first cast the beam out of their own eyes.

It is not pretended that the ministry have not many sins and short-comings. Far from it. All can see their delinquencies; but it is much to be lamented that there should not be in the church a better spirit and a better life, and more of the idea of Christian brotherhood and that essential equality of all in the eyes of God, that each might re-act on the other.

But let us look at one more illustration. Brother Simon heard his minister say that he once left a place because he could get a larger salary in another. That was the true reason frankly spoken. He did not say that it was because the climate did not agree with him, or because he was not adapted to the people, nor that there was opposition founded, (as is usually pretended,) on the fact of his plain preaching. But he honestly owned that the higher salary was the cause of the change.

Brother Simon thought it did not sound well for a man to make money his object. He ought to have some higher motive. He had known men when they found the salary too small to trust the Lord, and the Lord fed them. If he had pity on souls he would stand by the feeble churches, knowing there were enough to look after the strong ones.

The proper way to decide the question would be to ask if that minister's salary was sufficient, if he had a reasonable prospect of a competence for old age, and if not, ought a minister to be excused for not providing for his own? But perhaps brother Simon might not think that such considerations enter into the question, and maintains that he ought not to have removed, that he ought to thresh without hope, and even in perfect despair. What then would be a consistent course for brother Simon?

Brother Simon is living within the bounds of a poor church. If he did not mean to lay on a heavy burden because the bearer was a minister he intends always to remain in that place, if it is possible in order to help that poor church, (unless he should remove to one that is poorer.) It will make no difference with him so long as he can make a living. He will not leave because he cannot there have anything laid up for old age, nor because his business in that locality is a poor one, nor because he is ashamed of poverty, nor because he is constantly underrated by those who say that if he could do better he would not stay. He will not be enticed away because his church privileges will be greater, or his social advantages in a larger town, or the means of educating his children, or, for the reason that he can be nearer his friends. He is devoted to the cause of that feeble church and does not live for money. Also he will teach his children the same ways and do his utmost to persuade them to settle in that parish, that they may support that church. Besides he will lay down the same rule for his brethren, if he suspects that any move away to another parish where the church needs less assistance, for the sake of greater advantages, church, social, intellectual, or financial. He will be a terror to evil-doers in this respect and make them like the minister feel uncomfortably conscience-stricken. Furthermore he will on all suitable occasions urge his friends who may be of the same faith and living in rich parishes to make sacrifices and emigrate to his own. And in all his service for the church, he will not wholly regard his richer brethren, but he will make common cause with the minister and live as poor as he. Brother Simon have you ever pretended to interpret the rule strictly for yourself and neighbor? God make you careful and sincere. Amen.

PURITAN.

HINTS TO MINISTERS.

Begin at the time. Do not turn the invocation into a prayer. Let the reading of the Scriptures be spirited. The first prayer should not be long enough to weary. It makes no difference if the people have no right to be wearied, you had better stop before you arrive at that point. Pray to God and for the people. Study prayer, but do not let it take the form of a speech. Never read your sermons, unless from an unavoidable necessity. Study the subject well; put down the points, and then do the best you can. Sermons are profitable as long as they are in their eyes. Talking to them is much better than preaching at vacancy. If your trustees will not tear down the "coops" in which you are confined, your hearers will be glad to have you come down close enough, to get in some sort of sympathy with you. It requires strong magnetic power to go twenty feet to the first listener, without becoming very much weakened. When preaching or preaching a sermon don't think half so much about preaching a sermon as about making your hearers believe and feel as you do.—Puritan.