

## Original Communications.

## CROSSES.

I once possessed a beautiful photographic copy of Palmer's celebrated marble, "Faith at the Cross." These copies have been multiplied, till they are seen in almost any house you may enter, the country over. The usual effect of such multiplication follows—people cease to care for it. "That is so common," a friend said, "I wonder you like to have it." But my particular copy seemed to me different from all others. I had studied over and over, in long hours of weariness and pain, every line in it. I had come to love it like a friend. I learned to talk with the sweet, upturned face, and knew by heart all the story it had to tell. The very light and shade in the picture, were suggestive to me, for close around the cross it was thick darkness, but beyond and above, it was light. Light, too, in the upward-looking eyes, that held somewhat such an expression as the divine eyes might have held, when the sad lips said, "Not my will but Thine." All the lessons that came to me, impressed by frequent repetition, from that simple picture, it would be impossible to tell. Suffice it to say, that more than any other visible or symbolic agency for good, apart from the sanctuary and the Bible, it helped to keep Christ in my heart and thoughts.

While this photograph hung in my room, I once received a visit from an inquisitive acquaintance, who amused herself by walking about, and closely inspecting everything within the four walls. Suddenly in a quick rasping tone, she exclaimed, "You have a cross here, I see." "Oh yes," I said, as if that were nothing remarkable, adding inwardly, "more than one." I anticipated an attack, and immediately stood on the defensive, but after apparently weighing the subject carefully in her mind, she remarked patronizingly, and with great deliberation, "Well, I don't know as I object, though some people do." "I don't know why you should," I answered; "I believe it is the symbol of our faith." "Yes, but some people think it is Romish, you know." "Romish!" I said; "did Christ die then for Rome only? Was it Romish for Paul to say he gloried in the cross? Of course, he meant the doctrine of the cross, but do you suppose he would have been horrified at seeing the symbol of the doctrine?"

The truth is, there is a great deal of nonsense afloat in the Protestant Church, about crosses. I cannot understand why the Romanists and Episcopalians should be allowed to monopolize for their churches, the peculiar sign of our faith. I do not see why it should not be on every Christian church. And yet, I have been told that when, at the suggestion of Henry Ward Beecher, a cross was placed upon a Congregational church in a town in Western New York, they could get no congregation!

But, perhaps you say, "It is dangerous in tendency. It looks Rome-ward. It is the germ of image-worship. Romish idolatry has come of it, since the days of the early church." Well, doubtless the world moves in a circle, in more senses than the literal one, swinging from one extreme to another, and back again. There is nothing new under the sun, and the thing that hath been, it is that which shall be. But are the early Christians to blame, because later generations corrupted the pure faith, and came to look upon the symbol as the substance? Because the Corinthian church turned the Lord's Supper into a riotous feast, shall we, therefore, not celebrate the Lord's Supper?

"But," you say, "It is dangerous playing with edged tools." I grant you—but because one playing with them, inflicts severe wounds, shall therefore, the master-workman not use them, for skillful and beautiful work? If the symbol of our faith helps to keep our faith in mind, why should we not avail ourselves of that help? It is true, the faith is not worth much, if it be dependent on these things, but why are they not legitimate means to a higher end, as much as the lilies of the field, or any other suggestive thing, that gives us nobler, higher thoughts, and heavenly aspirations? In short, we Protestants have ever before us the command, "Thou shalt not bow down to them nor serve them," and if any one find himself leaning for the cross itself rather than for what it suggests, it is the fault, not of the cross, but of his own heart. Some people may be strong enough, and spiritual enough, to need no outward helps, but the most of us are weak at the best, and should catch at everything that can help us God-ward, in however small degree. Those who have never specially noticed it, have very little idea of the power upon our minds of the things that constantly surround us. They are certainly moulding elements in our life, to a much greater extent than we imagine.

I have two crosses in my bright, sunny room, one of which helped me to bear a real cross the other day. The other one was given me by a dear friend away up on the shores of Lake Superior. It is a pure white cross under a glass shade with a single white rose and its spray of leaves and buds, twined about it. It seems to me that "Purity" is written all over it, and I never look at it, without some sweet thought of Heaven, or of Him who is the only Pure.

The way the other one helped me was this. It is an illuminated cross, in a simple frame, with a vine of ivy-leaves growing over it. These leaves, the emblem of strength, always remind me of

the strong, close clinging to Jesus, of one who feels Christ to be his only hope. But this cross has upon it an inscription, that struck me a little strangely at first—"Glory to God." It reminded me of John's expression, "the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ." Glory and shame! Power and weakness! A shout of triumph and a cry of agony! How can these things go together? But they did, and do still, and therefore, instead of "Thy will be done," which we should more naturally associate with a cross, is this motto, "Glory to God!"

So, bearing a little cross, impatiently, the other day, my eye fell upon the words over the painted cross, and I said to myself, "Glory to God, that is what came of the cross, Christ's cross, and that is what must come of all others, I suppose, little crosses as well as great." A new light dawned upon me—a sweeter way than ever, to bear crosses. Not simply because it is God's will, and we should be lovingly submissive, not simply because only through suffering we shall reign, and only through discipline grow pure, but because, through every cross, and out of every trial comes glory to our dear Lord. I cannot tell you, just how sweet it seemed to me then, to be able to bring glory to Him from a cross, even as He brought glory to the Father from His cross. And this, then, is what all our crosses shall end in, glory to God. It seemed sweeter and more beautiful to me than any self-purification, or any self-gain, to be able to crown our Lord with glory,—out of the fragrant blossoms of our own humiliation, to weave for Him the wreath of a Victor.

So it is, that even symbols have their precious uses, and my pictured crosses help me to bear my real ones. K. H. J.

## REV. A. M. STEWART'S LETTERS.—XXVI. SILVER MINING.

"Surely, says Job, there is a vein for the silver." The history and growth of art and science in the search after and acquisition of this coveted metal have neither improved upon the theory, nor put to naught the mining knowledge of that man so famous for patience in the land of Uz. There is still a vein for the silver; that is, seams of ore-rock from one to twenty feet thick, like the bituminous coal strata in the Pittsburgh region. Not usually, however, like them, running horizontally through the mountains, but dipping sometimes almost to the perpendicular.

How and when the silver was condensed into these rock seams, geologists fail satisfactorily to inform us. This vast treasure region affords to the observant eye unmistakable evidence that it was long the bed of some salt sea or ocean. The alembic of the mighty waters has left in these numerous strata vast mineral treasures besides silver, for the development and use of coming generations. Some mighty convulsion, perhaps the flood, changed the lowest depths of this once ocean into the highest mountain ranges. Nor do such shakings up and changes of sea depths and earth's surface seem as yet to be all past.

## MINING A SCIENCE.

Owing to its general vein deposit, silver mining has become more of a science in Nevada than was gold hunting in California. There, each individual could dig, shovel and wash gold from the sand and debris for himself. Here, successful silver-mining requires large capital. Hence, so many Eastern Companies have adventured on the business in this far off region; though from perfectly legitimate causes, have nearly all proved failures. A mine or two in Nevada have already been sunk to the depth of twelve hundred feet. One of these is becoming so warm at the bottom as to be very oppressive on the miners.

Here, however, in White Pine District former theories, practices, laws and results of silver mining are found to be at fault. Job's vein for the silver seems not to hold good in this Treasure Mountain. On its summit and far down its sides, this portion of the mountain is covered with thick strata of limestone rock. For two and a half miles, in and adjacent to Treasure City, at almost every place where these strata have been pierced, silver ore has been found in greater or less quantities and more or less rich in quality; and this not in veins or seams, but in bunches, in hoppers and irregular masses. Some of these deposits are declared by scientific miners to be the richest ever yet discovered in the history of mining; being almost pure silver—Horned Silver, as the miners term it; or Chloride ore—salt and silver combined. The ore from the great Comstock lode in Virginia City, Nevada, is considered rich when yielding one hundred dollars to every ton of ore crushed. Some of the ore from this Treasure Mountain has yielded from five to twenty thousand dollars per ton. No marvel, therefore, if the mining interests of Nevada have gone crazy about White Pine, and the mania be spreading into California and even as far as our Eastern cities; and thousands are rushing, and others will eagerly rush here—individually and in companies. The very large majority, no doubt, as in all other mining manias, will become poorer than when they came, and leave, if able to get away, penniless.

## CHLORIDE FLAT.

On one of those inexpressibly beautiful November days, it is a most interesting, enlivening, even exciting scene to visit a place at the south end of Treasure City, called, "Chloride Flat," a sloping parcel of the mountain side of perhaps sixty acres; with a surface of bare limestone rock. The nature of the deposits in this mountain

seems to have set at defiance all the old laws about claims and mining interests. Each man, who fluds here a space large enough and unoccupied, in which to sink a shaft, feels that he has a title, through Uncle Sam and by virtue of squatter sovereignty, so to do. Here on this broad limestone surface of Chloride Flat, on every square surface of twenty feet, in many places much less, are two or three men eagerly and laboriously toiling in order to get a hole through the limestone, usually about the dimensions of an ordinary well sunk for water. Each man looking and no doubt expecting; yea, believing, that the centre of earth's treasures lies directly below his excavation. Every few minutes you hear the boom of the blasting powder like the report of a small cannon. Should you venture across the Flat, the admonition will very likely be several times tendered; "Look out!"—and you had need to. Men are seen moving away from one and another excavation near by you; when presently the earth trembles, the sound like a cannon salutes the ear, and up the shaft comes a dense volume of powder, smoke, spars, and often quite large pieces of rock thrown high in air, and to fall wherever the projection and gravitation may tend.

How persuade such a company and so engaged, that beneath these rocks lie not the true riches? How effectually preach the Gospel of the kingdom to men whose entire being are absorbed after underground treasures? The prophet is not alone in his complaint, "Who hath believed our report?" A. M. STEWART.

## A COMPLAISANT PULPIT.

BY REV. E. H. GILLET, D.D.

The half-way covenant dispensation (if we may so phrase it) of New England Church history was a most disastrous one. The mention of it, to those acquainted with its main features, suggests at once the shameful treatment which its opponents sometimes received. Edwards, in exile from a people that had once almost adored him, and toiling as a missionary among the Stockbridge Indians, was perhaps the most distinguished sufferer by the prejudice that resented the imposition of Scriptural terms of communion at the Lord's table. But he did not suffer alone, others were separated from their flocks, or sorely disturbed in their labors, for sharing and advocating his views.

But the cause of Christ suffered most sorely. Many pastors were constrained to practice what they confessed that they did not approve. Their sermons bear the traces of the bondage in which their convictions were held. They did not venture to speak all that they believed, or to utter what they felt. But a fettered utterance is powerless, and a pulpit in bondage to the pews is little better than no pulpit at all.

To many, it must have given occasion for sad reflection, when they saw parents who had been themselves baptized, contented with the privilege of offering their children in baptism, and quieting their consciences with the thought that thus they had discharged their duty to their own household, and at the same time retained a half-way connection with the Church. How could such persons be dealt with? How could they be convinced of their error, and be brought to confess their mistake? Arguments like those of Bellamy and Edwards, might indeed do it, but how many could be found to speak out with the boldness and force of those great men?

Perhaps no printed discourse of the time better illustrates the embarrassment which some men must have felt, as well as the tameness of pulpit utterance which was thus occasioned, than one preached in 1769 by John Tucker of Newbury, on the Gospel condition of salvation. We might suppose that from such a text as, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," some very plain, searching and startling truths might have been deduced and applied. But as we turn over the pages of Mr. Tucker's sermon, we meet with passages which would be more appropriate to that class of preachers who would not venture to name the word "hell" to "ears polite." After having presented the doctrinal positions of his discourse, he proceeds to its improvement. Here he deals with his half-way covenant hearers in a very genteel and respectful manner. He speaks of them as not denying or renouncing their baptism. "But this," he adds, "seems far from being sufficient to their sustaining the proper and complete character of Christians." Neglecting to "personally and publicly recognize and own their baptism," and in consequence thereof neglecting "another special and express ordinance of the Gospel, viz, that of the Lord's Supper, how do they appear as Christ's disciples? And if they do not so much as aim at this;—if they knowingly neglect what the Gospel plainly requires of them, how can they satisfy themselves, that they comply with the condition of salvation?"

A modern critic would suppose that this language was moderate and tame enough for the most complaisant pulpit, but as if he had been too pungent, Mr. Tucker immediately adds in an apologetic tone—"I would recommend these things to the serious consideration of all such as they more especially concern; I mean to such as neglect public profession of religion and coming to the Lord's Table. I am far from a disposition to upbraid any for their faults; but you will suffer me to say, in a spirit of love, that this is verily a fault, and a defect in your Christian

character much to be lamented. Let me beseech you to think seriously of these things; to consider and realize what the Gospel requires of you; what is your duty, and what is your interest."

We doubt whether the "Old Side," arraigned by Blair and Tennent more than a century ago for their lack of pungency, or the moderates of the Church of Scotland in the day when Rowland Hill and missionary societies were an abomination, ever went beyond Mr. Tucker of Newbury. This man, who out of the pulpit, or by controversial sermons in it, could manifest a vigor of thought and command a raciness of expression which savor of Robert South, was so gentle in dealing with the consciences of his hearers, as to seem to beg their permission to present to them, maimed or toned down to their capacity to receive them, the invariable terms of Christ's salvation.

We might well be content with some afflictive visitation, or almost with the ultra peculiarities of Hopkintonian doctrine, if only thereby such lukewarmness might be put away. When the preacher has to ask permission to express the sacred message, and even then in the most guarded way, the pulpit has well nigh touched the depth of degradation. It is shorn of its power and challenges popular contempt. John Tucker of Newbury was not a weak man intellectually. He was a robust and vigorous controversialist, not lacking in wit, or the power of keen retort, and yet it is impossible to read such passages in his sermons as those quoted above, and not feel that his somewhat reluctant acquiescence in the popular doctrinal fallacy of the day, had robbed him of his power, and left him an object, as a preacher, almost of contempt.

So will it be when a mutilated Gospel only is accepted or acceptable. And the result will be what it was a century ago in New England. John Tucker was really, if not doctrinally, one of the Unitarian Fathers. The pulpits around Boston, filled with men somewhat of his stamp, favored the introduction of errors which the New England fathers would have regarded with abhorrence. It is from the example of Him that spake with authority, that his disciples are to learn the lesson of their own utterance, as they deal with sins and sinners.

## OUR NEW MISSIONARIES AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY OF THE O. S. BOARD.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Two of your missionaries to the freedmen of South Carolina, called on us as they passed down, and suffered themselves to be persuaded to tarry for a few days. Their visit was gratifying on many accounts. Among other reasons, we were curious to find out the difference between the Old and New School ministry. These brethren were the first we had ever met under circumstances where we felt free to examine closely into the distinguishing characteristics; and as they were about to locate at points not very distant, we felt in duty bound to see if they could pronounce our "shibboleth," for if they were heretical, of course we would have to sound the warning, lest they, under the name of Presbyterian, should deceive our colored Presbyterians.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if these excellent brethren are fair specimens of the New School Presbyterian Church, I hope you will send many more to gather the freedmen into Presbyterian churches. The four brethren present represented the two branches, two belonging to each. After many inquiries on both sides, we unanimously concluded that there existed no just reason why the union should not be consummated. These brethren, Messrs. McKinney and Loomis, go to a most important field, a region where there are many freedmen who once belonged to the Presbyterian church. At the call of the Church for laborers for this specific work, they have entered the field. Upon their success much depends. May we not ask that all interested in the work pray for them?

Should they succeed, additional laborers and means to support them will be required. Will these be forthcoming? I cannot see how a Church which boasts that it has ever been distinctively anti-slavery, and pre-eminently loyal among American churches can hesitate, nor do I believe it will falter. I wish, however, to warn all who have urged the Church to engage denominationally in the work, that heavy outlays will be necessary. The freedmen are poorer now than at the close of the war. Bad crops and low wages have brought this about. It is not their fault. Ministers and teachers are to be supported, churches are to be erected, and a native ministry raised up. For two years the people can do but little. The burden then must be borne by northern Presbyterians. Is it not necessary then for these to realize that liberal donations will be required; and that all contributions shall pass through the regular church channels and be applied to the work the Church has undertaken?

Much money has been wasted among the freedmen; and a still larger sum has been given to plant Methodist and Baptist churches oftentimes among Presbyterian freedmen.

The experience of a life-time among the colored people of the South, and extensive observation since the war whilst laboring among them, satisfies me that the Presbyterian church is the church that can contribute most to the rapid and

thorough evangelization of the freedmen. They must have an influential church among them Presbyterian in government, Calvinistic in doctrine, and insisting on a learned ministry. W. L. M.

## COMPLETE SUCCESS OF A SABBATH-KEEPING CHEESE FACTORY.

Twinsburgh, O., Dec. 22d, 1868.

Rev. Dr. Mears, editor of the *American Presbyterian*.—Dear Sir.—You will find enclosed the report of a committee of which I was chairman, in favor of refraining from making cheese on the Sabbath. The evil is a great one in our country, and entirely needless. Nearly every factory in the land disregards the Sabbath, and exerts directly and indirectly a sad influence for evil, and what is the worst of it, many professed Christians are engaged in it. The experiment on which this report is based, is perfectly triumphant in this community.

There is no factory in this place, or in the surrounding places, which has been able to compete with Dea. Wilcox's in point of excellence or profit. I trust you will open the columns of your excellent paper to publish it as speedily as possible. The patrons have directed me to make this request. Very respectfully yours.

SAMUEL BRISSELL.

A Report by the Patrons of a Sabbath-Keeping Cheese Factory.

A Committee appointed some time since by the patrons of a Sabbath-keeping cheese factory, created, owned and managed by Dea. Wm. Wilcox, in the township of Twinsburgh, Summit Co., Ohio, at the close of the second year of its operation, take the liberty to report the following facts.

In autumn of 1866 Dea. Wilcox, with some others, having painfully witnessed for many years the evils of making cheese on the Sabbath, felt that there was no need of doing it, and that probably there would be very little or no loss in refraining from such Sabbath desecration. That a fair experiment might be made, Dea. Wilcox, who owned a favorable site, concluded to erect a factory and man it. The work was begun and on the 9th of May, 1867, the factory was put in operation. The object was looked upon by many as chimerical, and was subjected to ridicule. It was supposed, even by many professed Christians, that omitting to manufacture milk into cheese on the Sabbath must be attended with considerable loss; as, during many Sabbaths, the heat would be such that milk would sour. Such were the views entertained on the subject that for a length of time but few ventured to try the experiment. These soon found that milk could be kept without injury from Sunday morning to Monday morning by putting it in pans on the cellar bottom, or in other favorable situations. The milk of Sunday morning was taken early Monday morning to the factory and made into cheese and kept by itself. The past two years have been uncommonly dry and warm, and yet in no instance have the patrons lost any milk, when put on the cellar bottom in clean receptacles. So pleased were the first patrons, and so satisfactory their first experiments, that requests were made from others to bring their milk, fill the supply was beyond the capacity of the factory. No labor has been done in the factory or cheese-house on the Sabbath, and no cheese has been lost; and so well has it been made, and so good the quality, that no difficulty has arisen in the sale of it, and that too at the highest prices in market. The Committee, for the gratification of many, would state the general method of operation, and the amount of milk requisite in different parts of the season to make a pound of cured cheese. The milk is all delivered by the patrons and weighed, so that each knows, if he chooses to know, the amount of milk he brings; and receives after the sale of the cheese, the proportion of the price for which it was sold.

During April and to the 3rd of May of the last season the milk was skimmed and brought to the factory three times a week. For that period it took 11½ lbs of milk to make one of cheese. From May 4th to the first of June 10½ lbs. From June 1st to July 2d, 9½ lbs, and from July 2d to October 1st 9 lbs, and from that to the end of the season 9½ lbs. The average for the season about 9.2 lbs. From May 4th to June 1st milk was brought in each day, and from June 1st to August 12th twice each day, and from August 12th to the end of the season, which closed Dec. 8th, milk was brought to suit circumstances. During the summer the cream has been taken from milk in the vats which stood over night, and made into butter, at a rate of 1 lb for every 200 lbs of milk; the avails of which, together with that of the cheese, were divided according to the amount of milk brought by each. Dea. Wilcox furnishes everything but rennets, and receives one dollar and seventy-five cents per hundred for making and taking care of the cheese, and one-tenth of the avails of butter made.

The milk brought Saturday night is made into cheese before 12 o'clock the same evening, which, contrary to the opinion of some, makes as much better for the quantity of milk, if not more and better than that of other milk. The milk of Sunday is brought very early Monday morning, and is worked up by itself as has been already stated. Buyers are fully informed of the circumstances, and left at their option to take or not. It has never been sold for less than the other, and in one instance for more than the other made at the same time.

[Continued on Page 419.]