

Correspondence.

FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.
LAUSANNE, March 4, 1867.

This letter is dated from Switzerland, whither I have been sent for three months to supply the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in Lausanne. This also accounts for the lateness of my letter, which ought to have been written a fortnight ago. The crisis through which poor Italy has again to pass, threatens to be a serious one—the dissolution of the Chamber has thrown the whole country into a ferment. The immediate cause of the vote of censure on the Government, was Ricasoli's conduct in preventing public meetings at Venice, called for the ostensible reason of considering the question of the day, "a free Church in a free State," but which were really meant to be popular demonstrations against the ministry on account of the imposition of so many taxes. This at least is the explanation given by the Premier, when he was attacked as having broken through the rules of the constitution. It is difficult to believe that Ricasoli has acted wrongly. Personal jealousy, or desire of power, or French influence, may have had something to do with the conduct of the extreme left party; at all events they have thrown an immense obstacle in the way of our extrication from financial difficulties, and accelerated Italian progress in the road to national bankruptcy. Much careful management and especially burying all petty and personal animosities, are required at such a time as this.

Whether the present Cabinet may continue in power or not, after the assembling of the new Parliament in the end of this month, seems very uncertain. Several changes have been made in the ministry, the finance department has got a new head, and thus some modification of the taxes may be expected. But should Ricasoli again find himself in a minority and be compelled to resign, where will a successor be had? Ricasoli is both loyal and honest, two qualifications I assure you, most rarely met with in the Italian character. The great scheme of "a free Church in a free State" with which your readers must now be familiar, is not destroyed by this political crisis. It is only put in abeyance, and sooner or later must come into force. Tonello's mission to Rome has proved a failure. It was impossible to arrange anything with the Papal Government about the appointment of Bishops: the Pope recently issued an allocation in which several new Bishops were named for the kingdom of Italy, and ended by once more declaring that all his trust was in Heaven's help, by which he hoped to be delivered from his enemies.

The expulsion of our Presbyterian brethren from Rome is now an old story, yet some details regarding it may be interesting. No sooner had Monsignor Randi been appointed Governor of Rome, than he sent notice to the British consul that the Scotch church services were illegal and the minister liable to be prosecuted by "the Inquisition" for conducting them. Mr. Severn communicated this by letter to the Rev. James Lewis, who at once waited on Mo. Randi to get his prohibition withdrawn, but could not succeed. This was on a Saturday. Feeling that he ought to obey God rather than man, there was worship as usual on the Sabbath, although he feared much the gendarmes would enter and disperse the people. No notice however was taken of their meeting. On Monday the attempt to alter the Governor's decree was renewed, and Mr. Odo Russell kindly added the weight of his influence. By this time the matter had become generally known and was creating no little excitement among the Protestant part of the population. The Prussian ambassador also waited on Antonelli, and tried to induce him to withdraw his interdict.

Antonelli was exceedingly surprised to find such a personage interested in such a cause, he had not expected so great a stir about what seemed to him so small a matter. However, this too, was ineffectual. His word was like that of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. Though reminded that there were other Presbyterians besides the Free Church of Scotland people, as for example the Americans—his only answer was, that they too would get notice to quit. I am happy to inform you that your countrymen have defied the might and power of the Papal Government, by removing their services to their consulate, and under shelter of the waving banner, meet regularly every Sabbath for public worship within the sacred walls of the sacred city—a company of heretics whom Antonelli would most willingly exclude and excommunicate if he could, but he can't, he must content himself with letting them remain.

I ought to have mentioned that the minister of the established Church of Scotland received notice to leave at the same time, and his landlady was so alarmed that she would not let him hold the service in her house any more, compelling him to ask Mr. Lewis' lodgings for the following Sunday. As the Governor's decree was found to be unchangeable, there was nothing for it but to look out some *locale* beyond the walls. This was soon found, and now side by side with our English brethren, the Scotch are allowed to worship God. What Antonelli said of the former he will now say of the latter:—"I have heard something about English worship outside the walls, but I know nothing of it." His "know nothing" is the only charter Protestants have in or rather outside

the Eternal city. It does not seem to be worth very much. How different is Papal Rome from Pagan Rome, when Paul was permitted to dwell two whole years in his own hired house and received all that came unto him, preaching the kingdom of God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him.

As was to be expected, this persecution has turned out rather to the furtherance than the hinderance of the Presbyterian cause. It was an excellent advertisement of the Church, much needed in a place where no public notices are allowed. Mr. Lewis writes that his meetings were never so well attended. Several of the British aristocracy have shown their sympathy in a most unmistakable manner.

The work of evangelization goes on prosperously in the Veneto, a depot for the sale of Bibles and religious books is already established in Venice; a congregation of Evangelici has been formed, although no pastor is yet settled. There is much interest shown by the people and the meetings are often crowded; the Waldensian minister of Milan who has been there for a good many weeks, says that the usual audience averages from 300 to 500 persons, and when Gavazzi preaches, his well-known eloquence draws a still greater number. Mr. Pigott, the missionary of the Wesleyan Church who was formerly at Milan has returned to Padua where he has commenced operations with much promise of success.

There are few things more hurtful to the work of Evangelization in Italy, than the differences existing among the various sects of Protestants. There is little mutual good feeling between the Waldensians and the Free Church people as they are called. The Waldensians are pure in doctrine and orthodox in ecclesiastical government: in almost every respect, they present a fac simile to the Presbyterian churches of America and England. Plymouthism has insinuated itself into the other party. Some indeed have gone more astray than others, and many that are now teachers have themselves good need to be taught what be the first principles of the doctrine of Jesus Christ, but still it is an important question whether the distance and disagreement now existing between them ought to be continued, or like Aquila and Priscilla with Apollos, the one should take the other and expound unto them the way of God more perfectly. I cannot help thinking that until there is less fighting between themselves and more shoulder to shoulder advance made against the common foe, he will not be driven off the field. False doctrine is of course fatal to the soul, and must be condemned—but ignorance—the want of teaching, such as the Alexandrian Jew received, seems to be the real cause why so many err from the truth. When the Evangelicals in Italy can present an unbroken front, and go forward to battle in company, the taunt of party strife and division so often thrown in their teeth by the Priests will be thrown back on the Holy Catholic church, and much more progress made in the extension of Messiah's kingdom.

Since I wrote last several additions have been made to our Evangelical literature: "the mass" has been translated into Italian, by Sg. Ribetti of Leghorn. A concordance—similar to Cruden's, has also made its appearance; and, though not yet ready for the press, I must not omit, the commentary on the New Testament, which is now being compiled by Dr. Stewart, a work which, when finished, will do more for the enlightenment and instruction of the educated and better classes, for it is designed chiefly for ministers and others, than any other book which has been published for many a day.

JAMES COLLIE.

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. V.

BY EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

On our way from Nazareth to Jezreel, we passed several places of Biblical interest. Nain and Endor lay on our left, in the plain of Esdraelon between Tabor and Little Hermon. A few mud houses are all that remain of the "City of Nain." Aside from the associations connected with these places, they possessed nothing worthy of attention. But the plain of Esdraelon, about fifty miles long and twenty wide, interested us deeply. It is the natural boundary between the hills of Samaria on the south, and the mountains of Galilee on the north. The plain is divided into three parts, by Little Hermon, 1862 feet high, and Gilboa, 1300 feet in height. The Kishon, "that ancient river," flows through the western portion of it. About half way between these two mountains lies Shunem, now called Saleh, where the "great woman" built for Elisha, "the little chamber on the wall."

Pausing for a little to read the 2 Kings iv., and to pluck some oranges, we hastened on to the fountains of Jezreel, at the foot of Gilboa. Our poor horses had not tasted water since the day before, and they seemed to know well what was before them. Although it was November 23th, we found our umbrellas necessary to protect us from the hot sun. We were glad of a cool drink of water from the same fountain at which Gideon's chosen band of three hundred were tested and accepted for the mighty work of destroying the multitudinous army of the Ishmaelites. While gazing upon that fountain at the foot of Mount Gilboa, we read with deep interest the vii. and viii. chapters of Judges. But not only did the fountain speak to us of the triumph of Gideon

over the Midianites; but, alas, it told us also of the victory of the Philistines over the Children of Israel, and of the death of Saph and Jonathan, for we read in Samuel xxiv. 10, "and the Israelites pitched by a fountain which is in Jezreel." How the heart of David bled at the tidings of that day, leading him to exclaim: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman. How are the mighty fallen!" From "Ain Jalud," we at once began the ascent to the site of Jezreel—for a time the residence of King Ahab, where, for several years he held his court, living in luxury and splendor with his terragant wife, Jezebel. The place is now called Zerim. Situated about 100 feet above the broad plain, it afforded to us a fine panorama of the north. We felt that it was appropriately called Esdraelon, "The Sowing Place of God," designating the natural fertility of the soil.

From that eminence we could discover Carmel to the north-east of us, and could follow with the eye, the course of the river Kishon, and could see the direction Elijah must have taken, when, after his impromptu prayer for rain was answered, "He girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." (Kings xviii. 46.)

As we looked around on the twenty wretched huts that stand upon the spot once occupied by the royal Jezreel, and the palace of Ahab, thoughts like these filled our minds:—Yonder, perhaps, was the place of Naboth's vineyard, at the foot of the hill. (1 Kings xxi. 16.) Here it was that the crafty queen laid the plot to accuse Naboth of blasphemy against God and the king. Here, too, she received a message, "Naboth is stoned, and is dead."

But a little more than a stone's throw from where we are standing, Elijah thus addressed Ahab: "Thus saith the Lord, In the place where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, and the dogs shall eat Jezabel by the wall of Jezreel." (1 Kings xxi. 19, 23.)

From some watch tower near here the guards first saw Jehu riding with mad haste from the Jordan, and cried out, "He driveth furiously." (2 Kings ix. 20.) Yonder Jehu drove a bow with his full strength, and "smote Jehoram, Ahab's son, between his arms." Megiddo, lies there in the valley, to which wicked Ahaziah the king of Judah fled, when wounded, and where he died. (Verse 27th.)

On this very spot, it may be, some of the same fierce breed of hungry dogs, which are now heard barking at us so savagely, "eat the flesh of Jezebel," leaving nothing "but the skull and the feet and the palms of her hands." (35th verse.) Who would not a thousand times rather occupy Naboth's humble place in history than to have had all the wealth and honors of Ahab and Jezebel with their wretchedness and guilt. Help me to offer the prayer of Agur: "Remove far from me vanities and lies, give me neither poverty nor riches."

Having lunched at Jezreel, we proceeded to Engannin which is situated on the extreme border of the plain of Esdraelon. The present town numbers about two or three thousand inhabitants. An Aghor with fifty horsemen makes it his headquarters. His business is to protect the district from plunder by the Bedouins. But alas from what we heard, he is not much better than a robber himself.

The fountain, from which the town takes its name is situated just back of the town. The houses we found solidly built of stone. My wife and I were the first to enter the town. We had become weary of the slow pace of our party, and so galloped out of their sight, and, though we knew not where our muleteers had pitched our tents, still, believing we could find them, we pressed on, passing directly through the centre of the town. Our arrival, unaccompanied as we were, created the greatest sensation among the inhabitants. Still we passed fearlessly on, not aware of any danger. When Michael, our dragoon, arrived, he expressed great astonishment that we should have ventured to leave the party, when there was so much danger from the treacherous inhabitants. He said it was a wonder that we were not at least insulted while riding through the town. He proved the sincerity of his words by sitting up all night, with several of his men, to guard our tents.

The next place of interest which claimed our attention was Dothan, twelve miles north of Shechem. This led us to read up the history of Joseph, as narrated in Genesis xxxvii. The whole scene passed like a panorama before our eyes. In that green valley we saw the sons of Jacob feeding their flocks, which they had driven over the hills from Shechem. Before us was the very hill down which his brethren saw Joseph coming "afar off." Not far from where we were must have been the dry pit, of which there are so many among the ruins of the towns and cities along the very road over which we had been passing. We fancied the "company of Ishmaelites coming from Gilead with spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt," while Judah said, "Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him."

We also turned to 2 Kings vi., and read that interesting episode in the history of Dothan. We found that Elisha was living there when Benhadad, with his Syrian army, invaded Israel and advanced against Samaria. His prophetic knowledge was found of more service to the armies of

Israel than any amount of allied forces. "Therefore the heart of the King of Syria was sore troubled for this." "And it was told him saying, Behold he is in Dothan. Therefore sent he thither horses and chariots and a great host, and they came by night and compassed the city about." It seemed as if we could almost see "the servant of the man of God" the next morning "early" as he saw the city compassed about, running to his master, and crying out in despair, "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" How comforting the words to that anxious one, as they have been to many a troubled heart since that day, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And how astonished must have been that young man, when, in answer to the prophet's prayer, the Lord opened his eyes, "and he saw and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." How real it all appeared to us, as we looked upon the same hill, which had been surrounded by the heavenly host! How could we but offer the prayer, "Oh Lord, when surrounded with doubts and fears, seeking to do Thy will, open our eyes to let us see 'that they that be with us are more than they that be with them.'" Yes, if the servants of God can but confidently say, "The Lord is on my side," then they may as confidently add, "I will not fear what man can do against me."

On our way from Dothan to Samaria, we thought it very likely that we passed over the same path along which the blinded army was led by the prophet. How astonished must that Syrian army have been when "the Lord opened their eyes and they saw and behold they were in the midst of Samaria." (2 Kings vi. 21.) How, too, must their hearts have been melted with gratitude and love, when, instead of being slain as they expected, they heard the words, "Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink and go to their master." Is it any wonder that, thus conquered by love, it is recorded, "So the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel?"

OUR TENNESSEE CORRESPONDENT ON HIS TRAVELS.

New England Professorship in Maryville College—Molley Peace Convention—Ourang-outang Lecturing—Heavy Failures—Religious Interest—Prayer-meetings—Temperance Men hopeful—Theatres—Governor Burnside, &c., &c.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March, 1867.

MR. EDITOR:—From East Tennessee your correspondent has found his way to the Eastern States to raise funds for a New England Professorship in Maryville College. If the husbandman ought not to be discouraged when it may yet be four months to the coming harvest, I may well keep in hope, though time and labor may be needed to accomplish the end. I find a widespread interest in our loyal region, but heavy failures here and there, affecting monied men, banks and stocks, and business of every kind, makes a serious hinderance to the rapid success of my mission. That the New England Professorship, however, will be endowed, I do not suffer myself to entertain a doubt. Three men in this place subscribed five hundred dollars each, and others will respond to the call. Some of us wished it named the Burnside Professorship, as we have something under 500 little boys, black and white, in East Tennessee, named Burnside, in honor of the General, but he modestly declines the name, while he gives his earnest influence for the success of the enterprise.

Since I reached this city a Peace Convention has been held here, and as it was the first body of the kind I ever attended, I was not a little surprised at its motley character. Their resolutions were poorly balanced, and some of the speeches were more rickety than the resolutions. The leaders preferred extravagant assertions to logic, and sneers at the inspired Scriptures had more weight with most of them than Divine wisdom. While such leaders pilot the movement it will never attract much attention. George Thompson, from England, was present and made two eloquent addresses, but his declamations against capital punishment tended to put the clergy at a discount, and to develop more sympathy for the criminal than for those affected by his crime. As might have been expected, a number of the speakers manifested much less respect for the Government in its efforts to make treason odious, than for the traitors who had plunged the nation in the horrors of war.

Some days since I went to New Jersey, to a little village, situated, I should think, not far from the Buzzard Roost or Saints' Rest of Patrolem V. Nashy, where I heard Dr. Burr, editor of *The Old Guard*, N. Y., deliver a lecture on the races or types of mankind. He had pictures to match. He did not believe that the negro belonged to the race of Adam, and of course the Bible was not intended for him. The Saviour never died for him and his promises are not made to him. If any negro ever found his way to a better world, it was not to the Caucasian's or white man's heaven. No negro, he said, ever had been, or ever would be, converted. He never had progressed, and he never would. As the ourang outang, formerly classed with the human race as the lowest type, had been passed now with the brute creation, the time might come when naturalists would drop the negro from the types of mankind, and class him with the irrational and irresponsible creation. The lecturer would evidently rejoice if this should be his des-

tiny. His whole harangue was a rehearsal of the miserable twaddle put forth some years ago by Dr. Nott, of Mobile, in the interest of slavery. Such ourang outang illumination seems several years behind the time, and we commend the lecturer to the attention of Nasby. He might find a place for aim in the faculty of his rebel college. As one extravagance suggests another, you will excuse this diversion to Dr. Burr.

There have been several heavy failures here within the last few days, one man failing for nearly a million, another for two millions of dollars. The whole city was in a tremble at first, but is now steadily recovering from the shock. When men can get but thirty cents a pound for cotton for which they paid sixty, and in some instances as high as eighty cents, it requires a large capital to stand up under the shrinkage and the pressure. And yet, it is said, there is some compensation for these calamities, for had not large sums been paid for this cotton, the suffering and starvation in the South would now be far worse than it is. There are some who attribute these failures to the contraction of the currency, but as the currency question is one I have never been able to understand, I cannot estimate the correctness of their opinion.

Considerable religious interest is felt in several of the city churches. The preaching is earnest, pungent and evangelical. The glorious Gospel of Christ is held up in its simplicity and in its power. I enjoy a New England prayer-meeting exceedingly. The interest is kept up from beginning to end, and you invariably regret that it closes so soon. Earnestness and fervor in prayer, pithy and instructive remark, spontaneous and appropriate praise in which all join, these features always interest the spiritual worshipper. The Christian Association are wide awake in seeking opportunities to do good, and in doing good as they have opportunity. Their influence is felt in all the churches, and in every sphere of life.

The friends of temperance are rallying with all the enthusiasm of a well-founded hope of ultimate success. They do not underrate their enemies, but they are marshalling and massing their forces against them. The singular defection of some of the ministry—overawed it would appear by the very audacity of the rum power—furnishes an incentive to greater watchfulness and activity to those devoted to truth and faithful to principle. Satan is bold, but those going forth to meet him are bold also, and girded for the conflict. New England will be untrue to her past history if she should now disappoint the friends of temperance in other parts of the land. I see no reason for discouragement. The virtue and energy that throttled the rebellion are to meet the great enemy of the human race, and overthrow many of his strongholds. Sober legislators will ultimately secure sober laws for sober people.

Theatre managers are complaining that in spite of all their efforts to cater to public taste, there is a perceptible falling off in their patronage and their income. This complaint will increase as moral and Christian men come up to the "help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Woodbury's History of Burnside and the Ninth Army Corps, published in this city, is a dignified and commendable work, and may be read with profit. I have heard no one speak of it but with approbation. Gen. Burnside is highly esteemed everywhere in the State. His modesty, his generosity, his hearty bearing towards all, his unpartisan spirit, his solid worth, make him popular with all classes. His re-nomination for Governor, will, of course, be followed by his re-election.

The people of New England are well informed with regard to the condition of things in the South, and while they approve of the Reconstruction measures of Congress, or something stronger, they indulge in little bitter feeling and few abusive words. They recognize God's hand in this revolution, and they believe that neither President Johnson nor any other man, or agency, will succeed in baffling the Almighty in his sublime purpose to make us a homogeneous, humane and Christian nation. They rejoice that the Puritan type of civilization is spreading itself gradually and surely through all the South. We share their joy that the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you," is being practically enforced in our legislation more than at any previous period in our history, and this, too, without reference to color or race.

Yours very truly,
SAMUEL SAWYER.

A DEFENCE FOR A SHOOTING PARSON.

"Ab," said the vicar, "that reminds me of a little incident which occurred in the early life of my worthy Diocesan. He was a shooting parson. When he was visiting Lady Hadley—she is very evangelical you know—he proposed joining her son on a little shooting expedition. The old lady remonstrated mildly, but at length sought consolation in the belief that out of evil would come good. Thompson her keeper was not at all up to her religious standard, so she charged the bishop to say a few good words of exhortation to the man when they were in the fields together. His lordship took an opportunity on the return homewards to advise Thompson to go to church regularly and read his Bible.

"Why I do read my Bible," said the man, "but I don't find in it any mention of the Apostles going a shooting." "No my good man, you are right; the shooting was very bad about Palestine, and they went fishing instead."