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For the Presbyterian.

TWO EVENINGS WITH THE LATE PROFESSOR ALEXANDER.

BY T. L. C.

While the name of that gifted man, Dr. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, is on every lip, and the memory of the great bereavement is fresh in so many a heart, every reminiscence may be of interest. To the churches of America, Dr. Addison Alexander was chiefly known as the profound Hebraist, and the erudite Commentator. To thousands in the Middle States he was best known as one of the foremost preachers of the age. To the privileged few who were wont to meet him at the hearthstone he was one of the most brilliant and suggestive of conversers, and one of the most warm-hearted friends. Two evenings in which we were permitted to listen to him as a converser and as a preacher, are so vivid in our memory that we cannot refrain from a brief sketch of them.

But few knew Professor Alexander at the fireside; for from early boyhood he was a recluse from promiscuous society. When a lad, he preferred to stretch himself on a carpet with his book, while his schoolfellows were busy with the top and the kite. This modest shyness rather grew than diminished. Locking himself up thus early in life from the outer world, he seldom entrusted the key to any but cherished friends, and to them on not every occasion. One of the first evenings we ever spent with him was during his residence in the "Breckinridge House," opposite the Lenox Library. We found him with the notes of his "Isaiah" before him; and as he was wearied with writing in a standing posture, he was ready for a chair and a chat. At that time his full rosy cheeks betokened exuberant health. His square intellectual head, (which we students, looking at him from the church-galleries, used to say "looked like Napoleon's,") would have arrested attention every where for its massiveness. The melodious voice, the occasional playful smile, and the singular movement of the eye, all the later Seminary students will recall in a moment.

Two hours of that never-to-be-forgotten winter evening rapidly ran away under his brilliant and vivacious talk. His reminiscences of the German Universities, of an amusing journey with a Popish Bishop in Italy, and of continental scholars, were mingled with criticisms of new books, and even of the latest caricatures in *Punch*. "The charm to me in *Punch*," said he, "is that I always feel that its authors are all men who are *equal to greater things*." No man enjoyed true wit more than Dr. Alexander, for his own humour was inexhaustible. Sometimes it found vent through the pages of the *Repertory*, at the expense of poor "Calvin Colton," and of the Oxford Tractarians. Sometimes it spent itself in a series of unique little newspapers, executed with his own pen for the diversion of Dr. H——'s children. One of these mirth-moving papers, filled with touches of sly humour worthy of Hood, lies beside us as we write these lines of reverent tribute. With such pleasant recreations did his great intellect refresh itself while producing his magnificent work on *Isaiah*.

Of that work he showed us some of the manuscripts. They were written in a round "back hand," with remarkable legibility. Professor Alexander (with the almost morbid dread he had of monotony and self-repetition) sometimes relieved the slavery of the pen by altering his penmanship. Some of the rough drafts of his Commentary were even written *in a circle*, over huge sheets of paper! He once told us that to avoid the tedium of the recitation-room, he never taught two consecutive classes by the same methods entirely, nor did he call the roll two days exactly alike. This love of variety he carried into the preparation of his discourses; for we cannot now recall any two that were constructed on the same model. A more fertile mind never was given to the American pulpit. No man ever saw the bottom of that profound, ever-producing, inexhaustible intellect. His memory was herculean. From a single reading he could commit a whole discourse; and he has been known to repeat a whole class-roll in alphabetical order, although the roll had been called but once in his hearing. Within a few weeks the world has lost two great store-houses of knowledge. One was the memory of Lord Macaulay, the other was the memory of Dr. Addison Alexander. Each of these remarkable men spent those hours in acquiring new thoughts which other men waste in a fruitless search after old ones lost sight of or forgotten.

The second evening which now comes up before us was passed—not beside Dr. Alexander at the fireside, but before him in the pulpit. It was during that winter of 1847 when he supplied the place of Dr. Boardman, then travelling in Europe. All Philadelphia flocked to hear him. The most distinguished lawyers of that city were glad to find seats in the aisles, or a standing place in the crowded vestibule! It was during that season that he delivered nearly all his most celebrated and powerful discourses. Among them were his sermons on "The Faithful Saying," "Lot's Wife," "The Broken and Contrite Heart," and "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The impressions produced by those matchless portraitures of Divine truth can never be effaced. Higher and grander displays of concinnate exegesis, of bold imaginative flights, of soul-moving appeals, of rich, strong, arousing presentation of Calvary and the Cross, the Presbyterian pulpit of our day has not heard. His manner, at that period of his life, was exceedingly animated. His voice often swelled into a volume that rolled through the lobbies of the church, and reached to the passers-by in the street. In pathetic passages that same voice had the plaintive melody of a lute. The rising inflection with which he was wont to close his sentences will occur at once to many of our readers. This latter peculiarity was sometimes insensibly imitated by the students, who betrayed, wherever they went, their Princeton origin by this rising "Addisonian" inflection. Well would it be for our churches if all the splendid attributes of Professor Alexander's ministrations could be transferred to every pulpit in the land.

On the evening of which we write Dr. Alexander's theme was "The Broken Heart." That whole marvellous discourse, with its pictures of the scenes "behind the vail," where the sacrifices were being offered, with its wailing outcry of contrite spirits, with its touching revelations of the soul's agony in its hours of conviction, with its melting exhibitions of the love of Jesus, all moves before us like one of the panoramas of the Apocalypse. When the service was over a clergyman whispered to us, "No such preaching as that has been heard since the days of Dr. Mason."

And now that voice which so melted into the hearts of dying men, and which rose so lovingly into the ear of God, has been stilled for ever on earth! Every minister's study in the land might well be hung in mourning. We have all lost a precious, large-souled benefactor. He enriched our flocks by enriching us, even as his Master had wonderfully enriched him. The Church has not another such as he to lose. As we write these simple words of affectionate tribute we look towards our little library and see two fatal gaps. And we ask ourselves, Who will finish yonder magnificent History, now that Macaulay's hand has "forgot its cunning?" Who will complete yonder affluent and suggestive Commentaries, now that ADDISON ALEXANDER has passed from the studies of earth into the clearer light and loftier knowledge of the heavenly world?

T. L. C.

For the Presbyterian.

GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

Last December, scarlet fever broke out in the family of a poor widow who belongs to my church. She made a support by keeping a little grocery. But the people were afraid to call or send to her store, and she was often in straits. About Christmas, a lady gave each of the children a quarter of a dollar. Soon after one of them died. It was young and tender, and much beloved. On Sabbath, January 29th, I preached the annual sermon on giving, asking the people to subscribe, as they felt able, to all our benevolent objects. After sermon, the mother and her children were gathered around their cheerful fire, when one of the children said, "Mother, may I give my quarter to the missionary fund?" The reply was, "Yes, if you wish to do so." The second and the third asked the same question, and received the same reply. Then said the mother, "I have the money that belonged to little ——. It shall go with the rest." This morning the dollar was sent to me. I feel a delightful confidence that God's blessing will be upon that family. If others would give as this family has done, the treasury of every benevolent institution would in one month overflow. O that men would remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

W. S. P.

For the Presbyterian.

THE OLD-SCHOOL and NEW-SCHOOL THEOLOGY.

Messrs. Editors—In the last number of the *Presbyterian Quarterly Review*, a New-school publication, there is an article entitled "The Old-school and New-school Theology." I desire to call attention to one or two things contained in it. It is well known to be one of the most vaunted boasts of the advocates of that rather vague and indefinite thing called "New England Theology," that it possesses immense advantages over the old theology of the Church for effective preaching. In the article above alluded to, considerable space is assigned to illustrating and magnifying this alleged advantage of the New over the Old Theology. In fact it may almost be said to be the chief object for which the article was written.

It is not my intention to offer any arguments of a philosophical or theological kind in refutation of the supposed advantages of the New over the Old-school Theology for preaching, or other purposes. It would not be difficult to do so; but it has already been done so often that the repetition is becoming tiresome, and besides, reasoning upon such grounds is of small avail with men whose minds are made up beforehand as to what they intend to believe and to maintain at all hazards. It is proverbial, however, that facts are stubborn things, and that figures will not lie. It is in this uncompromising species of affairs that we propose to deal a little.

The two Theologies have had a trial now of about twenty years. They have had a fair opportunity to be tested as to their respective claims to efficiency in preaching, by actual experiment. And the result must be admitted to far outweigh any mere speculations on the subject.

When the two bodies, now known as Old-school and New-school Presbyterians, were separated in 1838, they were nearly equal in number of ministers, churches, and communicants, and in all the requisite elements of prosperity, there being a small preponderance in favour of the Old-school. In 1839 they stood thus upon the Minutes of their respective Assemblies:

	Old-school.	*New-school.*
Ministers,	1338	1189
Churches,	1933	1286
Communicants,	128,043	100,850

Thus they began. Now for the results of twenty years. In 1859 we find the tables thus:

	Old-school.	*New-school.*
Ministers,	2578	1558
Churches,	3487	1543
Communicants,	279,600	137,989
EXCESS IN FAVOUR OF THE OLD-SCHOOL IN 1839.		
Ministers,		149
Churches,		653
Communicants,		27,193
EXCESS IN FAVOUR OF THE OLD-SCHOOL IN 1859.		
Ministers,		1020
Churches,		944
Communicants,		141,611
CLEAR GAIN OF THE OLD-SCHOOL OVER THE NEW-SCHOOL IN TWENTY YEARS.		
Ministers,		891
Churches,		291
Communicants,		114,418

Now, we would respectfully submit that, with such results to cheer them on, the Old-school have no special reason to be discouraged with their "unpopular," and "*unpreachable*" theology, the writers of New-school reviews to the contrary notwithstanding. On the other hand, a theology, the faithful, honest, *consistent*, conscientious preaching of which gives them a gain over their New-school brethren of 891 ministers, 291 churches, and 114,418 communicants, not to mention other elements of prosperous efficiency, all in the space of twenty years, has established, we think, some claims to confidence, and continued adherence on the part of the Church. Nay, is it not demonstrated to be, after all, *the most popular*, *i. e.* the most efficient, instrument in the hands of the preacher? It is freely conceded that to the unregenerate, as long as they are under no very serious concern about their souls, there is something gratifying in the doctrines of natural ability, indefinite atonement, and the like; but when once a sinner is brought under the convicting power of the Holy Ghost, he finds no relief in the rationalistic theories that pleased him before, and he every moment *feels* his utter inability, and his need of efficacious grace, and every prayer he utters is an acknowledgment of it. When, therefore, the preacher of the "improved" theology tells sinners that they have ability of themselves to repent whenever they please, and these afterwards find out from experience that they have not, and that "repentance unto life is a saving *grace*"—*given* by the Spirit of God—an impression is created unfavourable to the veracity of the New-school preacher. Hence their doctrines have not that advantage for preaching which they are so prone to boast, and for the simple reason that *they are not true*. But we do not intend to argue the matter further than to give the comparative results which have followed the preaching of the Old Theology and the New for the last twenty years, which we regard as the true test of their efficiency, respectively. We would only add that, with such results before them, we are amazed that, at this day, there should still be men claiming that the New-school Theology is the best for preaching, and that those claims should be urged in a Review making some pretensions to respectability.

With regard to the insinuation that Old-school divines do not preach their own theology consistently, out and out, but lean in practice toward the New Theology, it is to be treated as just so much stale calumny, arising from ignorance or malice, or both. There are no ministers more thorough in preaching what they believe to be true; they utter it like men, and they find men to believe it, "which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience."

One thing more and we are done. The writer in the *Review* affirms, page 364, that the Old-school and New-school bodies both adopt the Westminster Confession as "containing *the system* of doctrines taught in the Holy Scriptures." It is obvious enough that in this he means that both bodies subscribe to the same standards in precisely the same way which it was once thought they did not. It amounts to saying that they hold the same system of doctrines. But the writer goes on finding "differences" so numerous and radical that he succeeds in convincing himself, and of course his readers, that there are in reality two systems. And he even says before he gets through page 398, "These are different systems." This statement is no doubt true. But does the Westminster Confession contain two altogether different systems? Who will risk his reputation for sanity by pretending that it does?

B. A.

For the Presbyterian.

NEW ENGLAND DEFECTION.

Messrs. Editors—In the *Presbyterian* of the 21st ult. you express surprise at a statement in one of the New England papers in regard to some recent theological developments there. May I say kindly that if the *Presbyterian* had not been, as it seems to some of us, almost too careful in regard to what appears in its columns concerning New England, you would have had no surprise in reference to the case referred to. It is no uncommon thing at all. Let me give you an instance or two that have come under my own observation.

A young man was called to the old orthodox church of ——. A large Council was called comprising some of the very best ministers in the State, as well as some of the worst, theologically. The candidate rejected the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, maintaining that the Bible, as a whole, was the word of God; but there were parts which were not inspired. These parts the Holy Spirit allowed to remain because he saw they would not do any hurt. Sin was only in intelligent, voluntary transgression; there was no such thing as original sin, and the answer of the Catechism was not true if "want of conformity" meant any thing more than "transgression." Man has ability to obey God—to repent and believe; and he has this ability independent of Christ or the Holy Spirit, &c. And this young man was *unanimously* approved by the Council, and ordained and installed.

Another young man has recently been settled over the —— church. This, as well as the church above, is one of the oldest, and has been regarded as one of the soundest, churches in the State. The Council, at this settlement too, consisted of some of the best men in the ministry in the State. The candidate rejected emphatically the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, doubted in regard to the use of the word "person" as applied to the Trinity, maintained that sin and holiness are always voluntary, God has no holy nature, and man has no sinful nature; the sinner has ability (in the sense of "adequate power") to meet the requirements of God even to absolute perfection in the present life; the gospel is not absolutely necessary to the salvation of adults; some of the heathen are saved without the gospel; some who reject the gospel in this life *may be* saved after death. The candidate stated frankly to the Council that he inclined to the belief that there was a state for all men, good and bad, hereafter (Hades), in which some who died impenitent would have the offer of Christ and salvation, and the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be saved; so that if called, as a minister, to the deathbed of a sinner, and knowing that the man had but a certain time to live, he would not shut him up to faith in Christ within that time, or final ruin. This, of course, as well as the preceding doctrine, was in the very face of all the Congregational standards, and of the articles of the church over which the young man was to be installed, and which articles every private member of the church is required to adopt; yet the candidate was approved as a qualified pastor for that congregation.

These are not isolated cases. In one form or another they are constantly occurring around us. No body reports them. Few care for them. The process is going on silently but effectually. Let the present generation of true Christians pass away, and, unless there be a mighty interference of Divine grace in the existing churches, or the introduction of another and purer form, the prospect for New England is dark and dreary. It is notorious that five of the students of Andover last year rejected the doctrine of future punishments. It is equally well known that the faith of many is unsettled upon this great doctrine. The awful thunder of revelation is whispered down to this, "Excuse me for saying you are all sinners." The most popular preacher in the Congregational body said to a friend of mine, "If Christ were on the earth now he would not preach to sinners as he did—he preached to his times," &c. The bearing of all this is plain enough and solemn enough. There is a wide departure from the old faith of New England, and of the Scriptures, and if that faith was true this is false.

But we are pointed to the many true Christians all over New England as an evidence of the substantial soundness in the faith of the churches, and the sin of charging them with error. We admit most gladly the multitude of real people of God in New England, and we think that as a body the churches are sounder than the ministry. But the danger is here. These churches have not been trained of late years in doctrinal truth. They are not prepared to decide the great and grave questions which, by their Constitution, are thrown upon them—the soundness or unsoundness of their ministry. Hence such results, even in orthodox churches, as those mentioned above.

Now how long can such a process go on before the churches shall have settled over them—men holding any and every form of error? What, in consistency, can be deemed a disqualification for the exercise of the ministry in a Congregational church? The point of danger is here. Let the present process go on for another generation, and the work is done. The present generation of Christians will enter into rest; their children will enter into the dark and fatal errors of Universalism, Rationalism, and blank Infidelity. We solemnly believe it.

TRUTH.

For the Presbyterian.

REVIVAL ON A SHIP OF WAR.

No. 89 MADISON STREET, New York, January 30, 1860.

Messrs. Editors—Your deep interest in all that pertains to the spread of divine truth, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth, has induced me to copy for the *Presbyterian* the following letter, just received from the United States ship St. Louis, on the Gulf Station, giving an account of a blessed revival of pure and undefiled religion among her crew. It requires no comment from me; the letter speaks for itself It may be well, however, to state by way of introduction, that the writer is a common sailor, a Swede, and one of the leaders of the prayer-meeting on board the North Carolina last winter, the blessed results of which are now being worked out on board eighteen different men of war, in which are bands of praying men, who were born again there.

I think this letter will be of interest to your readers, from the fact that you published on the 28th ult. an extract of a letter from one of the officers which appeared in my monthly report of December The writer of this takes up the account where that letter closed, and records the progress of the revival and its characteristics from that point. Hoping you may be sufficiently interested to publish the letter, I beg leave to subscribe myself very fraternally yours in Christian bonds,

CHARLES J. JONES.

UNITED STATES SHIP ST. LOUIS, San Juan de Nicaragua, Dec. 26, 1859.

Dearly Beloved Pastor—It is my pleasant duty to communicate to you the glorious tidings that the Lord hath been graciously pleased to bless us with a revival. The Holy Spirit has come down among us with power, and I think I can confidently say, that with the exception of some decided infidels and bigoted Romanists, there are but few individuals on board that have not more or less felt its influence on their hearts. The call of the Spirit, however, has been differently received by different persons, for while some have yielded to his admonitions, repented and believed, many harden their hearts, and seek to drive away serious thoughts by railing against Christians and their religion. In my last letter I did not look upon the work as entitled to a place among revivals, as that term is generally accepted. Strange mixture of blindness and unbelief on my side, not to see the blessing when it had come, after having prayed so long for it! But we find a parallel case in Acts xii. Looking back, however, from this advanced point in the work, I can trace its commencement in the first days of October. At that time the Lord, as an evidence of having heard our prayers, restored one from his backslidings. Since then the blessed work has been going on with unabated interest.

I have no time to detail some interesting facts connected with the conversion of some of my shipmates. I shall therefore confine myself to some of the striking features and peculiarities that distinguish this revival.

1st. As far as short-sighted man can see, and the physical law of cause and effect goes, nothing has transpired that can be looked upon as having contributed to "bring about" this revival. It must therefore be looked upon as a direct answer to prayers. 2d. Those once most wicked and depraved among the ship's company are now among the converted. 3d. An uncommon degree of sorrow and contrition for sin has been exhibited. 4th. Most of the converted take at once an active part in our meetings, and some have already begun missionary labour among us.

A marine, on the day after his conversion, and after having read an article in some religious paper, in which my unworthy name was mentioned in connection with the work on board the North Carolina last year, referring to it, said:—"M——, since I read it a voice has been speaking to me, that as the Lord hath been so merciful to me I must henceforth labour for him." Thus far he has kept his promise. Another, two days after confessing Christ, conducted a noon prayer-meeting in the mizzen-top. This man once had the disposition of an enraged tiger; now it is that of the gentle lamb. Once his mouth was full of bitterness and cursing, now prayers and praise; once all hatred, now all love. O that I could impart to you, my beloved pastor, a faint yet correct idea of the spirituality and blessedness of our meetings of late! I will, perhaps, be best able to gain this object by copying a few private notes made by me at the close of each day, to which I refer.

Sunday, Dec. 18th.—I opened the meeting with prayer and reading the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John. O, what a solemn meeting! I suppose one-fourth of the crew were present, several officers, I think five or six. P. and E. in touching language told their experience. They expressed to all present their great joy, flowing from a sense of the Saviour's pardoning love. They invited all to come and wash in that fountain in which they had been cleansed. They then engaged in prayer, in which both seem to have no small power. Groans and sobs were heard all around, and the tears of penitence were coursing down the cheeks of many a hardened sinner. It is to be believed that many silent prayers for mercy that night went up from the berth deck of the St. Louis to the throne of mercy, up to that God "who desires not the death of a sinner, but would rather that he should turn and live." Before the closing prayer I requested those that desired an interest therein to let it be known by raising the hand; I think eight did so. One of the officers, Mr. G——, said, "We *all* want you to pray for us."

The bell has struck eight, my watch on deck. I regret having no time to speak to the anxious. As I hurriedly left the place of prayer to assume my duty on deck, a young mizzen-top man clung to me with tears in his eyes, and said, "I want to have a long talk with you, and you must pray for me." O, merciful God! the thought is overwhelming, that one so unworthy as myself is thus honoured in being permitted to pray for and with sinners, and in having manifest evidences that such prayers are heard. To the Lord, and him alone, be all the praise and glory.

Wednesday, 21st.—In the evening prayer-meeting well attended. I think half the ship's company were listening. Lieutenant I——, who has begun to frequent our meetings, read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and from an expository work on the same chapter showed the nature of living faith. I addressed the young converts, exhorted them to diligence and prayer, in reading the Scriptures, in watching, in self-denial, and faith in the Saviour. After dismissal, retired by the fore-mast to pray with B——, having been three days under deep conviction. As usual, the little place became crowded. A general outpouring of souls in prayer commenced, and continued about an hour. B. P. and S——, with deep contrition, cried to the Lord for mercy. God grant that they soon may be able to rejoice in the salvation of the Lord.

The result of this revival, as far as it can be ascertained, is that nineteen, according to their own confession, have found the "pearl of great price." We believe that the Lord will soon bless us still more. We ask the prayers of the Church for the continuance of this blessed work among us, that souls may be converted, God glorified, and his Son honoured. Amen.

In the "Sea" I read of your Convention, and found among the resolutions adopted that a committee was to be appointed to petition Congress for the abolition of the liquor ration. Thank God! Strange coincidence, that while this thing was going on among you in New York, my mind should be so deeply engrossed on the same subject here in South America. It shows that, "though we are absent in body, we are present in spirit."

It seems to me that a decided change for the better has taken place in the public sentiment on board our ship. It is true that infidels and a few Irish Roman Catholics rage, but we take no notice of them. All the officers are in our favour. Lieutenant ——, who last week acted as first Lieutenant, showed us his good will by issuing an order that no sentry on the berth-deck should, on any pretence, interfere with us while worshipping, which was the case the other night, when an Irish marine on post close by us, interrupted one of the brethren while engaged in prayer, telling him not to make so *much noise*. Our officers *are all kind* to us. We have privileges extended to us that praying men on board other ships do not enjoy.

Two brethren from the S—— were on board our ship yesterday, Christmas day, and took part in our afternoon meeting. It was a blessed day. In the forenoon Captain P. called all hands to prayer on the quarter deck. In the afternoon and evening we had prayer-meetings. All the brethren send you their love, and ask to be remembered in your prayers. Adieu; may God bless you, is the fervent prayers of your affectionate brother in Christ,

I. A. M.

EXCURSION TO PRESBYTERY.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.]

Travelling on the Ice—Table Land—Scarcity of Habitations—A Wild Region—Presbytery at Eau Claire—Installation—The Ride Home.

January 26th, 1860.

Messrs. Editors—The Presbytery of Chippewa was re-organized at the last meeting of the Synod of Wisconsin, by setting off Messrs. Lyon and Jackson, from the Presbytery of Winnebago, to unite with Messrs. Phillips and McNair in the Presbytery of Chippewa.

It was a cold, raw day that we started for the meeting of Presbytery. A ride of thirty miles on the ice up the Mississippi brought a portion of the delegates to Winona, where Mr. Lyon is engaged in building up a church of our order, in the face of many difficulties and discouragements.

The next morning we were off bright and early for a trip of seventy-five miles across the country. Three ministers and two ruling elders divided around between a sleigh and a wagon, prepared for snow, bare ground, or other emergencies. After a few miles travel upon the Mississippi we commenced ascending the bluffs, reaching the table land above in time to dine at the humble log house of a good Scotch woman, who gladly entertained us for Christ's sake.

After having worship with the family, and leaving some tracts, we again pushed on. Our route lay along a high ridge, mostly covered with oak openings. For twenty-seven miles we did not pass a single inhabited house. About ten miles from where we dined, seeing a board nailed to a tree, we drew up, expecting to find some directions with regard to the road, but were disappointed. It read thus, "Farm for sale." After losing our way several times, we at length reached a hunter's cabin, where we were to put up for the night. And although we did not reach there until after eight o'clock, P. M., the good housewife soon had a supper of savoury venison ready for us.

The next day we had a most romantic but very fatiguing ride. Our course lay through an almost trackless and uninhabited region. Through deep ravines, with no apparent outlets; along high narrow ridges, where a slide either way would send us rolling down their steep slippery sides; and over high bold bluffs, from whence on every side the eye could roam over timberless hills without number. Had the hills been showered down they could not have presented a more broken appearance; oftentimes standing so close together as to seem to begrudge room for the deep narrow ravine which separated them. Trout brooks met us at every turn, and an occasional pair of deer or elk horns lying in our path reminded us that we were in a wild country, while a party of Indians, with their bows and arrows, and guns, moving their camp, gave us a fellow feeling with those noble men who pioneered our Eastern and Middle States.

After a tedious ride the day passed, and with it the road. As twilight crept over the scene, we reined up before Mr. McNair's hospitable abode. That same evening, (January 18th,) by appointment of Synod, the Rev. S. Jackson preached the opening sermon of Presbytery from 1 Cor. ii. 2.

The Rev. W. W. McNair was chosen Moderator; the Rev. S. Jackson Temporary Clerk. Winona, Minnesota, June 21st, 1860, was chosen as the place and time for the next meeting of Presbytery. Commissioners to General Assembly—Rev. Sheldon Jackson of La Crescent, principal; the Rev. B. Phillips of Chippewa Falls, alternate. Ruling elders—Joseph B. Thorp, principal, and Isaac F. Buck, alternate. The churches of La Crescent and Houston were received under the care of the Presbytery.

Steps were taken for the formation of the Synod of Minnesota by the next General Assembly.

On Sabbath evening the new and commodious church was crowded to attend the installation of the Rev. W. W. McNair as pastor of the Eau Claire church. The Rev. S. Jackson preached the sermon; the Rev. B. Phillips gave the charge to the pastor, which was rendered more solemn and affecting by the fact that eleven years ago they were room-mates at Princeton Seminary, and ten years ago they were ordained as evangelists in the same church and at the same time, and they landed within two hours of each other at Milwaukie, and have since been co-labourers in this missionary field. The Rev. D. C. Lyon gave the charge to the people. He also was one of that early band of pioneers. Systematic benevolence, and the better observance of the Sabbath, and other topics were acted on by Presbytery. A large proportion of the time was given to preaching and devotional exercises; and the free conversation on the state of religion was a season of deep interest not only to the members of Presbytery, but also to the audience of citizens.

Saturday, by invitation, the members of Presbytery visited Chippewa Falls, where Mr. Phillips is labouring with much encouragement. In the two years that he has laboured there he has succeeded in erecting a church building 35 by 55 feet, at a cost of about $3500, and gathered a church of sixteen members. His great want is suitable men for the eldership. Are there not some in our Church who are looking to the West that would be willing to go there and help to build up their Master's cause as well as their own? The climate is healthy and land good. If any wish further information, Mr. Phillips will be glad to open up a correspondence with them. At Eau Claire, Mr. McNair has also succeeded in erecting a fine church building at a cost of over $4000. For $500 of this sum this little church is greatly indebted to one whose praise is in many of our weak churches.

On Monday we bade adieu to Eau Claire and its hospitable citizens with regret, and started homeward. The first day out the sleigh broke down, we got lost among the hills, and were only prevented from camping out by the timely appearance of a light, which we reached about nine o'clock, P. M. The next day, two of us mounting the horses, rode forty miles with the harness on, the remaining three following on with the wagon. The next day we were safely landed at home, thankful for preservation from many dangers by the way.

Your brother in Christ,

NORTH-WEST.

For the Presbyterian.

POPERY IN FRANCE.

A Romish Bishop on Protestantism—Reply of a Protestant—A Dialogue between the Bishop and the Apostle Paul.

A Mr. Plantier some years since was inducted into the Roman Catholic Episcopate of Nîmes, in the Department of Gard, of which the city of Nîmes is the capital. The Department of Gard is in the south of France, its east side being adjacent to the river Rhone. The Bishop, faithful to his Church, and to the spirit which animates it, and being apparently alarmed at the noble attitude maintained by Protestantism in the Department since the celebration of the Jubilee of the Reformation, published a letter addressed to the Protestants, in which he attacks the French Synod of 1559, and particularly the existing Protestantism, which, he says, has repudiated the faith and discipline of the Synod of Paris. After a number of frivolous cavils, he invites all the Protestants of the Department to re-enter the pale of the Popish Church.

Several replies to the Bishop's letter have been published. One of the most effective of these is from the pen of the Rev. Pastor Puaux, who enters at once into the gist of the subject, and asks, at the outset, what would have to be done by us in order to become Roman Catholics? We would have to give up the reading of the Holy Scriptures, which, according to that Church, is an obscure and dangerous book; to believe that the Pope is the High Priest, the Head, and the foundation of the Church; that between God and men there are other mediators besides Christ; that the Virgin Mary was conceived without sin; that she is the queen of angels, the gate of Paradise, the refuge of sinners; that we must invoke angels and saints, have images and worship them; that the marriage of ecclesiastical persons is a pollution and a sacrilege; that we must abstain from meat on the days on which the Pope forbids it; that we must confess our sins in the ear of a priest, in order to obtain their pardon; that there is a purgatory, from which souls are brought out by means of masses and payment of money; that Jesus Christ is present, body, blood, soul, and divinity, in the eucharistical wafer; and that, in administering the Supper, the cup must not be given to the people. The further Mr. Puaux advances in the discussion, the more clearly he shows that Rome has all the marks of manifest heresy; and that there is really an abyss between her and the Church of the apostles.

To demonstrate this more impressively, he imagines the appearance of the Apostle Paul at Nîmes. This bold prosopopeia, fully warranted by the subject, brings out prominently the frightful contrast between Christ and his pretended Vicar. An angel announces the arrival of the Apostle, raised from the grave by the power of God. At this news there is a lusty ringing of bells; Bishop, priests, monks, nuns, loyal laïcs, all run to meet him with banners, portable Madonnas, images, and relics of every description.

"Blessed Apostle," says the Bishop, addressing him, with mitred head and crozier in hand, "come; come chant a mass in my cathedral, and from my pulpit instruct the people of my diocese, and lead back, by your powerful and infallible voice, the heretical Protestants, who have separated themselves from our communion."

I know not, says the author, what reply the Apostle would make you; but the spectacle which your retinue would offer him would surprise him a little; and on seeing your priests, monks, and nuns clothed in mysterious and hieroglyphical habits, he would certainly be visited with some reminiscences of the old pagan processions. But let us proceed. He enters your cathedral. The first thing that strikes him is a multitude of pictures and images, and hence arises the following dialogue between the Apostle and your Lordship:

Paul.—I congratulate you for having stripped the pagans of Nîmes of this temple; but I am surprised that you have not got these pictures and images, which desecrate it, removed. Since I am here, hand me a hammer . . . . we shall batter down all that trumpery . . . . and in order to perpetuate the memory of it, we shall cause these words of the decalogue to be engraved on the most conspicuous part of the edifice:—*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.*

The Bishop.—But, blessed Apostle, you are not aware that our Holy Council of Trent teaches that *there should be pictures and images to which we ought to render the worship due to them.*

Paul.—I am not acquainted with your Council of Trent; but I do know it to be of undoubted faith, that, since God positively teaches us that we are not to use graven images in our worship, it is our primary duty to obey. But, tell me, what do these images represent?

Bishop.—Saints.

Paul.—What Saints?

Bishop.—St. Castor, St. Cupertin, St. Loup, St. Magloire, St. Francis-Regis. Our Church has thousands of them; it is her glory. They are our intercessors with God.

Paul.—Your intercessors with God! Have you read, sir, the epistles which I wrote to Christians in my own times?

Bishop.—Yes, Holy Apostle; come, I will show you them. Please follow me over my high altar. There they are!

Paul.—Read my first Epistle to Timothy. . . . Can you have forgotten what I taught that pious and holy bishop, my son, in the faith—that there is but one Mediator between God and men?

Bishop.—True; but our Holy Mother Church has decided that *there are other Mediators between God and men besides Jesus Christ.* Observe, then, wherefore . .

Paul.—And this altar—why have you not demolished it?

Bishop.—Because, on that we celebrate the the holy mass . . . . and on it renew the sacrifice of Christ.

Paul.—I do not understand . . . You offer anew the sacrifice of Jesus Christ? Are you acquainted with my Epistle to the Hebrews?

Bishop.—Yes . . .

Paul.—Have you read that passage in which I teach that Christ does not "offer himself often," but, that he offered himself "once to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself?"

Bishop.—Yes, holy Apostle. . . . But our holy Council of Trent, with her infallible voice, has decided that the sacrifice of Christ should be renewed daily.

Paul.—You begin, my lord, to astonish me . . . . but show me the cup.

Bishop.—Here it is for priests and kings.

Paul.—And the people?

Bishop.—They have no right to it.

Paul.—Is it because Christ said to his disciples, *Drink ye all of it?* But what are these chants that I hear?

Bishop.—It is an anthem, blessed Apostle, which they sing in honour of you.

Paul.—In what language?

Bishop.—In Latin.

Paul.—What is the language of the people of Nîmes?

Bishop.—The French.

Paul.—Do they understand Latin?

Bishop.—Not a word of it.

Paul.—And do you celebrate your worship in a language unknown by the people?

Bishop.—Certainly, blessed Apostle, since our Holy Mother Church has so ordained.

Paul.—Have you read my first Epistle to the Corinthians?

Bishop.—Yes.

Paul.—What stress, then, do you lay upon my words? Have I not taught that it is folly to use, in worship, an unknown tongue? But, am I really in a Christian Church?

Bishop.—Yes, holy Apostle, and the most Christian of Churches; in that to which God has given the power of binding and loosing.

Paul.—The living and true Church of God binds and looses only in agreement with the authority of the Scriptures, which, as I taught Timothy, are divinely inspired. That Church, which is built on the prophets and apostles, of which Jesus Christ is the corner-stone, has no other gospel than that which I taught, and can have no other. How is it that, like the Christians of Galatia, ye are removed unto another gospel? . . . . Know you not that, with infallible voice, I announced to the entire Church that though I, Paul, or an angel from heaven should preach any other gospel than that which I had preached, he should be anathema, *i. e.*, accursed? Are your doctors and teachers purer than an angel—better instructed than I in the mysteries of God? How, then, could they change the apostolic instructions when an apostle cannot?

Author.—To this, my lord, what would you reply?

ARCH. DU CHRET.

For the Presbyterian.

PRESBYTERY OF WINNEBAGO.

This Presbytery met on the 26th ult. at Kilbourne City, Wisconsin. The Rev. L. W. Chapman was chosen Moderator. The attendance was not very full, owing to sickness and other causes. Neenah was chosen as the place for the next stated meeting, and an adjourned meeting is to be held at Portage on the second Wednesday of May. The Rev. R. Smith, and ruling elder J. M. Weber were chosen Commissioners to the General Assembly, with the Rev. L. W. Chapman and ruling elder J. Paddock as alternates. The reports on the state of religion showed a great need of the influences of the Spirit. The public devotional exercises, a sermon on Thursday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoon, and three services on Sabbath, were well attended, interesting, and solemn. May the blessing of the Lord follow them.

S. M.

THE TURTLE-DOVE PSALM.

Dr. Macduff, in his charming little work, "The Hart and the Water-Brooks," has the following in regard to the composition of the forty second Psalm:

"It was a spirit crushed and broken with other, but not less poignant sorrows, which dictated this Psalm of his exile. May we not imagine that, in addition to the tension of feeling produced by his altered fortunes, there was in the very scene of his banishment, where the plaintive descant was composed, much to inspire poetic sentiment? The alternate calm and discord of outer nature found their response in his own chequered experiences. Nature's Æolian harp—its invisible strings composed of rustling leaves and foaming brooks, or the harsher tones of tempest and thunder, flood and waterfall—awoke the latent harmonies of his soul. They furnished him with a key-note to discourse higher melodies, and embody struggling thoughts in inspired numbers. In reading this Psalm we at once feel that we are with the Minstrel King, not in the Tabernacle of Zion, but in some glorious 'house not made with hands'—some cathedral whose aisles are rocky cliffs and tangled branches, and its roof the canopy of heaven!

"Let us picture him seated in one of these deep glens listening to the murmur of the rivulet and the wail of the forest. Suddenly the sky is overcast. Dark clouds roll their masses along the purple peaks. The lightning flashes; and the old oaks and terebinth of Bashan bend under the tumult of the storm. The higher rivulets have swelled the channel of Jordan—'deep calls to deep'—the waves chafe and riot along the narrow gorges. Suddenly a struggling ray of sunshine steals amid the strife, and a stray note from some bird answers joyously to its gleam. It is, however, *but* a gleam. The sky again threatens, fresh bolts wake the mountain echoes. The river rolls on in augmented volume, and the wind wrestles fiercely as ever with the denizens of the forest. At last the contest is at an end. The sky is calm—the air refreshed—the woods are vocal with song—ten thousand dripping boughs sparkle in the sunlight; the meadows wear a lovelier emerald; and rock, and branch, and flowret, are reflected in the b