

Original Communications.

THE OLD CRUCIFIX ON THE BRIDGE.

There is in an old town in the north of Germany, a curious stone bridge. The little river which runs through the place is here divided by an island of some size, on which part of the town is built; and the bridge goes from one side of the main land to the other, taking the island on its way. But the chief peculiarity of the bridge is this—that upon it, between the arches, stand several houses of two or three stories in height, the lower story in some of them resting on the island, and the other stories projecting each beyond the one below it, the whole forming part of the bridge. The other houses rest entirely upon the bridge—no two of them are alike, and the architecture of all is of a quaint, odd description, quite in keeping with the general character of the surroundings. At one end of the bridge, after these houses are passed there are two figures, life-size, carved in stone, elevated above the railing, at some little distance from each other. One is a figure of some saint, holding in his hand a small crucifix, the other is a representation of Christ on the cross, such as are to be seen everywhere in Catholic countries of Europe, and often in Protestant regions, as a remnant of the old order of things. From this crucifix I would draw a lesson.

It hangs above a rounded space where the bridge is widened over the pier; and below it, in the nook so formed, is a booth, where fruit is sold, as on the opposite side on some days in the week may be seen a stand for the sale of articles of clothing. Every time I passed this crucifix, with the brisk trade going on at its foot, I felt oppressed by the sight. I wondered if the people who bought and sold and chattered away so energetically, ever gave a thought to the still figure above them, which by its mere presence spoke so powerfully to those who would hear its voice. Then I thought of the innumerable places where I had seen the same mute symbol, in this old world. In the fields, by the roadside, in crowded streets, in little villages, in lonely woods, and in busy haunts of labor, as well as in churches and chapels, both Catholic and Protestant—one cannot go far here without coming upon a representation of our Saviour on the cross, either so rude and unartistic as to be painful, or else so executed as to stir the soul with a realization of the scene thus pictured. Except in two or three instances, I do not remember ever seeing a sign of reverence for such an object on the part of any passer-by, or any indication that its presence was noticed at all. On the contrary, it always appeared to me as if custom and long familiarity had almost taken from the sight its significance, and from the object its sacredness. I may be mistaken. There may be more reverent consciousness of the mute presence, than I suppose; but such has been the impression made upon me, and I have been interested in the subject from the effect upon my own mind of the ever-recurring sight, so strange a one to an American eye.

It seems to me that in the effort to feed the religious sentiment of the people, and to keep ever before their minds the sacrifice once made for their salvation, the opposite effect has been produced—they are so accustomed to see the image of the Saviour upon the cross, that it excites in them no emotion of any kind, if even they look at it with their bodily eyes.

I have gone in thought back to my own dear country. I imagine a representation like those which are so common here, set up in one of our busy streets. For a time, every one who passes stops and looks at it, to criticize its workmanship, or to let its quiet influence come in upon the soul. I imagine a sort of hush creeping over the space immediately below it, something like what comes in the presence of the dead. But how long would the influence last? How long before all sacred association would be forgotten, and the busy crowd below regard the presence of the holy symbol no more than they do the lamp-post on the corner? Such is human nature, and one can neither wonder at it, nor too harshly blame those who partake of it.

We have not these images about our streets or fields—but is not the story of the cross too much to us—what the representation is to these people of the old world? To the many in our favored land who have heard it all their lives, from the time when a Christian mother's loving voice whispered it for the first time into the listening ear, through childhood, youth, and mature years—to such is it not too much an "old story"? Surely we cannot be too familiar with it, nor can we hear it too often nor know it too well; but perhaps we might guard ourselves somewhat against losing our deep reverence for it, and against reading the sacred history of the scene too hastily or indifferently—against ever feeling that we have learned all its lessons, or sufficiently taken it into our hearts as part of our lives. Let us never read it nor hear it read, without a silent prayer that each event in the simple record may be impressed anew upon our hearts, with the deep consciousness that our soul's salvation is bound up therein.

It attracts us to see buying and selling going on with the sculptured image of our crucified Saviour looking down upon it. But when the same Saviour is held up before our spiritual

eyes in the House of God, where everything calls us to turn upon Him the eye of faith, do we never let our thoughts busy themselves with anything and everything except His cross, with buying and selling, with pleasures and cares of worldly life, with plans and prospects for the morrow?

God looketh upon the heart, and He must see much there which would startle and shock us amazingly, could we but see it as it really is.

Let the old crucifix on the bridge thus teach us a lesson of reverence and humility.

DORCAS HICKS.

NEW YORK PRESBYTERIES.

ONTARIO.

Rev. Joseph R. Page and Elder Milo H. Maltby were appointed Commissioners to the next General Assembly; Rev. A. L. Benton and Elder George W. Norris, alternates.

This Presbytery did a good thing also in changing the name of the "2d church of Genesee." It is hereafter to be called "the First church of Genesee Village." There is another "First church of Genesee," but it is four or five miles from the village, at Lakeville, in the edge of the town of Livonia; and for this reason, that which was really the First church of Genesee Village was called the Second church, much to our disadvantage oftentimes.

At the same meeting of the Presbytery of Ontario, Rev. W. C. Gaylord was, by his own request, dismissed from the pastoral charge of the church at Union Corners. This is done so that this church and the one at Tuscarora, (late O. S.) both feeble and contiguous, may unite in the support of one minister.

Rev. A. H. Parmelee, formerly of Livonia, having removed to Geneva, was dismissed to unite with that Presbytery.

Rev. Geo. P. Folsom, formerly of Genesee, returned his letter, which he took last June to the Presbytery of Chicago, and still remains a member of the Presbytery of Ontario. His recent affliction, in the death of his eldest daughter, was spoken of with great tenderness, and a resolution of sympathy was passed, to be transmitted to him. He is a brother beloved in this region.

PRESBYTERY OF BUFFALO.

This Presbytery held its annual meeting this week in Buffalo. Among its items of business, we notice that the church at La Salle, within its bounds, which was organized as a Cumberland Presbyterian church, but which has adopted our Confession of Faith and Form of Government, was, on its own application, received into the Presbytery of Buffalo.

Rev. Sanford H. Smith was received by letter from the Presbytery of Newark, and arrangements were made for his installation over the church of Westfield on the 13th of January.

The following were elected Commissioners to the next General Assembly: Revs. Walter Clarke, D. D., W. L. Hyde, A. L. Skinner, and Elders G. W. Harris, Joseph H. Plumb, and Edward Bristol; with the following as alternates: Revs. E. S. Wright, D. D., T. Stillman, D. D., W. Calkins, and Elders Horace Parmelee, Horace Stillman and Morris Butler.

At the same meeting, Mr. Anson G. Chester, after full examination, was licensed to preach the Gospel. He had before been examined and received under the care of the Presbytery.

Rev. Dr. Heacock returned to his Buffalo home last Monday. His people gave him such welcome as true love alone could give. His church was filled in the evening by his attached people and admiring friends. The words, "Welcome Home," were on the wall, over the pulpit, in evergreens. The pulpit was also decked with beautiful flowers. Many of the ministers of the city were present. An address of welcome was made by Andrew Packer, Esq., on behalf of the congregation, and by Rev. Dr. Clarke, on behalf of the ministry. The following beautiful hymn of welcome, written by Rev. Anson G. Chester, was sung by the children:

SHEPHERD, WELCOME HOME.

Back from the margin of the mighty main,
The shepherd comes, to lead his flock again;
And while the sheep, delighted, hear his voice,
Shall not the little loving lambs rejoice?

Back from the golden country,
Back from the ocean foam,
Back to the lambs that love thee—
Shepherd, welcome home!

The streams were chill—the fields no longer fair—
Without thy love, thy guidance and thy care!
God watched thy journey from a distant shore,
And brings thee to the fold and flock once more.

Back from the lordly mountain,
Back from the ocean foam,
Back from the golden country—
Shepherd, welcome home!

O strength of Jacob! Israel's rest and rock!
Defend, alike, the shepherd and the flock;
And grant us all the guidance of Thy hand
To greener pastures in the better land.

Back from the golden country,
Back from the ocean foam,
Back to the lambs that love thee—
Shepherd, welcome home!

They sung, also, "Coronation." "Home, Sweet Home." They had prayer, another poem by A. G. Chester, and a beautiful and tender response from Dr. Heacock, thanking the people for their love and welcome. It was an occasion of very peculiar interest. It happens to few men to be loved as Dr. Heacock is, fewer still deserve it.

Rochester, Dec. 22.

THE ZENANA WORK.

Rarely has the sympathy of the Christian heart been so deeply moved in our city, as recently by Miss Britton's thrilling talks in parlors, Sunday schools, and lecture rooms, of what she has seen and known, during her six years' teaching in the Zenanas of Calcutta.

We are sure we respond to a general wish of all who have heard her, in telling them that the progress of the work in India, China, and elsewhere, under the care of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, is published every two months, in their own publication, *The Link*, for 50 cents per annum.

By sending their address to the Corresponding Secretary, Miss S. A. Scull, 1615 Chestnut St., they can receive it regularly, and thus have their interest deepened and widened for the women and children, whose pathetic story has so moved them.

ASHMAN VERSUS LINCOLN.

A REASON ASKED FOR THE CHANGE.

Can you tell me why the Ashman Institute is swallowed up by the Lincoln University?—truly the name is more euphonious and the associations more popular and commanding, and we think that many such institutions ought to spring up throughout the length and breadth of the land in honor of the beloved martyred President; but long before Mr. Lincoln appeared on the stage as the champion of the colored man, Jehudi Ashman was the pioneer of civilization and Christianity in Africa.

Long before President Lincoln made his Emancipation Proclamation, Mr. Ashman had fallen a martyr to his zeal for the welfare of a down-trodden race, and the enlightenment of a benighted continent. Seven times (the perfect number) was he left the only white man on the coast of Africa. In five weeks after the arrival he lost his beloved wife; and for two months he was prostrated with fever expecting to descend to an untimely grave; but being spared by a merciful Providence he accomplished great things for the American Colonization Society. His biographer says—"Some missionaries' reports are confined to the number of miles they have travelled, the number of sermons they have preached, the schools they have established, and the converts they have made; but Ashman appears on one page, leading an armed force against a slave factory, or planting a battery to command the harbor; on the next as a minister of the gospel, he prepares a system of religious instruction for the Colonists; then he assumes the trader and gives valuable and judicious advice with regard to the colonial commerce—anon he is stretched on a sick bed for weeks, and on his recovery reports what he has accomplished during a voyage for his health; then he appeals most earnestly to a Christian public in behalf of the society; then he annexes his diplomatic correspondence and records valuable acquisitions of territory or privileges, and the establishment of friendly relations between the colony and several powerful tribes whom he has sought and won over by his skill and address. Every page and line bears the impress of talent and energy, of the faithful man and the devoted Christian. Nor was there in all his hopes for the colony, or in all his visions of the future one thought of self-aggrandizement or one throb of vanity; he was content to remain the humble agent of a benevolent society, and do his part in the work and leave the honor to others.

He stood among the Colonists like a father among his children; and never did a parent feel for his offspring deeper affection than beat in the heart of Ashman for these his foster children. The foregoing being so, Mr. Ashman certainly deserves well of his countrymen, and to have his name embalmed in the heart of every philanthropist and Christian in the world; and we think the honored father or fathers of the Ashman Institute made a mistake when they re-baptized their child *Lincoln*.

A. P. H.

REUNION DAY OF PRAYER.

To the Ministers and Members of the (Reunited) Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

FATHERS AND BRETHREN:—The recent Reunion of our Church is an event so joyous and so manifestly the result of God's providence and Spirit, that we have naturally sought expression of our gratitude in thanksgiving and praise.

Looking out upon the great work we have to do, and upon the grand future which lies before us, with the blessing of God, the mind of the people devoutly turns towards the need of Special Prayer.

The great and urgent demand of this crisis is the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, that we may improve an opportunity so splendid, and may meet a responsibility so solemn and weighty before God. In the "Memorial Fund" which is proposed of *Five Millions of Dollars* as a Thank-offering, we may give substantial expression to our gratitude, and may lend increased efficiency to the enterprises of the Church. But all of us must feel that what we most deeply require is the *universal Revival of True Religion among us*—that thus the Reunion may be signalized and sanctified by the Holy Spirit in a blessing upon all the means of grace. We are encouraged to hope for such a result. The request has been expressed to us by individuals and by associations of ministers, that a day may be named for Special Prayer, in which all our churches may unite.

Accordingly, the Moderators of the late General Assemblies venture to propose, that THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1870, be specially observed by all our churches, as a day for invoking the seal

of the Spirit upon our Reunion—that, as a Church, we may be endued with power from on High, and may become in the largest sense, witnesses to Christ, unto the uttermost part of the earth.

The topic for this day already named in the schedule for the Week of Prayer, is "*Christian Union*." And we name this day in the hope that the heart of the Christian Church in all the world, will flow together with us, and that the genuine spirit of Christian Union may be thus promoted.

It is further suggested, that during the entire Winter, some time between the hours of five and seven, on the Sabbath evening, may be devoted to concerted Prayer for this great object of Revival—whether secret, family, social, or public prayer, as may be most convenient. And in all our services, while we ask the prayers of all Evangelical Churches for us, we will not forget them in our supplications, as part of the great and true Catholic Church of Christ in all the world.

Signed by the Moderators:

P. H. FOWLER,
M. W. JACOBUS.

Editor's Table.

Publishers will confer a favor by mentioning the prices of all books sent to this Department.

THE NEW VOLUME OF LANGE.

Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon, together, constitute perhaps the most difficult portion of the Old Testament. Truly inspired, they seem to lie on the outer boundaries of the domain of inspiration, where it most nearly touches the every-day life, the dubious speculations, and the burning passions of the natural man. Keen must be the analysis, shrewd the judgment and broad the sympathies that can always detect and verify the tendency or motive, to which all the parts were meant by the Inspirer, to be subordinate. As a compensation, however, rich veins of thought and utterances of practical wisdom, that have given tone to the life of whole peoples, are found in these books. Each of them presents aspects of humanity which cannot be absent from a book aiming to represent it with divine completeness—proverb, speculation and tender passion. The work of commenting on these books was devolved by Lange upon one of the youngest of German scholars,—Otto Zöckler, a name unknown heretofore by translation to English readers; but a name that will be welcomed as an indication that there is a young orthodoxy in Germany, laboring in the spirit of Tholuck, Lange, Delitzsch, Kling, Olshausen, and not likely to be surpassed by any of the unbelieving school, who have wished to be regarded as almost-sole proprietors of the Biblical scholarship of their time and country. The American translators and editors, under the guidance of Dr. Schaff, have as usual, added not a little to the value of the original. This is particularly the case with Prof. Taylor Lewis, whose labors on Ecclesiastes amount almost to a new work. He has in fact, added to his numerous dissertations, a complete and very literal iambic metrical translation of the book. Prof. Green's labors on the Song of Solomon are also of a most important character. In short, the result of the volume must be to present this entire portion of the word of God before the American public, in such a combined light of profound scholarship, practical wisdom and earnest piety as has never in all the history of modern exegesis been known before. pp. 260, 199, and 135. Printed from Electrotypes of the J. B. Rodgers' Co., Philadelphia. New York: C. Scribner & Co. For sale by Smith, English & Co. \$5.

C. SCRIBNER & CO.

The illustrated library of wonders does not diminish in value or interest, with the successive issues. In many respects, if not in all, the last volume is decidedly the best: THE WONDERS OF POMPEII. A great amount of information, not only in regard to the famous buried city, and the multitude of curious objects found in it, is given, but the manners and customs of the time are woven with the description, in the most entertaining style. The illustrations are designed and executed with the utmost elegance and minuteness of detail. 12mo. pp. 243. Price \$1.50.

JUVENILES.

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER by Mrs. C. E. K. Davis is a domestic story in which a contrast is drawn between a wealthy family with two children and without religion, and another comparatively poor with half a dozen children, to which a foundling was added, and where the grace of God with cheerful joy and mutual affection prevailed. Without marked power in plot or style, it maintains a gentle sort of interest throughout. 18mo., pp. 329, illustrated. CAPTAIN CHARLEY is a very fair story of a strong, manly boy and youth, led by the silken tie of love to a feeble sister, by Mrs. E. E. Boyd. HOYT, Boston. pp. 131. Price, —

THROUGH PATIENCE, by Faye Huntington, is a capital story of girl life; one of the best of the issues of SKELLY & Co., which is saying a great deal. All girls who think their lot a hard one, or who are inclined to be discontented should read it. 90 cents.

MESSRS. CARTER & BROS. have completed the lively and entertaining series called BUTTERFLY'S FLIGHTS, by the promised three volumes, namely, MONTREAL, SEASIDE, and PHILADELPHIA. The series deserves a wide popularity. The six volumes are enclosed in a neat box. For sale at the Presbyterian Book Store.

MRS. PHELPS' TROTTY BOOK is the story of a very small bad boy; a cunning pet, full of mischief and mystery; a smart little dunce, and a disobedient, penitent baby; moving you to irresistible laughter and sometimes nearly to tears. Square. Richly illustrated. Boston, Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by Lippincott & Co., price \$1.50.

SWEPT AND GARNISHED, or Fruits Meet for Repentance, is another of those admirable juveniles which of late have been coming so rapidly from the American Sunday-school Union. The scene is laid in Switzerland, and the home life of that country is beautifully illustrated in the story of the trials, failures and successes of the young orphan Liese among strangers. Handsomely illustrated. pp. 222. KITTY'S CHRISTMAS TREE, or the Net of the Flatterer, admirably describes and warns against the vanity which makes both child and man the victim of flattery. 18mo. pp. 134. Illustrated. Same publishers.

A new volume on the second coming of Christ has been put into our hands, entitled "THE GOSPEL OF THE KINGDOM; a Kingdom not of this World: not in this World." With some freshness and novelty, and with a reverent, genial spirit, and with the unreserved committal of soul to the doctrine which always kindles interest and gives value to a discussion, the author diligently pursues his theme. Christ is exalted, and every unscriptural conception of His Kingdom is excluded. The monstrous claims of the Papacy to an earthly realization of this kingdom are especially in antagonism to our author's views. We do not pretend to follow or criticize these views, but deem them worthy of notice by all interested in the subject. The book is a handsome 8vo. pp. 451. Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelinger. It is commended by many well known divines of different denominations. \$2.50

WORDS OF COMFORT FOR PARENTS BREAVED OF LITTLE CHILDREN, is one of the choicest gatherings of refined and tender sentiments, in prose and verse, for purposes of consolation that has ever appeared. The utterances of the best writers and preachers upon a theme which touches the finest and deepest chords of our nature, are collected and arranged in excellent taste, the compiler himself, Rev. Wm. Logan, of Glasgow, being guided by the instinct of his own bereaved heart in the selection. Elegantly printed on tinted paper. 16mo. pp. 337. R. Carter & Bro.

THE GARDEN OF SORROWS, or Ministry of Tears, is a new edition (the fourth) of the work, by Rev. John Atkinson, M.A., got up in elegant style, on tinted paper, with red-line border, gilt edges, and in handsome binding. The book contemplates sorrow in its great examples, commencing with Jesus in Gethsemane, in its sources, in its providential purposes and results. It is written in a florid style, but its discussions are frequently of great value and interest, and well calculated to dissipate the sorrows that are groundless, and to give relief and instruction where the grief arises from real affliction. The six woodcuts are nearly all so many blemishes, some of them almost shocking—the frontispiece for instance. The taste that can tolerate such caricatures needs not cultivation, but renovation. New York, Carlton & Lanahan. For sale at 1018 Arch St.

FAITH'S BATTLES AND VICTORIES, by Rev. John S. Grasty, of Shelbyville, Ky., is a series of sketches of Scripture characters and of lessons to be derived from them. We can see no special reason for their publication beyond what would apply to the Wednesday night lectures of almost any practical, studious and intelligent pastor. If good people wish such material at hand for reading, they will not be disappointed in this volume. 18mo. pp. 284. Randolph.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CATHEDRAL; James Russell Lowell. Fields, Osgood & Co., pp. 52, \$1.25.

A TALE OF ETERNITY AND OTHER POEMS, by Gerald Massey, pp. 376, \$2. Published as above.

THE HOLY GRAIL, by Alfred Tennyson. As above. Pp. 202, \$1.

STUDIES IN BIBLE LANDS, by Rev. W. L. Gage. Boston, American Tract Society, 8vo., pp. 234, \$2.50.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for January, opens with Lowell's New Poem—The Cathedral, and contains, also, Whittier's fine Poem; Nahaught; The Deacon; Holmes' "Nearing the Snow line"; and a short Extract from Bryant's forthcoming translation of the Iliad—an unusual wealth of fine Poetical contributions. The Prose articles are various, able and full of interest, though the taint of a philosophic pride that scorns the authority of the Scripture, is upon one or more of them, as usual. The views expressed on the Woman Question are unique and profound, and amid a good deal of needless and vague transcendentalism, show a refreshing loyalty to the sacredness of the marriage relation. Fields, Osgood & Co.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for January, has a very fair list of articles, with nothing of decidedly marked character, besides the continuation of Anthony Trollope's story: *The Vicar of Bullhampton*. This and other stories are handsomely illustrated.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, for January, opens with a new story by Mrs. Whitney: "We Girls, a Home Story." Those who remember her "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," will welcome her back to the pages of *Our Young Folks*. Rose Terry contributes a touching story: "Polly Sylvester's Dream." Dr. Hayes tells about his Esquimaux-dogs; Whittier, contributes a Poem, and the Magazine, with its handsome illustrations, and a steel portrait of Agassiz, commences its new year in excellent style.