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—Many readers follow with deep interest the course of our foreign correspondents. In the letter of "B. B. C." on the next page, a brief account of the celebrated Fourth of July sermon of Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, will be found, the remarkable words in which the preacher alluded to earlier and existing relations between England and America being very fully reported. We have other letters from the same pen, but we fear the necessity for rest from duties which have already overtasked hand and arm, will much diminish their number hereafter. We shall also hear, frequently we hope, from "S. C. P." among the objects of religious interest in the heart of Europe.

—We are again called upon to mourn with the family of the deceased publisher of our paper—the late Mr. James B. Rodgers. His second daughter, Annie D. Rodgers, was drowned with two young companions while bathing on Wednesday of last week at Atlantic City. The tide had turned, and there was a very strong undertow at the time, by which they were swept beyond their depth. The absence of life-boats, buoys and safe-guard of every description rendered it impossible to come to their rescue, although frantic efforts were made by her cousin, Mr. James Smyth. The bodies of the three were washed ashore in the afternoon, and interred on Saturday last, Mr. Stout's in the morning, Miss Hunter's and Miss Rodgers' at Mount Moriah Cemetery in the afternoon. A greatly afflicted household, and, therefore, we trust a greatly beloved one, has lost a bright, cheery face and a happy, hopeful young life from its family circle—a circle which had been so recently broken by the same dread messenger.

THE CURE OF GRIEF.

Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?—*Macbeth*. The first need of this suffering world is the removal of its ills; the second and equally pressing and more immediate necessity is for consolation in sorrow. It is demanded of every agency that professes to benefit man, whether it can cure his griefs. A gospel which does not bring comfort is no gospel. The preacher who has no medicine for the ills and sorrows of the people has missed his calling; he is sent, if sent at all, to bind up the broken in heart, and he must do it or confess himself a failure.

This busy, over-excited, highly expectant, grasping age, brings along the tide of its grand successes a multitude of miserable wrecks. The greater ventures of to-day are followed by the deeper disasters. The long and high tension of the nerves is followed by the profounder depression, the incurable prostration of the whole system of mind and body. Hopes that have feasted upon vast panoramas of wealth and prosperity give place to total eclipses of despair. The miserable victims of their over-wrought desires and ambitions are driven by the reaction to insanity and to suicide. Of the alarming increase of this latter crime, every day's report of the current news gives overwhelming proof. It shows how much need there is in our day of the consolations of the gospel.

It is the conclusive argument against unbelief in every shape, that it cannot befriend man when he most needs a friend. It can amuse and interest us with its ingenious questions. It can amaze us with its grand concatenated systems of thought. It can fascinate us with world-making, and confound us with doubts, perplexities and possibilities. But in those hours that come upon every man, when no human solace can soothe his agonised and broken heart, when he is called to meet in person the dark problems of his destiny, then it is found that unbelief, so far from furnishing a ray of comfort, is often the keenest pang in his sorrows. It is those sorrows themselves that teach men to believe. What an inexplicable monstrous freak of nature; what a vast incurable fracture in the Cosmos is one single broken heart: one case of incurable human sorrow! That the great mass of men were formed to mourn hopelessly,—this is the teaching, or at least the result to which a general skepticism must lead us. This is the result which must follow the general spread of the materialistic, positive, godless science of to-day. Positivism and suicide must inevitably become popular together.

Scientific men may sneer at the idea of subjecting their theories to any such test as their relation to the sorrows of man. But man must ever cherish the suspicion that the science which denies to him an overruling Providence, a prayer-hearing God, and a *Christus Consolator*, is wrong somewhere;—is upon false foundations, however imposing and well proportioned the structure. The cry of the human heart for comfort is as legitimate as the thirst of the human mind for knowledge.

Preach comfort to the sorrowing, then. Bring out the rich stores of the Gospel; pour balm upon the wounded; link the individual sorrow with the gracious plan of the supremely wise and good God. Show how the sublime and manly virtue of endurance is cultivated by sorrow; how

Life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in hissing baths of tears
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.

Show how the worthlessness of all things merely earthly must be learned, and the affections ennobled and purified and set upon worthy and spiritual ends by just such experiences; how finally, our light affliction, which is but for a moment, works out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

PRIVILEGE—RIGHT—DUTY.

The history of the Republic has been a history of unobserved and peaceable revolutions. None of these has been more important than that which has taken place in regard to the possession of political power. In colonial days and in the years which followed the Revolution, the elective franchise, in most of the States, was vested not in the whole people, but in a class of them,—the native-born owners of property. Suffrage was a *privilege*, something secured to a class of men by class legislation. These were men, as a whole, of some social weight and dignity,—men who had "given hostages to society" and who had much to lose by any ill-considered changes or measures. Their social position gave a weight and dignity to political life, and the offices of the State were coveted as honorable and conferred as rewards of such merit as society was competent to understand. While this state of things lasted, suffrage was a privilege in the secondary sense of the word also, it was a *desirable* thing,—prized by those who had it, longed for by those who had it not.

Suffrage as a *right* was the watchword of the great revolution introduced by Jefferson and the old Democracy. It is a proof of the revolutionary power of ideas that that revolution succeeded without a bloody struggle. The elective franchise passed out of the hands of political monopolists by their own act, and was transferred from the many to the all. Every citizen was to have a voice in the management of the state, that voice being regarded as of divine right. The consent of the governed was to be the basis of all national administration,—in the long run the governors and the governed were to be identical. The will of the whole people was to be expressed in every national act, and the public servants were to hold themselves as the servants of the whole people.

The theory is beautiful, and right enough; as all political theories are, for a millennial or paradisaical state, but wrong, as all political theories are, for the present state of society. We do not say that the system is not much superior to that which had gone before, or that it would be desirable to restore the old "property qualifications" which the Democracy wiped out of the State constitutions and laws. But we do say that it has its own peculiar dangers, and that while it aims higher than any previous theory, it may fall. Its great danger is that in ceasing to be a *privilege* in the first sense of the word (the right of a class or caste) it may also cease to be a privilege in the second sense (something prized). "Low pricing," says old Thomas Fuller, "makes low pricing." Democracy may lead to a decay of what the Fathers of the Republic called "public spirit."

Take our own city for instance. Do the more educated and wealthier classes take the same interest in public affairs as in the time of Franklin and Robert Morris? Are they as zealous in the management of political machinery? Are they as forward in the exercise of political rights? Are they as eager to secure political office? Those who know much of this,—the most aristocratic of American cities,—know that it is not so. Some who bear the names of our colonial and revolutionary statesmen and leaders, never voted in their lives. Very few of them would be bored with the possession of a State or municipal office. And if matters are not so bad with the more purely mercantile class, they are worse than they ought to be. Politics take time; and no fellow-citizen of Ben. Franklin needs to be taught that "time is money." The great race after riches leaves them no leisure for more than the most superficial acquaintance with local politics. If they turn out on election day, when any great issue is at stake, and waste an hour in waiting at the polls, they feel that they have done more than their duty. If they know any particular candidate to be a scoundrel, they will have the independence and will take the trouble to "scratch

him off the ticket. Yet they will not take the trouble to secure the nomination of good men. Reputation much belies our intelligent citizens of wealth and principle, if one tenth of them ever saw the inside of a primary meeting. How few of them ever serve as delegates is notorious. As to holding city office it would not pay. If a good number of them do fall into the hands of scoundrels what matter? They will rob us, of course, but then any individual's loss by the robbery is less than the loss of his time that it would take to prevent it. We are falling from grace in this matter. The administration of civil affairs is very far from reflecting the collective intelligence and integrity of the community, and no community has more of either than it needs for their management.

The cure must be *suffrage as a duty*. We need to have the great truth of political stewardship and responsibility pressed home upon us. We need to feel more and more that every talent that the Master has placed in our hands must be accounted for at the Master's coming. He will be a true social reformer who shall burn into the careless and pre-occupied souls and consciences of this people the truth that the exercise of every political function is a duty before God, for which they will as surely be held responsible as for their honesty of dealing and purity of life,—and that carelessness and recklessness in these matters will sow the seeds of a terrible harvest which their children will reap in sorrow. This seems to be the next political duty before the Churches, and one in which they can all unite, as involving no partisan or contested issue. If the public conscience is not to be debauched by political corruption; if the resources of our cities, our States, our country, are not to be recklessly squandered; if we are not to be hurried on to disaster, dissension, and social convulsion, we must be rid of the fastidiousness and the greed of gain which are making bad citizens of many of the most responsible of our people. We must pass from conceptions of *political right* to convictions of *political duty*.

It is said, indeed, that the time of holding the primary meetings is actually fixed with a view of finding most of our wealthy and intelligent citizens out of town.

A RUN THROUGH NEW ENGLAND.—I.

If the tourist of limited opportunities wishes to crowd as much of sight-seeing with as wide a variety as possible into the time at his command, let him turn to New England,—that very limited corner of our national territory, which might be swallowed up without materially altering our geographical or territorial importance, but which is of such commanding importance in every other point of view. Its charming and widely varied scenery; its teeming population; its thriving towns and villages; its white church spires; its endless industries; its haunting memories of colonial and revolutionary times; the echoes of poetry and of eloquence which seem to linger among its hills; its pre-eminence in literature, in education, in theological development, in patriotic devotion; its powerful maternal claims upon multitudes of its sons, scattered in every part of the country, combine to make it the most remunerative of all regions to the seekers of entertainment, who are afflicted with the two American diseases, curiosity and haste.

It was on this wise that we made our "run" through four of the six states called New England. The grandest of all modes of conveyance going out of New York City are the new Fall River Sound boats, which, after being owned by two less prosperous parties, are now in the hands of Fiske, Jr., the more great than good Railroad manager of the metropolis. The grand wharf from which these vessels start is completely covered by an immense framework of timber, cased in corrugated iron and supplied with vast lifting and sliding doorways. Every thing is kept in scrupulous neatness and order. At the gangway plank, which is daintily carpeted, and at various points all over the vessel, stand the officers of the vessel, all in elegant uniform of blue cloth, with gold lace ornaments and badges; all gentlemanly fine-looking men, pretty much such as Mr. Fiske might have drawn from behind the chief desks of his banking and railroad offices. But the dimensions and splendor of the vessel itself soon command all your attention. Four hundred feet long, forty or fifty feet high, with proportionate breadth, her great timbers a yard thick running from stem to stern, and from lower to upper decks; her five decks, four of them accessible to passengers, two of them furnished in the richest style as saloons, so that hundreds of passengers scarcely jostle one another; the upper saloon deck finished in the centre in balcony style, looking down upon the second, and all richly carved, gilded, frescoed, carpeted, and hung with

chandeliers that blazed with gold and crystal; a band, both of brass and stringed instruments, playing at intervals until bed-time—such were some of the immediate attractions of this great piece of naval architecture. But when one sat down at the windows, kindly arranged to aid the inspection, and watched the movements of the enormous engines, saw the ponderous piston rod come down twelve good feet at a stroke, took in the vast diameter of the cylinder, which we afterwards learned to be one hundred and ten inches; when one saw the movements of a force equal to all the horses of a good sized county, twenty-eight hundred, plying to and fro as quietly almost as the rocking of the cradle, and propelling our vessel with its wheels of thirty-eight and a half feet in diameter, at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, almost without a tremor, one felt a luxury of speechless wonder, which must be felt, not described. One million two hundred thousand dollars, we were told, had been spent in the construction of each of these vessels—the "Bristol" and the "Providence." Mr. Fiske, Jr., it is said, had them for two-thirds of that vast sum, and now makes them pay, which former owners did not do.

We watched the shores of the Sound, listened to the music, saw the aurora that was so beautiful at Worcester, but did not see the meteor that shot upwards in the sky of Philadelphia, beheld the silver pathway, fit for the shining feet of angels, made by the moon on the placid waters, heard the gurgle and rush of the waves around the good steamer's keel, watched the starry lights, some flashing, some steady, some white, some red, that marked the harbors of Connecticut and Long Island, and at last, when the music had ceased, and the lights grew dim, and quiet was settling down on the great vessel, we went to our rest, rather to dream than to sleep.

BOSTON.

We were disappointed in our first view of the *tour ensemble* of Boston, it was so much flatter, and so much less picturesque than we had supposed. And Bunker—how can they call it "Hill"? It does not deserve the term as much as our "Green Hill." There was a monument, it is true, but it had not the advantage of much of a start in its foundations. And there was much difficulty in imagining how the site could have had military value. The crookedness and narrowness of the streets of Boston embarrassed us as but little. We asked almost no questions, and we were never near to being lost. It is our established policy never to stir far in a strange city without procuring a portable map, and getting the position of main points and streets clearly in mind. Then a little variety is really less embarrassing than such uniformity as is found in our city, and in parts of Chicago and New York. Our next effort is to reach some high building, from which the plan of the whole city can be comprehended, and the map verified. From the top of the new City Hall, a vast structure of granite, we studied the very remarkable panorama of Boston, and Boston Harbor, quite unlike any other seaport town, we are disposed to believe, in the civilized world. The many islands and almost-islands in the centre of which we stand;—can this be the reason why it is called "the hub"?—the bays sparkling far within the outer line of wharves and shipping and buildings; the numerous railroads and long bridges; the great evidences of commercial activity crowding on every hand, the fortifications, the navy yard, the monument, the Old State House with its dome, made an entirely new sort of picture in the gallery of memory. Descending from this favorable look-out, we threaded our way along the narrow streets, by crooked, dirty, busy Cornhill, and coming down to State street, we gratified one of the deepest, oldest and most sacred of our wishes; we put our feet in the plain building,—very much in the style of our venerated pile on Chestnut street,—called *Faneuil Hall*, a substantial brick structure, without ornament, about as large as an ordinary Quaker meeting house, nearly all the space occupied with the open auditorium, the only seats being in the form of steps on the sides, on the platform, and in the galleries above. No grandeur but that of heroic purpose, kindled unaided, and resolved upon here; no beauty but that of the voiceless, invisible, glorious past! The young man in the office in front, was startled by our inquiry as to the exact locality of the "Boston Massacre." It seemed like a totally new idea to the keeper of Faneuil Hall of to-day. He was quite unable to enlighten us. We might have a slight corresponding difficulty in going with him to the site of Penn's Treaty Tree, if he should come to Philadelphia to retort our question: "So we will say no more."

Farewell to Boston! Not a few friends who deserved most assuredly our attention, and not a few objects of interest in and around "the hub," which would have well rewarded our

visits, were reluctantly neglected. A walk in Washington and Tromont streets, a few steps through the Common, whose grass was fresh and bright compared with our own, a look at the great five or six story hotel, with half-a dozen stores and workshops in the first story, which was receding bodily from the pavement, under the pressure of a score or two of screws, a pretty confident hope that not enough removals of that sort would occur before our next visit to prevent our recognizing and enjoying the city;—and then another railroad depot, purchase of tickets, choosing of seats, comparing our Philadelphia with the Boston time—the latter about twelve minutes ahead—and we were off for New Hampshire.

MONADNOOC.

Have you ever really formed the acquaintance of a glorious natural object, and felt an attachment to it, as a new, actual sentiment springing up in your bosom? We did, on this journey to Keene; if you have ever taken the ride, we need not pronounce the talismanic word—Monadnooc! That which was a mere name on the atlas before, has a meaning and a spell in it, now, like the name of the dear one to the lover's heart. "What is that?" we said, as a solitary eminence, with gracefully curving outlines, and proportions to arrest the eye, swept grandly into view. "Monadnooc," was the reply. We heard it with a thrill, and fastened and feasted our eyes on the sight. Soon forests and embankments, stretching a great distance, barred the view. "It will be gone," we said, "by the time these obstructions are passed." An opening appeared; we peered doubtfully. But faithful Monadnooc was there, as grand and sweet as ever. New obstructions lined the road as we rushed swiftly on: "Now, certainly," we said, "he will be gone." The light again shone; two mountains now seemed to be at our side. We gazed, rubbed our eyes, looked again; it was Monadnooc. He had not changed; it was merely our changed point of view. Again we sped along; other objects came in sight: miles passed; we had almost forgotten our royal friend; when, raising our eyes for a moment, there he stood apparently right before us, lifting his magnificent and beautiful brow like the Sphinx, and seeming to ask us to solve the question of his being, his origin and purpose; among the works of God.

Arrived at the beautiful town of Keene, nestled among green hills, and its broad streets bowered with graceful trees, we found the lofty Monadnooc looking down over the circling hills, like the guardian of the place, though eighteen miles away. As we journeyed southward again towards the valley of the Connecticut, looking out upon the left hand, and beholding a mountain peak dominating the beautiful scenery, we hesitatingly inquired its name. "Monadnooc" was the reply. And finally, when we stood in the evening, on the top of Mount Holyoke, remembering with affection our new acquaintance, we demanded, very doubtfully it is true, yet as the first thing we cared to know: "Can you see Monadnooc from this point?" And we felt a glow of new friendship for Holyoke, at the prompt reply: "Oh! yes, there it is," and the scenery became at once less strange, when the soft outlines of the mountain, four times as high as Holyoke, where we stood, were seen, sixty-five miles away, resting peacefully above the summits of the nearer and humbler range of hills on the north.

Among our musings upon this ever-present phenomenon, came the thought of the persistent presence of one grand character in human history—the Incarnate Word. Like a great mountain, He cannot be banished from the world's landscape. Unbelief tries to remove or to hide Him; its efforts are only like bushes and embankments that furnish but transient obstructions. If you stay down in the cutting which you have dug, to be sure you will not see the glorious sight; but it is there with all its power to quicken and delight you. Come out of your artificial depression, and look and live. The men of progress claim that they have whirled mankind past the old and worn-out doctrines of the Gospel. If these doctrines were but such mole-hills as human reason constructs, they might and would soon carry us beyond and out of their sight. In astronomy, in chemistry and geology, they are changing the point of view, and leaving the once vaunted eminences of their science, every day. The verities of the Gospel look down in changeless sublimity upon the shifting scene of human opinion. Men cannot glide past them, swiftly as they may go. They cannot get the historical Christ, with his marvellous birth, teachings, miracles, death, resurrection and spiritual kingdom; out of the landscape of the world's history; out of the registry of its unimpeachable facts. It is there, in spite of their theories, which demand its removal, and which reveal their frailty and their fine-spun, ingenious nothingness, like mist melting and breaking away harmlessly at the mountain's side.