

American Presbyterian.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1869.

REV. JOHN W. MEARS, D. D., Editor.
No. 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

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Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, Special Correspondent.

Mr. Robert E. Thompson will continue to act as Editor of the News Department.

Correspondents in every Presbytery and Synod will promptly furnish us with fresh items of news from their respective fields.

Reformed Presbytery in India, and Mr. George H. Stuart, A. M., Stewart's Letters, XLIII., Our Exchanges, in Memoriam of Dr. Henry McClellan, by Rev. H. B. Niles, page 2d; Editor's Table, Literary Items, Genesis and Science, Suggestive Paragraphs, Dancing by Church members, Temperance Items, page 8d; Child's Prayer (poetry), Young Gipsies, Washington's Home and Tomb, Budget of Anecdotes, page 6th; Religious Intelligence, Scientific Items, page 7th.

We hope subscribers will hasten to avail themselves of our offer of reduced rates, by paying in advance. We cannot furnish the paper at \$2 50, and take the trouble and expense of collecting. Examine the figures on your paper, or wrapper; they show when your year begins, and are changed upon the receipt of the money.

The collections for the American Board in the month of August exceeded \$100,000, and the anticipated large indebtedness will prove a very small affair,—less than \$10,000.

The attention of readers is directed to the announcement of the new subscription book just about to be offered to the public by canvassers, called PRIEST AND NUN. We cannot at present speak from personal knowledge of the book, but its subject and its endorers are ample guarantee of its interest and value.

The Union Prayer-meeting of the two branches, held in Calvary church, last Sabbath, was a successful and profitable meeting. The attendance was quite large. Dr. Humphrey presided, and read the cxxxiii. Psalm. Dr. Sawtelle led in prayer. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Breed and Adams, who were followed in prayer by Dr. Beadle. Judge Strong made some remarks, in which the Chairman of the last Reunion Committee—Dr. Musgrave—was referred to and called upon. Dr. Musgrave responded in an address of marked ability, which made a happy impression, despite the prominence given to "the Standards pure and simple" in the course of his remarks. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Humphrey.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells, and that of Exeter have resigned.

The Belgian Government neither joins with Bavaria, in the proposal to watch the Ecumenical Council, nor will it send an official representative to the Council.

Hon. Stephen Lushington, who was the confidential counsellor of Lady Byron, and who, she says, fully agreed with her as to the unavoidableness of her divorce, is, we believe, still living; it is a brother that has died.

The Osage Presbytery, N. S., and the S. W. Missouri Presbytery, O. S., met at Cave Spring, near Springfield, Aug. 19. Joint meetings of a deeply interesting character were held.

OLIVET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Last Friday night, the 10th inst., the Lecture Room of this church, having been handsomely re-painted and re-fitted with new carpets and matting, was re-opened and re-dedicated to the service of prayer and the exposition of the Word of God. The exercises were of a simple character, in which the pastor, Rev. W. W. Taylor, was happily assisted by Rev. C. F. Diver, a member of the congregation, and Rev. E. D. Newberry, the first pastor.

A sum of more than two thousand dollars, started by an outside friend, has been readily raised, and partly expended on the old chapel within as has been stated, and also, on the outside walls to make them correspond in color to the new church edifice. The rest is to be spent in repainting the audience room of the new church.

A few members have recently withdrawn from the church, but their numbers were made good on the last Sabbath, the 12th, by the addition of eight persons: six by profession, and the most of them adults and heads of families.

The church is not only without debt, but the pastor's salary has recently been raised, the spirit and policy of the church are more harmonious and united, and the ability and willingness of the membership stronger than ever before.

VACATION NOTES.

THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE LAKES.

A pleasant method of reaching the cities of Lake Michigan, is to take a steamer at some convenient point on the great highway of inland navigation. Having time enough at our disposal, and desiring a few days of repose after our Adirondack experiences, we took passage at Ogdensburg for Milwaukee. Our steamer was small, but swift. Her cabins were narrow, but comfortable. We left Ogdensburg at noon and were soon threading the mazes of the Thousand Isles. The impressions produced by them were fainter, perhaps, than they would have been had we not just left the more charming scenery of the wilderness. The islands in this group are generally low, but bold with rocky shores, and beautiful in their adornments of foliage. Some of them are very small, mere hulls of stone with green sails, furled upon two or three living masts of pine. Some of them are broad, and even cultivated. Sometimes the channel bears you close to a cliff, so close that you could almost break a twig from a tree rooted in a crevice. The pleasantest spot in the whole region is Alexandria Bay, a famous resort for amateur fishermen. Here Dr. Bethune loved to spend a portion of his summer vacation, drawing his flies along the reefs, or trolling for the lordly masalonge. By his exertions a beautiful church of stone was erected in the little village, and within its walls his memory is weakly blessed by those who, like him, are the disciples of both the gentle Walton and of a better Master. At this point the islands are thickly crowded, and are mantled with perpetual green. The water is, in summer almost constantly furrowed by the boatman's keel and dimpled by his oar. For one who loves the rod and reel, and is not partial to life in tents, Alexandria Bay or Clayton, a few miles further up the river, will afford abundant and not fatiguing recreation. Indeed, the fisherman's boat, with its carpeted floor and its cushioned seats, is almost too luxurious. One wants something rough and sturdy in his recreation. Oswego was reached early in the morning of our second day. A delay of several hours gave us time to ramble through the shaded streets of this city, and to admire its tasteful dwellings. An inquiry respecting our revered Dr. Condit, made of a stranger whom we encountered, brought out a warm and deserved eulogium. He is evidently regarded by all his fellow citizens with affectionate respect. Thus does a long and honored pastorate render a man more a part of the city in which he resides, than is even the solid masonry with which he is identified.

The Welland Canal tempts the restless traveler to forsake the steamer for the railway. Sixteen hours, at the least, must be consumed in passing through this artificial channel. But to one who is conscientiously lazy, and who is interested in hydraulics, the slow process of rising from level to level is not without its attraction. Foot by foot you ascend from the surface of Lake Ontario until by the opening of the last lock you glide into Lake Erie. It might satisfy the impatient better to sail up the sheet and rapids of Niagara in an hour were that possible. It would, doubtless, be more exciting to any one. But the sensation of overcoming the height in the only way possible for the navigator is novel, at least, for once. To see schooners, barks, and propellers, apparently ploughing through the solid earth before and behind you, is suggestive enough of human skill. If one should become tired of that, his book and his pen are in the cabin, or a carriage on the tow path is ready to convey him to Niagara, where, while the boat makes its slow progress, he can "do" the Falls and pay out his money at every turn to his heart's content.

The Detroit River and the River St. Clair are beautiful streams, and one can turn from the Queen on one bank to Brother Jonathan on the other for constant comparison.

The Straits of Mackinaw we found cold and blue. The hotels on the island had but few visitors. The fishermen scarcely put a net into the waters. The season has been so cool that landlords and the vendors of Indian curiosities had plenty of leisure. We admired the purity of the water all about the shores. The few boats at the docks appeared suspended in liquid crystal. The sand twenty feet below them was brown and smooth. A pebble dropped from the wharf glistened on the bottom of the lake almost as if there were nothing but air between it and the eye. We saw wonderful canoes of birch bark ornamented by "quills of fretful porcupine," in the stores on the beach: we purchased birchen cases full of maple sweets; we had an opportunity to buy the most startling feather work; we looked with our glass into the mouths of the guns asleep on the parapet of the fort; but we sailed away without wishing we could remain. We stood on the deck in comfortable wrappings watching the receding shore, and had our last disappointment in the Straits when on going in to dinner we found no famous trout or white-fish of Mackinaw on the table.

Six days of sailing over waters in the main peaceful, brought us to Milwaukee. We had one or two slight experiences of a "bilious class." Some of the ladies on board were for several hours invisible in their state-rooms; then came out pale and haggard. We encountered no storm, however, and found something new every day to enjoy.

One of the staid amusements of a voyage is the study of character. We found a refuge now and then in this amusement. Do not give us credit for having caught the spirit of Mr. Murray's book on the Adirondack, while we tell our story; for we deal only with fact without the colors of fiction. Among our passengers were two Canadians, a gentleman and his wife. They were well dressed and possessed apparently of the Scotchman's requisite for happiness—"a comfortable share of this world's good." The husband was travelling for his health to the far off and to him indefinite region of Minnesota. One day while making conversation in the cabin, he asked one of our party:

"May I inquire where you reside?"
"Philadelphia."
"Philadelphia! I've heard of that place. Wife, is not that the place some of our friends spoke of—a small place near Albany where the drovers stop?"
"No," said our side. "Philadelphia is in Pennsylvania."
"I think, husband," said the gentleman's wife, "the place you are now thinking of must be Boston."

Our side did not think it could be Boston. As we sailed on, the gentleman became somewhat confused as to the relative position of the lakes. When we were in Lake Huron, he insisted that we were in Lake Michigan. "No, we must pass the straits before we reach Lake Michigan." But still he was bewildered, and when the straits were passed declared, as if relieved, "Now we are in Lake Huron!"

On the boat was a pretentious picture of the Cream City House, Milwaukee. The officers of the boat recommended this hotel, a second-class affair, as the best in the city. Our Canadians were to leave the boat at Milwaukee; so they determined to go to this hotel. When we stepped into the omnibus on the dock, they asked us to what hotel we should go? "The Newhall."

"Why the Cream of the City is the best." We did not think so.

"Well, why do they call it the Cream of the City, if it is not the best?" Perhaps they thought it wise to follow our lead. They went with us to the Newhall. We saw no more of them that night. Next morning as we sat at one of the breakfast-tables, our friends came in fresh and radiant. The head-waiter gave them a place at our table. Just as they sat down, one of our party directed the waiter to bring a spring chicken and an omelet. The waiter, receiving the order, passed to the Canadians, who evidently thinking it safe to follow our lead still further, said, "You may bring me a spring chicken and a hamlet!" Oh, Shakespeare, didst thou hear that order?

After breakfast we saw our friends no more; but have much pondered on the mysteries of geography and cooking since that day.

Z. M. H.

"AND I SAW NO MORE SEA."

So wrote John in Patmos, as he looked on the vision of the New Jerusalem. The Ægean rolled its blue waves around the isle with a beauty that one might have expected to win his admiration and respect. But he speaks as if comforted by the absence of any Ægean from that brighter world. As tears would be wiped away there, and nothing could defile that should enter there, and the Lamb should be the light of it,—as all these brought him gladness so did the absence of the sea. What was the meaning of his promise?

I. The tempest-tossed. Know his meaning, while the becalmed do not. They that look on the ever-shifting mountains of the waves, with no help at hand, with the wrath of the sea pursuing them, the resistless mechanical force of the waves, beating against the water-logged and leaking vessel, that has no longer the elasticity to sweep on before them, while the waste of waters lies all around, offering them only a grave,—they can rejoice that there is no sea there, and that "the burden of the desolation of the sea" shall be laid down by man forever.

The tempest of earth will end with earth, and we shall enter into rest. The storms of unrest that disturb restless souls here, have no place there. The peace that passeth all understanding shall reign within us, and all outward things shall but reflect our inward blessedness.

II. "No sea any more." They know its meaning for whom the sea still holds their dead or to whom it has given them up. They who sorrow over young life cut short, and bright hopes destroyed by its shifting sands, its treacherous under-currents, its relentless waves, know what the promise means. They know, too, what dead lie in the deep waters, which God, for their comfort has declared, "are in the hollow of His hand." Their dead lie on His very palm. But "there shall be no more sea." The shifting, treacherous element shall vanish out of life. We shall walk no more in a vain show, with quicksands and undertows and waves more cruel and relentless than those that draw in and crush out human life. Danger shall be gone, as well as the unrest of storms. Our feet shall stand on the firm rock, and the Lord shall establish our goings. We shall have safe footing forever, and shall find that the Lord is a stronghold of safety to all that trust in Him. We shall no longer fear for others and ourselves the snares of the Enemy of the deceits of the world. We shall no

longer build on the sand to see our work beaten down by the tides. There shall be "no more sea."

III. They know the meaning whom seas divide,—whose hearts and hands stretch out in longing over its billows for souls seen no more. *Dimidium Vitæ!* ("half of my life!") were the words in which the heathen poet expressed his love and longing. The words are true. Half of many a life is fretted away by the world's sore necessities, and torn hearts vex themselves in vain over separation. Time is heavy, work is weary, when absence of those, who have been entwined with our lives, leaves us but half the powers that their present love called forth. But there shall be no more sea for longing hearts to grow weary over,—separations shall be at an end. Above all, the sea that stretches between those we call the dead—"All are alive unto Him"—shall be gone. Every generation in its turn, unites there entire, until all whom it has loved and known are united to it. Some linger till three score and ten, some go at dawn, some at noon, all, all gather above. The Lord will gather alike the buds and the flowers and the ripened fruit of His garden; and who shall say Him nay!

There shall be "no more sea," then, to divide and separate, no billows of sorrow, no distrust, or care, or death to sunder heart from heart, or any heart from God, but in the blessed unity of love and life they shall dwell at rest.

THE MORALITY OF IRELAND.

Some of our Romanist journals are exultant over statistics which go to prove that Ulster, which we are gravely told is mainly populated by Presbyterians, is less observant of the VIIIth Commandment than are the other three provinces of Ireland. *The Catholic Standard* of this city has a leading article on the subject. We would suggest

(1) Ulster is notoriously the only province of Ireland that is not animated with a hostility to the Government so intense as to render all Government statistics untrustworthy.

(2) The majority of the people of Ulster are Romanists. The combined strength of Episcopalians and Presbyterians outnumber the adherents of the Church of Rome only in two counties,—Down and Antrim. From personal observation we can say that a very large proportion of the current immorality exists in this very class.

(3) The superior morality of Irish Romanists, in this respect, if it has any existence, must be traced to the system of reckless and improvident early marriages, promoted by the priests because their support is derived mainly from marriage fees. To this more than to any other cause must be attributed that rapid multiplication of the Romanist population which is the root of so many Irish miseries. Such a state of things does obviate much of the immorality that would otherwise come within the ken of a Registrar General; but as prudence in worldly matters is a Christian virtue and imprudence leads to many a vice, the balance is hardly in favor of the South and West of Ireland. The late Nassau W. Senior, in his posthumous "Notes on Ireland," has exposed this whole subject.

(4) It is not fair to "Compound for sins [you] feel inclined to. By blaming those [you] have no mind to."

The agrarian outrages, and cold-blooded assassinations of the other three provinces are all their own, and until the Romish priesthood raise their hearers above their pagan indifference to the other Commandments, it will not be graceful to boast about the VIIIth.

(5) The Irish marriage laws which apply only to Protestants, by absurd restrictions and qualifications do much to put a premium upon lawlessness. The promised reform in this matter will do much to clear the Ulster record.

FROM OUR ROCHESTER CORRESPONDENT.

A DAY AT FREDONIA.

We found this very pleasant village growing more rapidly than at any time for years past. The locating of one of the great Normal schools, ordered by the State at this place, has given a new impulse to business, as it brings also a considerable accession to the population. The Normal school building has cost the citizens of Fredonia about \$100,000. They cheerfully pay for the privilege of having the institution in their town, and a noble building they have made of it; large, well-arranged, imposing and beautiful in appearance.

The old Fredonia Academy is merged in this, and so an academic department is to be maintained the year round, during the months ordinarily devoted to study. The people seemed to think themselves peculiarly fortunate in the Principal secured to take charge of the institution, Dr. J. W. Armstrong, late Head-Master of the Oswego Normal and Training School. He is regarded as an accomplished teacher; a fine scholar and a Christian gentleman. The school opens this month under the most favorable auspices.

We found our friend, Rev. Dr. Wright, of the Presbyterian Church, enjoying an uninterrupted popularity and usefulness, after fourteen years of faithful service. His church is full and prosperous. They only need a new and larger house of worship, which we doubt not they will arise

and build before long. The increasing population of the village, brought in by the great Normal School, makes this demand the more imperative just now. The Church needs to be prepared to get its share of the new comers.

We were greatly interested also in meeting the father of the pastor, Rev. Worthington Wright, M. D., now 84 years of age. In his studies he was contemporary with Dr. Spring of New York, classmate of Judson, Newell, and Nott of missionary fame. He graduated at Williams College in 1806, and has outlived two generations of ministers. He was first settled at Woodbury, Connecticut; afterward at Woodstock, Vt. His health gave out, and he studied to be a physician. He was practising medicine in the village of Rochester (this city) in 1834, and was one of the early elders of the Brick church. He spent fifteen years of his mature life in the healing art.

But, his health being much improved, the great revivals of this region in 1831-32 so stirred his heart, that he turned again to the ministry, and preached faithfully and successfully for many years. But his working days are now past, and he is enjoying a serene old age, living with his son, and waiting just on the confines of the celestial country, his citizenship in that world, not in this. His serene trust in a crucified Saviour, and his bright hope of a blissful immortality, were very sweet and inspiring to contemplate. In his case the promise is beautifully fulfilled, "At evening time it shall be light"—it is light with him and all around him.

BEARING FRUIT.

Guy H. Salisbury, Esq., who was once one of the most accomplished citizens of Buffalo, an editor of rare grace and power with his pen, was found drowned, in Buffalo Creek last Sunday morning. He has been for a few years past but the wreck of his former self, having been completely overthrown by the wretched delusion of Spiritualism. His wife embraced the same errors, and being taught by the lying spirits that she did not at first find her true "affinity," she forsook her husband, as the Buffalo papers tell us, and consorted with another man. Broken up in his household, neglecting business for his new delusions, he soon became a complete wreck at 58 years of age.

The Spiritualists have just been holding a National Convention in Buffalo. They ought to have staid long enough to help bury this poor man, their victim. They did stay long enough to pass the following shocking resolutions. Such doctrines cannot but bear evil fruit.

Resolved, That we recognize the necessity of the entire separation of religious creeds from political organizations, and that we will oppose by our voices the engrafting upon the Constitution of these United States the recognition of any particular God, Bible, or Saviour, and that all attempts to do this by any convention or ecclesiastical combination should be denounced by every lover of religious liberty.

Resolved, That all legislative enactments by any Government for enforcing the observance of any day as a Sabbath or sacred day, are a palpable violation of the United States Constitution and the rights of man, and should be expunged from our statute books.

ITEMS.

Hon. O. S. Williams, for many years Treasurer of Hamilton College, resigned his position, at the late meeting of the Board of Trustees, and his resignation was accepted; although it is expected that he will still perform the duties of the office until a successor shall be appointed.

Rev. John Waugh of Canton has accepted a call to the Presbyterian church of Carthage, and enters at once upon his new charge.

We learn from the *Clinton Courier* that Rev. A. G. Hopkins declines the Assistant Professorship of Latin offered him in Hamilton College, and will devote himself to the pastoral work to which he has just been called at Cortland. At the same time we learn from the *Auburn Advertiser*, that he accepts the Professorship and declines the pastorate. When we find out which is correct we will report accordingly.

GENESEE.

Rochester, Sept. 11, 1869.

The New York State Convention of Universalists met at Watertown. The *N. Y. Tribune*, which always puts all Universalist news in *couleur de rose* says:

"Never before were the prospects so flattering for the spread of Universalism in the State of New York through the aid of its schools and colleges. During the past year the importance and influence of the St. Lawrence University have been greatly extended by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Fisk to the Presidential chair, the establishment of a Law Department, the addition of several competent Professors in the Collegiate and Theological departments, the erection of a new Library building, and by generous contributions to its funds. The Clinton Liberal Institute was also reported as in a flourishing condition. The Committee on Sunday-schools reported a good degree of prosperity."

The Sunday school of Hoekendanqua Church raised \$512 for a bell, only \$400 being required. The church will be dedicated on the last Sunday in September.

The Presbyterians of Victoria, Australia, are raising a magnificent endowment for their Theological Hall. Twenty pounds subscribers gave to the amount of £12,000.