

Correspondence.

OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

BREIGG, SWITZERLAND, July 14, '67. SABBATHS IN EUROPE.—SWITZERLAND.

I have been wanting to tell you about how we fare on the Sabbath in Europe.

Paris. I have told you how we found the service in the American chapel near the Episcopal church, when there was an Episcopalian chapel established long ago for the accommodation of Americans, beside several English churches of the same stamp.

Florence. In Florence, we had the same thing. Episcopal services, and a sermon by a clergyman of that persuasion, Rev. Mr. Connell, of Tennessee. Rev. Mr. Van Nest, the regular pastor, was away in America, but always uses the Episcopalian service in the morning. The church is independent of the American and Foreign Christian Union, depending upon American residents and strangers in Florence for its support.

The Episcopalian service and sermon were unsatisfactory to us, and in the evening we hunted up the Scotch Presbyterian chapel, which we found to be a beautifully fitted-up room on the Arno,—with handsomely frescoed walls and gilded ceiling. We heard a grand sermon by Rev. Jno. Ross, the substitute of Dr. MacDougal, who was away in Scotland. There were thirty-three present, all but ourselves and two others being English or Scotch persons.

Rome. The Sunday next day (Rome) the day of the feast of St. Paul, next day after the grand 1800th anniversary of St. Peter's death, an important solemnity drawing crowds of people, a stage was erected in one of the public squares. It was trimmed with festoons of scarlet. Large posters all over the city had announced the drawing, and a lively business was done on Sunday, clear down to the drawing at 6 o'clock. Stalls and shops were open everywhere, selling the tickets, mostly to the poor. Prizes as low as fifteen cents, and prizes ranging from \$500 to \$1000. The Pope sells out the business to a company, and they help those to amuse the people on Sunday.

Rome. In Rome there is an American chapel, but the pastor being away, there is no service this summer. On his return it will be opened, but hereafter only outside the walls. The service will be also Episcopalian, and the large number of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, &c. must go and be wearied out with the Episcopalian ceremony, or find the Gospel among their Scotch or English brethren away from Americans altogether.

Fair Play Wanted. To repeat the complaint of many Americans when I write this. The Episcopalians generally have as much sympathy with the Papists, and some of them more than with us, and there is no reason why we should not have union services outside of them in all the cities of Europe, where we travel. They are quite willing for such services while they conduct them entirely in their own way, but that is all. Now, as long as Episcopalians pay the expenses, we do not object to their carrying on the services; but we do object to the American and Foreign Christian Union, conducted mainly by Dr. Campbell in New York, and sustained by Congregational and Presbyterian funds, compelling us to undergo the Episcopalian service in every city in Europe where Americans spend their Sabbath. In travelling, we press for these cities, towards the close of the week, where we expect to find an American chapel, and our toil, thus far, has received but barren reward. In Rome, especially, a good union church is badly needed by both permanent and travelling Christians, outside of the Episcopalian faith. The matter becomes more annoying, when we remember that the English have their Episcopalian churches in nearly every European city, and that should content those who cannot endure a union service unless it be Episcopalian.

Episcopalian Quixotism. A distinct effort on the part of our Evangelical denominations is pressing, needed, and more especially at this moment, as the popish tendencies in the Episcopal Church are begetting the idea, (and they openly express it) that the Roman Church needs not to be extinguished or eradicated; but merely to be trained into a proper channel, and that by conforming partially to their forms,—the Episcopalian Church will probably be the means of drawing the Papacy back, with all its wealth, its influence, its grand historic associations, and without disturbing its identity, to a reformed and fully Evangelical faith. They forget that Rome never alters; that it is the same to-day that it was in the days of Luther and of Tetzel. To convince them of this fact, let them travel in Europe and see the signs stuck up over the doors of one or more churches in each of the large cities. Indulgences to be had here, just the same as though you went to Rome to obtain them.

Poverty in Southern Switzerland. Yesterday I went to one of the Papal churches in this little Swiss town of Breigg. One thousand people, mostly hardy mountain men and women, crowded the church at the 8 o'clock service. The women wear a woollen frock, generally blue,

quite short, with tight body and sleeves, but no shawl or sark. Their bonnet is a little hat, with rim turned up tounding and around the crown is festooned a piece of blue or black, or sometimes red, silk or worsted, as broad as the length of your hand, edged generally with lace or tinsel an inch wide. It is gathered at the side, but plain in front and behind, and as it spreads a little above, it makes a very strange looking box on top of the head. As they came into the church, they dipped their fingers in the holy water, and then held out their hand to any friend coming in or to any one else making their way to the font. The new comers touched it and crossed himself without going to the font. Thus one dipping passed the damp fingers around to half a dozen others; and as they met friends, they interchanged smiles very pleasantly. In a moment, however, they had their beads and were on their knees repeating their prayers; while the organ and choir sent fine harmonies through the old church, and the priest and his satellites walked in, in procession, with lighted tapers, dressed all in white, with scarlet caps. The mummery pleased the ignorant Swiss, many of whom had walked miles down the mountains to be there. "What an audience to have preached Christ to!" I thought, and how my heart yearned for them in all their darkness.

Mountain Life.—SERNERY.—MOUNT SIMPLON. They live on the slopes of these grand old Alpine Mountains, in little stone houses, with roofs of flat stones overlapping each other. The house is generally set in the slope of the mountain, so that it will be only covered up, not pushed down, by the descending snow. As we crossed the Alps we noticed their little cottages set up sometimes on the very top of the mountains, often stuck in the side of the hill 1200 or 1500 feet above the road, and on so rugged a mountain side that we could not see how they could possibly ever get to them. Around them were little cultivated patches of ground, on which they raise hay, wheat or rye, and potatoes; but how they make enough to live on, or how they can possibly exist in the winter, it is difficult to conceive. wonder if they have any conception of the sublime scenery that surrounds them. As I look out of my window I see a branch of the Rhine, yet a little river, which I have followed all the way down from where it leaped a laughing torrent of snow-water from the glacier just by the bald rocky head of Mt. Simplon. I look from my other window and there is Simplon itself, its summit wrapped in the cloud that ever rises from the glacier on its northern slope. The summit is a pyramid of black, slaty rock, twelve to fifteen hundred feet higher than the pass, and totally bare of vegetation. The pass is above any growth of trees, though green meadows and little hamlets were met with, close up to the Hospice at the top. The Hospice is a building 125 feet long at least, four stories high, with gable roof in the middle of the long white front. It formed a pretty picture, with the black peak for a background, a meadow in front, covered with bright yellow buttercups, and to the left a saw-mill turned by the stream direct from the glacier, half a mile back of the Hospice. Half a dozen ugly, black-gowned priests were looking out of the windows. I guess they live an easy life on the endowment which Napoleon I. gave the Hospice, while in power. After leaving this point, the road passes round the head of a valley not less than 3000 feet deep, the descent being almost perpendicular. The torrent from the glacier above tumbles clear over the road, and as we pass under it by an arch of masonry, we hear its thundering roar. To describe the scenery of the Simplon road, would require more time and talent than I am possessed of. To say that it was grand, glorious, sublime, equalling my highest conception, were merely to multiply words without conveying any distinct impression. The road follows a stream which empties into Lake Maggiore, close up to its source in the scattered glaciers near the Simplon. On each side, as we ascended, the mountains rise from 1000 to 2000 feet. At times, the cliff is quite perpendicular on one side or the other, and sometimes it overhangs the stream. Imagine a blue surface of rock, 2000 feet high, without a bush or a tree, or a blade upon which a goat could climb; on the top, pine trees looking over at us; at the foot, the roaring torrent. At one place, the narrowest pass on the route, the stream is joined by another, which comes down from the mountain side to the right, roaring, plunging, dashing, with the sound of young thunder. We can trace it up among the crags for half a mile, part cascade over perpendicular rocks, part rushing down the declivity 1000 feet together, while as milk all the way, and broken into cascades innumerable. Far down below the road, three or four hundred feet, as we lean over and look down, the sun shining through the gorge shows us the most delightful rainbow, against the wet, black rocks.

As we get to the highest part of the road, we find the rich meadows irrigated by numerous little gullies; by which the farmers lead the snow-water all over the fields. We see plenty of cows and some sheep, and little hamlets within a quarter of a mile of the beds of everlasting snow. We thought, as we looked at them, that there was no accounting for taste in the selection of a site for a dwelling.

The people appear to be a hardy race. Men and women are at work in the fields; the latter carrying loads in great baskets which are made to fit the back, and are strapped to the shoulders like a knapsack. The throats swollen from goat, so prevalent in these high localities, are seen everywhere, particularly among the women. Some of them are swollen as large as my two fists, and many more have one or two smaller swellings which move up and down as they swallow.

the demand for the works of the latter shall give way for those of the Christian. Many, alas, very many, of the books put into the hands of children are objectionable, injurious. We must have milk for babes, but not poisoned milk. Perhaps the Fairy Tales of La Fontaine may be tolerated, because they convey a good moral; but all such works create false ideas in children's minds, and lead them from their studies and from religious thought. What Christian does not wish that, in his or her youth, religion had been made a pleasanter, a closer, a dearer subject; that it had been the chief thing, and that those things which divert the mind from it had never been brought forward? Who does not wish that in his early years the name of Jesus had been made most precious, the love of Jesus most precious, the work of Jesus most precious? Ah, this might have been. It may be for those who are now in their childhood; by reading to them and allowing them to read nothing but what leads their minds to healthy thought, and develops Christian sympathy. Let not our great men think it beneath them to write for children; what was it but the love of Christ which led Dr. Alexander and others like him to "feed Christ's lambs," to write little books? God be praised, there have been; and are now in the field, some workers. But yet it may be said, "the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Oh, let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the harvest field.

Venice.—Milan. If time and space would permit, I should like to describe my rapid tour from Florence to Venice—a ride of a whole day through a country of vines and grain-fields. The ride is varied by crossing the Apennines by a road having thirty-seven tunnels in eight or nine miles—four-fifths of the way tunnel; then, between them, such sights, such spread out plains of beauty, dotted with towns, hamlets and churches; all the buildings of stone, plastered white, and with red tiled roofs.

Venice we found an old city; no bright marks of progress in it, save its long railroad bridge over the Lagoon, joining the city to the main land, three miles long and all solid masonry. We went to our hotel in a gondola—had the gondoliers row us all through and around the city, went on the Bridge of Sighs, and down in the dark gorges in the Doge's palace; walked over the Rialto; saw the store where Shylock traded; saw the thousands assemble in the great square of St. Mark to hear the band play in the evening; and left the city with a sigh, as we saw the last of the gondoliers rowing their black hearse-like boats across the Lagoon.

But these glimpses must suffice for the present. Yours, G. W. M.

OUR NEED. There is a great need at the present day, and that is CHRISTIAN LITERATURE; or, as we may otherwise express it, there is not sufficient interest taken by Christians in literature. Irreligious men are at work and distribute daily their work among the people. We want Christians to counteract the mischief they are doing, to meet them on their own ground and put an end to the evil. Some years ago many poor souls were sent to hell by the writings of Paine and Voltaire. How many more would have been sent thither, had not qualified servants of God employed their talents to exhibit the fallacies in the arguments of those writings, convince the misbelieving and lead back the erring to Jesus? Now Satan is trying a new plan, but all in the same department—literature.

As far as reading is concerned, the mass is pleased only with light literature. It does not care for theological works, is not generally interested in sermons, or in tracts on morality. Satan, aware of this, has been working hard. While great and good men have been loading our shelves with volumes rich in lore but poor in interest for the public mind, he has been filling our book-stores and libraries, placing with the reach of every one, whether rich or poor, young or old, book written by men who know how to gain the ear of the world. Many of their books are works of literary merit, but how few of them may be read without danger. Yet how many are read. Go into our Mercantile Library, and notice how the novels are worn by constant use, and how many persons frequent the place where novels are to be found; then notice the untouched tomes of Calvin, and other religious books; behold, too, the most meritorious works of even profane writers. They are seldom read. Why? because the minds of most readers are becoming corrupted, depraved, not strong enough to digest such wholesome food.

Not long since, one of our religious papers related the mournful fact of a clergyman being carried away from his duties and his "first love" by reading the "blood and thunder" stories contained in a weekly newspaper. We see the avidity with which people seize the works of Dickens, an original author of great talent, but one who never introduces a truly religious character into his stories, or drops a line of religious tendency beyond mere sentimentalism. At the present day several publishing houses are reproducing his works, and realizing profits from the sale of them. Now the work for Christians is to—yes, let them write even novels. The "Pearl of Orr's Island," the "Wide Wide World," and "The Schöenberg-Cotta Family," may do more good than all the sermons of a life-time. With the exception, perhaps, of the last one, which may be rejected by Romanists, they have an entrance into almost every home, and there they are admired; there they find a place in the heart, are remembered, treasured; the seed they sow springs up, by God's blessing, and brings forth good fruit in due season. Where can we place a limit to the effects of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," which may justly be ranked among the novels; but it carries with it good seed; the salt in it is with savor; its mission is to "bring to Jesus." Now, let the Christian write for the people. Let him write short essays which are adapted to touch every heart, or let him write tales which will interest and gain admiration, but let there run through all the pure religion of Jesus Christ. Let him see to it that his efforts are in effect so far beyond those of the irreligious author, that

about Jerusalem the same kind of thorns grow as in the days of our Lord. She had had "PLATED A CROWN OF THORNS," which she gave me that I might show the children in distant countries, what kind of a crown it was that made the blood trickle down over the marred face of our dear Saviour. Each of the thorns upon the crown was, when it was given me, as sharp as a cambric needle. I am taking very good care of it, and hope to show it to many little children in America, that they may thus be led to think of Him, who wore a crown of thorns that we might wear a crown of glory.

I trust many a careless one will, by it, be brought to feel how great were the insults and sufferings which Christ has endured, that He might "bring us to God." The sight of it deeply affected my own heart, and brought to my mind most vividly the scenes that took place in Pilate's hall. God grant that many others, who shall look upon it, may be led to think of the sufferings of Christ in a way that they have never done before, and to trust fully in Him for salvation.

The next morning (the 12th of December,) we left Jerusalem and turned our faces towards the ship that was to take us from Jaffa (Joppa) to Alexandria. It rained very hard; but with our water-proof clothing, we did not mind it. A word with regard to the climate of Palestine may interest some reader, who is thinking of visiting the Holy Land. Murray's Guide Book had told us that "the autumn rains commenced about the latter end of October, and continue for the two succeeding months falling heavily at intervals. It is no pleasant task to pitch your tent and spread your bed in mud; there is little romance in canvas when the rain is pouring through it. I would, therefore, say that winter is not the time for a Syrian tour."

LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND. NO. XIII.

BY REV. EDWARD P. HAMMOND. On Tuesday, December 11th, Bishop Gobat of the Church of England, collected about one hundred children in Jerusalem who could speak English, that I might tell them of the work of the Holy Spirit, among the little ones in Scotland and America. I was surprised to find so many children had learned to speak the English language in the schools in Jerusalem. Rev. Mr. Barclay, the incumbent of the church on Mt. Zion and missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, was present, and opened the meeting with an earnest prayer. Mr. Aaron Coe from Newark, had spent a week or two in Jerusalem previous to our arrival, and had left only a day or two before, and he had told much about the conversion of children in America, and some of the most earnest Christians had been stirred up to seek the salvation of the young in the city where Jesus was crucified.

It seemed strange that there could be any so near that spot where "He was wounded for our transgressions," who had no love for the dear Redeemer. I found my own heart very tender, having that day been in the Garden of Gethsemane, where, being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly, and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." After my address to the children and others present, Bishop Gobat arose, and in a most earnest manner, followed up all that had been said. I was pleased to see him so anxious, that the dear children and youth should at once come to Christ and be saved. I regretted not being able to meet the children again, being obliged to leave the city the day following. But I felt thankful that they were under the care of so good a person as Bishop Gobat.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me by the solemn words he uttered when, at the Lord's Supper, a few days before, I had received the bread from his hands. "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee; preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take, eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving." The fact that we, that day, were at the table of the Lord on Mt. Zion, not far from the spot where many suppose the Lord's Supper was instituted, no doubt, added to the impression. In the evening, with a few friends who were invited to meet us at the house of the Bishop, we were much entertained in listening to many very interesting circumstances connected with the history of Jerusalem which we had not found in our books. Before leaving, Mrs. Gobat presented me with a crown of thorns, which must be similar to the crown which our blessed Saviour wore, for all

God's presence.—O, happy retirement where God is present. Happy prison where God is my attendant. Happy banishment where God is my inexhaustible portion! Happy malady where God is my physician! Happy anything and everything where God is my all in all! God is all eyes to see my affliction; all ears to attend to my cry; all arm to help and caress me; all wisdom to know when and how to deliver me; all love to pity me; all grace and mercy to forgive me; all power to vanquish my sins; all holiness to sanctify me; all care to keep me night and day; all wealth to enrich me; all light to cheer and instruct me; all glory to reward and crown me forever.

These words had given us many anxious fears, as we had read them, when shut up for eight days in quarantine at Beyroul, and some other writer had given us much the same story; we, therefore, made up our minds for cold rains at least half the time. But in this we were agreeably disappointed, for in our six weeks' stay in Syria and Palestine we had only three days of rain, and even then we continued our journey as usual. As we were encased in water-proof clothing, we did not suffer much inconvenience, but some of the servants, who were not so well provided for, were most thoroughly drenched. Our cook became so benumbed, between Jerusalem and Ramleh, during the long day's rain, that he fell from the mule which he was riding, and sprained his ankle very badly. Perhaps some persons, who have visited Palestine in the winter, may have regretted it, but if I could be sure of as much fine (summer) weather as we had in November and December, I should much prefer it to March and April, when so many go there. The greater part of the time, I wore thin summer clothing, and found a sun-umbrella quite necessary. In Shunem and Jaffa we found the orange groves full of ripe fruit.

Very many who have six months to spend abroad, start from the United States with the desire to visit, if possible, the land of the Bible, but finding much to absorb their attention in Great Britain and the continent, they are easily persuaded, that "it is too late to visit Palestine." I should rather go there at any month in the year than not go at all. Our good missionaries live there all the year, and who would not put up with some inconveniences rather than not have the Bible made a new book, by a visit to the places, where the scenes it describes were enacted. March and April or September and October are certainly the safest months for a visit to Palestine, but, what I wished to say is, if it is impossible to be there at that time, persons of ordinary strength may go at other months in the year, rather however choosing the winter than the summer months. We met an English gentleman who had made three visits to the Holy Land at different seasons, and he laughed at the idea of going there only four months in the year. Whatever season that land is visited, not a few hardships must be endured, but they are just what is most beneficial for restoring an overwrought brain. Eight or ten hours in the saddle, will bring the blood from the cerebral organs and enable one to sleep with much refreshment. I can never be too thankful for my visit,—in many ways it has been invaluable to me. I see a freshness and beauty in the Bible I never saw before. I am sure my heart has been filled with deeper love to Jesus our blessed Master, and I hope these months of change and rest, after six or seven years of almost daily preaching, have added a longer lease to my life.

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