

## Original Communications.

## IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.—No. IV.

Scottish Lakes—Absence of Forests—Walter Scott—The Landscape—Sabbath Service—Scone, June 14th—Stirling Castle.

The hotel at the Trossachs was more comfortable than anything we had met, and we determined to rest here a day or two. But we were not content to stay in the house, and besides, we wanted to see the country. And although the clouds hung low and threatening on the mountain over the lake, which lay below the house, the barometer assured us there would be no rain, and so did our host, who also said there was a pleasant walk of six miles over the mountains to the Clachan of Aberfoyle. All who have read Rob Roy will readily recall the incidents that occurred at that Clachan, how the Baillie and Frank found themselves in the midst of a row with the savage Highlanders, and how the Baillie seized a red-hot plough coulter and attacked one of the Highlanders, and set his plaid on fire.

We started out then for the walk, having been told that if we found it too long and fatiguing we could ride back. So down we went to the Loch Achray and were ferried over by a Highlander, who amused us much by his talk, half-English, half-Gaelic, and who walked a few hundred yards with us, to show the path. Left to ourselves, without a guide, we began the ascent of the mountain. The way was plain enough, but very rough in some places; while in others it was wide and smooth enough for a carriage. It was an exceedingly interesting walk, up hill and down dale; not a tree, hardly a bush was to be seen; but the heather was everywhere, and many a time we threw ourselves down to rest upon it, finding it as soft as the bed which Ellen prepared for the Knight of Snowdon,

"Nor think you unexpected come,  
To you lone isle, our desert home,  
Before the heath hath lost its dew  
This morn, a couch was pulled for you."

The solitude was almost oppressive. When the top of the mountain was reached, and we could command within the vision a region of miles and miles in extent, there was nothing to be seen but mountains and lakes, no forests, no trees, no villages, no homes. In all that walk we met only one man—and we passed him without a greeting—and a boy of apparently but twelve years, who answered "dinna ken" to all our questions. At a distance we saw a few men digging peat. But, besides these, the only evidences of animal life we saw, were the sheep, which seemed to be everywhere; some almost as dark as the heather, and sometimes startling us by suddenly springing up, almost in our path; the sheep, the poor man's friend, supplying him with both food and raiment, roaming at large and apparently unattended, over these wilds, feeding on the patches of pasture and drinking from the clear mountain streams or burns which crossed our path at brief intervals, babbling their noisy songs over their rocky beds,

We found quite a pretentious hotel at the village, and the Baillie's coulters chained to a tree in front, but when we were shown to a second story room, as the scene of the fracas so admirably described by Scott, in the story my faith, not over-critical, fairly broke down, and the Scotchwoman who showed the premises joined me in a hearty laugh at the humbuggery. Equally apocryphal was the oak they showed on which the Baillie was caught and suspended in his fall from the rocks, for the author of the story calls it a thorn. The spot where the gauger Morris was thrown into the lake and drowned by Helen McGregor's barbarous order, is not easily defined; for the construction of a road has obliterated many of the marks since that day. But we saw the "infant Forth" as Scott describes it, and the long narrow high bridge over it. Although the description of the scenery is very vivid and beautiful in the passage alluded to, it is not literally accurate, a fact, I think, not uncommon in the Waverley Novels. (See Sir Walter's remarks on this subject at the dinner in Edinburgh, where he avows himself as "the great unknown.") In his poetry, so far as I am able to judge, he is more nearly correct.

We had a long and fatiguing walk back, for they could not, or would not, let us have horses. It rained a little, too, but we climbed the steep passes again, and when we reached the top once more, and began the descent, and saw the little hotel far off in the valley, we plucked up courage. But our strength was well nigh exhausted when we reached the boat again, and no travellers ever enjoyed their evening meal and their rest more than we did that Saturday night.

It was raining briskly on Sunday morning, but not so as to keep us from the 12 o'clock church. Rev. Mr. McDiarmid, the parish minister, preached (it is the Established Church of Scotland) from the text, "God now commandeth every man to repent," dividing his sermon into 1. The nature of repentance; 2. Motives to repentance. The sermon was natural, scriptural and good, and only half an hour long. The other services were not so brief; for they sang two Psalms, and two paraphrases, and there were three chapters read from the Bible, the minister waiting a reasonable time after the chapter was announced, for all the congregation to find the place and follow him, and they did. And I thought how much better this is than our Presbyterian custom in the United

States, of rarely opening our Bibles while the minister reads. Mr. McDiarmid preached in a gown and bands as all clergymen in this country do. In the last prayer he prayed for the Queen—Royal Family, &c.—and for the strangers within the gates. I called at the vestry after service to thank him for this, and told him we were Presbyterians, and from Philadelphia, and asked him if he knew Rev. Albert Barnes? "Oh yes," he said, and "had his volumes of Notes in his library."

This was the only service of the day. After a lunch, the rain having ceased and the sun come out, we strolled out and down to Loch Katrine, to take our last look of its beautiful waters. In the evening I sat at my window until ten o'clock, watching the shadows on Ben Verne, deepening as the darkness drew on until its brown slopes and lofty peaks were lost in the long twilight. But when I awoke in the morning the top of Ben Venue was covered with snow (June 14th) and the whole face of the landscape was changed. With us at the foot it was raining, and the prospect was dreary enough. Through it all, however, we drove in a stage to Colleder, where we took the rail to Edinburg, stopping a few hours at Stirling.

We were driven up to the castle, 300 feet above the plain, commanding a very fine view of the country for many miles, and this was worth all that we saw besides, for within this scope, indeed quite near, was the field of Bannockburn, and a plain thousands of acres in extent, exceedingly fertile, with the Forth winding through it towards the sea. On another high rock within full view, only a few miles off, on Abbey Craig, is the unfinished monument to Sir William Wallace. The guide showed us Queen Mary's room, where she lived so long in her childhood, and received a part of her education, and the Douglass room where James II. stabbed a Douglas and threw him out of the window. The castle is one of the three stipulated by the terms of Union to be kept fortified. From the castle we passed into the cemetery, which lies between it and the Grey Friars' Church. Here were some curious and interesting monuments, one to John Knox, another to Melville with a fountain beneath and the inscription, "Every good gift is from God." On a tomb of quite modern date is "Pray for the soul of ———."

There is a monument here, under glass, to Margaret Wilson, the martyr, who was tied to a stake and drowned in the Solway, in the days of the persecution. Thence we passed into the old Church. Two congregations worship here now—both Presbyterian of course—one in the Nave the other in the Choir. In the Choir, James VI. was crowned King of Scotland, and John Knox preached the Coronation sermon. There was a large board in the church yard, with letters legibly painted, setting forth the various charges for interments in the cemetery, as to the number of feet in depth of the grave, the number of horses to the hearse, and some other curious features, but concluding with a statement of the price of "bags for bones" whatever that may mean.

There was not much more to be seen in Stirling, though we walked about the town. The streets were narrow and not too clean. The people seemed thrifty, though there was no lack of the beer or whiskey shops. We were not sorry, therefore, to see the train approach, which in an hour or two would put us down in Edinburgh.

B. B. C.

## JEWISH PSALMODY.

In the *Presbyterian* of the 7th inst., under the heading of "A Palpable Mistake," the editor quotes as follows, from the *American Presbyterian*:

"Very clever all this, but need Dr. Patterson have sought for an example of perpetual flux in the editorial ranks? He might have found one nearer home. When he went to Chicago, he was such a furious Psalm-singer that he once flung a hymn-book out of the pulpit, with the exclamation: 'Would I put that in my children's hands? I would as soon put poison.' When he left the Reformed Presbyterian Church he closed his connection with an equally rabid speech, in which he denounced that Church for keeping her members on the low level of a Jewish psalmody. So much for flux."

This is very cleverly put; and, as told, makes a capital hit. As we have all already enjoyed our laugh over it, it will not spoil a good story to say now, that like many other good jokes it is a mere effervescent draught of fancy water, with the slightest possible flavoring of fact. Any more of the fact spoils the fun. The incident supposed to be referred to was occasioned by the attempt to introduce into a collection of mission-school hymns, some in honor of dead men and women. One, beginning

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," had been actually sung at a Sabbath scholar's funeral. It was by such beginnings that saint worship was introduced into the ancient Church. Against this abomination I raised my voice. Every true Protestant, including *The American Presbyterian*, would as soon put poison in his child's hands as prayers or praises to the dead. It was not against the hymn-book, but the heresy, I protested. The protest was successful, and the book was printed without the idolatrous hymns. The matter will appear to some of the greater importance when it is stated, that with some additions of a military character, over two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this collection were afterward circulated in our Western

armies by the Chicago Army Committee of the Christian Commission, under the title of "The Soldiers' Hymn Book." The fact that I was actively engaged in this work, may be sufficient to show you, that your informant was entirely mistaken about my furious psalm-singing, and might be also sufficient for my personal vindication. As illustrations, however, of the growth of a modern superstition, allow me, if you please, to recite a fact or two further in this connection.

The superstition that Rouse's version of the Psalms of David should be the exclusive psalmody of the Anglo-Saxon race, is quite recent, and of American origin. It was unknown a hundred years ago in Britain. It is not yet half a century old there. In 1825, when a mere child, I was carried by my nurse, a faithful Covenanteer, to the Union Sabbath School of the town of Letterkenry, and the first psalmody in which I have any distinct recollection of participating, was the hymn beginning

"Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound," sung in that Sabbath School. This, and similar schools were supported in part by the active co-operation of the elders and members of the Covenanting Church in that part of the north of Ireland; and when a new building was erected for that school, the dedication sermon was preached by our pastor, the late Rev. Wm. Gamble, the oldest, and one of the most highly esteemed ministers of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland. I have repeatedly heard him, in explaining the Terms of Communion, on Sacrament Saturday, refer to the subject, and say that the only reason for not using suitable portions of the New Testament in psalmody, was the want of an acceptable metrical version, which he earnestly hoped would one day be supplied. Such, I apprehend, were then the sentiments of the majority of Scotch and Irish Presbyterians.

Since that time I have continued to sing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and to cultivate the Communion of Saints with all who love our Lord. When, in 1847, I made application for Church-fellowship to the late venerated pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D., I acquainted him with my views on psalmody and communion, and was informed that they were no bar to Church-fellowship so long as I conformed in church-worship to the practice of the Church. When a majority of the Synod, after the removal of that great and good man and of others like-minded, felt bound in conscience to enforce an interpretation of the Testimony more literal, yet certainly less Christian, I felt that I could no longer honorably continue in that communion, and withdrew to the Presbyterian Church.

For so doing, however, my chief reason, was, as you have cited, the belief that the spiritual life of that Church has been grievously injured by the exclusive use by many of its members of the Jewish Psalmody and the repression of the utterance of the New Testament doxologies. I fail to perceive, however, anything rabid either in the sentiment or the expression. If there is, I have been bitten by *The American Presbyterian*, which more than once, with much greater grace and power than I can claim, has shown the greater fulness of evangelical life and love which pervades the New Testament, and the evil of rejecting from our praise this portion of the Word of God. In this you are supported by very high authority. Almost all evangelical divines make the superiority of the gospel over the law one of their common places. The martyrs of the Scottish Covenanters, held the same view; David Dickson, it is related, spent the prison hours before his martyrdom in translating from the Latin the hymn, "Jerusalem," and the old Scottish Psalm-Book adds a gospel doxology to most of the hymns. In all revivals, ancient and modern, the fresh power of gospel grace has overflowed in gospel songs. Whenever the Church has been invigorated to put forth missionary exertion, exclusiveness waxes old and vanishes away.

May the Lord the Spirit visit us and all our brethren in the psalm-singing Churches, with showers of revival grace, and put new songs into our mouths, and bring us all at length to sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, as well as the songs of the Sweet Singer of Israel, is the prayer of

Yours in Christ,

ROBERT PATTERSON.

[Dr. Patterson's courteous and friendly letter has certainly destroyed the force of the paragraph on which he comments. The author of that paragraph was informed of the facts in question by an eye witness, at that time a member of Dr. P.'s congregation, who gave it as an illustration of his former opposition to hymn-singing. It is evident that he was mis-informed, though we were under the impression that our Chicago brother was formerly "stiff" on that question.]

As to Dr. Patterson's reasons for throwing out the hymn-book in question, we think he might very justly have thrown the Psalm book after it, if such addresses to and invocations of objects which do not hear, are to be proscribed. Idolatry has no more to do with the dead than the living, and it is just as right to invoke a sister lying dead, as for David to invoke all lands, objects of inanimate nature, the ends of the earth or the isles of the sea. Dr. Patterson's congregation uses the O. S. "Hymnal." What does he think of the hymn beginning—

"Ye angels that stand around the throne,"

and proceeding

"Ye saints that stand nearer than they,"

which occurs in that collection? Or has he thrown the "Hymnal" out of the pulpit?

As to the speech with which Dr. Patterson left the R. P. Church "rabid" may be too strong a word to describe it. But we say what most of the liberal members of that Church say, when we describe as ill-judged and intemperate, and say that it did much to make the liberal movement in that Church a failure. It only produced a recoil and a reaction.]

## LETTER FROM PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA, July 26, 1869.

Two Sundays at sea, and one in Berlin. It seems hardly possible to realize that but three short weeks ago, we were looking out on Washington Square, with the unadorned belfry of the old First Church rising above the trees. And here to-day in the capital of Prussia, more than 3,000 miles away, surrounded by spires, and domes, and towers of churches adorned within and without with statues, and monuments, and sculptures, and frescoes, the very names of which as they are given in the guide-books are wearying to brain and eye.

It was Tuesday, July 6th, after a night spent in New York, with the sounds and sights of the National Anniversary yet lingering in our memory, that we left the dock at Hoboken in the steamer *Hammonia* of the Hamburg-American line. Two camp-chairs—one of the reclining-extension pattern; and two pair of heavy grey army blankets made ample provision for spending all possible time in the open air on deck regardless of the weather, unless it should prove unusually stormy. An umbrella which we purchased just before leaving, was very useful as a protection from the sun.

Several American families and parties, starting for European trips of longer or shorter duration, some few going abroad on business, and others of foreign birth returning for a visit to their native land, made up the passenger-list of the first and second cabins; and some twenty in the steerage, besides a crew of one hundred and twenty-eight officers and men completed the persons on board. The state-rooms of this line, it ought to be mentioned, have an advantage to be found in no other; the first-class state-rooms are all open on the saloon or on the same level, so that the windows can be kept open all the time, affording abundant and complete ventilation. To any one who has ever been at sea, this cannot fail to be appreciated.

Sunday the 11th found us in North latitude 44° 41', West longitude 43° 10', having been four days and nineteen hours at sea, at noon. The day was bright and clear, with a stiff breeze from the southward, filling our auxiliary sails, adding about two knots an hour to our speed, and covering the deep blue sea with white-caps which danced and sparkled joyously in the sunlight. Aft on the quarter-deck under the lee of the wheel-house, we sat all day long, with some pleasant fellow voyagers, enjoying the pleasant gentle motion of the vessel, as she sped on her way, quaffing the health-giving, bracing air, and quietly conversing or meditating as we glanced up at the clear blue ether above us, or looked out over the dancing waves of the rolling sea to catch a glimpse of a passing sail far off on the horizon. In the evening far on into the night, the wake of the steamer was brilliant with phosphorescent light as the water was disturbed by the screw; from the bows, great rolls of greenish fire surged away on either side as the vessel ploughed her way through the deep; while far off on either side the white-caps flashed up on the jetty-black of the night-covered ocean, with coruscations of stars and sparkles beyond any artificial imitation. There was no service on board, and yet we could not feel that the day had been unprofitably passed.

Saturday morning, the 18th, about one o'clock, we touched at Plymouth, England, and landed the mails and some few passengers, making the surrounding hills echo and re-echo as we fired a gun to announce our approach, and making the night brilliant with rockets sent up as signals for the tug boat to come out and meet us.

Saturday at noon we touched at Cherbourg, and landed more passengers and mails, and Sunday morning the 19th found us in the German Ocean or North Sea, having passed Dungeness light on the English coast at 11 the evening before. The day passed much as the preceding Sunday, varied somewhat by the sight of more sailing vessels and steamers, and towards afternoon the Islands of the Dutch coast, Texel, Vrieland and Ter Schilling with their light-houses and villages, appearing about eight miles off to starboard.

Monday morning early we entered the Elbe; and at nine were transferred to a small steamer which took us up to Hamburg, where we remained, resting till Wednesday morning, when we came by rail to Berlin. Yesterday we went at 9½ A. M. to the Dom-church in the Lust garden near the Palace. The present building was erected in 1817; is 230 feet long by 134 feet wide. Neither the exterior nor the interior present any striking features; but to strangers visiting Europe for the first time, and accustomed to the simplicity of Protestant worship at home, there was much that was new and interesting. Mentioning to the pew-opener that we were Americans and wished to have a good place to see and

hear, he at once unlocked a door and showed us to comfortable seats in a large pew or box surrounded by a high partition, and containing a dozen chairs, and commanding an immediate view of the altar right below us, and of the organ loft above and at the back of the altar. After ascertaining that we desired not to remain after the liturgy, he retired and locked us in. The pews were all locked; a few benches in the passage ways were occupied by early comers, and as others came in they had to stand. None were admitted to seats except those who had some right to them, and for whom the doors were unlocked by the attendants. The space before the altar was quite filled with persons who stood through the service, many of whom were strangers, while numbers of pews were entirely vacant. There must be accommodations for seating some 2,000 or 3,000 persons. Perhaps 800 or 1,000 were present, of whom at least one-half were left to stand.

The great bell of the church pealed out its tones far above our heads in the belfry, seeming to fill the body of the building with an accumulated volume of a softened yet deep sound. At ten the Sacristan lighted two wax candles on either side of a gilt crucifix which stood at the back of the altar; and in a few minutes afterwards, the clergyman, a young man, with a high intellectual forehead, and a German student-like cast of countenance entered from the body of the church, and took his place facing the congregation at a small reading desk a little in advance of the altar, and some steps back from the chancel rail. The great bell ceased to ring; and at once from the organ-loft burst forth a sweet choral chant from the lips of about one hundred boys with some few older male voices to give depth and volume. Without understanding a word of the language, there was worship to the devout mind in the very sound of the perfectly-timed, exquisitely modulated, and grand swelling harmony of the Psalm, as the waves of musical symphony rolled up and along the high arch of the nave, stretching away nearly three hundred feet to the farther recess containing the sarcophagi of some of the old Electors and their wives.

The liturgy was chanted and sung responsively by the choir and the clergyman, while the people, most of whom had their prayer books, joined devoutly in certain portions of the service. The Epistle and Gospel for the day were read at intervals, and the Creed recited by the clergyman; the congregation taking no part in the saying of the Creed. At the conclusion of the liturgy, a collection was taken up, while one of the long German hymns was sung by the choir. The pew-opener now unlocked the door of our box or pew, and intimated that if we did not wish to hear the sermon, it would be proper for us to retire. Availing ourselves of the opportunity we left the church, and made our way to the American chapel, No. 6, Junker street, passing through the court of the Royal Palace or Schloss, and a number of streets with fine residences, stores and palaces on either side. The day was really warm—as warm as a July day in Philadelphia, and the walk was a long one; but we felt amply repaid by the privilege of worshipping in our own language, according to our own simple forms, and with our own countrymen.

The chapel, which is a plain brick building, in one of the comparatively remote and side streets, was erected during the time when Mr. Wright was our minister at the Court of Prussia. A mural tablet facing the pulpit bears the following inscription:

"To the memory of the  
HON. JOSEPH A. WRIGHT,  
who died in Berlin, May 11th, 1867, during his second official term as Minister of the United States at the Court of Prussia, in the 57th year of his age; to whose energy and perseverance the erection of this chapel is largely due; this tablet is dedicated by the grateful members of this society.

The memory of the just is blessed. Prov. 10. 7.  
For me to live is Christ, to die is gain. Phil. 1. 21."

Mr. Wright was a Methodist, and the hymn-book in use is the Methodist collection; but the chapel is used by all denominations of evangelical Christians. The service is a union service. We had a most excellent sermon from the Rev. Dr. Osgood of New York, full of Christ and His love, and the union of His divine and human natures, and of the union of believers to Him and in Him with each other. The text was, "I am the vine, ye are the branches."

The streets in the morning were as quiet as those of Philadelphia; but few shops open, and the well-dressed, orderly people we met mostly on their way to and from church. Towards evening the carriages and "Droschken," a light one-horse sort of a cab, began to drive by, filled with parties on their way to the "Thiergarten" and other places of popular resort and recreation; and till late at night the throng of vehicles passing and re-passing was incessant.

Rested and refreshed by the services and the quiet repose of the day as we had spent it, we felt ready for a fresh start on the early morning for Dresden, looking forward to our next Sunday in Prague or Nuremberg.

S. C. P.

—Melchizedek, king of Salem, or an Aaronic priesthood may take tithes, but the converts of a world's Pentecost will sell all their possessions, and lay them at the feet of a Church Catholic