

Original Communications.

HALF-DAY CHRISTIANITY.

Will the world ever be converted by half-day Christianity? As a rule, how much vital power is there in those Christians, the limit of whose activity is to sit composedly in the pew, half a day on Sunday?

Most pastors tell me, that a large number of their own people will not attend a second service. Some ministers, by their peculiar gifts, are enabled to attract large audiences, but these are either drawn from other congregations or from that floating class in our large cities that follows the different "star" preachers. It is feared that too many professing Christians do not look at this subject in the right light. They do not consider the public worship of God a religious duty as well as a privilege.

There are a variety of classes to whom these remarks apply. There is one class that ought to heed these words, but it is doubtful if any of them take a religious newspaper. We refer to what might be called the religious "carpet-baggers." They never tarry long in one church, they are on the wing. Many of them are professing Christians, but they have no religious home. They can give you their criticisms on the prominent ministers, shallow as these opinions are, but they never hire a pew in the church or give anything to support the gospel.

It is not expected that those who steal their gospel privileges would be much influenced by an appeal to religious principle.

But there are others that, we trust, may be aroused by these words, and break off a bad habit that is fast becoming chronic.

There are some, who belong to the church, who contribute their portion for its support, but that is all. They take no active interest in the church, they never attend the religious services during the week, but do up their public devotion for the week on Sunday morning. Others want at least a half day to hear other ministers, choirs and organs, and to indulge in religious dissipation generally. Some are so attached to their own minister, that when they hear that another is to preach, they give him the benefit of an empty pew. Every pastor would be glad to know that his people were fond of his preaching, but he would be more pleased if he knew they attended church regularly from religious principle.

A story is told of a man who preached for Mr. Beecher, which, if not true, is good enough to be so. A large audience had met to hear their favorite, Mr. Beecher. But, for some reason, a stranger preached for him that morning. As he entered the pulpit, the people began to retire from the different parts of the house. Soon he rose and said, "All those who came to worship Mr. Beecher, will now have the opportunity of withdrawing; those who came to worship God, will join with me in invoking His blessing."

Some, on the other hand, are not satisfied with their minister, and absent themselves, on that account. But as long as others are satisfied, one ought to go for the good of the church. How long would any church hold together, if it were a mere matter of convenience, to be endorsed only so long as it suited each one's taste?

But even where the preacher is most liked, and all is harmonious, too many will not stir from their homes for a second service. Of course there are some, who cannot attend church more than half a day, on account of sickness or from some Providential cause. So there are those who cannot go at all. We are speaking of those who are well, and attend to all their worldly affairs regularly. Of course, there are a variety of excuses, which Christian people make. Some are active in the Sunday School, and think they are too tired to go out the third time. Others are very busy during the week, and feel the Sabbath must be given to rest. But a change of work gives rest. We know of a man in New York, who is crowded with business all through the week, yet Sunday morning he is at his mission-school at 9 o'clock; he looks after a thousand children; he stays through the preaching service, meets the children again at 2 in the afternoon, and goes to church again in the evening. Besides this, he is occupied three or four evenings every week with the school. Yet he is hale, hearty, and happy. He finds his rest from the turmoil of Wall Street in religious activity. Some think they must stay at home with their families, and this, too, when the children are plenty old enough to be at church. Why not take children and all and fill the pew? Others think they can get as much good at home, by reading religious books and papers.

But we need not multiply the excuses. The great trouble is, that a large number of Christian people have got into the habit of staying at home half a day on Sunday, and it seems like a great undertaking to change it. But Christians ought to feel that in going to church, they are not to suit every whim and gratify every mood. They ought not to go to hear this or that preacher, but to worship God, and to worship him publicly. Such a service has a marked effect on the individual. It is one of the most important means of grace, and nothing can take its place. And even if one felt confident that he could gain as much good to his own soul by staying at home part of the Sabbath, he ought to make a personal sacrifice for the good of others. For other

Christians and irreligious persons will be influenced by his example.

Reader, lay this subject to heart, and encourage your pastor by being in your pew twice every Sunday.

FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS IN SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

ED. AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.—For many weeks I have vainly hoped for an opportunity to write you, at least, a short account of our Freedmen's educational work in the Shenandoah Valley; but the many pressing duties and almost constant demands upon my time, rendered it simply impossible.

We commenced our work here about the first of November last. At that time there was not a Freedmen's school supported, either wholly or in part, by any society or commission, anywhere in the Shenandoah Valley, excepting the one at Harper's Ferry, under the Free Will Baptists, and one or two at other points within the West Virginia line. And here let me correct a common error for which our late maps are to blame. Winchester is in Virginia (not in West Virginia), and Harper's Ferry is in West Virginia (not in Virginia).

We now have schools in successful operation at the following towns, with an aggregate of twelve teachers and about eight hundred pupils, viz.: Winchester, Fredericksburg, Woodstock, Harrisonburg, Front Royal, Berryville, Newtown, and Waynesboro'. Next month schools will be opened at Leesburg and at several other places. Competent and earnest Christian teachers are in charge of each of the above named schools, and the great interest manifested by the freed people in the education of their children, and the rapidity with which the latter advance in their studies, are alike surprising and gratifying. Many of them learn to read in a very few weeks, and are equally apt in other branches. The long night of slavery seems to have made them the more capable of appreciating the glorious sunshine of knowledge; and right good use are they making of the opportunities they now enjoy. With God's grace in their hearts and enlightenment of their minds, Virginia will yet be proud of her "American citizens of African descent." With the rest of mankind, the negro may now say,

"'Tis an age of progress,
And you can't keep us back."

Strange as it may seem, Freedmen's education in Virginia has been more neglected by the different aid societies than in some of the more southern States. Here, in the Shenandoah Valley, and throughout Central Virginia, there are hundreds of towns in which the Freedmen are daily crying, "send us teachers," "give us schools." And this has been the condition of things ever since the war.

Winchester is the "head-quarters" of our operations in this field, and here we are to have a normal school. Through the untiring energy of Dr. Hatfield, Dr. Kendall, and the rest of the Committee of Home Missions, as well as through the labors of my most esteemed friend, Wm. F. Mitchell, our General Agent, we have purchased a brick building pleasantly situated on one of the best streets in this historic town, and are about to put it into proper repair for the above named school. It is three stories high, and when finished, will accommodate about three hundred pupils. This has been accomplished not without great effort and constant prayer; but, now that we have succeeded, we, teachers, freedmen, and all, feel like raising a great shout of thanksgiving.

In our school here we have a large number of pupils in whom there has been developed a great taste for reading; so much, that to-day, one of our greatest wants is a well-filled library of useful and entertaining books; biographies, histories, moral stories, and such books generally as intelligent children would like to read. Cannot our friends do something toward supplying this want? In almost every intelligent household in the North, there are books that have been read dozens of times and laid away, and which probably never will be read again by their present owners, but which would so much delight the hearts of our young men and women here in our school, should they have them. Will not some of the pastors in our churches in the North take an interest in this matter, and see if they cannot each gather together at least a small package of such books, if not more than a dozen, and forward them to my address here at Winchester? They will be gratefully received and acknowledged, and will be faithfully applied to the proper use. The nucleus of a library has already been formed here, and, by the assistance of our friends, we hope to add greatly to it.

I expect soon to visit all the schools in this department, after which I hope to give you further interesting facts touching our work in the Shenandoah Valley. OSCAR M. WARING.
Winchester, Feb. 16, 1869.

THE faithful performance of duty in the midst of shame and detraction and persecution is a spectacle which angels cannot but admire, and men regard it with honor.

THE conceit of a "narrow-minded bigotry" can best be attacked with irony and sarcasm. Neander, on 1 Cor. 4, 8.

MISSIONARY TOURING IN INDIA.

On this extended tour, I found the trail of no missionary who had ever preceded me, except in a few villages near Belgaum. This (Belgaum) is a station of the London Missionary Society, where the Gospel has been preached 48 years, (since 1820,) and a church of fifty or sixty communicants has been gathered. Evidently the missionaries have not made extensive tours in the surrounding region, but truth has penetrated to some distance, and in two villages they told me a missionary had visited them. Everywhere in the Belgaum collectorate, I found Canarese the prevalent language, and with the low castes it was the only medium of communication. The Brahmins, and higher castes, however, readily understand and speak the Marhatti language, and I found their prejudices wonderfully relaxed.

A young Brahmin who had come in possession of Christian books and tracts, and had gained a good knowledge of their teaching, assured me he was convinced of the truth, and that he and several of his young friends would openly avow their convictions, and become Christians, but for the loss of inheritance, and the civil disabilities involved in so doing. I expressed some surprise at hearing this, and reminded him of the legislation of the British Government, guaranteeing civil and personal rights to all of any and every religious creed. He was quite well posted in regard to this legislation, but expressed his conviction that it was impossible for Christian converts to derive benefit from it in the present order of things—that the village officers, and all the subordinate officials of Government, being bigoted Hindus, they could prevent or negative all testimony in behalf of a Christian convert, and visit upon him pains and penalties too severe to be endured. He instanced a recent case within his own knowledge, and I could not but remember the case of one of our Brahmin converts at Ahmednuggur. When he became a Christian, his Hindu wife deserted him, taking with her his two sons. The Christian father brought the case into court. It was decided in his favor in the lower court, reversed in the sessions court, and the final award of the highest court recognized the father's right to the care and control of his sons. But that righteous decision remained a dead letter for many years, and, for aught I know, to the present time—15 years; the Hindu relatives and priests having managed to keep the sons from the control of their Christian father all this time, despite British legislation and judicial decisions.

Doubtless the time will come in India when the British law of religious neutrality will be impartially administered, but as yet it is too often a dead letter, or is made to mean free toleration of Hinduism, and every false religion, but a ban upon Christianity. Hence the strange fact, that many British officers declare the circulation of the Christian Scriptures and tracts among the natives is a violation of the Queen's proclamation, while they do not hesitate to accept the invitation of a wealthy Hindu to attend his annual festival in honor of his idol god, and the Government continues to order a military escort and the firing of salutes to grace such idolatrous festivals. Hence, too, while thousands of Brahmin priests are employed in all offices and posts of power and influence under Government, the refusal of the same Government to sanction the appointment of a Scotch missionary to act as Educational Inspector of Government Schools, merely because he was a missionary, is this moment circulating in our India papers!

But I must not allow my touring sketch to become a discussion of "religion and politics." Such incidental allusions to the shortcomings of the "paramount power" in India, must be accepted as made "more in sorrow than in anger," not in a spirit of indiscriminate fault-finding where much is commendable, but with sincere grief that the power and prestige of a noble Government and Christian people are still so extensively perverted to the support of the grossest idolatry and superstition, and with an irreplaceable desire to see native Christians fully protected in their civil rights, this monstrous system of idolatry left to stand or fall by its own worth or weight, and all hindrances removed to the rapid progress of Christ's kingdom in this land.

A little north of *Kyebag*, the last point on the map to which I drew your attention, is the large village of *Chinchli*, with a population of some 5,000. My visit to this place chanced to be at the time of the annual pilgrimage to the goddess *Mahakaci*, whose chief shrine is here. The crowd of pilgrims from far and near was not less than 60,000, probably 80,000. But, amidst the excitement and idolatrous performances of the festival, *Nana Sahib*, the chief or Inaader of the place, courteously extended hospitality to me; and both in his Durbar, and in the crowds of pilgrims, I found precious opportunities for my message. Christian tracts and books find a wide circulation at such pilgrimages, being carried by returning pilgrims to widely scattered and remote villages. May God bless His own truth to the salvation of many of these precious souls!

In the love and service of the Gospel,
Yours sincerely,
R. G. WILDER.
Kolapore District, Dec. 14, 1868.

To do good and to suffer evil are the peculiar tokens of a true servant of Christ.

CORRESPONDENCE IN THE WEST.

DEAR EDITOR:—Your correspondent left Philadelphia at midnight, Feb. 3d. Snuggly encooned in a sleeping-berth, the outside world faded into obscurity until morning. Daylight found us rapidly approaching Altoona. The rain, which had been our companion at Philadelphia, had changed to snow, and beautiful were the white fleecy flakes upon the mountains. More than a score of times has the writer crossed the Alleghenies; but never had the landscape been more worthy of admiration. Everywhere were pictures; such as artists rarely paint.

"So, when the morning rose, the earth was white,
And shrubs and trees, and roofs, and rocks,
And walls,
Fulgent with downy crystals, made a world,
To which a breath were ruin."

On all sides snow fell on pendant branches. Here appears a grove brightly arrayed. There a single tree glistening with pearly whiteness. On a knoll, a cluster of dark cedar can be seen, thick and matted, from its formation refusing its complement of crystal, and thus enriching the view by its contrast of verdure. The winding stream, afar off a silver thread, when near becomes of ordinary breadth, and the mountains are crowned to their summit with snow. Passengers are not numerous at this season of the year; though, as we approach the north, the trains are more crowded. Passing through Ohio, an interesting conversation is held with an Ohio politician returning from Washington. He frankly admitted that he had found the President elect rather reticent, and asserted, with emphasis, that the politicians were utterly discomfited by the quiet, sensible course of Gen. Grant. An hour was spent very pleasantly in listening to a rapid analysis of public men, from one who had figured largely in making small men great.

At Cleveland, the Lake Shore Road is taken for Toledo. Desirous of keeping awake, the means is soon discovered—conversation. Observing a plain, farmer-looking man in the next seat, a conversation is opened. Precisely how it was introduced, our memory cannot recall. But soon, from the Prohibitory Law, and the general subject of Temperance, the chat became an argument upon the inspiration of the Scriptures, the reality of conversion, and the fact of future punishment. The farmer-looking personage, who, at the close of the discussion, proffered his card, which had engraved upon it, "Attorney-at-Law," professed to hold theories of religion which were in advance of the sects and the churches. He asserted that his opinions were a combination of Orthodoxy, Spiritualism, and Swedenborgianism. This eclectic system is not rare at the West. For there exists here much independence of thought in reference to religious truth. Such minds must be met by a rational statement of religious doctrine. It will not do to depreciate the intelligence of this section of our country, by supposing an illiterate ministry will content them.

Nowhere are men of unquestionable ability more needed than at this young and lusty northwest. Plain, rough-looking man whom you meet in travelling, often exhibit an acquaintance with literature, and a moral thoughtfulness which occasions surprise.

In due time, our destination, Grand Rapids, is reached. This is an enterprising city of Western Michigan, situated on the Grand River. The population numbers 17,000, and is rapidly increasing. Its natural products are chiefly plaster, lumber, lime, and flour. Two railroads are being built to make communication with the South, one of which is the Kalamazoo and Allegan, which will be completed about the first of March.

The culture and social influence is of a very high order. The original settlers were, for the most part, from New England and New York State. Churches of almost all denominations exist. Presbyterianism is comparatively weak. Our own church has lately struggled through financial difficulties, and is looking forward to a hopeful future. Your correspondent preached twice for them on the Sabbath after his arrival. The congregation was fair in numbers, and attentive to the truth. They expect a pastor from the interior of Pennsylvania, about April 1st. There is likewise an O. S. Presbyterian church here, which is growing with the progress of the place. In my next you will hear my impressions of Chicago, Detroit, &c.

M. P. J.
GRAND RAPIDS, Feb., 1869.

THE LATE REV. HALSEY DUNNING.

The heart of one that knew and loved him, would pay a tribute to the memory, and his hand cast a flower upon the grave, of this dear departed saint, and minister of God. It is a matter of surprise, that the death of one so well known, and so highly esteemed, should have attracted no more attention than it seems to have done, or elicited no more notices eulogistic and commemorative. Perhaps, however, the publication of the Funeral Discourse will supply any deficiency here. Meanwhile suffer a brief offering prompted by duty and affection.

Our departed brother was a man whose Christian and ministerial character, was marked and beautiful. It rested upon a foundation of deep piety; of Christian temper; of sound wisdom and discretion. Hence it had nothing weak about

it: nothing repulsive or inconsistent: nothing which as exhibited, brought to the mind a sense of doubtful astonishment or regret: nothing which would not bear the most rigid scrutiny. The writer has known him for fifteen years, and been with him in various circumstances and relations—in the family and in the Church; in the closet and in the ecclesiastical meeting; at home and abroad; alone and in company—and he is free to say, that a more symmetrical, consistent, and lovely character; a character freer from unpleasant peculiarities, foibles or defects; a character more nearly realizing his ideal of what a Christian minister should be, he has never known!

Our brother was a man of great firmness, and conscientious devotion to duty. Solomon asks: "A faithful man, who can find?" Here was one faithful as a pastor, faithful as a preacher, faithful to the interests of the Denomination, which for so many years, he with his noble church, singly and alone, represented in the great city of Baltimore. His love for souls was a constant and steady flame of holy fire; and neither prayer, nor preaching, nor exhortation, nor personal private effort, were spared or stinted to promote their salvation. We have labored with him in many seasons of revival, and know therefore something of his intense longing for souls, and his fervent pleadings and wrestlings with God, in this relation. We know too how—

As a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Nor did the remainder of Goldsmith's beautiful picture, "Beside the bed where parting life was laid, etc.," fail to find in him its literal realization.

Faithfulness, solemnity, earnestness, pathos, and an apparent deep sense of personal responsibility, were a few of the prominent traits that characterized his efforts in the pulpit, and at the communion table. He seemed to preach, and doubtless did, with eternity ever in view. Some of the most faithful, pungent, solemn discourses, some of the most apt, beautiful, tender and moving addresses, that we ever listened to, were from his lips. Who that was present at the communion service, held by the Synod of Pennsylvania, at its meeting in Williamsport, the fall before last, can ever forget the words of vivid unction and tearful tenderness, with which he on that occasion, introduced the distribution of the cup? As he told of the dream of that young woman, it seemed as if the whole scene was before us—there was the cross; there was its dying victim; there the blood streaming from His opened wounds! And such was ever his wont, as he stood by the table, and handled and distributed the symbols of a Saviour's dying love.

But the object of this brief notice is not extended eulogy; it is simply the discharge of friendship's duty, and the indulgence of affection's mournful pleasure. No doubt we shall have, in a more extended and permanent form, and from able hands, such a memorial as shall be fitting the man; his character, the work that he did; and the grace of God as illustrated in all. His noble heart has ceased to beat; his solemn tender voice is silent among men; his manly form has at last been stricken down by the disease with which for so many years he maintained a perpetual conflict, and, not with few, but many tears laid to rest! The Church of God has met with a real loss; a sorrowing congregation feel deeply their bereavement; and personal friends find a fitting expression in words no less elegiac than those of David over the lifeless Jonathan: "I am distressed for thee my brother! very pleasant hast thou been unto me! How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Servant of God! well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
Thy battle's fought, thy victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!
W. T. EVA.

The American Church in Paris.—An American Evangelical Church has been organized in connection with the "American Chapel" on the Rue de Béri in Paris. Up to this year no organized church has been connected with the enterprise. Last spring Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, was deputed by the "American and Foreign Christian Union," to superintend this work, and on the second Sabbath in November forty-nine persons entered into solemn covenant, and at present constitute the membership of this new church. It requires either a permanent, or six months' residence in Paris in order to becoming a member. The new church have adopted as their basis of doctrinal belief, that upon which the chapel was founded at the first, namely; the creed of the Evangelical Alliance, issued at their meeting in London, 1846. The union principle which dominates the movement, was touchingly illustrated in both the geographical and the denominational connections represented. There were twenty-one from the Presbyterian Church, ten from Congregational churches, five from Baptist churches, four from the Episcopal Church, four from the Reformed Dutch, one from the German Reformed, and two on profession of their faith—males 14, females 35. A wandering New York elder joined with a Boston deacon in distributing the elements, at the first communion service. There seems to be decided gain in the interest of the services centering at this chapel, and the Sabbath meetings, with the Wednesday evening prayer and conference exercises, almost make the Christian stranger in Paris forget that he is not at home.

The following is cut from the Rochester Express of Feb. 20:
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.—"Was the devil the first Universalist?" This above question, will be discussed by Rev. A. Saxé to-morrow evening, in reply to the charge made by Rev. Mr. Hammond, that all Universalist ministers are devils and the first was the devil. Service at 7½ o'clock.