

Original Communications.

ENTERING SWITZERLAND BY THE SIMPLON.

From the note book of our Travelling Correspondent.

The Simplon Road over which we were crossing the Alps is a fine, wide, hard, smooth road all the way from Milan to Paris; never less than 25 feet wide and never so steep over the mountains as to require extra horses. We had five greys attached to each stage; one on each side of the tongue, and at the right, a third horse, curiously hitched to the running gear, while two pulled in front. They were not fine horses at all, but heavy plodders, not as round and handsome as Rosa Bonheur's by any means—but not thin nor badly kept. The drivers did not shout *gee up nor 'galang'* as our drivers do; but those horses understood French. "Tirez" (pull) was the word that accompanied the cracking of the whip. When we went over the Mt. Cenis pass six weeks before, we had had two horses and ten mules attached to each stage, the road being so steep that all their strength was required to draw us up the declivity. The drivers wear a uniform of dark blue coats trimmed with red braid, scarlet vests, blue pants, covered with black oil cloth from the knees down, and black glazed hats with low crown and broad brim. The fear of steep roads and baulking horses had deterred us from having a private conveyance in both passes; but we have since learned that these private carriages are constantly crossing, and that no risk whatever is to be feared. It is far more profitable to go in a carriage, or "voiture particuliere," as they have it, as you can then stop and enjoy the fine sights; whereas, these stupid stage drivers seem to hurry past the best views, and rest provokingly long where there is nothing at all extraordinary to be seen. They stopped a full hour for lunch, where there was nothing to see; not to rest the horses, for they changed them; while at dinner, in a splendid situation, we had scarcely 20 minutes. At some of the grand passes they drove like Jehu in great haste to make up lost time. The stages are narrow, seats for four only inside, two more in the coupé, and two up behind on the outside.

CRAGS AND WATERFALLS.

As the scenery became more grand, we climbed up to the top of the stage, where we joined two of our New York friends in singing, "On the Wild Chamois Track," and we sung it with a gusto as we had the crags in sight among which the chamois and the hunter often threaded their perilous way.

The rocky sides of the valley were becoming more rugged, while the view was closed in ahead of us by, rough mountain sides, thinly covered with pine, tamarack and spruce. Waterfalls trickled over the sides of the rocks, sometimes in slender threads, and again in pretty leaping, dashing cascades, which we could trace a long way up the declivity, either by their silver thread among the rocks and underbrush, or by their white, milky foam as they rushed over the barriers that opposed their noisy path. Sometimes, from over some rocky shelf far up the mountain side, a beautiful cascade would leap out, descend perpendicularly for three or four hundred feet, the lower portion breaking up into diamonds of glittering spray, and falling among bushes or underbrush, would be entirely lost to view, long before reaching the level of the road. Most beautiful of all Alpine pictures were those brilliant waterfalls, whose final flow we seldom could trace. We knew they came from some distant snow bank or glacier far above us, for, as the road wound round a turn in the valley, the higher peaks became visible, and among them lay the everlasting beds of cold, white snow, reflecting the sunlight as brilliantly as though they were beds of solid silver.

We filled our drinking cup at a little thread-like cascade that came rippling over a ledge of rock at the roadside, and refreshed the parts with ice water as cold as we could possibly drink it. At another time we climbed down the roadside and filled our cup in the roaring Doveria, in which trout fishers were endeavoring to lure the speckled beauties with their deceptive flies. The water was clouded, white, milky-looking; but cold, though not extremely so, as the little glacier stream above had been.

ALPINE FARMS.

Far above the road across the valley, we notice one of the little cleared patches of green among the pines, with high, steep mountain sides hemming it in on three sides, and the precipitous rock in front reaching down to the valley at our feet. A little chalet shows the patch to be a farm, and hay ricks over a freshly cut meadow show what the Alpine farmers have been at. We see something moving away up there. What can it be? Our opera glasses are brought out, and we descry two or three children romping with a couple of dogs among the hay ricks. We wonder how in the world the children keep from tumbling down the precipice and breaking their necks,—how they hold on to that steep hill side and romp around as they do.

We are reminded that no hill side is as steep when you get to it, as it appears when you are at a little distance away, and what looks to us as slanting as the roof of a house, may be really comparatively level. Quite a lesson this for good people who are apt to borrow trouble ahead,

and for care-worn folks who are continually crossing bridges before they get to them. How those mountaineers live up there in the cold winter, we can't imagine; how they can ever get a doctor up there when any of them are sick, or how they can possibly earn a living from that little patch of a few acres, and then how impossible for the children to go to school.

Presently we pass at the roadside a cube of rock as high and square and regular as one of our rows of houses, and several hundred feet long. It lay between the road and the river.

High up the mountain side, nearly a mile away, we saw the square shelf-like hollow place whence it had slipped out and come rolling down to its present position. With what thundering roar must it have tumbled and rolled its ten thousand tons down that steep declivity. The thought reminds us of Milton's fight among the gods, when they hurled mountains at each other.

HOW TO MEASURE A HIGH CLIFF.

We now pass a ledge of rocky wall, perpendicular, somewhat concave, following the bend of the stream as it curves away from us. The wall forms the opposite side of the valley. It is a bare rock, quite smooth, without a shrub or tree on its surface for a mile or more along the creek, and how high? Heights and distances are very deceptive in these lofty regions I knew, but made up my mind that the bold perpendicular wall was 2,000 feet at least in height. It was truly a sublime sight, all taken in at one view—a wall of such dimensions. I asked my New York friends how high they thought it was? After a scrutinizing look, one said 600 feet, the other 700. I said 2,500 feet or at least 2,000. They laughed at the idea. "How do you figure it up?" I asked. "Well," they reply, "set Trinity church steeple right against it. Begin at the base, down there by the stream; and the top of the spire would reach that seam in the rock over there, a little higher than our level. Now begin another Trinity church steeple at that line and the top will reach to the top of the rock. The steeple being 300 feet makes 600, the height of the wall." To this they both agreed, and urged the utter impossibility of my estimate. I replied, "How high do you call those pine trees down here below us in the valley?" We were looking down upon their tops. We all agreed to about 80 feet. I then directed them to other trees a little further off up the valley, and near the edge of the precipice. They were about the same height, 80 feet. We noticed a little higher up the edge of the precipice—half a mile off—were others, which we all agreed were about the same height, 80 feet. Similar trees were found further up the edge, and leaning over the very top of the rocky wall, their green boughs showing clearly against the sky—"all about the same sized trees," they admitted "80 feet." These last trees were no larger in appearance than the size of your hand. I asked them how many of those 80 feet trees, way up there against the sky, could they set, one under the other from the extreme top down to the roaring stream below our feet. "Fifty, easily," was the reply. "That will make 4,000 feet, gentlemen," said I, "1500 more than I want." They admitted I was right, and knew better how to measure these immense heights in the clear air of Switzerland than they did.

We have just passed a stone bridge of a single arch, spanning the valley, carrying our road to the other side of the Doveria. It looked so light and airy, when we first saw it down the stream, that we wondered how it could support its own weight over the deep chasm.

There were no wheel tracks over it, showing that men, and mules, and mountain goats were about the only animals that followed the steep windings of the road, as it led among the crags beyond, connecting the scattered hamlets on that side, with the outer world.

G. W. M.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. ADAMS BEFORE THE OLD SCHOOL ASSEMBLY, On Wednesday, May 25th.

MR. MODERATOR:—Lest it might be supposed by any that my colleague and myself are the bearers of some special overture from the Assembly which we represent, it will not be impertinent to premise that the appointment under which we serve was made by the General Assembly of the last year. It is, on our part, a continuance of that interchange of fraternal courtesies which was inaugurated several years ago, but which is now drawing to a close; for I am awed by the thought that this is undoubtedly the last delegation from our Assembly to yours, as interchange is now to give place to interblending. We remember with delight the visit of your delegation to our Assembly last year at Harrisburgh, their kind words, their genial spirit, their noble bearing, while our hearts are still glowing with the fervent eloquence of your commissioners when addressing us two days ago; for all of which we thank both you and them.

Though my connection with the Presbyterian Church has exceeded thirty years, this is the first time that I even so much as looked upon the General Assembly of your branch of the Church. With particular men among you, I have formed intimate, and, I trust, immortal friendships; many of your names—pardon me, Mr. Moderator, for mentioning your own among them—belong to the common scholarship of the country; while I can truly say of the men with whom I have been associated in the negotiations of the last three years, that to me their faces will ever shine as did that of Moses, though it may be

added that, in their Christian modesty, "they wist it not themselves."

To give first impressions, it strikes me that I am not among "strangers and foreigners,"—that you have the true, indescribable but unmistakable Presbyterian look; gravity without austerity, dignity without dullness, or if I may accommodate the descriptive words of Sir John Denham, written two hundred years ago—

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull; Strong, without rage; without overflowing, full.

It will be remembered by some present that shortly after the division of the Presbyterian Church into two bands, our own branch, not having the most delightful associations with General Assembly as then administered, and wishing to put into form that idea of its functions which had been propounded by many of the fathers of the Church, that it should be more of a bond of union among Synods as local Assemblies, and less of a supreme, long-armed, legislative power, inaugurated—wisely or unwisely—the system of Triennial Assemblies, and for the conduct of any business which might require action in the interval a committee was appointed called the "Committee ad Interim." Though a young man at the time, I had the honor to be a member of that Committee. It may also be remembered by some present that in subsequent Assemblies of your own it was quite common facetiously to refer to this Committee of ours as the "COMMITTEE AD INTERMENT," a pleasant and witty mode of expressing the conviction that we are dead. Ours was not the first instance in which premature burial has been arrested. I am reminded of that immortal passage in English literature, familiar to all nurses, which describes a certain motherly person greatly grieved because of the death of her favorite dog:

So she went out to buy him a coffin. When she came back she found him a laughing.

Mr. Moderator, we are not dead. We have never had any idea of dying. How could we die when we are vitalized by the spirit of Presbyterianism and by all the memories and traditions of Presbyterian history? It is very common for those who migrate from the Old World to the New, to be taunted with the rawness and roseney of their origin. If there is any virtue in historic lineage, all such have an indefeasible right in everything which constitutes the glory of Britain as those who still hold the ancestral cliffs. In like manner, we, as a Church, are no foundlings, blushing at the bend of illegitimacy in our coat armorial. All good and great Presbyterian names are our common property. Your Alexanders, McDowells, Rice, Millers, are ours, as our Richards, Skinner, Barnes, and Smith, are yours. Chalmers, the Browns, the Erskines, are ours. The Confession of Faith is ours. The old Catechisms are ours. Presbyterianism, in all its bravery and scholarship and fidelity, is ours, as truly as theirs who ever have lived on the hills and heather of Scotland.

We have nothing to report concerning our branch of the Church but the special goodness of Almighty God. We do this, not in pride and exultation, but, we trust, with true gratitude for the past, and humble dependence on Him for the future. All our organizations for Church work are complete and efficient. Special reference may be made to our Home Missionary work, which has been greatly prospered. Our receipts for this object are, I believe, considerably in advance of your own. There are many of these topics of which, in other circumstances, we might speak at length; but it will be expected that I come at once to that subject of Re-union, which, at this hour, occupies all minds and hearts.

By this time we must all be convinced how much easier it is to break than to mend, to tear than to heal. The hand of a child may break off a branch from a rose-bush, but to re-union it to the parent stock, and cause it to grow fibre to fibre, bark to bark; so that there shall be no scar, is a divine art, to be accomplished only by a Divine power. In what has been done already we can see the signs of some working which is not altogether of man. No man, no set of men on either side can take to themselves the credit of that movement which has already advanced so far towards its consummation. For myself, I can honestly say that when informed that my name was put on the Joint Committee, magnanimously inaugurated by your Assembly at St. Louis in 1866, I had very little faith in the success of what was then projected. I see before me my friend and brother, Rev. Dr. Beatty, Chairman of your own Committee of Fifteen, who, at the first meeting of our Joint Committee in February, 1867, told us that he hoped from some summit in the upper world one day to look down upon this Re-union—a consummation which he did not expect to see on the earth. Day before yesterday, in his address to our Assembly, he expressed the belief that this blessed issue was nigh at hand. I need not fall back upon the etymology of his name, which I have no doubt is derived from the Latin *Beatus*, to find reasons for congratulating him on his happiness this day. In nothing is the good hand of God more conspicuous than in the delays, and doubts, and hinderances which had their origin in honest convictions. The solution of a doubt is oftentimes the strongest confirmation of truth. I may apply to a good cause what Robert Hall has said of meritorious character—it rises superior to opposition; and draws lustre from reproach. The vapors which gather about the rising sun and follow it throughout the day, seldom fail, when evening comes, to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints and a softened effulgence the luminary which they cannot hide.

It may not be impertinent to say that, as we know of nothing in your condition as a Church which should lead you to seek this Re-union on your own account, so there is nothing in our condition which, for our own sake merely, makes it necessary that we should be united. You are a strong and venerable Church, needing no accession of strength or numbers. We are young, vigorous, and flexible. To a remarkable degree we are homogeneous and united. We have no jealousies, no roots of bitterness throughout our large communion. So far as I know, we have no questions before us which are likely to divide us. Slavery is dead. Slavery has killed itself in these United States, and all the people have said Amen. Theological polemics are behind us. So far as we are concerned, it must be confessed we enjoy this condition of things mightily. We trust that it will not be regarded as an

offense if we are disposed to compare ourselves with the herdmen of Isaac, who digged a well, and when the herdmen of Gerar strove for it, called it *Esek*—Contention—and passed on; and they digged another well, and when they strove for that, they called it *Sitnah*—Hatred—and passed on; and digged a third well, which they called *Rehoboth*—ROOM. Having dug our new well Rehoboth, and finding its waters sweet and abundant, rejoicing in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh us free, there is no necessity, and we have no wish for our own sakes merely, to go back to that which is past.

But there is a ground on which we have come to believe that re-union is desirable, preeminently desirable. It is a consideration higher and grander than the interests of either branch, the good of the whole country, and the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Evangelism is better than ecclesiasticism. Our common Christianity is nobler than any zeal for partizanship.

As we have been taught by our common system of theology, that God foreordains whatsoever comes to pass, making even the wrath of man to praise Him, we may suppose that each of these distinct bodies may have had its mission, and so is now prepared to benefit the other in a new combination; as streams, impregnated with the qualities of the different soils through which they run, flow together and purify each other by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities. I suppose you will consider it as no affront if you are regarded as the special conservators of orthodoxy. Adopting the same Confession of Faith with yourselves in all honesty, we will not shrink from being considered as the special advocates and representatives of liberty. Circumstances have created these distinctions. You will not think it strange, while you hold steadfastly to your orthodoxy, that we should magnify and assert our liberty. We have found it necessary to emphasize the fact that, within the bounds of our common system of doctrine, there is room for liberty. As there always have been, so there always will be differences of opinion in unessential particulars among those who are agreed heartily in the great essentials of the same historic system. My excellent friend and brother, Rev. Dr. Musgrave, when addressing our Assembly, two days ago, as your Delegate, said emphatically in his admirable eloquence, that he rejoiced in the name of Calvinist; a name in which we rejoice also; but we have never supposed that in order to vindicate one's title to that honored appellation, every one of us should go through the world like the iron man Talus in the drama, with his fail crushing on the right hand and on the left, all who differ from us in permitted shades of opinion. You and we together insist upon the free play of forces within the range of our common self-prescribed limitations. You are called *Old School*; we are called *New School*. When I say that all the novelty, all the innovation in theology which we represent consists in getting rid of *superstitions*, using the word according to its exact etymology, to denote those things imposed upon theology which are not of its substance,—human traditions and philosophies, which have attached themselves to what is divine, like barnacles to a ship, so getting back more and more to the old, simple, primal, granite, eternal facts of Revelation,—perhaps it will appear not altogether impossible to reconcile the ideas of *New and Old* in true harmony and unity. Upon this point it is not necessary to multiply words, on our part, especially as we recall the generous act of your last Assembly, in amply vindicating our orthodoxy by that deliverance which, of your own accord, was entered upon your minutes, and for which we render you, in the name of all truth and fairness, our sincere thanks.

Should this reunion be consummated, there are two things, Mr. Moderator, which as it seems to me, will be of immense importance, and of which I would presume to speak a word, without appearing to drop into the strain of professional homiletics. The first relates to the mode in which, from this time onward, we are to treat one another. Nothing is so long-lived and inveterate as prejudice—professional prejudice, party prejudice, sectional prejudice. While holding to freedom of speech, the utmost freedom of the Press, can any candid man deny that the Church and the country are both suffering at this hour from the misrepresentations of a partizan Press? We have had enough of parvanimity—let us pledge ourselves now to a noble magnanimity. Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I write or speak one word which shall tend to rekindle old prejudices, revive old issues, or excite distrust and suspicion in this critical hour of healing. If any man is disposed to do this, to give heed to idle rumor, to propagate rumors and suspicions fitted to make divisions, just when the tissues are beginning to knit themselves together into a new confidence, we have inspired authority for the direction to mark that man. What a noble opportunity especially is theirs who, advanced in years and having a vivid memory of former times, veterans scarred in past conflicts, men whose honest convictions are always to be honored, may so take the lead, at this new era, in the conquest of personal prejudices and partialities as that they shall secure the love, gratitude, and honor of a new generation, and go to their rest at the close of life with the benedictions of a united Church. What the country needs now most of all, and the Church also, is the restoration of intelligent confidence between all its parts, North and South, East and West. Let the educated men of the country, especially our ministers and elders, cultivate more of intercourse and acquaintanceship; and they will bind this whole land into compactness; as the roots of the willows by the water-courses give firmness to the sod. If our Union is to be based on confidence and honor, then honor must be whole-hearted. We cannot mix clay and iron and gold together.

The second thing is the wisdom and the necessity of engaging immediately in larger enterprises of Christian evangelism. This is the true method of diverting thought from obsolete questions, and preventing new divisions because of minor and subordinate matters. "Doth the wild ass bray when he hath grass, or loweth the ox over his fodder?" The true way to arrest all senseless brawlings and lowings is to fill heart and hands with grand and urgent work. We are much impressed on our side with the paramount necessity of evangelizing our cities and new territories, believing that Presbyterianism has pe-

culiar advantages for this vast achievement. In our late national struggle, manifold were the diversities of opinion in regard to men and measures, but these were all compelled to follow the one grand purpose to preserve the national life, and integrity. We read in the Apocalypse of certain forms of life destined to annoy the Church, that "their power is in their tails." No matter how many tails a serpent may have, so long as he has but one head he will be able to glide through any thicket, every caudal extremity forced to obey one capital tractive power. It is the attempt to put these diversities in the foreground—going as it were tails foremost—which ensures either stoppage or dismemberment. Let us make sure of true unity by undertaking great things for the kingdom of our Lord. Our Theological Seminaries should be more liberally endowed. The scholars of the Church should be provided for more generously. As thank-offerings to God, new churches should spring up all over the land. Now is the time for splendid action. We have been skirmishing only, using squads and detachments. Now for the bugle-note sounding for an advance along the whole line.

Having drawn an illustration from the wells of Isaac of different names, it occurs to me that there was a sequel to that history which justifies a farther analogy. In his new encampment, Jehovah appeared unto Isaac and said, "I am the God of Abraham, thy father: fear not, for I am with thee, and will bless thee and multiply thy seed." "Then Abimelech went to him from Gerar and Ahuzzath, one of his friends, and Philchol the chief captain of his army." And Isaac said unto them, "Wherefore come ye to me seeing ye hate me, and have sent me away from you?" And they said, "We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee"—anticipating that fine formula of Irenæus, "where the Spirit is there is the Church," in distinction from the ecclesiastical formula, "Where the Church is there is the Spirit"—"we saw certainly that the Lord was with thee; and we said, Let there be now an oath betwixt us and thee, and let us make a covenant with thee." "So they made a feast, and did eat and drink together"; and the last well which was dug there was called *BERESHEHA*—the well of the oath—for these those who had been at variance swore one to another in a blessed covenant of amity and peace. "Then Israel sang this song." Shall we, ere this week is past, sing it, here on Murray Hill, by the side of our new well? "Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it: The princes digged the well, the nobles of the people dived it, by the direction of the lawgiver." So they journeyed "from the wilderness to the top of Pisgah."

Pisgah! with what blessed memories and hopes is the name associated. Shall we stand awhile together upon this mount of vision and look around us? There is one temptation to which we are exposed at this hour, and that is elation. So much is said of the excellence of our standards of doctrine and polity that we are in danger of exalting them unduly, forgetting that they are but instrumental to that which is higher and nobler. Leighton says that the devil is alert in watching for full and satisfied souls, just as pirates look out for ships which are heavily freighted, letting the empty pass unmolested. If we shall be tempted to pride because of our numbers and wealth and ecclesiastical strength, we shall be in imminent peril. Believing as we all do that our Church-system is subordinate to Christianity, let this memorable week be distinguished by the birth of a purer and loftier type of spiritual religion.

Pisgah! how is the word associated with heavenly visions and hopes. How small in the presence of death those distinctions of which we make so much in "the pride of life." What difference can we imagine there is now between Krebs and Brainerd, Erskine Mason, and James W. Alexander, and all those who have been welcomed by the Lord of glory to His presence out of these two separated Branches of the Church on earth? How are we to account for that physiological fact which has so often come under our professional notice, that as nature dissolves itself into its simplest elements, the moral affections come forth with utmost tenderness and power? Some twenty years ago, when our partisan prejudices were in their first heat and strength, I had a neighbor, eminent for his scholarship and for his legal reputation and office, who was so thoroughly impregnated with theological partialities that he could regard me only with cold distrust and suspicion. For years our intercourse was confined to the most frigid forms of civility. He was seized by painful and fatal illness, during which, at his request, I frequently visited him. Not a word ever passed between us pertaining to different schools and systems. We talked of "the common salvation." All that was rigid and exclusive disappeared. Everything that was sweet and tender and gentle came forth. How often did he take my hand and kiss it over and over again in fondest affection. The intellectual gave place to the moral—the simple affections of the heart asserted their supremacy. Why should we defer till the process of dissolution that union which is sure to be at last through the medium of Christian love? "All my theology," said that sweet saint, Dr. Archibald Alexander, when waiting and listening for the footsteps of his Master, "is reduced to this brief compass—the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

My dear Mr. Moderator, pardon my prolixity, and accept the most cordial, fraternal, and Christian salutations for yourself, and the Assembly over which you preside; from those whom we have the honor to represent. God bless you and them in all things! God bless all branches of the Presbyterian Church! God bless all true Christian ministers and men; "all who, in every place, call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours!" In this day of gladness, because of the reunion of tribes of Israel, let us chant together the jubilant words which the Spirit of God has made ready for our use, "Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. For my brethren and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."

Satan's vilest ministers put on the face of saints, base pleasures assume the mask of love, Eclipses of faith take the name of enlightenment and an antipathy to the attainment puts on the semblance of a strict regard for morality.—Eubner in Langs.