

Correspondence.

FROM OUR SPECIAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL, LONDON, Aug. 17, 1867.

DEAR EDITOR: I find myself unable to tell you of my visit to the Zoological gardens which are immense, containing a most valuable collection of living birds from all parts of the globe; of antelopes, zebras, deer, buffaloes, &c., from North and South America, India and Africa—of lions, tigers, hyenas, bears, monkeys; huge rhinoceroses, elephants, hippopotami in pairs, the latter wading and swimming incessantly in an artificial lake; giraffes, young and old; seals snorting and swimming actively about in another lake; beavers in another; serpents without number—the whole forming the most valuable collection of living animals in the world.

Then the British Museum, too, is a world of wonders. Stuffed birds, of every variety under heaven, ten thousand of them, from the tiny humming-bird to the albatross and the condor; from the glorious bird of Paradise and the showy lyre-bird to the homely raven; all arranged in cases filling many large halls, until the mind tires in examining them. Other halls, similarly crowded with quadrupeds of every variety, from the tiniest squirrel to the gorilla, from the smallest mouse to the largest kangaroo, rhinoceros or giraffe. Three halls contain fishes in every variety, with huge sharks, dolphins, and crocodiles upon the walls. The geological halls are as interesting as it is possible to be; some of the most striking specimens are those in which the remains of animals have been found but partially and the remainder has been made up by scientific men in plaster casts. The great magisterialism thus made up with its huge bones a foot thick. An immense tortoise, six or eight feet long and four or five feet high, with a tail a foot in diameter. A deer from Ireland, nine feet high, is a splendid specimen; also an elephant's head, with tusks ten or eleven feet long; the ancient sculpture, the tablets with arrowhead inscriptions from Assyria; the Egyptian remains, form a week's study of themselves. The library with its autograph letters of Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, Charles V. of Spain, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, Francis I. of France; a deed signed by Shakespeare; the original MS. of Walter Scott's Kenilworth, and a host of other relics, made us feel sad at leaving the place, because we could not spend a week in its walls.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION OF LONDON

Is a live institution. They have rooms in the centre part of the city, Aldersgate street, not far from St. Paul's, for the Central Society, with flourishing branches in different sections. I went to their rooms on Thursday evening and found some thirty or forty assembled for prayer in their upper room. In the main hall they add a sort of café to their reading-room, in order to furnish tea to their members, and thus to keep them from the theatres in the evenings. On Sunday afternoon they have a dozen Bible classes in different sections. That at the main hall had 150 young men present on last Sabbath, who were attentively enjoying a lesson on the Brazen Serpent, under the leadership of their accomplished president, Mr. W. Edwyn Shipton, who well knows how to draw the most practical good from the subject as it passes. One of the branches is vigorously pushing on street-preaching, and doing good. The members of the parent society number over 4000.

DR. CUMMING.

I have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Cumming again. Let me give you a sketch of what he said, as it was a continuation of the last sketch I sent you, viz: the nature, claims, and composition of the Word of God. The text was 2 Thess. iii. 1. He said: In examining the Epistles to the Thessalonians, you cannot fail to notice how Paul subordinates all personal interest, all his own aggrandizement, to the great work he has before him, and to the glory of God.

I would remark in the examination of God's Word we must never fear discussion. I don't mean discussion on mere ecclesiastical matters, forms of church government, &c., but on the truths, the vital truths of the Bible. There has been much discussion on the mere husks of theology, ceremonies and rites, and the less important the subject, the more fierce has the discussion been. Never denounce a man because he doubts any of the revealed truth; but sift his doubts thoroughly and you will find them capable of being solved—all of them. Discussion is like the billows of the ocean, whose motion tends to keep the sea pure, while the want of it resembles the quiet unmoved fire-damp at the bottom of the mine, deadly as it is still.

In our investigations, let us compare the writings of Moses with those of Homer. They both lived about the same time. Homer's writings are carefully preserved and are admired and read by all the literary men of the world. Lords and chancellors spend their leisure time in translating them. Now his character of Jove, his supreme deity, is that of a powerful but bad being, at times capricious, foolish, wicked—Juno no better, while Mercury was a bloody and wicked deity. Compare all these fine writings about gods with Moses' sublime description: "A God merciful and gracious, slow to anger, plentiful in

mercy and abundant in goodness and truth," or with his sublime words, "I am that I am." Place the shocking impieties and quarrels of Homer's deities, without dignity, without purity, alongside these simple words of Moses. Now bear in mind that Homer was surrounded with painters and sculptors of the highest style of art, with musicians of high culture, while we do not read of a painter or sculptor in all Israel. Nor could his musicians be compared to those of the Greeks. Homer had splendid architecture all around him, but Moses' tabernacle could not be compared to the Parthenon. One of Homer's finest passages is his parting between Hector and Andromeda. It has been admired the world over, but compare it with the beautiful, the touching account of Joseph parting with his brethren. The story of Joseph has gone at once to the heart of every man, of every child. I'll venture to say that if the whole story of Joseph were published for the first time in the year 1867 with the name of some popular novelist attached, the literary world of this nineteenth century would go into ecstasies over it. Now why all this difference between the two writers living contemporaneously? Divinity breathes through every line of the plain writings of Moses. It can't be denied.

He next considered the fact that forty men wrote the sixty books, men different in character, kings, judges, shepherds, herdsmen, tent-makers, one physician and several fishermen; some in times of prosperity, some under hard tyranny, some in bondage, some under Roman despotism. They wrote history, poetry, proverbs, prophecies, and epistles. Yet how marvellously they make up an unconflicting whole. What a proof of the inspiration of the writers.

Suppose it was determined to make a fine statue of some great benefactor of mankind, and artists in the capitals of all the nations of Europe and Asia were employed each to make a part and send it in—one a finger, one a thumb, one a foot, one an ear, &c. Suppose that when all these contributions were brought together at the great Exposition at Paris, all its parts should fit together beautifully, harmoniously, and form a most beautiful statue, one rivaling the highest productions of art, would it not prove that some one presiding mind had planned it all, had arranged all the parts, and to him was due the merit of the design? Just so God's sublime word. The collection of its parts through the ages, into one marvellous whole proves its Divine origin.

Dr. Newman beautifully says that the strength of Protestantism in England is in the hold the Saxon Bible has upon the minds and hearts of the people. A most beautiful quotation was then read from the Roman Catholic authority.

The translations of the Bible were then examined and the Doctor stated his full belief in the fact that the words of the sacred writers were inspired as the thoughts. He strengthened the position by very strong and ingenious arguments, but want of time forbids our following the interesting sermon further. He closed with a beautiful allusion to the fact of the Bible now being circulated in Austria for the first time in five hundred years; also in all Italy (save in one little village, a dirty, filthy town, known by the name of Rome;) in Spain, and by over 1000 readers, pastors and evangelists in France—proving the British and Foreign Bible Society to be the greatest revolutionists in the world.

I have only given you an imperfect sketch of a portion of the sermon. The beauty of the Doctor's style could only be given by full phonographic reports.

We found the Doctor to be a very affable gentleman, having a strong love for our country and hoping some day to visit it, though timid about crossing the ocean. We assured him of a warm welcome in America, where his sermons have been read with more interest, I believe, than in England, for the Doctor seems surprised that we should know him so well and hunt him out so persistently.

It was with pain that we bade adieu to our good friends Rev. E. P. Hammond and his estimable lady. They go to Guernsey near the Isle of Wight where a series of meetings is being held. Mr. H. has engagements for so many months ahead, that I sometimes fear we may never see him again in America. His labors meet with surprising success everywhere, and his books are sought with so much avidity that five or six editions of some of them have been consumed in a few weeks' time. May God bless him abundantly and assist him in his incessant labors.

The American style of singing which he introduces is quite a feature. They know nothing of sprightly tunes here, either in congregational or Sabbath-school singing. Such doleful tunes as we often hear in Europe would put our American people to sleep, but while Mr. Hammond tells them of Jesus he awakens a new interest in the singing which will be of value to them for years to come, we think.

Yours, G. W. M.

NO AMENDMENT of the Constitution is more imperatively demanded than one closing the doors of the Halls of Congress and the White House against the drunkard, the gambler, the profane swearer, and the debauchee. We care not what name is applied to it, whether it be called moral or religious. One thing is certain. We must have a test that will secure the nation against Andrew Johnsons and John Morrisseys.—Christian Statesman.

THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY.

BY REV. I. F. HOLTON, SOUTH MALEDEN, MASS.

I lately took a journey from Boston in a north-western direction. Passing over the south-western corner of New Hampshire, I entered Vermont by a bridge over the grand leap of the Connecticut river at Bellow's Falls. We gradually entered the Green Mountains. At Ludlow we passed the spot where an explosion drove a tamping-iron, more than an inch in diameter, through a man's head. It entered at his chin and passed through the brain and out of the crown. I was on the spot soon after, had since seen the bar in the museum of the Medical College at Boston, and now learned from a passenger who here took the train, that the man is still living with a sound mind. Seven miles more of the puffing of the engine brings us to Summit station just past the summit of the Green Mountains, and a few rods from there the bones of an elephant were found in building the road.

At this place the fire in the engine is stopped. The train would run by its own weight to Rutland, eighteen miles. Steam enough is saved to start the trains at the stops. Five miles down the hill we see the considerable village of East Wallingford where ten years ago we recollect but a single house. Cheap lumber, water-power and industry has made the place. Four miles further, at Cuttingsville we see high on the right the red debris of copper works. The owners of this deposit own also the richer one of Stratford, near the Vermont Central Railroad. Either would supply the market so that only one is worked. Three miles further, at Claremont, you are near a "mineral" spring, the waters of which differ from most others in being almost absolutely pure.

Rutland stands on an arm of the Champlain valley, where Otter creek enters it. Six miles further, where this makes a grand descent at Sutherland Falls, it really enters the valley. Here begin those marble works that abound along the latter valley.

The valley is a remarkable one in many respects. It is a trough between the steep slopes of the Green and Adirondack mountains. The lake lies close by the foot of the last, but at its southern end is compressed to the proportions of a river by mountains on the east also. It is floored with marble, mostly white, which is seen cropping out in meadows, looking from the hill-tops like snow-banks. So level is it that for some twenty miles (air line), the creek is navigable by the little steamer Valley Queen. A sudden rise of the creek, sometimes sets back some of its affluents for a dozen miles, carrying the rail fences up-stream. This is especially true of the Lemon Fair. It is a lamentable affair that no one knows the origin of its name. A man was drowned in it: a grist of corn was lost in it: some women who feared that they would have trouble in crossing voted it a "lamentable affair;" so the stories vary. I would suggest, that its name be sought in some barbarous French for *miry-crossing* or *mud-ferry*.

Enterprise seems as dead as the streams. The soil very fertile and easy to be tilled but the fields look rough and much land is covered with bushes. Yet here is the best spot for the four great staples of Vermont, described by Saxe as follows:

"The first are strong; the third are fleet; The other two are very sweet; And all the four are hard to beat."

He refers to men, women, horses and maple sugar. But farmers who can sell sheep and horses at from \$3000 to \$5000 each are not anxious to subdivide their farms nor very eager in working them. Extensive water-power is not needful to Black-hawk horses or Infatado sheep. At Vergennes it is abundant and unfeeling, with water transportation to New York without breaking bulk, and also railroad facilities: population 1,286. Above, at Belden's Falls, there is a large fall near a railroad with excellent marble within bow-shot, but there is no house near it nor any road to it. Middlebury boasts a county-seat, a college and a railroad, is surrounded by a rich country but the water-power is but partly used.

The college is sixty seven years old: a great number of its graduates are among the leading men of the country, but six only graduated this year. Of these, four lived near the college and one of the others, a missionary's son, lives with his relatives in Middlebury. But the students are mostly farmers' sons, and go to work with a will that carries them above all the defects of their college training. There is great activity of mind among the population. Cornwall had attained in 1860 a total population of 977: it had sent into the ministry 28 men born there, besides seven more who came to the place in boyhood; and 48 had graduated in colleges. Governor Slade and Senator Foot were natives of that small town.

But let us cross the lake. Just where it widens and near the ruins of the old fortification of Crown Point is Port Henry, crowded on the hill-side. The mountains above are full of iron, and few gold or silver mines are of more value. A Californian who was told how many dollars' worth had been taken from a hole in a hill-side said he had seen no excavation of its size that had yielded an equal value of gold. Some of the mines are worked in broad day-light. We look down upon them as upon the motions of a man's brain when the skull has been removed.

All the operations of mining can be watched at a distance safe above the blasts. Not such a visit had I, years ago, when on the spur of the moment four of us (two ladies) went down an inclined plane into a deep dark mine. Our only occupation there was to find safe refuge from the blasts. It was but the next day after our visit that the rope by which we were drawn up parted when lowering the empty bucket, which was dashed in pieces at the bottom. The ore from many of the mines is sent off up the lake to distant furnaces which need it to mix with ores of a different composition. The loads, drawn by two horses, are enormous, reaching a maximum of ten tons of 2240 pounds each—twice the ordinary load.

Port Henry has a double furnace using anthracite coal and the hot blast. Although a majority of its inhabitants are Romanists, it has a fine new public school building. But to me, its most interesting institution is its Presbyterian church of which Rev. Cyrenius Ransom, residing in the village of Moriah, has been the only stated supply. At the last meeting of the Society a motion to employ him another year was lost. It is the hope of the Church that its Head will send them a permanent and resident pastor. To such, the owners of the furnace will extend liberal aid which they have refused to Bro. R., because of his non-residence. Whoever will make the place a visit will be delighted, and he to whom the oversight of this small but important church shall be given, will feel that the lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places. The people are cordial, the scenery magnificent and the drives beautiful. Above all there is much land to be possessed—a hard-working people to be led to Christ.

FROM OUR OHIOAGO CORRESPONDENT.

Many friends will sympathize with the venerable Secretary Eastman, of the American Tract Society, whose son, Mr. B. F. Eastman, died very unexpectedly at Dubuque, Iowa, on Friday last. Mr. Eastman was an earnest laborer in the cause to which his honored father has devoted forty years or more of his life. During the war, he served the Tract Society and Christian Commission, among the soldiers of the armies of the Potomac. At its close, he transferred his services to the North-west, where, with characteristic enthusiasm, he labored for a year and a half in promoting the diffusion of an evangelical literature among its people. Arrested about a month before his death, by what he supposed to be but a temporary illness he rapidly declined; yet, till near the end of his sickness, confidently looked forward to a speedy resumption of his chosen work. Only five days before his death I called upon him, and found him sitting up and dressed as usual, and full of plans for the prosecution of his designs. The grief of his parents over what I understand to be the first break in the family circle, will be greatly mitigated by the knowledge, that if he has not lived long he had lived usefully, and has, doubtless, heard the welcome of his Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant." Thousands of soldiers will remember him as a devoted friend, and many households will recall his kind and sympathizing letters written from bloody battle fields and hospitals, where their loved ones received his brotherly ministrations. Over the signature of B. F. E., he often sent through the local papers tidings to distant homes of their boys in the field, and many papers over the land will hear no more from their correspondent "B. F. E."

UNITARIAN CONVENTION.

The Unitarians of the Northwest held their week their Annual Convention in Chicago. As many as 150 delegates are said to be present. Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached the opening sermon, from the words, "For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This he demonstrated after the peculiar manner of "liberal Christianity." Certain it is that this burden and this yoke are made exceedingly easy and light by the vast majority of "liberal Christians." It was satisfactorily proved by the Rev. orator that the creed of orthodoxy was "opposed to the life of the world;" while Albert Barnes was made to testify to the terrible influence on the heart and feelings of a belief in the doctrines of evangelical churches.

Judging from the reports of the delegates, the denominational interests of the body cannot be said to be in a flourishing condition,—especially its "missionary" enterprises. Liberal Christians appear to be more free for the doctrines of the New Testament than with their money. However, as "orthodoxy" appears from the sermons and addresses to be the chief, if not the only enemy to liberal Christianity, and as it is fast vanishing from the belief of its professors, even the disciples of the more agreeable faith may be excused if they do not expend their money for the propagation of their religion.

The Convention appears to be having a "good time generally," the "social features of the occasion predominating very largely over the devotional."

DEDICATION.

The dedicatory exercises of the new edifice of Plymouth Congregational church, at the corner of Walnut avenue and Eldridge Court, took place on Sabbath week. The building is one of the finest and most complete of our numerous fine church edifices. The main audience room is

68½x90, and seats 1000 persons, exclusive of the gallery, and is not only one of the largest, but one of the handsomest auditoriums in the city.

The self-sacrificing and unflagging spirit exhibited by this congregation in bringing to a successful termination their arduous enterprise is beyond praise, and they may be pardoned for a good deal of pride in their beautiful and commodious house.

REAL ESTATE.

In Chicago is just now kiting fearfully. Any eastern parties holding property here on speculation, will do well to make a note of the present inflation. A very large sale of both improved and unimproved city property, at public auction, on Thursday last realized astonishing prices.

NORTHWEST.

Religious Intelligence.

Universalist.—Of the recent annual Convention of this body, one of their own papers says:—"We have never yet attended a Convention in which there was so much fault finding. The denominational Press, the Ministry, and the Canton School were taken to task in no measured terms. The Press quarrels over the matter of getting each other's subscribers, discusses minor points of doctrine, and so incites division; passes judgment on political matters, in regard to which toleration is harmless; but it has done little or nothing for the specific work of the Convention. The ministers neglect that work. Only eleven the past year have paid the least attention to the financial calls of the Convention Board (amounting to \$100 all told). The request that blanks for the return of statistics should be filled, has been very generally unheeded. The conduct of the ministers, in this regard, was pronounced 'disgraceful,' meriting strong censure." The Canton School was sharply and repeatedly censured for sending out, in some cases, ministers whose only work seems to be to sow the seeds of infidelity, and destroy our Societies. The offending Press had no defender. The ministers defended themselves." There was a great deal of opposition to having any preaching during the Convention as a waste of time. The report on education showed that they have thirteen Schools and \$1,500,000 invested therein. Tufts College is the pet institution of the New England brethren. It is worth \$850,000. Its only want is scholars. It lacks venerable age, but it has the freshness of youth. A Divinity School in connection with the College, is in contemplation. It will be opened the ensuing summer. Dean Academy building is rapidly progressing. It will cost \$100,000. The statement that Dr. Dean has promised to add to his already great gifts, \$50,000, if the brethren will come forward and liquidate the existing claims, received the applause of the Council.

The report complained that the denomination had too many sons and daughters in Orthodox Schools. With the truths of science, they are getting the poison of error. The report of the Trustees showed that twelve applications for aid from churches engaged in building had been received. Four applications have been granted—others are deferred; and \$4,000 have been appropriated. Special efforts have been made to procure funds for the Society in Wilmington, and \$4,000 have been raised—the money goes for the church edifice. Help to students in the Divinity School amounts to \$2,510. The sum received for Missionary purposes during the year is \$5,018.31.

The report on the state of the Church says:—"About thirty churches have been built; several have been remodelled. At least twenty are now in the course of construction. Within the year, probably forty new Societies have come into existence. Whether any have ceased to exist, we do not learn. We have not been equally successful in regard to the increase of ministers—in all, there cannot be named more than a dozen. Only five ordinations are reported. Death has been unusually busy. There seems to be very little Universalism in the South. There are two feeble Societies in Alabama, both preached to by the same minister. Our cause has but little formal recognition in foreign lands.

The report expresses regret that in some quarters there is a scepticism as to the importance of many of the truths deemed fundamental in our faith. Accordingly the following was proposed, and after a debate in the Convention adopted: Resolved, That in order for one to be a Christian minister, or a member of a Universalist Church, he or she shall believe in the Bible account of the life, teachings, miracles, death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, and any interpretation of the Winchester Confession of Faith that makes it compatible with a denial of that account is a false one.

It was in accordance with the spirit of this resolution, doubtless, that the delegates from the organization in West Virginia, and the Vermont Champlain Liberal Conference were declared not in the fellowship of the Convention, and excluded from the sittings.

The following were appointed a Committee to make arrangements for the proper celebration of the Centenary.—Hon. Israel Washburne, Me.; Rev. Dr. Ryder, Ill.; Rev. Richard Eddy, Penn.; Hon. Horace Greeley, N. Y.

MISSIONARY.

India.—The decline of the Juggernaut idol festival is attracting attention. A late letter to the *London Times* says:—"In 1864 you recorded how one of the cars ran over six worshippers, killing four. This year the crowds were much less than usual, and consisted chiefly of women and children. One of the two cars was not dragged at first, because the people would not assist in an act generally considered as giving salvation, and the priest actually addressed a petition to the magistrate for assistance. Of course the magistrate refused, and finally the evil omen was averted, and the priest's pockets filled, when the car was dragged a little distance after heavy expenditure. It is a ponderous erection on ten pairs of wheels, each made of one enormous piece of wood. The painted block which does duty for Juggernaut is in a tower on the top, and the other turrets are filled with priests, who clang cymbals, strike bells, beat drums, blow conch-shells, and infuriate or amuse the people with obscene exhortations in a truly devilish fashion.

The famine in Orissa continues, and the people are wholly dependent on charity; the Government is now feeding a fourth of the population. Starvation has thus ceased, but the orphans have to be provided for, and an appeal to the benevolent has been issued on their behalf.

Mr. Clough, of the mission of the Baptist Union to the Telogoos, Madras Presidency, gives a remarkable account of a visit to, and the interest at, villages three days' journey west of his new station, Ongole, "amid the darkness of heathenism." People came in from several villages, bringing petitions, &c., for some days; coming, as they said, "to learn more about Jesus;" and Mr. Clough writes: "Then commenced a series of meetings in that tamarind grove, that continued for five days, and which I can never forget. At the end of the fifth day, Sunday, January 20, twenty-eight were baptized, upon profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. These meetings and these baptisms almost made me think that another day of Pentecost was being given to us. I have seen many revivals at home; and witnessed many precious outpourings of the Holy Spirit; but I never saw such a blessed time as this was,—never saw such faith and such love for Jesus, the Saviour."