

Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. VIII.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

About noon, December 1st, we reached an eminence north of Jerusalem, which commands a fine view of the city. We instinctively took off our hats. We sat upon our horses for some time without uttering a word. There, thought I, was where Jesus died for me. In yonder valley, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, He sweat drops of blood at the thought of the bitter cup He was soon to drink. We could well understand the feelings which filled the hearts of the Crusaders, as they gazed for the first time upon the city:

"At first transported with the pleasing sight,
Ere Christian bosom glowed with full delight;
But deep contrition soon their joy suppressed,
And holy sorrow saddened every breast.
Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey;
Where cloed in flesh their dear Redeemer lay;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where triumphant from the grave He rose.
Each took the example, as their chieftain led,
With naked feet, the hallowed soil they tread;
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend."

After passing within the lofty Jaffa gate, we were soon at a comfortable hotel, reading our letters and papers which had been awaiting us from the United States.

A little before sunset, we started out with our guide for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We entered from a narrow street through a low door into an open court, bounded, on one side, by the celebrated church, said to have been built over the place where our Lord was crucified. As in the temple of old, we saw the money changers sitting, and many selling rosaries of mother-of-pearl and olive wood, and all kinds of memorials of Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives. We had not expected to see so large an edifice. We were told that we probably saw little of the original structure; built by Constantine the Great at the request of his mother, the Empress Helena.

As we entered the rotunda of the church, the first object that attracted our attention was a building, 26 feet by 18, in the centre beneath the lofty dome. "There," said our guide, "is the HOLY SEPULCHRE." Crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the world were waiting their turn to enter. When our turn came, we entered the sepulchre. It is a quadrangular vault measuring 6 feet by 7. The right side is elevated some three feet; on this elevation, it is claimed, the body of Jesus lay. It is now used for an altar. It was worn smooth with the kisses of the thousands who, from morn till night, year after year, press in to render this act of homage. Forty-two lamps of gold and silver hang over it and are kept burning continually.

We saw no remains of the solid rock in which the tomb is said to have been hewn. Marble, gold, and silver only appeared. The question arose in my mind, if there is no deception about this, why do they not let the real rock appear?

"If the brown lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell,
Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine?
Or incense fumes intoxicating spell?
Would not the whispering breeze, as evening fell,
Make deeper music in the palm trees' shade
Than choral prayer of chanted ritual swell?
Can the proud shafts of Helen's colonnade
Match thy time-honored stones, Gethsemane's
holy shade?"

As we came out of the sepulchre, we went at once to that part which, it is claimed, was built over Golgotha. We were deeply impressed with the sights we there witnessed. One was that of a little boy engaged in prayer. All who approached that shrine appeared deeply solemn and impressed.

Numerous writers, in speaking of their feelings within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, have expressed themselves as thoroughly disgusted with all they saw. But, I must confess, it was not so with me. Not that I was more credulous as to these being the real places where our Lord was crucified and buried, but yet I could not resist the tide of holy feeling which came over me. Men of sound judgment, and writers of eminence, have, with much learning and argument, attempted to show that this church is built over the place of the crucifixion.

With a full heart I might have sung the words of Joseph Swain, written three quarters of a century ago:

"On the wings of faith uprising
Jesus crucified I see,
While His love, my soul surprising,
Cries, 'I suffered all for thee.'"

"Then beneath the cross adoring,
Sin doth like itself appear,
When the wounds of Christ exploring
I can read my pardon there,

"Who can think without admiring?
Who can hear and nothing feel?
See the Lord of life expiring
Yet retain a heart of steel?"

"Angels here may gaze and wonder
While the God of love could mean,
When He tore the heart asunder
Never once defiled with sin."

We lingered for a long time in the "Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross," part of the time watching the pilgrims as with bended knees they approached and kissed the altar, which is raised eighteen inches above the floor, and which, they claim, is directly over the place where the crosses of our Lord and the two thieves were erected. As with my wife I left the church, I found that she had been as much affected at all she had seen as myself. In fact, I cannot understand how

any one, who loves the Lord Jesus, can visit that church with an unfeeling heart.

The next morning I was up "when it was yet dark," thinking of that "first day of the week" when Jesus rose triumphant over death and the grave. I could not sleep. And as I saw the sun lighting up, little by little, the top of the Mount of Olives, I thought of how our Saviour there spent whole nights in prayer.

Sabbath morning we heard Rev. Dr. Barclay preach; after which we sat down at the Lord's table on "Zion's hill," not far from the spot where, it is believed, our risen Lord instituted that sacred ordinance, saying to His disciples:—"As often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come." A goodly company were assembled, and the whole service was most refreshing. Various denominations were represented.

THE PAY OF THE MINISTER—HOW IT LOOKS A LITTLE WAY OFF.

The preacher was presenting the cause of Ministerial Relief, and showing why so many aged ministers were in need of aid. His text was 1 Cor. ix. 14: "Even so hath the Lord ordained, that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." He carefully explained that a living included not only a means of support while in the harness, but also the cost of his training or apprenticeship (taking it for granted that the parent should provide for his youth and for acquiring the rudiments of a good education) but also a competence for himself and companion during the superannuated period of old age. He proved that by this rule not one minister in ten received a full living from the preaching of the Gospel; that the apprenticeship came either from charity, to the great injury of the independence of character of the ministry, or from their patrimony rarely adequate to their necessities, and that during old age they were paupers, either on the bounty of their relatives, or the Church, or in some cases the State,—it mattering little which,—and that in fine, if, upon receiving a call, any one entered upon the work without gold and silver and brass and scrip, from some source, so little was the church to be trusted, he would end in hopeless debt.

In order to show the nature of the sacrifices coolly demanded of the ministry by the Church, he used the following illustration:—

"Suppose a church to be without a house of worship, and suppose it to be necessary that a man should be called of the Lord to build church edifices, just as he is to build the spiritual house. Also suppose that it is required that one man should work alone, and that it will take him twenty years to build one, and that including the wages of that man, which are to be the bare cost of living, the whole expense is \$20,000, or \$1000 a year. Let the property of the church be taken at the fair average of a country congregation, which numbers ten men worth each \$20,000, twenty worth each \$10,000, and enough in addition possessed of smaller sums to make up, with the builder's \$3,000, \$106,000, in all \$500,000. The builder says to the church, 'Come, let us build the Lord's house. We will divide the burden according to our ability. To raise \$20,000 in twenty years, or \$1000 yearly, would require a tax of two dollars on a thousand.' But they answer, 'No. We cannot give so much as that.' But why not? Here is your neighbor who gives ten dollars on a thousand and supports his family, and yet he is a thriving man on a capital of two thousand. He will soon be worth twice as much.' But the people reply, 'Perhaps some might give at that rate, but we have all got our families to support, our debts to pay, and find that \$17,000 is all that can be raised. We thought you would throw in your \$3000 to make up the full amount.' But how can you ask this of me, when you refuse to give two dollars on a thousand—much less than the annual increase?' But they ask, 'Are you not called to build churches?' 'No more than you are called to give. Your duty to Christ is no less than mine. If I should die in the midst of my work, who would support my family, or how am I to be supported in old age?'

"His representations make no change. They tell him that they can find other builders who will be glad to lay down their three thousand. He inquires far and near, and finds that all the small country churches require the same terms. He lays the case before the Lord, and asks if he is to submit to such an unjust arrangement. The Lord heeds not his question, but again, in louder tones, announces to him, 'I have called thee to be a builder of churches.' He sees the people scattered for want of an earthly fold, and goes quietly and puts down his three thousand.

"Do they thank him that he makes this sacrifice for them? I trow not. They tell him that he is fortunate in getting his daily bread, which his experience of the dangers of being out of employment tells him is too true. By-and-by, owing to advance in prices, they may fail to give him a full living, and he may become involved in debt, or compelled to make shifts or practice economies that are not flattering to their pride; then, if they do not conclude to turn him off, they will make him a present, will replenish his library, or give him some furniture, or some clothing, or, mayhap, a couple of hundreds in money, and then blow their trumpet in the newspapers. It is so easy to be generous—so hard to be just.

"The poor builder will be so reduced that he will receive this gift from his loving people with tears in his eyes. He labors on with a heart full

of comfort that he can do something for his Lord. He prays that he may never see gray in old age, and commits his family to him, who will never leave him forsake. His grief is not your experience or fear of poverty, but that his example and teachings have not borne better fruit on the part of the people of his charge. When he is taken hence, or becomes superannuated, that people will now and then take up a collection for Ministerial Relief, not every year, and the amount will be sometimes \$30, sometimes \$20, sometimes \$10."

The preacher spoke as if he had personal experience of the shortcomings of the Church. He was not bitter nor misanthropical. But there came such a sad and hopeless look from his eyes, and his voice was so tender and subdued, that it was evident that he had no hope of any improvement in his own time.

But it was with a different manner that his feelings rose in the peroration.

"But in all our experience of the shortcomings of this age, we look away for consolation to the future glory of the Church, when there shall be no more selfishness nor worldliness in it, and when the love of Christ shall be stronger than the love of gain. We know that this Church of the living God shall be built up into a spiritual house, with solid foundations, strong walls, adorning of precious workmanship, and that it shall fill the whole earth. Within it shall be erected that system of machinery which shall communicate the power of the Church to every nation. What a magnificent sight will be its movement, when the vast cylinders shall be supplied with steam from millions of fires; when the huge piston shall lift the beam that, poised on a mountain, shall extend across the continent; when the immense balance wheel shall reach above the clouds; when the shafting shall stretch across the ocean, from cliff to cliff, and distribute power by innumerable belts to every people under heaven!

"In this great spiritual workshop there shall be perfect system and division of labor. Some will supply materials, some prepare them. Some will forge, some will smelt, some will roughly frame and put together, some carve and adorn, some inspect and add the finishing strokes. There will be facilities for repairing and renovating the machinery as it becomes worn out. In quiet rooms apart, thoughtful and patient men will give their lives to the work of preparing new machines and designing patterns for the workmen. And there will be foremen, and superintendents, and treasurers, and paymasters, and agents to regulate the supply of all demands. There will be no waste of labor or of talent, but each will be constantly employed in that which he is best fitted for. God speed the day when the best energies of the Church shall be fully developed, and all those energies shall be rightly directed."

AUDITOR.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BOSTON, April 22, 1867.

DEAR BROTHER MEARS: We have a cold and backward season here, after a very snowy winter. The spring really looks gloomy.

Rev. Dr. Kirk, who has been sick all winter, is now able to preach again.

There has been a grand contest between the friends of prohibition and license before the Committee of our Legislature. Ex-Gov. Andrew led the License men, and Rev. Dr. Miner, a Universalist minister, and President of Tuft's College, the Prohibitionists. There is a great struggle to get a new Jury law, that will prevent liquor-sellers from sitting on trials of those who are engaged in that business. The bill has passed the House, but by the majority of a single vote. It is supposed the law on prohibition will not be repealed. Eighty-one more men have been added to the State Constabulary, so that matters look promising for temperance.

Park Street Church is still hearing candidates, and the last report is, that they are about calling a Methodist from Brooklyn, N. Y.

Last evening I went to hear Rev. E. E. Hale, at the Boston Theatre. His text was, "The simplicity in Christ Jesus." He had three heads: 1st. Simplicity in repentance; 2d. Simplicity in resolution; 3d. Simplicity in prayer. It was all very simple. He thought people ought not to be sorry for past sins—ought not wear long faces—ought not paint Mary Magdalene, as the Romanists do, looking sorrowful. His sermon was as good as it could well have been, leaving out Christ Jesus. He did, however, call him Lord. You know, at their convention, last autumn, at Syracuse, N. Y., they had a hard contest to decide whether or not Christ should be called Lord at all. The better part of these men call him Lord; while the Humanitarians do not give him that title at all. There is a great difference among Unitarians as to the Bible, and Jesus Christ, and all that pertains to religion. While none of them believe in His supreme Divinity, they assign every grade of position to him, from the highest created intelligence down to a mere peccable man, or "the illegitimate Son of Joseph and Mary."

The Presbyterian Church (O. S.) in this city is keeping pace with the Park Street Church, in hearing candidates "from Dan to Beersheba." Last Sabbath, they heard Rev. Dr. McDonald, from Princeton. There is a grand chance to build up a church here, and there are Presbyterians enough in Boston to crowd the house to overflowing, if they could get the right man.

It is supposed that the Boston Recorder is to

become the New York Recorder, though I have not heard much about it for a few days.

There are some swarming around us, and additions to several churches, but no very general revivals. There is a good work going on in Quincy, in which Mr. Durant, a lawyer, rich, and converted, has been laboring with the pastor, Rev. Mr. Thwing, and much good seems to have been done.

The offices of the general Government in this city have at last been filled by pretty good and loyal men. The political test here will be temperance and anti-temperance, and it will be a great struggle. May it be so in Philadelphia.

W. M. C.

LETTER FROM CHEINA.

TIENSIN, CHINA, Dec. 1866.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—The city from which I send you this letter, is one of the ports which were opened to foreign residence and commerce by the treaty of Tientsin, in 1858. Its population is estimated to amount to nearly if not quite half a million. It is usually called the seaport of Peking, though there is a river on which small lighters or cargo-boats can go to within 13 or 14 miles of the capital, i. e. Tung-Chau. This city is distant from Peking about 72 English miles, and is the head of steamboat navigation of the North river on which it is situated. The celebrated Imperial Canal of China has its northern terminus here. This city is the centre of an immense trade in native and foreign vessels. It is closed to vessels of all kinds from abroad by ice in the river and in the Gulf of Pechile, into which the River enters, from about 1st of December to the 1st of March or later, every year. During this interval, our postal communication with the outer world is via mule and cart, or mule and rider to Chefoo, around the southwest part of the Gulf of Pechile, a distance of some 400 miles, receiving and sending letters and papers only about once in four weeks. Some winters papers are not received at all, on account of their bulk and weight, by the land route from Chefoo.

I give you some data for believing that this is no "mean" or unimportant city, in a commercial point of view:

During the month of November, just closed, 27 foreign vessels entered at this port, of which only 3 were American, and during the same period, 40 cleared of which only 2 were American. The imports principally consisted of opium, piece-goods, tea, lead, wood, paper, sugar, matches, Sapan-wood, seaweed. The exports were cotton, fruits, and the various miscellaneous articles, denominated in the customs' report as "general." The export of cotton was over 10,823 piculs, (a picul being 133 English pounds.) The imports of cotton, piece-goods of all kinds was over 123,000 pieces; of woolens of all descriptions; over 10,000 pieces; of opium more than 1450 piculs. Over 995,000 taels of treasure, i. e. silver in bullion, were taken away to four of the more southern consular ports, (a tael of silver being equal in value to about one and one-third Mexican dollars.) The number of needles imported was over 34 millions!

This port never exports any tea or silk to foreign lands; and none are produced in this part of northern China. Very little or no English or American broadcloth is imported, because broadcloth from Russia can be sold here at prices which would not remunerate the English or American trader. There are many very extensive fur stores here, at which excellent furs of various kinds can be procured at a much cheaper rate than the same could be procured in western i. e. English and American markets.

An immense quantity of Lucifer matches from Germany, sewing needles, sewing-thread, window-glass, sheetings, and cotton goods, are introduced yearly from foreign lands. A stranger cannot but be struck by the quantity of matches and needles that are exposed to view in the streets and in the shops.

I desire to call attention to some statistics and remarks relating to the importation and consumption of opium at this port:—

The total amount of taels collected here at the Custom House in November for tonnage dues, coast trade, exports, imports, of all kinds, was 70,524, of which 43,233 was the revenue on opium:—More than seven-tenths of the whole.

The opium which arrived at Tientsin, according to the Customs' official report, in November, 1864, was 374 piculs, in November, 1865, 1148 piculs, and in the same month this year, 1451 piculs, which does not include 744 piculs, which had reached the mouth of the river on four steamers but had not been duly reported at the Customs'. The amount of opium imported into this port during this year is officially reported to be 7,831 piculs, which is declared to be "about an eighth, probably of all the opium imported into China during the same period." The price per picul varies from about 600 taels to 900 taels. A few days ago the price was 760 taels per picul or a trifle over 7 dollars per pound.

From the above data your readers can estimate the costliness of the vice of opium-smoking here, and the relative position which traffic in that drug holds, in the business of foreign vessels, and foreign merchants; but they can not estimate in figures the ruin, the misery which its consumption brings upon those who become addicted to its use. A few foreigners, born and educated in Christian lands, derive immense pecuniary profit from dealings in it, but at the expense of the

health and the morals of the native smokers of it. It enriches the one, but impoverishes as well as demoralizes the other.

As far as the knowledge of the matter extends, there is but one or two foreign firms in all the consular ports of China, who do not deal in the drug more or less extensively, or hold boxes of it on deposit as the representative of value, much as they would receive as security bonds or mortgages of real estate. Traffic in opium is declared a "necessity." It is "legalized," and so far as legality is concerned, it is as respectable as traffic in cotton, or silk, or tea. Professing Christians, who deal in the drug, justify their course by the plea that if they did not trade in it others would, and by the difficulty of conducting commercial business profitably and expeditiously without buying and selling it, or holding it for sale on commission.

The consumption of opium is undoubtedly on the increase. Its use extends among all classes of society, male and female, rich and poor, the learned and the unlearned, officials and non-officials; all ranks and conditions are among its victims. The Chinese nation, through it, is becoming poorer by so much as the people who use it are thereby rendered incapable of productive labor, whether on account of loss of character or sickness, or weakness of body, as well as by the amount of money actually paid out for the drug. The cost to the nation is not to be reckoned as simply the value of the opium represented by dollars and cents. Many other things must enter into the calculation in order to understand fully what a curse the use of opium is to the Chinese people, as individuals, and to Chinese nation as a whole. God only foresees and foreknows the result. The prospect appears very dark. Destructive and deplorable as the present use of opium is, there appear to be no human means of averting still greater and worse consequences, socially, morally, and financially.

It is no secret that some, not to say many, of the Chinese who have become members of Christian Churches, under the care of American and English Missionaries, are proved from time to time to be opium-smokers. This discovery of course leads to suspension or expulsion. Missionaries feel that habitual takers of opium can not be sincere lovers of and believers in Jesus Christ. Few, if any of those who have been suspended or expelled on account of opium-smoking seem to have a deep sense of their sinfulness, or a sincere hatred of the vice. Its use enslaves the minds and bodies not only, but also blunts the moral perceptions of its victims.

We feel that the Gospel is the only Antidote.

Yours, very sincerely, &c.,

JUSTUS DOOLITTLE.

NOT EXACTLY CORRECT.

In the introductory paragraph of the article in your last number—"The Brauner Memorial Sabbath-school" there are (it is believed) one or two errors. Perhaps it is a matter of no consequence, but what is not worth stating correctly is hardly worth stating at all.

When the marvellous success of the efforts to reclaim the lowest and most wretched class of children in the cities of England, and Scotland became known here, some persons were disposed to try their hands at the same work. It could not be denied that multitudes of forlorn and almost naked children were uncared for, by existing schools. Their "ragged" condition was the most common apology for non-attendance. It is the peculiarity of the "ragged school" that it admits children directly from the streets in their street condition and garb; takes them "in the rough;" cages them in their wild state, and does not attempt an organization into classes, nor their subjection to the order and discipline of a church-school. This is postponed until the taming stage is past. The exercises are appropriate to the condition and character of the pupils; singing being an essential and prominent feature.

The proposition, here, was to take the second floor of one of the large ware-rooms on Broad St., which will hold, perhaps, 3000 children—fitted up roughly but comfortably; secure a select company of labour-loving, muscular teachers (and several were eager for it) and make the place as attractive as possible by legitimate means. The idea was to have something like the famous Stockport school, and had the proposition been entertained, we should have had in our city, during the last 15 or 20 years, a school not less interesting and valuable than the Railroad Mission school in Chicago.

But some prudent, economical gentleman thought not well of such a concentration of interest, and advocated the expenditure of the same amount of money and zeal, upon several localities; and accordingly ground was purchased and a building erected as the article states. It cost (it is believed) seven thousand dollars. It was within bow-shot of schools already established, and it is doubtful if twenty-five children were ever enrolled in it, who had not convenient access to schools in this vicinity. No doubt a good Sunday-school was kept there and nothing is farther from us than to disparage the enterprise or withhold full credit from those who took part in it. What we regard as errors in the statement referred to, are—

1. That the building on Christian below Sixth street was ever known as "the Robert Raikes Ragged-school."
2. That it was ever proposed to carry on a school there upon the plan of the London Ragged-school. And
3. That parents or children refused to countenance it because of the name.

STICKLER.