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At the usual Monday meetings of ministers of the two branches of the Presbyterian church in this city, it was arranged to have a union prayer meeting on the second Sabbath of September, the day recommended by the two General Assemblies to be observed as a day of fervent and united prayer to Almighty God, that He would grant unto us all "the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord," and in the new relations now contemplated, enable us to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace.

Place of meeting, Calvary Presbyterian church, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The pastor of the church will preside, and addresses be delivered by ministers of both branches. The ministers and members of all our churches are cordially invited to be present.

Messrs. Earle & Sons whose picture gallery, one of the brightest ornaments of Chestnut St., was burned out last week for the third time, have sent a check for five hundred dollars to the widow of Mr. A. H. Hopple, a fireman who was killed while aiding in extinguishing the flames. A prompt and noble act of sympathy and recognition.

A secret conference of German Roman Catholic bishops, preparatory to the Ecumenical Council, is now being held at Fulda, in Bavaria. The liberal Roman Catholic professor Dollinger, with many other professors of the same faith in the various Universities of Germany, are known to be openly in favor of the assumption by the German episcopate, of a liberal, independent stand before the Council, on all such temporal political points as may come up before the assembled prelates. Enough is already known of the Fulda Conference to make it certain that the bishops take a stand against this position of the great body of the German clergy, and advocate the necessity of an entire submission to the decisions of the council in all things, holding such a course to be absolutely necessary for and inseparable from the maintenance of the Catholic belief in the doctrine of the infallibility of the Holy Father, the Pope, when presiding in a General Council of the Church. So we are informed by a recent telegram.

We judge that the strong minded advocates of women's rights have long ago lost the womanly faculty of blushing; and that they count the quality of modesty among the signs of weakness belonging to the period of suppression and injustice, which is to be done away by their chivalrous labors. Your thorough woman's rights woman must discard those outward distinctions which the refined and delicate sense requires the different sexes to observe and the refinement and delicacy are likely to go with them.

Spenser, in his legend of Sir Artegall, or of Justice (Faerie Queene, Bk. V, Cantos 4 and 5) describes the character of one of the amazons, which may have existed in his time, under the title of Radigund. He draws a caricature of the possible results of a revolt of woman in the strong castle which she holds; the war she makes upon men, and the indignities to which she subjects

The knights the which by force or guile She doth subdue. . . . First she doth them of warlike arms despoile And cloth in women's weedes; and then with threat Doth them compell to worke, to earn their meat, To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring; No doth she give them other thing to eat, But bread, and water, and like feeble thing Them to disable from revenge adventuring. Such is the cruelty of womankind. When they have shaken off the shame-fast band, With which wise nature did them strongly bind To buy the beasts of man's all-ruling hand, That then all rule and reason they withstand To purchase a licentious libertie.

Artegall, with Talus, the iron man with his terrible iron flail, goes to attack this monster, and the knightly courtesy with which he treats her in combat, is craftily used to entrap and hold him prisoner. Thus he remains until rescued by the true woman-knight, the loyal and loving wife, who undergoes many perils in accomplishing her task, but who shows superior judgment and decision in dealing with her foe.

Her victory is complete. Without the help of Artegall or the iron man Talus, she slays Radigund and puts to flight her followers—And changing all that form of commonweale The liberty of woman did repeale, Which they had long usurpt; and them restoring To men's subjection, did true justice deale.

In all which it seems to be taught that it is woman's peculiar right to put down the false advocates of women's rights. May the champion soon appear.

—Rev. J. Oswald Dykes has accepted the call of the Regent Square Church, London, late Dr. Hamilton's.

DAY OF PRAYER.

It will be a happy inauguration of the season of activity in our churches to spend a Sabbath in united prayer for a blessing upon the two branches of the Church, now contemplating an early Reunion. We trust that in a right observance of the day, an impetus, powerful as it is novel, will be gained for all our winter's work. New strength must come, in the new sense of near and fresh sympathies in our common work for the Master. We shall calculate, upon the principle expressed in the closing parts of our Lord's intercessory prayer, that the world will be in a softer, more impressive condition, more ready to believe our message and to join our ranks, seeing that the Lord has healed our divisions and removed great stumbling blocks from the way. We shall feel that a greater proportion of the practical working power of the Church will be utilized, when so many needless expenditures of men and money and zeal will cease in the harmonizing of interests now rival, and in the combining into efficient wholes of efforts that now languish divided.

After all, mere organic union is secondary. What we want is greater efficiency in every branch of Christian work, and union will be good, and this day of prayer will be good, as they promote that efficiency in a needy age and a dying world.

But for the Union's sake, how much prayer is needed! What wisdom from above must direct, if jealousies are to be allayed, if justice is to be done on all sides, and if, with the very best of intentions, real Christian prudence is to mark the settlement of the final questions! And how much we need an afflatus of the spirit of living piety and of bold enterprise for Christ as we enter upon this Reunion! How this great movement should enlarge our hearts! With what courage, what kindling hopes, what ardor of Christian effort and liberality should the whole Church signalize this epoch in its history! The feeblest organization should feel the spiritual impulse, tingling to the remotest members, and the least active and efficient should mark the era by a new degree of devotion and of importunate prayer, that not a solitary church should fail to taste the widespread, and plenteous spiritual shower. Let us call, mightily upon God that this year of Reunion may be one of unwonted and universal blessing as best to mark the opening, and to be auspicious of the future, of the new era of our history.

BYRON'S SINS AND SERVICES.

The life and works of Lord Byron have been again brought into very painful prominence. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has published an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* containing revelations said to have been received from the late Lady Byron, which purpose to be an explanation of the reasons for which that lady left her husband, after little more than a year of married life. The gist of these statements is that Byron's conduct was as the sin of that Amnon, son of David, whom Absalom slew at the sheep-shearing.

These statements have caused great controversy both as to fact and prudence. As to the latter, it seems to be a very general opinion, that Mrs. Stowe has done wrong in publishing these things, even if they are true. Quite enough was known of Lord Byron's life,—quite enough is revealed in his writings in regard to it,—to render any further disclosures needless, even for the justification of Lady Byron. These censures would have had much more force, however, did they not come mainly from those who have done all that in them lies to give a yet wider publicity to Mrs. Stowe's statements. So generally have these found place in the secular papers, that the religious journals are not adding to the evil by referring to them, while, by pointing out the grave moral lessons of Byron's sin and his life, they may turn the current of public attention in a more wholesome direction.

Yet we cannot abstain from a most earnest protest against the great search after evil in which our secular public journals seem, generally, to be engaged. As at present edited, they exceed anything in our literature, except Butler's *Hudibras*, in their picture of social scoundrelism, filth, rascality, and dishonesty of every sort. They are the great teachers of cynicism, eating out the heart of all faith in goodness and integrity, and poisoning the minds of old and young. There is not a vile story that will not find its way into three-fourths of our newspapers. Grant that the things they publish are fact; still they are not true. The paper that crams its columns with them is not a truthful and faithful report of what is going on in the world. The vicious principle of selection that passes by the humanities and charities of life, and reports in detail, the criminalities, brutalities and scandals, and which

never misses the facts of the police reports, however unimportant to the public, cannot plead in defence that these things are true. It is a question of wholes, and, on the whole, life is not transacted in the police courts. We commend to our journals the study of the Old Testament as a faithful and honest report of the doings of a state of society, which was morally much lower than our own. That Book judges severely, portrays evil plainly, but it never ignores the faith, hope and charity that brighten up and outshine these darker details. It "paints the wrinkles," but not the wrinkles only, nor mainly. It is true, because it is a fair selection of representative facts.

We long for the "Newspaper of the Future," which shall write over its columns, and apply to politics and life, to enemies as well as friends, the grand words of the Apostle: "Whatever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

II. Thus much for the question of the Christian prudence of Mrs. Stowe's revelations. As to the question of their truth, we shall speak more briefly. In view of Mrs. Stowe's character, we have no doubt Lady Byron did make the statements ascribed to her. Minor inaccuracies cannot detract from the credibility of her report. Further, we fear that the evidence of an incidental and collateral character leaves little doubt of the truth of Lady Byron's statement, and shows that she was not speaking under the influence of a monomania, which (as some urge) had grown upon her in the years of separation. It seems pretty certain that the same statement was made to Dr. Lushington, the eminent English Judge of the Court of Arches, within a month after the separation. His decease, a year or two ago leaves us without opportunity of appealing to his authority. Much stronger evidence is found in "Manfred" and "Cain," where the sin with which Byron is now charged, is referred to and gloated over, and a defence of it is attempted or hinted. The strange language addressed to his sister in a shorter poem confirms the belief. His admirers, of course, will always give him the benefit of a doubt,—the doubt of his wife's sanity or veracity; but when the present turmoil of discussion ceases, Mrs. Stowe's article, however unworthy of her, or of the subject, will be accepted by most people as a real contribution to the history of English literature.

Lord Byron's admirers, to whose partiality he can appeal, are not so numerous as they were. The flood of English literary taste has flowed past him. The greater poets, whom he eclipsed in his own day, now shine forth with their steadier, star-like brilliancy; while his meteoric glare has died away. A purer literary taste has grown up, which passes by his gaudy but slovenly workmanship, and sets store by the purer and chastest art of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Keats. Even among the young, his admirers are more sober and fewer. Sophomores no longer spout him with the old fervor. His name is less frequently mentioned in the common room and the debating club. The newspapers rarely quote him; the magazines rarely review him; the editions of his works are fewer and less costly.

We rejoice in the change, but not in the belief that his influence, while it did last, was wholly evil. We rather believe that he did good service to morality and Christianity in at least one direction. He awakened literature and society to the stern realities of human ethics, to an extent never before known, and never to be wholly forgotten. Till he wrote, and his thought permeated the world, there was a time of lightness and frivolity current in regard to moral questions, which enabled men to keep troublesome thoughts at arm's length. There are instances enough of this same folly in his own works, but there are other things of a very different character. The whole tone of all his works is one of misery—the misery that follows sin. Such vivid pictures of human remorse are found nowhere else in literature. Every scoff is fierce with half-smothered conviction; every laugh is of one who laughs to hide his woe, not to express his joy.

Foolish young men once thought it fine and poetical to mimic these things, without understanding them, but their true influence was exerted on minds of quite another calibre. The old levity has largely passed out of literature; men write with a consciousness, if not of "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," then, at least, of the misery, wretchedness, and remorse that follow it. This deepening earnestness with which evil has been regarded, has done much to prepare minds to welcome the good. Whether his own horrible, life-long "conviction of sin" ever rose to a saving conviction of righteousness in Christ, we know not. We would fain share the hope that (we happen to know) was felt for him by

the devoted Moravian missionary, who attended his last hours, and in whose arms he died. Recent accounts of his life show that his religious views were of an orthodox type, High Calvinist, in fact, to the point of gloom and hopelessness. His belief was only of the head, and brought him no spiritual comfort all through his life. Who knows of what came to him ere his end? Whatever it was, he stands for all time as a witness that God is not mocked, for they that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

THE CHILDREN'S RIGHTS IN THE SERMON.

Pastors cannot feel too deeply the urgent necessity for interesting the children in their regular preaching services. If it is at all possible,—and who will assert that it is impossible?—the children must be saved from the distressing ennui of an hour and a half of services in church, (frequently following an hour and a half in the Sabbath school) in which there is nothing for their restless natures but solemnly to endure, with the moral prospect of punishment at home if they fail. This is such a poor training into habits of church-going that the wonder is that so many continue to practice a habit so inauspiciously formed. It is a signal proof of the power of divine grace over obstacles raised by human foolishness. Yet many pastors and preachers who wish to remedy the difficulty, are quite at a loss, and any method pursued with success by one pastor deserves to be made known to others. We have lately heard of one whose heart is deeply in his work, and whose other plans of usefulness have much practical wisdom, who goes into the Sabbath school every morning, and promises the children that if they come to church and listen, they will be sure to hear something which will interest them. Then, somewhere in the midst of the discourse, he pauses and addresses the children, in fulfillment of his promise, summarizing and simplifying the subject in hand for their especial benefit. Thus having aroused a fresh interest in all classes of his hearers, he goes on with the discourse to the end. This will be regarded by many as a bold procedure and against all the canons of rhetoric and pulpit dignity; but it is a candid recognition of the claims of a class who form one third of our congregations in numbers, and whose importance as available material is greater even than their numbers.

We know our readers are universally interested in this matter; and we should be very glad to publish suggestions, or accounts of actual modes of attaining the great end of interesting the children in the regular services of the sanctuary. Irregular methods, or special services, often called "children's church," are not the objects contemplated in these paragraphs.

VACATION NOTES.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

No summer resort has been brought more thoroughly before the public notice this year than the wilderness of Northern New York. Edition after edition of Mr. Murray's book has been bought and devoured by eager tourists and would-be sportsmen. And letter after letter in the public journals has told of disappointment experienced in following Mr. Murray's lead. We had already made our arrangements to visit the Adirondacks, when the book referred to fell into our hands. We had visited the region more than once, and were fully prepared to make every allowance for the exaggerations of the volume. We knew that the wilderness had been somewhat inconspicuously thronged by tourists in former years. We were now prepared to find a score of people, where, but for the publication of the book, we might expect to find but one; and to submit to some unusual inconveniences. Hence, in returning, we are able to tell an unprejudiced story. We do not know Mr. Murray's tastes; but if he is fond of facing public opinion, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been, this summer, the most unpopular man among his favorite lakes and mountains. He has certainly escaped, for the present, the woe of him of whom all men speak well. Yet hundreds of persons have emerged from the wilderness with new vigor in all their veins, notwithstanding the anathemas on their lips. No amount of disappointment in the matter of trout and deer could prevent those who, jaded by brain-work or by compliance with the conventionalisms of society, went into camp, from inhaling the pine-scented air, from being bronzed by the sun, and braced by the breeze. This region is no place for those who have passed into the later stages of consumption, as was proved by some who visited it this summer, to return again—all that was left of them—in such rude coffins as the settlers could provide. But for those who are nervously worn, for dyspeptics, for

men and women who are "run-down," for some even who are of delicate lungs, there is no finer resort on the continent. One recovers lost tone with wonderful promptness. The appetite becomes, after a time, as sharp as that of a child. You can eat from a table of hemlock-bark, as at home you never could from your damask-veiled mahogany. You wonder why such fish and venison as you feast upon never find their way to city markets, why Bridget could never produce such cakes as a guide can bake in a common skillet. At home a few delicate wafers of rice-flour suffice for breakfast. In the wilderness you are still hungry, after eating two or three ten-inch plateaus of wheaten substance, made savory by butter and the woody syrup. Fish and venison were doubtless myths to many who sought them this summer. The deer were too badly frightened by the careless army of invaders, to expose themselves much to the shining new rifles so ready to be lifted against them. The most anxious guide could not always secure a buck for his party. But if any one has come from a week's sojourn in camp without tasting a trout fresh from the water, the fault is with his guide. Guides will be indolent if they can safely avoid work, like other men. We saw one camp, in which an old and well-known guide allowed his employer to sleep on a few scattered ferns, while the forest offered its feathery plumes to all who would clip them. Spruce boughs form a royal mattress. Guides will have many an excuse for not providing you with trout, if they do not wish to take the trouble. In our days of camp life, in July, we scarcely ever failed to have trout upon our well-spread bark, when we sat down to eat. Many of the fish we enticed ourselves from their lurking places, with fly or minnow.

Not even an indolent guide could prevent the tourist from enjoying the magnificent scenery of the Adirondacks. The hills, the skies, the waters, the shores and islands of this region have never been too extravagantly praised.

One's annoyances by insects are indeed sufficient to frighten the timid. We have never found the mosquitoes so abundant or so numerous as they were this year. Veils were found too uncomfortable to be of use. A mixture of tar and sweet oil afforded only a partial protection, and a "smudge" became a positive luxury. We are sure that the Garden of Eden was not in Northern New York, unless indeed mosquitoes "came in" after the Fall. Nevertheless, we enjoyed our life in the woods, and would have gladly prolonged it. We felt strong, with new vigor each day. We are still loud in recommending "Dr. Adirondack" to our friends as one of the best and most agreeable of physicians for those who are content to put up with his ways.

Next Summer, those who choose to visit this charming region can do so, doubtless with comparative comfort. The disappointment of this year, will keep from the woods those who have no taste for them. If you love to get close to mother Nature, then when next Summer opens, buy the "tourists' edition" of Mr. Murray's book, cut out the pages preceding the "Adventures," take the map from the pocket in the corner, keep these for reference—burn the remainder of the book, and put yourself under the direction of mine host Martin. You will be a healthier and happier man. Z. M. H.

—Is there not something too much of attention paid by Protestants to the Papal invitation to attend the coming Council? Has not a fictitious importance been given to the effort to galvanize a perishing power into temporary life and activity? We confess our sympathies do not flow in a very lively manner towards the addresses, a very able and excellent specimen of which we publish in to-day's paper. Dr. Cumming of London, and Dr. D'Aubigne of Geneva have also entered into this business of writing or preparing replies and counter-movements to the Pope, and the British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, in response to Dr. D'Aubigne's suggestion has very properly recommended to Protestant Christendom to unite in prayer at the time of the council, for Divine interposition. The best answer of Protestantism to this council will be, not words, but such acts as the union of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church. And it is most likely that the acts of the council will put sharp weapons in the hands of American Protestants, who are just now in need of fresh proofs of the utter incompatibility of Rome with the spirit of the age and her deadly hostility to free institutions and an open Bible. But is it worth while, or exactly dignified for us to concern ourselves as Christian organizations in the slightest degree with this gathering, before it takes place?