

## Correspondence.

## OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, Aug. 5, 1867.  
ANOTHER SUNDAY IN PARIS.

DEAR EDITOR: A closer look at Paris on the Sabbath enables me to say that, as a city, there is less religion in it than in any other place we have seen in Europe. Along several streets, I counted over half the stores open at noon—stores where they sold hats, boots, dry goods, millinery, watches and jewelry, pictures, opera glasses, and philosophical instruments, handsome stores with fine large windows. Some places had fine shawls and other goods hung out with prices marked on them. There were perfumers and ladies' hair dressers' shops open without number; also glove and some few book and pamphlet stores. The meat or butcher shops, which are very numerous and very cleanly, neat-looking places; the vegetable and fruit shops, and the bread bakeries and cake and pie shops, wine and liquor stores and cigar shops, of course, are all open. The cafés are very numerous and all open; along the best streets they line the side walks with their little round tables, about two feet in diameter, surrounded with chairs. At these out-door tables tens of thousands sit and sup their coffee or wine, or other light drinks, by the hour—mostly men with some women; all well dressed, and chatting quietly, or dreamily looking out on the throng of passers-by and not saying a word. We notice many men thus passing away idle hours, smoking their little paper cigars, moody and lonely—men of middle age, or often advanced in years—and we think this whole café system bespeaks the want of home and home comforts all through Europe; for in every city we have seen, from Rome to Paris, it prevails very largely. In Paris, however, the pavements are not fuller on Sunday than in the week, because they are never empty of their idle throng, talking, smoking, moodily dreaming and not unfrequently napping over their glasses.

On Sunday at mid-day, we noticed probably a hundred men at work on the new opera house, some fixing the scaffolding, some carving the stone ornaments, some cutting and bending the iron rafters which support the floors. Their blacksmiths' bellows and fire and the clang of hammers were sad sights and sounds for the Lord's day.

Further on, we saw fifty men at work on the foundations of a block of houses; and across the street, the builders high up on two other blocks, one of them having a steam engine at work hoisting their stone and other material. A turn of the street brought us to the new papal church of the Holy Trinity, a splendid edifice just being finished, with massive steeple, 250 feet high I should judge. The workmen were busy on it outside, and I suppose inside also. The front street, "Place du la Trinitie," is a fine open spot at the junction of several streets, one a new one just being cut through. It is being paved, and the carts are hauling away the surplus stone, while workmen by the score were busy on stone and timbers for the new houses going up on the corners close by.

In the more central part of the city, near the Madeleine, the number of carriages coming and going is countless. Thousands and thousands fly by continually; private carriages, hired vehicles, (they are mostly small open barouches, holding two or four persons,) and omnibuses, all convey a living throng hither and thither, the tide being generally out of town westward, toward the Exposition or Bois de Boulogne through the day, and back again as evening approaches. To be on wheels and go somewhere, appears to be a passion with the Parisians, especially on Sunday. At six o'clock in the evening, we noticed fully one half the stores open on the Boulevards near the Madeleine, handsome clothing, jewelry, umbrella, trunk, and fancy stores, while men along the side-walk sold peaches and grapes from hand-barrow, girls carried along large bundles of red India rubber balloons, and all looked like Chestnut street on a week day. A few men we met, in clean, blue blouses, the women with them wearing white caps, showing that a few at least of the laboring classes knew that it was Sunday. But we met others toiling home, driving heavy carts with two or three horses each, that had been hauling coal or sand or stone all day, and the men looked dirty, weary, and worn out.

## ARCHITECTURE AS AN ELEMENT OF ROMISH POWER.

Another new papal church is just being completed here, that of St. Augustine, and one of the handsomest architectural ornaments in the city. It is placed right across one of the fine new Boulevards, the Malherbes, so that as you look northwest from the Madeleine this fine edifice, half a mile off, stands out alone from street to dome a splendid pile. These architectural monuments tend to impress the masses wonderfully throughout Europe with the strength and power of the Church of Rome. The poorest papist knows of St. Peter's, as a grand edifice; he sees the finest buildings about him in every city, to be the churches. If in Cologne or Milan, he knows that through ten or fifteen generations, the building of the great cathedral has been steadily progressing, and while it seems a waste of money and of strength to build such glorious piles to ac-

commodate the ignorant population which flocks to them, and which cannot possibly appreciate the lofty naves, the fine Gothic arches, the glorious stained windows, or the mighty dome over their heads, yet the general impression on the people is one of strength and power somewhere, and they, of course, refer it to Rome.

Let us not forget, however, that in Rome, while the Pope is beautifying a few churches and burning fire-works, he is a beggar for cash in America, to pay the troops that keep him in power; that much of the magnificence there was paid for long ago, when European thrones tottered at the Pope's nod, and when emperors laid their necks under his feet; that in Venice, their great St. Mark's is falling to decay, and the other churches appear likely to follow, looking shabby and poor; that in Florence the great cathedral never was finished; its grand dome, which Dante used to sit and gaze at, and which Michael Angelo took for a model for St. Peter's, looks as though a fire had burned its outside, or its cornices had dropped off in decay; for the holes are still in the walls which supported the scaffolding five hundred years ago, and the cornices have never been put up. Their great church of San Lorenzo has no front to it, except a dead wall full of scaffold holes. The money must have been given out before they fixed upon a plan for the front; yet in the rear of this very church the Medicis have built a chapel finer than anything in Florence. One half of them are buried beneath its floor, and the tombs around the walls are chief wonders of art and lavish expenditure. The chapel is a high dome, about 125 to 150 feet high, with the finest frescoed ceiling we have seen anywhere—representing in a plain and beautiful way, the principal events in Bible history from Adam to the crucifixion. The monuments of the Medicis' dukes around the room, shine with precious marbles, inlaid in some places with immense jewels, and to get to all this, you must go through the ugly, rough, stable-like wall in front. The church of Santa Croce, also in Florence, the favorite burying-place of the great, is old and decayed in appearance, with a pile of rubbish in the yard, that has probably lain there many long years—100 cart-loads of it.

The churches in Paris contain but little that is rich or valuable. We were surprised to see the apparent poverty of many of them, where we had expected gold and jewels in profusion. The Pantheon, a perfect jewel in architecture, showed bare walls, a few ordinary paintings, and but little else. Notre Dame is surrounded on two sides with sheds, shanties and old lumber, while within, the glorious high nave and stained windows are about all there is to admire. And, in fact, a similar disappointment met me in all the churches I have seen outside of Rome, with very few exceptions. In those of Switzerland and Germany we saw no wealth whatever, and but little attempt at gaudy ornament. There was a time when two million francs were paid for a few of the thorns from the Saviour's crown and a piece of the wood of the true cross for the church of Sainte Chapelle here in Paris; but that day has gone by forever, and it is doubtful whether all the movable property we have seen in the churches out of Rome, would, if sold, produce enough to pay the Pope's army for a single year.

Yours,  
G. W. M.

## LETTER FROM REV. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE.

TIENTSIN, June 8, 1867.

MR. EDITOR: Are any of your readers inclined to regard Protestant missions in China as a failure? Let me commend to such in particular and to all of your Christian readers in general the following testimony of Rev. James Legge, D.D., published in the last Report of the Morrison Education Society: "When I compare the conduct and realizations of missionary labor with what has been done in the civil government of this colony, (Hong Kong,) with the management of military affairs, and with the operations of commerce, I do not hesitate to avow the convictions that the body of Chinese missionaries have gone about their business with more wisdom and efficiency than any other class of foreigners."

The editor of the *China Mail*, in commenting on the above remarks, "Few residents in China have better claims to be considered as an authority on Mission subjects than the Reverend gentleman, as he is universally allowed to speak on such matters with a truthfulness which disregards the temptation to exalt his own labors or those of his class at the expense of others." The remark is eminently just. Dr. Legge became a missionary to the Chinese in the Straits in 1839, and removed to Hong Kong soon after the close of the Opium war, where he has labored indefatigably ever since, excepting the time occupied in making one or two visits to England. He has quite recently retired from the active labor of a missionary in China, having returned to England, in consequence of severe domestic affliction. It is understood that he will continue the translation and publication of the "Chinese Classics," of which four large volumes have already been printed.

Dr. Legge's deliberate conviction in regard to the "wisdom and efficiency" of Protestant missionaries in China, when compared with the "operations of commerce," "management of military affairs," and the "civil government of Hong Kong," deserves to be pondered by western Christians interested in the progress of the mis-

sionary work in this empire. It should encourage them in their faith. His testimony in favor of the "wisdom and efficiency" of missions in this land, is worth infinitely more than the disparaging criticisms and denunciations of irreligious travellers, merchants and ship captains. When one contemplates what commerce has effected, and what the military operations of the English and the French armies have accomplished in China, he cannot call them failures. The best part of the Empire is open to foreign travel and commerce. What colossal fortunes have been made during the last twenty-five years! Yet Dr. Legge does not hesitate to express his conviction that Chinese missionaries have gone about their business with more efficiency and wisdom than any other class of foreigners.

Rev. C. R. Mills, missionary of the O. S. Presbyterian Board of Missions, at Tang-Chau, recently passed through Tientsin on his return from a twelve weeks' tour in the interior. He left his home early in March, and in company with Rev. Mr. Alexander Williamson, agent of the Scottish National Bible Society. They labored together for several weeks, visiting important cities and districts in Shantung Province, never before visited by Protestant missionaries, preaching the Word, and selling Christian books, tracts, and Bibles in China. They were treated with uniform kindness by the people. Mr. Mills spent several days in preaching Christ, and in selling books, at an immense annual fair, attended by many thousands of Chinese from great distances, lasting for about two months,—held on the grounds of the celebrated Monastery or Temple of the Great Mountain. On only one occasion was he treated disrespectfully or interrupted while preaching. On that occasion an aged Buddhist Nun, connected with a large Buddhist Nunnery near where he was preaching, came out and in an authoritative manner called his hearers to leave him, which they immediately did.

Mr. Mills visited the tombs of Confucius and Mencius, the great teachers of antiquity, whose writings are now studied by school boys in China. He was especially interested in his visit at Tsi-nan-fu the capital of Shantung Province. He represents it as being a populous city. It is situated but a few miles from the present channel of the Yellow river, one of the great rivers of the world. When the writer came to China in 1850, that river emptied into the Yellow sea on the eastern coast of the Empire. It has, however, since changed its channel, and now empties into the Gulf of Pechili, on the northern side of the province of Shantung. There has been considerable discussion in regard to the desirableness of making Tsi-nan-fu a consular port for the transaction of commerce. In such an event, Mr. Mills considers it as a very eligible place for missionary residence and labor. The Yellow river, where it passes Tsi-nan-fu, is wide and deep, making it navigable for steamers.

I perceive you have presented your readers with an account of the remarkable religious movement in the district of Lou-Ling, in Shantung Province, written by Rev. Mr. C. C. Baldwin, of our Fuh-Chau Mission. They will I trust be glad to learn that the interest there still continues. Much of the curiosity and excitement which existed at first has passed away. Rev. Mr. Innocent of the English Methodist Mission of this city, moved to Lou-Ling with his family in March, hoping to be able to reside there. He has baptized several since he removed, and if I am not mistaken, the number of baptized men and women and larger children, (not infants,) in connection with that station, is not far from one hundred, where only some sixteen months ago, not one person had heard a gospel discourse or had a page of Scripture. The work is spreading gradually on all sides to a greater or less extent. I understand that there have been only two or three occasions for disciplining the church members. Mr. Mills on his route hither from Tsi-nan-fu, spent a few days at Lou-Ling with Mr. Innocent. He preached on the Sabbath to the Native Christians, but did not become much acquainted with any of them, his time and strength, during his stay, being employed in assisting Mr. and Mrs. Innocent in nursing their youngest child who was very sick, and who died since he left. Mr. Mills was favorably impressed with what he saw of the department of the Christians at Lou-Ling. I trust that the Native Christians in the country, and the foreign missionary in his labors among them will be remembered in prayer by many of your readers. Mr. Innocent and others who, like him, leave Central Mission stations to live and labor for Christ at out-stations, must separate themselves from medical and friendly aid in times of sickness.

Our own Mission here has had two loud calls to occupy country stations, but we are unable to do so on account of our weakness. Some ten or twelve weeks ago, three men appeared here from a country village, some one hundred and twenty miles to the South, representing themselves as a committee from two hundred or more people, who wished a missionary to go and preach to them the Gospel, of which they had heard in various ways. As it was not practicable to comply then with their request, we sent them back for more definite information. After a time, they appeared again, repeating the request, and bringing a paper having the names of fifty-eight persons, who wished a missionary or a native helper to be sent them. In the following week, one of my associates, Rev. Mr. Stanley, rode

down to their village, and spent two or three days there. He saw no manifest signs of a work of the Spirit already commenced, but felt that if it were possible, a chapel should be secured and preaching commenced there, looking to the Lord for the blessing. At another place on the Imperial Canal, more distant from Tientsin, which he visited last winter, in company with Rev. Mr. Mark Williams, by request of several Chinese living there, he found considerable interest in the gospels, and the people more anxious a chapel should be opened. But there was no man to be spared.

Will not your readers ponder these facts, and do something appropriate in view of them? The work of Missions in China is not a failure. The calls for missionary work away from the consular ports are loud, and increasing. But the laborers are few, alas! very few. Will not some come over and help us? Very sincerely yours,  
JUSTUS DOOLITTLE.

## THINGS IN ARIZONA TERRITORY.

PRESCOTT, A. T., Aug. 13, 1867.

EDITOR AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN:—I greet you and your readers from this most remote, most inaccessible, most hopeless frontier of the Republic, which extends from the river Colorado on the west to the watershed which divides this Territory from the Rio Grande on the East—an area more than equal to all of New England—and containing some 12,000 white inhabitants. It was formerly the western part of New Mexico, and the northern portion of Sonora, and for all historic time it has been the home of the untamable and predatory Apaches. More than 300 years ago Spanish valor was put to its severest test in coping with these savages; and here, only in North America, as among the Araucanians of southern Chili, the Spanish arms were totally repulsed by the aborigines.

The case is not widely different here to-day. Anglo-Saxon blood and skill scarcely triumphs over these Arab-like sons of the deserts and mountains. For the past fifteen or more years of our occupation of the sovereignty here, war has not ceased along this border; and yet to-day the foe is more actively hostile and injurious than ever before.

It is true that population has increased; roads have been opened; mines and mills, and farms have been put in operation. Yet, like a ship at sea, or an arrow in the air, the liquid element of the wily red man has closed around its pathway, whatever movement the pioneers here have put forth. War is the trade of these wild men. They are never happier than when there are military operations going on. And even our superior arms are only admired, not at all feared, by the Apaches. "Heap-shoot guns," as they call them, only make the campaign the more interesting to them.

They are so thoroughly at home in all these wilds; so perfect in the perceptions of sight, scent, and sound; such complete masters of the situation here on their native heaths, and Alpine fastnesses, that it is an exceedingly difficult thing for the few hundreds of veteran soldiers here, though fresh from the bloodiest fields of the rebellion, to hunt up and conquer these flitting Bedouins of the West. And until a permanent peace is once conquered from them, I see no hope of the development and speedy settlement of this Arabia Deserta et Petra of America.

The fourth Legislative Assembly of this Territory soon meets here. I hope its members will wisely and earnestly consult for the public welfare of Arizona, as they never seem to have done before. In this central and northern portion,—an elevated table land,—well watered by the rains of summer, and rains and snows of winter, we have plenty of timber, grass, and arable lands; mining promises to be a source of great wealth, and the climate at this elevation (5640 ft.) is extremely healthy and agreeable throughout the year.

Further south the country is arid-zone truly; yet along the Colorado, the Gila, and lesser water-courses, every where fertile valleys abound, and abundance for man and beast springs, almost spontaneously, out of the earth. There is more arable land here than in New England. Hereafter I will write of the history and inhabitants of this region, and of other matters to interest you more fully as they are unfolded. B.

## LESSONS FROM THE MICROSCOPE.

BY JANE BOSWELL MOORE.

Having had occasion lately to examine a number of objects under one of Zentmayer's most powerful microscopes, I have been astonished and instructed by the glimpses thus afforded into an almost unknown world. That veteran microscopist, Mr. Starr, of Chestnut street, from whose fine collection of specimens many amateurs have been enriched, and who, amid the engagements of business, has found time to pursue his much loved science, showed me many curious revelations of insect life. Under the microscope the eye of the moth appears like finest lace work or web-like tracery, the beetle's is full of tiny lenses, while that of the brilliant dragon-fly reveals twenty-four thousand separate eyes or lenses. Who can look on such unfoldings of God's wondrous care and that "tender mercy" which the Psalmist beautifully tells us "is over all His works," and not feel strengthened and comforted in the assurance that He by whom even the sparrow's fall is not unnoticed, will surely care for His children?

By the aid of this glass even the exact measure or thickness of a hair can be told, and this brings to mind Christ's words, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Who can doubt, after such proofs of the infinite pains and skill displayed in the tiniest objects on which the eye can fall, that each event of life has some wise, though it may be, unseen purpose, and that all together "work for good to them who love God?" That great Being who is so mindful of the comfort, sight and protection of the most insignificant of His creatures can He forget those who are made in His own image and likeness, and who, whether with Him or without Him, are to live forever? Hear the Divine answer: "Remember these, O Jacob and Israel; for thou art my servant: I have formed thee; thou art my servant: O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me."

The next piece of glass examined bears unlooked for testimony. It looks like a blank piece, which may have come from the glazier's, but the slip of paper pasted on the end tells us that the dot in the centre is scarcely visible. I should say not, for the eye grows weary searching for it. But place it under the microscope and we find that in a space one ten thousandth part of a square inch, two hundred and sixty-eight letters have been photographed, and that these form distinctly the words of that sublime petition, which has gone up from millions of lips, since, on the mountain top, listening disciples and multitudes first heard the Lord's Prayer.

## SMALL HYMN-BOOKS.

DEAR BROTHER MEARS: I was glad to see a letter in the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN from one who had found the Social Hymn and Tune Book amply sufficient for public worship. If any one would mark each hymn and tune, each time it is used in public and social worship, he would be surprised to see how few of each are needed. If one hundred churches would communicate such observations for a single year to the Publication Committee, the result would be most instructive.

I have used the Social Hymn and Tune Book in my family worship since its issue. I think I may have used in all about a quarter of it. I have long been satisfied that a little 24mo. book, containing 200 hymns and 100 tunes—the music in the finest type used—would be ample for family worship, Sabbath-schools, social worship, and funerals at houses. But it would be essential that all of classification—except in alphabetical arrangement of the tunes in each metre—should be abandoned. And it is all-important that each tune should have a hymn suitable for family worship. A jewel of this kind, very near perfection, could be easily prepared, such that a dollar could buy three, and a pocket could hold six. Shall we not have it?

Yours,  
I. F. H.  
S. MALDEN, MASS., Sept. 16, 1867.

## PREACHING IN THE WOODS.

For ten successive Sabbath afternoons, the Rev. Dr. Helfenstein, pastor of the Market Square Church, has held religious services in a grove in the vicinity of Germantown. The meetings have been attended by some hundreds, and the most perfect order has been observed. Members of different Churches, and among them some from the Society of Friends, were in constant attendance. It was particularly gratifying to witness the interest manifested by several among the latter, bringing with them every Sabbath tracts issued by the American S. S. Union and American Tract Society to be scattered among the eager crowd. Many not in the practice of attending a place of worship were seen listening with breathless attention, and impressions, it is believed, were produced that will prove permanent and saving.

On last Sabbath these interesting and, we trust, profitable, services were brought to a conclusion. After a pointed discourse from the words: "Give an account of thy stewardship," Dr. H. made the following remarks:

"And now, my hearers, as we bring these services to a close, let me once more make my appeal to those who are yet strangers to grace. The object of these meetings has been your salvation. In compliance with the command of the Master, we have come out into the highways and hedges to compel you to come in. If you will wander, we must wander after you. No means shall be left untried to win you to Christ and to heaven. Whether we shall ever meet in this delightful grove again, is known only to Him who holds our life and breath in his own hands. Should these meetings, however, during the next summer be resumed, it is not probable that we shall all be here. The lips that now address you may be silent in death, and many of my dear hearers may have been called to render in their account to God. One word more before we part. Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Once more let me point you to the blood-stained cross.

"Hark! the voice of love and mercy,  
Sounds aloud from Calvary."  
"Now, then, look and live, believe and be saved. Oh, rush not by the cross to perdition. Fix that wandering eye yonder. Behold how he loved you. Come join your hearts and hands with ours in advancing the glorious kingdom of the Son of God, hoping at last to unite in the triumphant song of complete and eternal redemption around the throne of God and the Lamb."