

Original Communications.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS—XVII. Nevada, Aug. 1868.

THE LOVE OF MONEY.

DEAR EDITOR:—Money, says many an ignorant quoter of the Bible, "is the root of all evil."

Even this assertion I had been wont, in times past, to look upon as a little apocryphal—a Hebraism—a somewhat foreign expression to be understood in a general and figurative sense, and not particularly.

God has made each of our race with an unceasing desire to be rich. This no one need be silly enough to deny or attempt to ignore.

It was this inordinate, aching, ceaseless thirsting to become speedily rich, which so quickly peopled California after tidings of her gold deposits got abroad; no matter though two thousand miles of territory, unpeopled and half desert, must be crossed in order to reach it—the same unsatisfied longing that now so suddenly peoples, in squads and localities, far off and interior Nevada; along her mountain slopes, in her deep gorges, and on her treeless valleys.

Since my coming into this region of Nevada, one of those periodical excitements has arisen, even to fever-heat. A few months since, some rich specimens of chloride of silver ore were discovered by some wandering prospector, in a district bearing the general designation, WHITE PINE, about one hundred and twenty miles southeast from Austin, Nevada.

Wherein people differ is the matter of life; wherein they agree is death. While they are alive, we have the distinctions of intelligence and stupidity; honorableness; and meanness; when they are dead, we have so much stinking rottenness, decaying away;—this is the common lot. Yet intelligence and stupidity, honorableness and meanness are not in one's power, neither is that condition of putridity, decay, and utter disappearance.

SQUATTER LAWS.

Miners have their own crude laws, though often rudely broken even by themselves. As in all squatter sovereignties, the pioneer becomes legal possessor of a certain boundary, where he locates, and of what may lie beneath the surface.

Here each one imagining that beneath his surface claim lie hidden untold treasures, sets to digging, picking, shovelling, drilling and blasting. Banks of earth, caves, pits, holes and sinks soon change altogether the original appearance of the locality.

PREACHING TO SUCH.

Owing to the workings of worldliness and stries of selfish passion wrought by the love of money, Pastors and Evangelists find how difficult it is in Atlantic communities, to obtain a hearing from the masses on Christ's behalf.

these evils from money-loving become in this region; where the existence of a man and his family, if he have one, often seems to depend on his getting money, and his only avenues for this, are mining and gambling.

THE OPINIONS OF YANG CHOO, OR "EAOH ONE FOR HIMSELF."

Yang Choo was a Chinese philosopher, who flourished not long previous to the birth of Mencius—which event took place about 371 B. C. Little comparatively is known of him, but enough of his writings have been handed down, to show that he was an advocate of self-enjoyment, and self-abandonment.

I propose to give a synopsis of Yang Choo's sentiments, derived from a translation of some of his writings with notes or criticism, by Rev. Dr. James Legge, in the Second Volume of his "CHINESE CLASSICS."

Yang Choo said: "A hundred years are the extreme limit of longevity; and not one man in a thousand enjoys such a period of life. Suppose the case of one who does so: infancy, borne in the arms, and doting old age, will occupy nearly one half; what is forgotten in sleep and what is lost in the waking day, will nearly occupy the other half.

It is to be prized for the pleasure of food and dress? or for the enjoyments of music and beauty? But one cannot be always satisfied with these pleasures; one cannot be always toying with beauty and listening to music.

Let the above suffice to show the character of Yang Choo's mind and writings. His teachings have no redeeming qualities. His reasonings contain no element to counteract the poison that is in them.

According to Dr. Legge, in summing up the sentiments of Yang Choo, the conclusion of the whole matter is, "Let us eat, and drink; let us live in pleasure; gratify the ears and eyes; get servants and maidens; music, beauty, wine; when the day is insufficient, carry it on through the night; EACH ONE FOR HIMSELF."

Now Shun had to plow the ground on the South of the Ho, and to play the potter by the Lug lake. His four limbs had not even a temporary rest; for his mouth and stomach, he could not find pleasant food and warm clothing.

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vanced in age, his wisdom was decayed, his son, Shang-Kuen, proved without ability; and he finally had to resign the throne to Yu. Sorrowfully came he to his death.

EACH ONE FOR HIMSELF.

These four sages, during their life, had not a single day's joy. Since their death they have had a grand fame that will last through myriads of ages. But that fame is what none who care for what is real would choose.

These two villains, during their lives, had the joy of gratifying their desires. Since their death, they have had the evil fame of folly and tyranny. The reality of enjoyment is what no fame can give. Reproach them—they do not know it. Praise them—they do not know it.

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THANK YOU.

What a charm in those two little words! The first expressing gratitude for a favor received; the second, bestowing the boon of gratitude, on the giver of the favor.

On one of the hottest Sabbaths of the last hot summer I was invited in the absence of the pastor, to preach to a large city congregation.

I repeat—blessed words! So much better than a ten-dollar greenback. How much better than the bread and flesh brought by the ravens to feed the Lord's prophet by the brook Cherith!

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The session has begun with bright prospects. Professors and students have resumed work with alacrity and energy. The Professors enter upon their duties as though it afforded their peculiar pleasure to be with the students.

Take an example: Let us go into Prof. Smith's room. You are immediately drawn toward him, by his cordiality of manner. He is so earnest in setting forth the truth that you are involuntarily led to listen.

The Professors are approachable. You do not feel loath to call upon them. The Professors desire the students to call upon them, and repeatedly indicate their readiness to assist them in anything.

"Union" is prosperous. We have about the same number of students that were present last year. There are about fifty names upon the roll of the Senior Class. Five of the Seniors are from "Princeton Seminary."

Again, "Caspar" says: "The Seminary has hardly its full number of students. The Senior class has dwindled down. New School men craftily—I do not mean wickedly—offer large favors to

students, and naturally enough they get them. Some go to Union Seminary," Ke., "Caspar" cannot prove that "New School men craftily—I do not mean wickedly—offer large favors to students."

RIVERS, THE HUDSON; REVOLUTIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

One of the most striking points in the natural history of rivers, is the perpetual flowing of the stream; and among all the wonders, is the permanency of the Divine arrangements to furnish this constant supply.

The Hudson is associated with the early history of the land. I have just returned from a visit to Dobbs' Ferry on the Eastern bank of the stream. It is at the town of Greenbush, within the limits of which the battle of White Plains was fought.

It seems that the precise spot of the capture is a few feet distant, on the opposite side of a little brook called Andre's Brook, but the owner of the land, a white citizen, refused to part with the few square feet of earth, required for the purpose.

From the same venerable friend whose taste it is to hunt up the traditions of every remarkable locality, I learned some particulars about the capture of Andre, which show the Providential hand in a striking light.

Of the three young Americans engaged in this great affair, Paulding had previously been taken by the British and carried to New York where he found a prison in the old Sugar House, in which, by all accounts, he saw the same kind of horrors, as were lately perpetrated at Andersonville on our Union soldiers.

When Paulding declared himself to be an American, Andre took the ground of being, also, an American going on the ground of being, towards the enemy's lines.