

## Original Communications.

## HOW WE WENT TO SWITZERLAND.

From the Note Book of our European Correspondent.

It was in the end of June, and beginning of July, that we found ourselves seeking the shady side of the dark narrow streets of Rome, enjoying in mid day the grand galleries of art, and in the evening sitting in silent reverie among the old ruins; in the morning gazing out upon a world of beauty from the dome of St. Peter's, and, in the cool of the day, riding down the Appian way to pluck a flower from Cecilia Metella's tomb.

It took careful management of our time to see the sights, and yet to keep out of the heat, which was becoming more intolerable every day, and was driving our thoughts ever and anon to our route in prospect through Switzerland, where glaciers, and torrents, and high mountains, and beds of eternal snow would put an end to all this uncomfortable existence.

A tedious ride of 18 hours, by rail, brought us from Rome to Florence. Could the ride be tedious, taken right through the sunny plains of Italy, with the purple Apennines always in sight, now coming closer to the road, with their vine-clad slopes, and almost every summit crowned with an old castle, or church, or convent; now receding, and leaving spread out before the eye fields of golden grain, through which rose long, straight lines of mulberry trees, with festoons of the vine hanging in graceful curves from tree to tree? Could the ride be tedious among these golden fields, where the peasantry, in all their bright colored costumes, were gathering the harvest, and loading it upon their heavy, oddly-shaped carts, drawn by their handsome white oxen, which have been handsome creatures ever since the days when Homer sang of them?

As I look back upon that panorama of beauty, I wonder how a feeling of weariness could possibly arise; but I remember what a relief it was to know that the heat and the dust were to be borne no longer and that we were within the palace-like depot at Florence.

Florence was hot too. The Arno was almost dry. The lovely hills around the city were beginning to look dusty and parched. We turned the top of the carriage as far over us as possible, as we rode through the narrow streets, and slipped quickly into the galleries of the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces, or into the dark, cool churches, to gaze, at our leisure, upon the tombs of the Medici in San Lorenzo, or of Michael Angelo in Santa Croce. A morning with Hiram Powers among the divine creations of his genius, with the artist himself, affable, lively, and enthusiastic, to point out the beauties of his art; and a late afternoon's drive in the Casino, made up another day of enjoyment that will live long in the memory, like an enchanted dream. How vividly the brilliant scene in the casino comes up as I write. It is the park of Florence. All the city is driving out to enjoy the balmy Italian evening air. A military band from Victor Emmanuel's Fusiliers is playing, with rare taste and skill, some of the finest operatic selections. A hundred carriages, many of them handsome equipages, are filled with gaily-dressed people, who sit dreamily in the fullest enjoyment of the floating harmonies. The Arno, reflecting, as it ripples by, the rays of the setting sun, the forest trees growing darker in their recesses as evening approaches, the gay dresses of the multitude, the brilliant military trappings of the band, the fine turn out of some nabob who drives rapidly by; all make up a picture of charming variety.

We bid good bye to Florence with a sigh, and start, on our all-day ride by rail, to Venice. The dusk of the evening finds us floating in a black gondola, between high houses, of stylish architecture, though faded and rusty in appearance, along

## THE GRAND CANAL.

A hundred gondolas float noiselessly by, and the silence becomes oppressive. A day or two with the gondoliers realizes all our boyhood's dreams of this City of the Sea. We cared less for the painting-galleries, or the inside views of the churches, than to penetrate the canals, winding hither and thither, among the fine architecture of a bygone age, or along garden walls, with oleander, and fig, and pomegranate peeping over at their own reflection in the clear, quiet water.

The cathedral of St. Mark, ten centuries old, was extremely interesting; so faded and gloomy, with its uneven floors and its falling mosaics; its 500 columns of granite and marble, alabaster and agate, among which were four from the old Temple of Jerusalem. Over the entrance door stand the four horses of bronze, which travelled all the way to Paris, and back, early in this century, and are said to have travelled, some two thousand years ago, from Alexandria to Rome, where for centuries they decorated the triumphal arch of the Caesars, and were thence brought here. We doubt very much whether their ages could be ascertained by examining their teeth, as is the custom with the horses of the present day; and old as they are, they appear fat, and sleek, and well fed, able to stand the wear of 20 centuries more. We paid a hasty visit to the Bridge of Sighs, and the dark dungeons deep down in the Doge's palace, and spent an evening in the grand square of St. Mark, where all Venice comes sailing out to hear the band play, while they sip their wine or coffee in the cafes around.

A gondola trip out on the Lagoon to see the sun set behind the white domes and towers of the city, looking, as evening drew on, as though the city were on fire, with the calm blue sky far above the golden glory, and the deep green lagoon for a foreground, all made up another picture never to die from our memories.

It was with a heavy sigh we bade adieu to this charming, quiet, fading city, so unlike anything we had seen in our travels. Ascending the steps from the water's edge, we were soon in the depot, and out again, flying over the strong stone bridge, three miles long over the Lagoon, connecting the city with the mainland. "Good-bye, Gondoliers," we shouted out of the window to two sturdy Italians, who were merrily rowing their swift, black, funeral looking gondola. It will be a long time, we thought, before we will see you and your spell-bound city of canals again.

We pass the hills of Padua on the left. The Tyrolean Alps soon appear on the right, and we are travelling through fields of wheat, with mulberry trees in long lines again, with the vine hanging in festoons from tree to tree. The next field is filled with straight rows of our own sort of corn, so home-like in appearance. Then comes a field of hemp—of which there is a great deal grown in Italy. We are soon skirting along the southern end of the Lake of Garda. As we approach it, we find we are looking upon a picture of rare beauty. High mountains enclose the lake on each side, their bare, steep, rocky sides rising in grey grandeur from the deep green surface of the placid lake. We look up the long lake as through an avenue, until the rocky steeps shut out the view. At the end of the lake nearest us, and on a pretty little promontory jutting out into the water, sits a beautiful little red-roofed town, with its white towers forming a lovely contrast with the green of the lake. A more lovely landscape it would be difficult to find in any land.

Would that we had only a day to stop here and enjoy it; but there is so much to see, that if we linger here, our friends tell us, we will be sorry when we get to Switzerland, where we will want all the time we can spare—so we hurry on. We can't help, however, looking closely over the fields, as we fly past, to catch a glimpse of some of the First Napoleon's old gun-carriages lying around; to see the tracks of his men as they tramped over these plains—for some of his best fighting was done around this lake sixty years ago, and as we have read all about it in the histories, we picture the whole country filled with armed men. For three days and nights his army fought and ran and raced around this southern shore, his thirty thousand men conquering Wurmser, the Austrian general, with eighty thousand, only by the celerity of his movements, and continuous marching, with but an hour or two of repose, when his enemies were taking their regular all-night bivouacs.

We met an Italian railway engineer in the train, who spoke French fluently, and told us how he helped to build the road we were riding on. He became familiar, and showed us how he could read a little English. It was gay reading. He understood about one word in ten, and pronounced so that we had to look over his shoulder while he read, to see what it was all about. He was quite courteous, however, telling us all he knew about the town of Bergamo we were then entering.

The middle of the afternoon brought us to the city of Milan; new, bright, American-looking, so different from the antiquated cities and towns we had been passing through, ever since we crossed the Alps.

Its cathedral we pronounce, unhesitatingly, the most beautiful building we have seen on either side of the Atlantic. To describe it would fill a long letter of itself. It is built of white marble, five hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and three hundred and fifty to the top of the statue of the Virgin Mary, which surmounts the dome. A hundred delicate spires, each one surmounted with a statue, give indescribable effect to the beautiful gothic structure—three thousand statues, of various sizes (from three feet to life-size), ornament the walls, standing in niches, or form the pinnacles of the highest spires, so delicate and slender in appearance that you wonder how they are kept in their places. Some fifteen hundred empty niches wait for the statues of future years and future artists. For five hundred years the workmen have been busy on the building, and it is not done yet; seven hundred and twenty-eight million of francs have been spent in wages paid to the workmen; so the accounts show. Although the building appears to be finished, yet there are towers still being built around the dome, and many years will probably yet elapse before they call it finished. The view from the dome, over the glorious plains of Lombardy, is one long to be remembered. To the southwest, a hundred miles away, rise the Alps in snowy grandeur, and they sweep around in an immense curve, hemming in the view, far to the north. Showing in a clear day, are Mt. Cenis, Monte Rosa, Monte Leone, and St. Gothard, a grand snowy procession of a hundred and fifty miles in length. To the east and northeast, the view is shut in by the Tyrolean Alps, and far to the south, across those plains of beauty forming the rich valley of the Po, stretching a hundred miles in width at our feet, rise the Apennines, in dim outline. A hundred battlefields lie around us in every direction, for this lovely valley has only lain quiet at comparatively short intervals,

from the days of the Caesars down to the late exploits of Napoleon third at Solferino and Magenta.

The interior of the Cathedral inspires one with deep religious thought—its high gothic arches, supporting the grand nave and side aisles, resting upon four rows of majestic columns. The nave is very lofty in appearance, the gothic curves adding to its height. St. Peter's at Rome, equally high, does not impress you with its height as this does. There, immense piers, or square columns, support the semicircular arch of the roof; here delicate columns, from which spring the gothic curves, are objects of rare beauty. The rising of incense beside the high altar, while mass was being said, was in itself sublime. It took the delicate blue clouds a long time to find their way far up among the dark arches, and as the voice of the priest echoed among the forest of columns, and the chant of his assistants floated far down the nave, and through the transept, I thought it would be easy to pray there, if they knew anything about praying. I waited long to hear an organ peal wake up the slumbering echoes along those long lines of columns, but the organist was either asleep or away, for the chants of the priests were unaccompanied. I started out to tell you how we got to Switzerland. These hasty glimpses of what we saw on the road thither, have detained us longer than I expected. We have not got to Switzerland yet, but are certainly nearer than when we started. We will try again, and hope to get there next time.

G. W. M.

## MISSIONARY TOURING IN INDIA.—III.

DEAR BROTHER MEARS:—I wrote you from the villages by last overland, trying to give you a hurried glance at the portion of our field visited on my long tour in the early part of 1868. Since the date of that letter I have completed another tour. When I left home in November I resumed the work where I suspended it last Spring, and the tour just completed has been second in interest to none I have ever made in India. I dare not attempt any details, however, but must limit myself to a few general items.

1. On my recent tours I have noted 32 new Hindu deities (idols); new to me, I mean,—I never having met with them in any other part of India, nor with any description of them in my reading, under the popular names by which they are known and worshipped by the people in the region visited. I mention this fact, only in illustration of the almost infinite number and variety of these idol gods, (said to be 333,000,000.)

2. On these tours I have gained gratifying evidence that our Christian tracts and books are doing a good work among this people. In villages where I have found but a single reader, when exhausted with speaking or stopping to take my meals, I have often observed the whole crowd gather around the man with the book, and listen eagerly to its contents. Five years ago, we made our first tour, since returning to India, into the Putwarthun States of Sangli and Meeruz. Crossing that route on my last tour, I halted in the village of Chochak, where on that occasion (five years ago) I addressed the people, and gave a New Testament to the only reader I found in it. On this second visit I asked for that New Testament. It was quickly brought, showing marks both of much care and of much use. On my asking if they had read it, some twenty young men stepped forward, ready to show their ability to read; and then one of them commenced repeating it by heart, and repeated accurately till I had time to hear him no longer. I asked him how much he could repeat in this manner, and he promptly replied, "two hundred pages." Those sitting by confirmed his statement, having often heard him repeat them at leisure hours, and from the way he repeated the pages I heard, I could not doubt it. May these pages of God's word prove a light to his feet and guide him in the pathway to heaven. All the adults present seemed to have gained a good understanding of the leading facts and truths of the Gospel from this one Testament.

3. I have now been enabled to accomplish the desire I found growing so strongly upon me three years ago—that of bearing the gospel message to every village in this Kolapoor kingdom. I record the fact here with devout thankfulness to Him who has given me strength to accomplish this work. I would not attach too great importance to it. My hearers in these villages have not discarded their idols nor openly professed their faith in the Lord Jesus. The work of their enlightenment has only been commenced. But, for once, at least, they have heard the message of life, and under its temporary influences most of them have been deeply moved. For once they have seen and felt the folly of idolatry, and admitted the superior excellence of the gospel. In many instances their admissions have been accompanied with kindling emotions, starting tears and demonstrations which forbade all doubt of their spontaneity and sincerity. In every village I have left some pages of Christian truth to recall and perpetuate, as far as possible, the things taught and the impressions awakened by my oral statements. I have deemed this wise even in the case of villages where I found no one able to read, knowing that they would occasionally have visitors who could and would read these pages to them.

It is a comforting thought that the Spirit of God can take of the things of Christ, and reveal

them more clearly, and with saving power to the hearts of some of those simple-minded idolaters, even though no missionary ever visit them again. And yet my experience on these tours has impressed me more strongly than ever with the importance of regular, continuous, stable efforts, if we would see visible results of our labors. For gathering in this great harvest of perishing souls, the Church should at once send us twenty men, where now we have but one. But the mail is leaving, and I must close abruptly. In the service of the gospel yours truly,

R. G. WILDER.

## SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

MR. EDITOR: Will you please tell me what should properly be expected of me as a professor of religion? Am I to teach Sunday-school, attend constantly upon all the religious societies of the Church, and engage vigorously at the same time in all the fashionable pursuits of the day? Bearing a double yoke: that which religion binds upon its followers, in addition to that which the world places upon the neck of its votaries? To please conscience, must I attend prayer-meetings, and then to avoid, the charge of narrow-mindedness, must I hurry home, clear my countenance of its gravity, lay carefully aside my anxiety for the conversion of the impenitent, dress in the latest style of fashion that I may be suitably arrayed to meet those impenitent souls in the dance, or enjoy with them the pure (?) music of the opera? Returning home once more to lay a weary head upon the pillow; closing eyes and ears to outward sights and sounds, only to bring out more clearly to the mental perception the vision of bowed heads, serious faces, solemn expostulations to, and earnest prayers for souls going down to eternal death: strangely commingling with glimpses of gay dresses, laughing faces, and figures gracefully keeping time to the inspiring strains of merry music?

Or if I am a man (which I am not) must I hurry away from my evening devotions to meet gay friends at the billiard or card table; partake of wines, or other choice drinks suitable to the occasion; so that all the world may understand that even if I have made a profession of religion, yet that I am not troubled with straight-laced notions? That I at least do not belong to that old-fashioned and peculiar people, who refuse to join in such recreations, from a mistaken idea that they ought not to go where their Master would not have been received as a boon companion if he were on earth?

Then, too, I have a few difficulties concerning certain passages of Scripture, whose proper interpretation perhaps you may be able to give me. "Be not conformed to this world." Rom. 12: 2. "If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." 1 John 2: 15, 16. And why was it that Demas found it necessary to forsake Paul only because he loved this present world? Why could he not have continued working for the salvation of men and loved the world, too, as professors of religion do now? Does the world mean the same thing now as it did in the times of the apostles?

These represent a few of the questions which trouble my brain: will you or some one of the more learned of your correspondents solve the problems for me?

MARIA ARUNDO.

## INSTALLATION SERVICES AT BALTIMORE.

Very sorry were we not to be able to attend the interesting services at the Green Hill and Old First churches, on Thursday, the day of prayer in behalf of colleges and other seminaries of learning. We were summoned to the Monumental City to assist in installing Rev. S. D. Noyes, pastor of the First Constitutional church. This service, by appointment of the Presbytery of the District of Columbia, took place on Thursday evening, Feb. 25th. Rev. C. P. Glover, Moderator of the Presbytery, presided, and proposed the constitutional questions. The sermon was preached by the pastor of the North Broad street Presbyterian church of Philadelphia from 1 Sam. iii. 1, "The Word of the Lord was precious in those days." The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Dr. Sunderland of the First Presbyterian church of Washington, and the charge to the people by Rev. Wm. S. Hart, of the Assembly church.

A large and attentive audience were present. Much interest was added to the occasion by the excellent music performed by the choir under the leadership of Mr. Charles Eichler. The exercises were full of solemnity, and there was evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit. We trust a rich blessing is in store for this pastor and people in the new relation thus formed.

This church was organized in 1854. Its first pastor was Rev. Halsey Dunning. This lamented brother labored earnestly and successfully until his health failed. Two years ago, not being able to perform his duties, the congregation wisely and kindly provided for his relief by engaging Rev. Mr. Noyes as a supply. In October last brother Dunning resigned the pastoral charge, and January 11th, 1869, was released from his earthly labors, and called to his heavenly home. We were pleased to see that his warm-hearted people have already placed a neat marble slab in the wall of the church, near the pulpit in which he officiated, on which is recorded an inscription in commemoration of his life and death.

The young brother, now installed as pastor, having faithfully served them as supply for two years, has secured the confidence and affection of all the people. A warm-hearted genial Christian

gentleman, we hope he will receive the encouragement of his older brethren in the ministry. His church is the only New School church in the City of Baltimore, but there are some ten or twelve Old School Presbyterian churches there, and to them and their excellent pastors we commend this young shepherd and his flock. Let the spirit of union be exhibited on both sides and every where, and the visible bond will soon be formed.

P. S.

## PRESBYTERY OF PITTSBURG.

DEAR AM. PRESBYTERIAN:—The Presbytery of Pittsburg held a called meeting last Saturday evening, February 20th, in the study of the Third church, Pittsburg, at which the following business was transacted:

1. The Pastoral relation between the Rev. S. M. Sparks and the church of Minersville was dissolved. This called forth expressions of the deepest regret from the various members of the Presbytery; and the love, esteem and sympathy expressed for our dear Brother Sparks, could not, I think, have been excelled even by the Philadelphians in behalf of Mr. Barnes.

2. The church of Hopewell (near Clinton, in this county), Rev. William Hunter, Pastor, was received under the care of the Presbytery of Pittsburg. The Pastor, Rev. Mr. Hunter, was also received into the Presbytery. This church comes to us from the Presbytery of Ohio (O. S.), seeking peace (so they say) from the spirit which dominated in 1837-8. They seem to think that "New-schoolism" means, not heresy, but toleration. I hope they are right.

3. Arrangements were made for the installation of Rev. F. A. Noble as Pastor of the Third Presbyterian church of Pittsburg, which installation accordingly took place, on Sabbath evening, February 21st, with the following order:

Reading the Scriptures, Rev. J. F. Hill; opening prayer, Rev. William Hunter; sermon, Rev. W. D. Howard, D. D.; consec. questions, Rev. J. S. Travelli; installation prayer, Rev. W. T. Wylie; charge to the Pastor; Rev. P. S. Davies; charge to the people, Rev. Mr. Stückenberg; benediction, by Rev. F. A. Noble.

The spacious and elegant audience-room of the new church was filled, and the services throughout were marked with deep and solemn attention. Brother Noble enters upon the duties, flowing from this most holy of all alliances, under the happiest auspices, and borne up by the prayers of the Presbytery.

Yours, etc.,

P. S. D.

## CHURCH ERECTION.

MR. EDITOR:—DEAR SIR:—The Presbyterian church (N. S.) of Ateo (N. J.), has just dedicated its new church building. But where is Ateo? It is that "Christian Colony" which has been so long advertised in your columns—the Camden and Atlantic R. R. at the point of its junction with the Raritan R. R. running to New York city. Commencing largely with emigrants from Vineland—about two years ago—it hoped soon to rival that famous town, by reason of its nearer proximity to both Philadelphia and New York markets. For a while, all moved prosperously forward, and hope was high. The Rev. S. Loomis, who had organized the Presbyterian church of Vineland, came here to plant a church of our denomination. But a change came over the spirit of their dreams by reason of the suspension of the Raritan R. R. The church participated in the general depression. Five months ago, the weather-beaten frame of its unfinished edifice sighed mournfully in the winds. The present pastor was called, and the church resolved again to arise and build. Soon after, the wind prostrated one end of the yet uncompleted structure. Undaunted by this disaster, the little band moved forward, not even able to imagine where the means were to come from to complete the building. But God helps those who help themselves. Pastor and people set to work with their own hands, and because they had a mind to the work it moved forward. But it was a work of faith at every step. Day by day the means were supplied as they were needed, and often from unexpected sources. We had thought to solicit help from our city churches, but a few visits to the "Pastors' Association" cured us of that notion. There we heard little else than the cry of money—money—money! We must have five—ten—fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for this enterprise or that. Amid so many claims who would hear or heed our feeble call for two or three hundred? We determined to try a church on Muehler's plan. We would work and pray and trust the Lord. It succeeded admirably. The hearts of old friends were enlarged. New friends were raised up. One generous family donated most of the materials we needed. A lady gave a chandelier and a communion service. Another lady contributed a beautiful communion table. Another sent us \$25 in money from a distance. The lumbermen of Camden contributed lumber for pews. And so, from many sources, means were supplied to complete and dedicate the building free from debt, with the aid of five hundred dollars from the Church Erection Fund. We have now a pleasant house of worship. The exterior is not attractive. It is innocent of paint or moulding. We would go no further than God gave us means. These were wanting for such adornment, but within we have a pleasant audience room. May God's people ever find it an audience chamber with Jesus, and may He ever sanctify it with manifestations of his presence. We can truly say: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." E. D. N.

Ateo, Feb. 22d, 1869.

If as (Socinianism alleges) the sufferings of Christ were merely exemplary, there would be no such absurdity or simplicity as St. Paul here assumes to exist, (1 Cor. i. 13: "Was Paul crucified for you?") in comparing the sufferings of Christ to the sufferings of Paul.—Wardsworth Comm.