

Original Communications.

IN MEMORIAM.

The following action was taken by the Presbytery of Harrisburg, regarding the recent decease of three eminent servants of God within their bounds:

REV. WM. R. DE WITT.

On the 23d of December last, Rev. William R. De Witt, D.D., a revered and honored member of this Presbytery was called to his final rest.

William R. De Witt was born in the town of Clinton, Dutchess county, New York, on the 25th of February, 1792. His parents were both of Holland descent.

In consequence of the division of the Presbyterian Church of this country into two bodies, in 1837-9, both claiming to be the legitimate Assembly, Dr. De Witt and his church assumed for two years an independent position.

He was Moderator of the Synod of Pennsylvania in 1838, was honored by the University of Pennsylvania with the title of Doctor of Divinity, and in the same year was chosen a Corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Feeling the weight of increasing infirmities he relinquished during the later years of his life most of the duties of the pastorate to a colleague, still retaining his relation to the church, his first and only pastoral charge.

Thus, after nearly half a century of pastoral care, this devoted servant of Christ and His Church has been gathered to his rest, "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

His eminent standing and long-continued and faithful services in the church will long preserve his memory. We, his joint Presbyters and associates in the ministry, some of us for many years, are painfully reminded by his departure of our own great loss.

relations were ever kind, and a Christian whose life continually testified that he knew and loved Christ as his personal Friend and Saviour.

Rejoicing in the faith that he has departed to be with Christ, we yet cry, Help Lord for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

REV. JOHN W. DAVIES.

The Rev. John W. Davies was born in Newburyport (Mass.) June 4th, 1800. He was well instructed in the Latin and Greek languages, though we have no evidence that he ever enjoyed the privilege of a collegiate education.

After an employment for some time as an agent of the American Bible Society, he became in 1839 the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Sand Lake, within the bounds of the Presbytery of Albany, where he remained for four years. From this place he removed to Stephentown, within the bounds of the same Presbytery, where he became involved in the commotions which were raised by the Anti-renters of that period, in consequence of which he was obliged to leave that place after a brief pastorate of fifteen months.

He was then installed over a church in Austerlitz and remained there four years. We then find him a stated supply in a church in Trenton, N. Y., during another four years, and in Greenville eighteen months. In 1851 he returned to this State and spent three or four years in the service of the Tract Society in Philadelphia.

He had scarcely finished this work of love, before his increasing infirmities warned him that his earthly course was almost run. He was spared to meet a number of times with his brethren of Presbytery, who will never forget his pleading earnestness in exhorting them to fidelity in their ministerial calling, and the striking example he has left them of a cheerful and undoubting confidence in the divine promises even in the darkest hours of happy fellowship with an unseen Redeemer as if sensibly present to his consciousness, and of glorious anticipation of the rest which remains to the people of God.

He died at Harrisburg near the close of the summer of 1867, in the sixty-seventh year, of his age and the thirty-fourth of his ministry.

MORDECAI MCKINNEY.

The Presbytery would also record with sorrow the death of Hon. Mordecai McKinney, a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian church of Harrisburg, and a frequent member of this and the higher courts of the Church. We pay tribute to him as a Christian man whose record is written in the religious history of the church with which he was connected for so many years, and as an office bearer in the Church who filled his place to the day of his death with unwavering fidelity, and with the entire confidence of all his brethren.

SHERDS AND TAGS.

In true, live Calvinism the "five points" are the fingers of a strong and sinewy hand. Death is like a photographer's "fixing solution." Suppose the last picture taken is of your heart with the devil in it, what then?

Christ is the middle atmosphere between the damp fogs of earth, and the thin pure air of heaven. The Bible begins with fear and ends with love—the black and ugly bud expanding into a white and lovely flower.

—As one treads across a stream and muddies the water in his progress, so God treads across the current of the human race. Well would it be for us if we could only be led to notice by the signs below, the fact that He walks above us with "stately stepplings."

—Whoever steers for heaven by Christian lives must needs allow a great deal for the variations of the needle.

—God's commandments are the iron door into Himself. To keep them is to have it opened and His great heart of love revealed.

—It is a bad thing when the fire of divine grace in a man doesn't burn well enough to draw through without smoking. How many smoky-chimney Christians there are—acrid to other people's eyes and to the nostrils of the Most High!

—God, so to speak, is myriad-minded. We cannot therefore put ourselves in accord with his plans, any more than any one man can run a line for a railroad which it requires a small army to survey.

—The fall of the first Adam was the end of the beginning; the rise of the second Adam was the beginning of the end.

—"Dry cracks" in the stones, and "dry rot" in the timbers of God's building, make it fair to see but false to serve in.

—Sabbath days, quiet islands on the tossing sea of life.

—Happy are we if on the body of our resurrection we can bear the face with which victorious Christians leave the earth.

—As we wander over the dark mountains of the world we may have each point of our way branded upon the pilgrim's staff which supports us. And all good Christians are able to show an Alpenstock so marked with the names burned into the wood.

—Hate belongs with sin. If we do wrong, we hate either the thing or God or ourselves or somebody else.

—Graves: the dashes in the punctuation of our lives. To the Christian they are but the place at which he gathers breath for a nobler sentence. To Christ the grave was but the hyphen between man and God for He was God-man.

—Dogmas: frayed and ragged rails on old theological tracks.

—The best servant of God is he who chews the cud and ruminates over truth. He is a clean animal ready "for service or for sacrifice."

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

WHO WILL CARE FOR GOD'S POOR?

The fire burns low in many a humble dwelling; the barrel of flour has been spent; the garment is worn threadbare, the thatch has fallen from the roof; the elasticity of youth and the strength of manhood have decayed, and old age, with its "crown of glory" indeed, but an old age of poverty, has overtaken many of the servants of the Lord. To many of them, a winter, long, severe and full of keen suffering, is just at their door.

With the deepest solicitude for those we love and venerate, we ask, Who will care for God's poor? Surely no one, who sincerely loves the Lord Jesus Christ will fail to minister to those who, worn out in the service, are now pensioners of the cross. Our little Zion, out here on the very frontier of the "Great North-West," has not been unmindful of the fact that, much as we have to do in directing the movements of the front ranks in the army of the Lord, yet we have an important duty to discharge towards those veteran soldiers of the cross who, having borne the burden and heat of the day, still linger in the camp to encourage and bless us with their benedictions and their prayers.

We have just sent in our annual contribution in their behalf. It is not what might be called "a princely gift," but we have tried to do what we could, and our prayers follow the gift. We cannot bear the thought of denying to ourselves the privilege of giving to Christ when in the garb of the poor, the needy, the sick and friendless, he knocks at our door and asks for a garment for his shivering limbs, a mouthful of food to nourish his feeble body, or shelter from the pitiless blasts of winter.

We wish, as we have ever done, to be classed with the "two hundred and fifty" churches of our branch who do not forget those aged servants of Christ who now look to the Christian church for a bare pittance, not sufficient to make them comfortable, but only enough to make the evening of their life barely tolerable. In doing this act for our aged brethren in the ministry, we feel blest in the assurance that we are doing it for the blessed Saviour whom we profess to love, for He has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Does the Master look with complacency upon such professed Christians? Is it not to be feared that He will one day say to them, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me?"

Do any of those thirteen hundred churches plead poverty? We cannot conceive of a church of Christ that is alive to duty, being so bereft of material blessings as to allow them to do absolutely nothing. The plea of poverty is only another name for selfishness. Does any one of those thirteen hundred churches plead forgetfulness? Such an excuse does not savor of the Spirit of Christ. Does any one of those thirteen hundred churches say, "We are in debt, and need all our money at home?"

To all those who plead "so much to do at home" as an excuse, we would commend the story of the Priest and the Levite who were so busy serving the Lord (?) that they had no time to spare, nor money to spend upon a poor, dying stranger that lay by the wayside. It may be possible that some of these non-sympathetic churches are among the thieves and robbers who have given a helping hand to bring these aged pilgrims to their sad plight.

Can it be possible that there is a single pastor or stated supply in any of our churches, who is so destitute of sympathy for his poor and infirm brethren as not to open his heart to his people and encourage them, yes, insist upon it, that they should open, not only their hearts, but their purses also, liberally too, for Christ's destitute ones? We have a duty to discharge. God gives us health and material blessings and then says, "see that ye feed my poor—clothe my naked—comfort my aged—visit my sick, so shall ye be my servants indeed, and shall show of a truth that the love of Christ dwelleth in you."

Who then will take care of God's poor? May the thirteen hundred churches that were reported as contributing nothing last year, each, speedily respond, by sending in to the Ministerial Relief Committee that which will make their prayers like sweet incense—their contributions.

THOMAS MARSHALL, Mantato, Minn., Nov. 12, 1868.

REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—XXII.

TRUCKEE, Cal., Oct., 1868.

This is a station on the western end of the Pacific Railroad at the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains; a short distance below the outlet of Donner Lake. Here also the waters from Tahoe Lake unite with Donner forming the Truckee River; a stream of surpassing clearness, beauty, and grandeur of scenery. As it flows eastward in its rapid course to lose itself in the dry valleys of Nevada, a water-power is afforded sufficient to drive all the machinery needed in the region for ages to come. Here dense forests composed of various species of tall pine cover the long slopes of the Sierra Nevada, up to their very summit, and affording an inexhaustible supply of the finest lumber. Without this immense and easy lumber supply it is not easy to conceive how the western portion of the road could have stretched itself across the great basin towards Salt Lake. From the base of these mountains stretching eastward for two thousand miles there is no timber at all adequate for Railroad and building purposes. Forty-two steam saw mills have been erected in the vicinity of Truckee during the past season. These mills are now turning out about two millions of lumber daily, and for this purpose employ about a thousand men. Connected with the Railroad and other business another thousand people are said to be here.

MY VISIT.

Our Committee of Church Extension on the Pacific, learning of the rapidly increasing interests at Truckee, and also that the place had been visited by no minister of Christ, asked me, after the late meeting of Synod in San Francisco, to visit and explore the place in view of sending a permanent missionary. One Sabbath has been spent and I write on the eve of starting for interior and Eastern Nevada. My brief visit has been one of much interest and apparent success. The place on the Sabbath was the most irregular and wicked camp I had seen, the army not excepted. The forty-two saw mills cease running on the Sabbath, and the thousand employees gather into the new town. Although the drinking places, billiard saloons, and gambling holes are already quite numerous, yet they could not hold half who seemed desirous to enter; hence the street was also full of men engaged in all manner of foolish and blasphemous wickedness.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

Arriving too late in the week to gain any intelligence, I learned on Sabbath morning that a few persons were making an effort to establish a Sabbath-school. These were soon found and assisted, and at the hour for meeting, in addition to the few children present, I had a Bible class of twelve grown persons. I preached to these and some others after Sabbath-school, and announced preaching again at eventide in a new school house. At the hour the house was full. After sermon I stated to the audience the special object of my visit; asked them whether, without any effort to have thrown in some healing leaven, they were content to have their new abode every Sabbath as this one; and finally invited all present who desired the coming of a missionary, to rise. Everyone in the house rose—one woman in addition to rising holding up both her hands. PUT HIM THROUGH. Conversing with a group of those who had

risen, yet not one of them a professor of religion, and whose names was being taken, I said, "Men, in all probability of a missionary come he will be a young man, fully furnished by study and Seminary training, good and earnest; yet this tremendous tide of worldliness and wickedness may at first overwhelm him, and instead of making headway against it, he may be crowded into a corner, and perhaps sit down to weep over his supposed failure—now want you rugged men remember this and help him?" A stalwart lumberman, who apparently comprehended the matter replied with great emphasis, "Send on the young man and we'll help to put him through."

The editor of a paper newly started—Truckee Tribune—a man of the world, readily proffered a column of each issue to the coming preacher for original or selected matter on moral and religious subjects—an example well worth the consideration of those editing secular papers in older localities.

Dear Doctor, please say editorially and authoritatively to your readers: "We need a fit man for Truckee as well as a large number of other such places opened, opening and to be opened on the Pacific coast." A. M. STEWART.

MUNERA MUNDI TRANSEUNT.

BY REV. C. R. BURDICK.

How fast the bubbles break and flee! Which float upon life's stormy sea! What shall remain of all on earth? Though clothed in beauty at its birth? Sweet hope to-day arrayed in light: To-morrow sits in starless night. No joy outlasts its day of birth: Gloom sadness chasms laughing mirth.

Should e'er a star light up the night? The tempest's soon to put out its light! Should morning sunshine deck the hill? Soon clouds the blue-etherial fill! And so where'er I raise my eyes To look at evening's peaceful skies: How soon the scene is blackened o'er! While ruthless storms around me roar!

So if you lake be hushed to rest Like infant in its mother's breast, How soon the storm-god o'er it raves! And boils with fury all its waves! I see the fragrant summer flower, That blooms in sweetness for an hour; Withered and die upon its stem! And drop from nature's diadem.

I sought for joy in love's sweet bower I felt the strong enchantment's power; But the wild passion gave no rest: I could not in that bower be blest.

Up scenic' hill I sought to climb To stand upon its heights sublime. That on the dazzling scroll of fame I might enrol my daring name. But ere I had attained the height Ten thousand had out-run me quite. My venturesome foot began to tire And disappointment quenched desire.

I turned to hopes that never fade, To joy in radiant dress arrayed. Amid those scenes the sun-light fills Perpetual on the Heavenly hills. These seas of glass unruffled are; The sky shines brightly, sweetly, fair; Then love and knowledge both combine To raise my soul to joys divine.

Editor's Cable.

Publishers will confer a favor by mentioning the prices of all books sent to this Department.

DR. MARCH'S "NIGHT SCENES."

The effort to render vivid and bring home to the reader all the setting of natural scenery and outward circumstance with which Bible truth and fact are surrounded, and to diffuse over the whole every right literary attraction, has rarely been more successful than in the two books of Dr. March: "Walks and Homes" and "Night Scenes." The "Night Scenes" is the more striking of the two: The particular vein of writing has been but little worked, and the whole manner of treatment is novel, entertaining and profitable. The crowded audiences who regularly listened to these "Night Scenes," in the form of Discourses, did not misjudge their merits, their rich and graphic descriptions, their eloquent and skilfully woven appeals, their bold and seasonable warnings against prevailing vices and evils, their paramount evangelical spirit and purpose. If we learn one thing more than another from the "NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE," it is how great facilities the preacher has now-a-days for showing the consistency of truth and goodness with beauty, while sacrificing neither to the other.

Messrs. ZIEGLER, MCGURDY & Co. have brought out the volume in truly elegant style, as to typography, binding and illustrations. Some of the latter are from drawings made by T. Moran, and one by Hamilton (St. Paul's shipwreck) expressly for the work. Others are copied from Doré, there being twelve full page engravings in all. Sold by subscription. Cloth \$3.50.

REVELATION OF LAW.

This volume, based on the Series of Lectures delivered by the author, Dr. FAIRBAIRN, on the Cunningham foundation, is one of those thorough, scholarly and calmly earnest discussions of great Scriptural Questions, which enrich theological literature and direct and lighten the labors of a generation. The place and bearing of the legal part of Revelation, with a few profound and need paragraphs on natural law, are exhibited in the most varied and fruitful aspects. The chapters or Lectures are respectively: Introductory; The Relation of Man at Creation to Moral Law; Time and Occasion of Formulation of the Moral

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