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ARTICLE I.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

Moral philosophy as a science is older than Christianity, and many of its doctrines can be traced to the earliest pagan writers; and while some are true, because drawn from natural law, recognising principles imbedded in human nature by the Author of our being, yet many are false, being the fruit of minds beclouded by human depravity.

In looking to the origin and history of ethical philosophy, it cannot be denied that many of its truths were first recognised in the principles of Roman jurisprudence. But this, with all its merit, is an imperfect basis; and while it has performed a most useful mission, in being thus connected with that great system which has modified the equitable principles of law throughout the civilised world, yet, when placed among the great family of sciences and there left to be sustained by the inherent merit of its principles, from its earliest day to the present time, it has failed to attain the great end for which it was designed.

We do not say that moral philosophy as a science has entirely failed, but that it has fallen far below the noble purposes intelligent minds designed for it and had a right to expect at its

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ARTICLE IV.

MANSEES.

This is a pleasing subject on which to write. We pity any one whose fancy is not taken with a manse. When travelling in Scotland, the eye of Wordsworth caught a glimpse of *but one*, and forthwith his muse fired him up to sing. Perhaps it stood on a knoll, or was hid in a glen, or it might have been sheltered by a clump of fir-trees, or he might have seen it when crossing the glorious Bannockburn of 1314. However it was, we like the few lines which the bard of Grasmere was then inspired to write, although we cannot accept the canon of criticism given out by Edgar A. Poe, that every great poem must be limited to one hundred rhymes. Homer, Milton, and Dante, methinks would have dissented from that rule; and Pope would have satirised it; and it might have been ridiculed by the Author of the Task, or by Jonathan Swift, if a Christian poet could have been a co-worker with the Dean of St. Patrick's. At all events, a very lowly personage, among the larches and acacias of Prince William, Virginia, enters his protest against such a theory. It would create a *new* constitution in the tuneful art, and for this reason we have a right to secede; for all government in the land of enchanting song demands the acquiescence of the governed.

It has been said that ours is a pleasing theme, and the pen knows it, because it moves with unusual celerity. But the question occurs, can the *utile* be blended with the *dulci* in your ruminations about the manses, or, in other words, ministerial homes? Certainly it can, for we did not call the lady of the manse to provide our paper, and hunt up our old goose quill for the purpose of just amusing the reader. Don't be alarmed. We shall ignore Windsor Palace and Buckingham House, the antique Kew and Hampton Court, and the tragic White Hall, as not congenial to one's taste. We do not intend a visit to Archbishop Tait at Lambeth, or Bishop Wilberforce, whose vote in Parliament for the disestablishment of the Erin-go-bragh Church,

secured him the chair of Winchester. We shall cut the acquaintance of Canterbury, Fulham, and York. Presbyterians love simpler things. We confess to a liking for Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality." It was a noble enthusiasm to re-chisel the tombs of the martyrs; and he tarried till after twilight by mounds which he regarded as precious stones; whilst he said, "Tush," to the wood, hay, and stubble of relentless persecutors. There are some who admire Archbishop Sharpe and the Marquis of Montrose, more than the Dumfries peasant. What a pity it was, say the loyalists, to have executed the Marquis. But have you no sympathy for the platoons of heroic men and women whom he shot down at the mouths of mountain caves, with the plaintive echoes of which his ear became familiar? Are you partial to the thumb-screws of Beatoun, Sharpe, and the Duke of York? Suppose they were applied to your own thumbs? How would you like the operation? We dare say that the old chiselman was welcome to the manses of Dumfrieshire. He was known along the Nith, and made much of from Kirkconnel down to Gretna Green, and from Moss-paul Inn over to Cumber trees. The pastor trimmed up his peat-fire upon the advent of the wanderer, and placed some sentinel over his tools, and catechised him about the ashes of those who were slain by the Græme and the Grierson. Had he called at Abbotsford, we feel sure that Sir Walter himself would have ordered a repast for his pony, and a heather-bed for his slumbers, and all Scot-free. 'Tis said, but we will not vouch for its truth, that about 1803, one of his descendants was married to a Bonaparte in the monumental city of Maryland.

Episodes will not answer, and we must drive on to the manse country of Scotland. Kirk and manse are household words to every Caledonian, whether you sight him in London town, Pekin, or the Sunderbunds of India. At all points of the compass he wears the ambrotype of a manse on the front of his scallop. *In hoc signo* he is known. Our subject is multifarious, and for this reason we shall not go back beyond 1702, though we long to abuse the crafty Stuarts who panted to spread lawn sleeves on the shoulders of Scottish prelates. And we

should like to speak a good word for the Prince of Orange, who hushed the bugle of persecution which had rallied so many flocks of men to the slaughter. At the beginning of the last century a more perfect unification took place between England and Scotland. The union did not make the high contracting powers; but the high contracting powers made the union of course. Some regarded it as a kind of Gretna Green affair—like the marriage of churches where the parties are not precisely of the same way of thinking. But it is an easy thing to make a broad Church when it wants to swing into all sorts of latitudinarianism. In this way the Lord's heritage has more than once likened itself to a speckled bird. The Scotch indeed accepted an Establishment; but it was simple. There were no ecclesiastical palaces in the programme; no representation by its ministers in the House of Lords; no Canterbury muslin; no relics of papistry; no puerile rites; no manufacturing of ceremonial saints; no candles in the day time; no pictures, for spiritual objects defy the pencil of the artist. Papistry had been drowned in one of the Minches; and prelacy, with its branching horns, had been chased beyond the Cheviot hills. Queen Anne stipulated to provide a manse for each Scottish kirk, and the two made an excellent coupling, and no one forbade the bans. The preachers felt that they were not homeless, and of course cherished the domestic feelings. Had the pastor occasion to cross a moor, attend Presbytery, meet the General Assembly in Auld Reekie, go to Lanark in quest of wool, or to Wigton in search of a plaid, he could hum "Home, sweet home," all the way on his return. The reflection was a pleasant one, after all offices appropriate to the ministry had been duly performed. Perhaps he was stimulated in his work by the thought that he would not be forced to stand out in the rain, or be pelted by flakes of snow. The climate of Scotland is not very mild in winter. Christopher North has scribbled whole sheets of paper about the keen winds of Caledonia, and the ice that congeals on the interior lochs which are very beautiful in summer. More so, we think, than those in England which gave rise to the Lake School of poets. In fact, Como itself is dingy in comparison, either with

Lomond, Leven, or Etive. Thomson, too, has given an account of a man who died in the snow. Poor man! we hope it was not a pastor; for then the people would have been troubled in looking up another to feed the flock. But in the summer rambles of Christopher, he often came on ministerial abodes that wore a modest, but handsome aspect. The stone-porch was good to rest in, the garden-flowers made a pleasant contrast with the heather over which he had trudged. He could inquire for the best angling grounds, consult the library, collect traditions; hear the news of the parish, and talk at large with the preacher and all the occupants of the premises. And yet, he was a sublime professor in Edinburgh, and long editor of *Blackwood*, in which he pulled all poetry to pieces, unless written by Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the Ettrick shepherd. There is a permanency in these unpretending establishments. Some ministers have occupied their manses for half a century. The presbyteries rather frown on removals. There are, indeed, exceptions to the general rule; for Rutherford was translated from Anwoth to St. Andrews, Boston from Dollar to Ettrick, John Erskine from Kirkintilloch to Edina, and Chalmers from the vale of Kilmany to the great city of the Clyde, and subsequently to a less populous but more cultivated metropolis. Confidence between pastor and people is a plant of slow growth which needs to be nursed. It derives sanctity from the very moss which is thrown over the ministerial dwelling in the flight of years. But our church habits are different from those of Scotland. Our pastors are not accustomed to the same roof, the same parlor, the same study, the same paddock, the same kirk, the same wimpling brook, and the same warblers from familiar trees. There is quite a fluctuation in their *sames*. They skip about like birds, or skate away like some one on a Dutch canal, or a Hieland loch. It can't be helped, because, like Paul in Rome, they are forced to hire the houses in which they live; and this brings on the dead of winter when even the little humming-bird stops not short of Brazil, and the pastor *must* glide to some sunnier part of the world for fear of encountering a white cap at home. But the people may ask, Do you think if every

congregation in our Southern Church would provide a manse, that an end would be put to this incessant skating? It would help at least to stop it, in our opinion, and it might be well to try the experiment. But it may make them vain and presumptuous. What! vain, because of a few shingles over their heads, a hearth-stone at which to warm gloveless hands, and a few roods or acres perhaps on which the pony may feed. We trow not. The fee simple is among the archives of the people, and not among the parchments of the minister. The Scottish clergy were never spoiled by their manses. If the reader indulge such a suspicion, let him look back to 1843. It was a blooming day which the queen of months had bestowed on St. Arthur's seat, and on the ravines of Edinburgh. Mark that train of gownsmen as they emerge from Holyrood House on their way to the place of convocation. Hear the tolling of the St. Giles bell, as if its tongue were talking of moral rather than natural sublimity. Cast your eye on crowded galleries, aisles overflowed with expectants, on men who had panted in the heat of India, on mariners who had outstripped the billows of the sea, on quarriers who had scaled the granite shelving rocks, on nobles with their stars, and shepherds with their hooks. But above all, look on the five hundred pastors, who, in a few minutes, for the sake of *conscience*, are about to relinquish kirk and manse, and the endearments of home, the charms of neighborhood, the steeples which had so often chimed the people into the sanctuaries of the Lord, pulpits which had been thrones of light, and cemeteries overrun by shades of sorrow, but alive with beams of Christian hope. What was the great dividing question? The Premier of England had virtually claimed to be the head of the Scottish Church, though it was planted by our Lord, illuminated by the chariots of martyrs, nursed by Reformers, watched over by faithful pastors, held in honor by peers of the realm, and anointed by the prayers of Christian peasants. Shall Sir Robert Peel appoint unworthy pastors, and then demand of Presbyteries their ordination and instalment at his will? Shall he rule all our kirks along the green Ochils, the pastoral Grampians, the straths of Perth, by a hundred lochs and a hundred bens,

in lovely vales, crowded cities, and even in the heart of Midlothian. "This is no longer a free Assembly," was the thrilling announcement of the moderator when the great secession commenced. Truly the bush burned, but it was not consumed. A fresh verdure was seen in the blaze, and has become, like the fruitful bough of Joseph, the branches of which have run over the wall of separation between those who defied and those who succumbed to power; and long may it flourish in moisture drawn from the wells of salvation. But we will dwell no longer on a scene of spiritual grandeur unrivalled in the annals of the Church, and in which none but Caledonians could have performed so august a part.

A thousand dwellings dispersed over a country so circumscribed as Scotland, cannot fail to arrest attention in various ways. They are abodes fitted up for a peculiar class of men. In many instances their influence does not extend beyond the parish; but within its bounds that influence is often supreme. The affections of the people are entwined about the one whom they regard as a man of God. In the round of his duties he is not looked upon as a stern master or irresponsible dictator, but as friend, companion, and guide. He carries an olive leaf on his hat, expressive of peace on earth and good will to men. All his offices are so perfectly understood, that descending among the details would be needless. His home is a kind of central object even to the outskirts of the settlement, and where its spiritual interests often come to a confluence. It is important that there should be as few eddies as possible in the current of a life set apart to the sacred ministry. Numerous are the rites of kindness which have been performed at the manses since the sceptre of Anne was swayed over grand old Scotia. The command is explicit. Be given to hospitality, for thereby some have unawares entertained angels. This happened to Abraham under the Hebron oak; and Martha and Mary made welcome to Bethany the Lord of angels. We may not be so highly honored; but suppose a Brainerd, Henry Martyn, or Morrison, should come along, are they not aspiring to a niche among the principalities of heaven, and to enrol their names among gal-

leries which line the walls of the New Jerusalem? There are a good many people who travel over Scotland even in the circle of a year; some on their way to Corra Linn, and some to John O' Groat's House. The Trossachs, the cave of Rob Roy McGregor, and Loch Katrine, have become objects of curiosity to pedestrian pilgrims. In 1774, Dr. Johnson went to the Hebrides, but called at some of the manses on his way. Boswell, in his truly interesting account of that tour, says that the moralist sat in the boat like a magnificent Triton. His taste always lay in the direction of the rugged as contradistinguished from the soft; and he probably preferred Perthshire to Lanark; the sound of Mull to the Loch of Ken; the rapid Spey to the silver Teviot; and stern Ben Ledi to the braes of Yarrow. The Bolt Court traveller was incapable of appreciating the simplicity of Scottish manses. He was an intolerant bigot. In speaking of Knox, it is clear that he made the ruins of architecture to outweigh the liberties of the people. He forgot the plundered abbeys of England, but growled over those which had fallen beneath the hammers of exasperated Iconoclasts. Presbyterians want no prelatial palaces, no Litchfield cathedrals, no tautological prayers, no glittering vestments, no papal mitres, no ostentatious crosses, and none of the paraphernalia of the middle ages. Our religion is moral, spiritual, scriptural, and primitive. Its charm to us consists in its simplicity. That man has forfeited all claim to Presbyterianism, who can see more attraction in Rome than in the Lusatian Herrnhut. One Moravian hymn is worth all the chantings on the Tiber; and one religious principle all the gewgaws in the curiosity shops of St. Peter's. We want no kirk finer than a synagogue; no manse beyond the measure of a convenient cottage; no bell so loud as the Lincoln Tom; no greenhouse from which to ornament the cups, in the drinking of which we muse on that decease which was accomplished at Jerusalem. We are emphatical a missionary church, and as willing to preach from an Indian canoe as from Cleopatra's barge; and in the vale of Chamouni as on the summit of Mont Blanc; or beneath a scanty larch as soon as a banyan tree. Our divine Master preached by a well. We cannot go wrong in making

him our model. Many persons, especially ritualists, have expressed surprise at the undying attachment of Presbyterians to their religion. We are called narrow bigots in our views. A mistake. Perfect love for our own system is not inconsistent with perfect charity for all who are aliens to that system. Ours is an unadorned religion, and we regard it as an internal, increasing, and indestructible well of water springing up unto everlasting life. Our attachment is largely based on the associative faculty, and we couple it with holy men who have lived in all ages. We connect it far more with the shamrock of Ireland, the thistle of Scotland, the lily of France, than with the rose of England. The last proved a soil propitious to the growth of a feverish Puritanism, but not of a thoroughly scriptural Presbyterianism; and yet, for the want of more correct information, the Presbyterians of the Middle and Southern States are constantly blended with the original settlers of New England. President Jefferson lay under this mistake during all his life. We cannot possibly disown our ecclesiastical descent. We look to Scotland as the home of the Culdees; where for eight and twenty years Covenanters endured the bitterest persecutions; where our sires contended for the rights of conscience; where Knox and his associates outbraved the Pope; where God avenged the slaughter of Wishart, his Pittlessie martyr; and where the General Assembly of 1638 defied the scowl of power. Very pleasing are our associations as connected with severer times, when the Jed and the Yarrow could wind by the manse in peace; when the psalm of praise succeeded to the din of war; and when neither gowan, or the slight harebell, felt the impression of a hostile foot; when the heather bloomed by Gala water, and the hawthorn blossomed on Branksome grounds, and in the cemeteries of a thousand kirks.

Divines are not slow to confess that a good deal of theological literature has been produced in the manses. It is true that Lockhart, in "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," has spoken rather disparagingly of the Scotch in comparison with the English theologians. It is probable however that the editor of the *Quarterly* was descended from some nonjuring Churchman, and

this fact may have biased his judgment. It must be borne in mind that the duties of Scotch pastors are of the most active kind. They are repeatedly brought into contact with the people, and in this way much of their time is absorbed. Church courts meet with great frequency, and parishes mingle when sacraments are dispensed. Young and old must be catechised, and yet even in the Establishment the incumbent seldom receives more than a bare subsistence. If he can supply his ingle and feed his cow all winter, he is happy as was Jenner when he leaned on the bars of the inclosure to watch the Gloucester milkmaids. The production of critical works and profound dissertations in theology requires leisure. We freely grant that South British divines have published able works, nor are such works few in number. We believe, however, that the Roanoke orator [was about the last reader of Tillotson's Discourses, whilst Barrow's Sermons are still in vogue among lawyers. The Irenicum of Stillingfleet is popular with Presbyterians; but the Eirenicon of Pusey is a dissertation on puerilities. The wilderness of learning in which his paradox was dressed out by Warburton, so far as readers are concerned, has become lonely as the desert of Sahara, and my Lord of Gloucester was a paragon of *ferociousness* to all who failed to admire his dogmatism. But our present space forbids an entrance into a Cretan labyrinth of learning. It might call for a safer clue than any which the writer could command in making good his return to the picturesque Caledonia. We are more concerned about manses than rectories. The stone kirk is more congenial to our natural taste, and we trust to our more serious feelings, than St. Paul's in London. Verily the Scotch Church is not destitute of a theological literature. We could find a few scraps, perhaps, among the Orkneys, the Shetlands, or the Hebrides by a careful search. A multitude of sermons have been delivered in the Gaelic tongue, and some have doubtless been given to the public. We have read books from the celebrated island of Iona. Small is that plat of earth, and yet it was a kind of goal to no less a pilgrim than Johnson, and Boswell his satellite in the race of travel. Its literature is somewhat debased by superstition, but the *cultores Dei* were luminaries

in an age of moral and intellectual darkness. It is well known that theological, like every other species of literature, seems to select the spots in which it may choose to flourish. Let us glance a moment at Aberdeen, in the University of which George Campbell was a professor. Was he not a man of great critical acuteness? His reputation as a scholar and logician rests on his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, his *Essay on Miracles*, and his *Preliminary Dissertations*. We say nothing of Gerard and Beattie, as their writings were not theological. Beattie was a far better poet than philosopher. His poems deserve a place on the shelf held out to aspirants by the *Scottish Muse*. The *Minstrel* no doubt was projected at Lawrence kirk; for the scenery of Kincardine is wild and dreary, whilst that of Forfar presents points from which the prospect rolls itself off in green undulations. But the Muses must not tempt us from something more substantial. Macknight, the commentator on the *Epistles of Paul*, resided in the shire of Perth. We do not agree with him in all his views any more than with those of Locke; but we are one with Leighton in his exposition of the *First Epistle of Peter*, and he officiated at Dumblane in the same shire, and the Bishop was to all intents and purposes a Presbyterian. He believed the primitive Church to have been constituted on the platform laid down by Lord King. And this was his own discovery. Ebenezer Erskine of Stirling and Ralph of Dunfermline published various discourses; and they were not essays holding the attention of the reader for twenty minutes, but discussions weighty and scriptural. They were earnest men, like Brown of Haddington and Boston of Ettrick, both of whom were profound in theology, though never schooled to a belles lettres standard of composition; and we need writers of the same stamp at present. The Church may well mourn over milk-and-water productions. They are a fluid which neither feeds nor refreshes hearers of deep religious experience. Will our readers believe that in New York sermons are preached on the "English Language," "Italian Poetry," and "Decisions of the Supreme Court!" Did Livingstone preach in this way at the Kirk of Shotts, or Knox before a Popish Queen, or Chalmers before the nobility of London? We need

not dwell on the works of Chalmers, for they have met with an extensive circulation. And it gives us pleasure to say that Rutherford's Letters have recently appeared in a new American edition. With what a heavenly unction are these Letters imbued. They are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices; a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. What a blessing must Rutherford have been to the Shire of Kirkcudbright. The tendencies of Scotch theology have been doctrinal, largely interspersed with Scripture proofs, enlivened by Christian experience, resolving the doubts of faith; or it has taken the form of catechisms, sacramental meditations, replies to Arminians, Church history, Church biography, with occasional satire directed against the Moderates, a good specimen of which came forth from the manse of Paisley. We need not enter into the theology of the four Universities. Such an entrance, before an egress could be effected, might prove tedious to the reader.

A few words of reply to Howitt touching the Scottish manses. He is a follower of George Fox, and we rejoice that Wiffen, Tupper, Barton, and Whittier, of the same creed, have taken to pencraft. During our late war Whittier was in a bad fix. He was obliged to lay a tight rein on his Muse to keep him away from fields of carnage and sights unbecoming the eye of even a Hickory Quaker. He dreamed, perhaps, that Harper's Ferry, Fortress Monroe, and Gosport Navy Yard belonged to Massachusetts, without even Nahant belonging to Virginia as an equivalent. But when his eye was rolling in the phrensy of inspiration, had he but looked at the deeds in which the sites were conveyed, he would have found ample provision made for their return in certain emergencies. Our business, however, is to settle with Howitt. He wrote a book called the "Homes and Haunts of the Poets." When looking after some traditions about Thomson, he enters into a tirade against the kirk and manse of Ednam, and extends his vituperation to all the manses from Pentland Firth to Teviotdale, and then from Berwick to

the Butt of Lewis. No literature, no taste, no philosophy. We will meet this charge by a simple statement of facts. Reid was translated from the manse which he occupied as a pastor to the chair of Mental Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Dugald Stewart was reared from boyhood in Roseneath Parish, Dumbarton, of which his father was minister. Under like circumstances, Brown became professor in Edinburgh, a city which the Scotch call the Athens of the world. The same may be said of Professor Robertson, who was the historian of Scotland, India and Charles V., and of Dr. Hugh Blair, Professor of the Belles Lettres. Howitt was now at Ednam, in the manse of which the Bard of the Seasons was born, but transferred to that of Kelso, renowned in the Border wars. The poetical talents of Thomson were remarkable, though his dramatic pieces were tame and his Seasons laden with superfluous verbiage. The Quaker gentleman had only to look around him in the local position which he had assumed to find himself at a confluence of literary associations. He was near to Abbotsford, Kelso, Melrose and Jedburgh Abbeys, St. Mary's Loch, and the haunts of Falconer and Leyden, and in sight of the Lammermoors. If he had gone to Langholm on the Esk, he might have seen the manse in which Meikle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, first saw the light, and quite near it on the Liddel the one in which Armstrong was born, who through the medium of blank verse taught us the art of health. If he had gone to the village of Bothwell in Lanark, he might have seen the ministerial abode in which Joanna Baillie was reared; or to Haddington, the one in which Robert Blair wrote his "Grave;" or to Cupar in Fife, the one in which Wilkie first set in motion his magic pencil, so true to nature and the manners of his country. Or had he gone to South Leith, he might have stopped at the manse in which Logan penned his inspiring hymns; or to Laggan, in the rugged Shire of Inverness, the one in which Mrs. Grant sent forth her "Letters from the Mountains." But Burns does not appear to have been conversant with ministerial dwellings. We wish he had been; for it might have introduced into his too broad humor a spice of refinement, nor would it have lessened the tenderness with which he

mourns the Earl of Glencairn, nor erased one tint from the "Cotter's Saturday Night." It is vain to deny that Scotland is the land of song. The mercurial imagination of its people has been at work among its dark mountains, its deep ravines, its towering hills, and wherever nature presents even one of its beautiful objects. Her monarchs have handled lutes, and the reeds of shepherds have responded from the banks of the Dee and the Tweed. Grahame has depicted the plumage of its birds and the repose of its Sabbaths, the Ettrick Shepherd its wakes, Ferguson its firesides, Sir David Lindsay its palaces, Ramsay its hawthorn nooks, Scott its abbeys, and Pollok, looking down through the vista of ages, has descried events which are to take place in the millennial evening of our world. Kirk and manse will ever constitute the glory of Scotland. That Church has baffled the wiles of papistry, the snares of prelacy, the avarice of nobles, and the hatred of kings. It has been subject to spiritual declension. But a genial season has more than once succeeded the winter of such declensions. God has reared up such men as Witherspoon, Walker, Andrew Thompson, and Sir Harry Moncreiff, to restore the bloom which had been partially lost. Resting on a scriptural basis, instructed by enlightened pastors, governed by impartial judicatories, simple in its rights and by no means exclusive in its spirit, that Church defies its enemies, unfolds her gates to all who prefer her sacred courts. Light from kirk and manse has colored the whole map of Scotland.

In reflecting on this subject the question has occurred, whether the Presbyterian Church of the South will ever provide a competent number of ministerial homes. We are aware of the serious difficulties which we would be called on to surmount in carrying out such a scheme. We know full well that the support of their church operations by our people has been provided under peculiar circumstances, involving all the distress, deprivations, destruction of churches, acts of sacrilege, and wanton deeds created by the war. Our vine has been bleeding under the tusks of Syrian boars, and our sheepfolds have been assailed by Suabian wolves; and yet God has not forsaken the vineyard which his right hand has planted. It is productive still in the

grapes of Sibmah, and the purple clusters of Engedi. We would not lay on our Southern Zion more than we are able to bear; but might not each individual church provide its own manse? Might not our General Assembly recommend ministerial abodes as the peculiar work of our church sessions and congregations without encumbering our people with more general schemes than they can bear? There is no royal purse like that of Queen Anne's to which we can look for the supply of our wants; but the Free Kirk of Scotland relinquished its hold on that purse, and yet manses rose under the hands of greywacke quarriers. They were the gifts of the people. In early life the writer was pastor of two congregations, and neither possessed a ministerial abode, but at present both are furnished with those commodities by the bequests of elders. Several contiguous churches have since been supplied by private munificence. We contend for nothing, but that the subject ought to be kept in view through the medium of our periodicals. Ere long the people will act. They will not longer permit their pastors to remain without a sheeling, which may afford protection from the rays of a southern sun. And we want those abodes to take the Scottish name, and not that of parsonages. Presbyterians ignore the title of parson as a designation to any one of their ministers. We want among us no deans, rectors, or vicars, being satisfied with that rich cluster of titles bestowed on us in the New Testament, because they place us at a measureless distance from any Jewish or Roman priesthood. Among ourselves we are at peace, and unity pervades our Southern Church. Irregular structures are common in mineralogy; but we do not like even angular grains of difference in our views of divine revelation. And yet against others we bring no railing accusation. May the Southern Church keep its eye on the dignity of Michael, manifested in the lowly vale which skirted the foot of Mt. Pisgah. The King of kings and Lord of lords has assigned us a work to perform, and our task is one so pleasing that we ought to run to it with alacrity. It is to multiply our churches, to defend revealed truth, to contend earnestly but not furiously for the support of the gospel ministry, to evangelize neighborhoods, to

enlighten the wigwams of our Indians, and to plant the banner of foreign and domestic missions wherever divine providence shall give us access. If under our efforts any foreign wilderness should become a fruitful field, we may be sure that our domestic heritage, so far from running to waste, will borrow the fresh moral tints which have been thrown over distant lands. We are few in numbers as compared with Northern Presbyterians, but we must call to mind our early history. A century and a half ago the Presbyterian Church was planted in an obscure corner of Maryland, by the Rev. Francis Makemie, an emigrant to Virginia from the North of Ireland. From 1620 New England had been preoccupied by Congregationalism, but our system took root in the middle Colonies and has extended itself to all points of the compass. Despondency is an ingredient which must not enter into the creed of any Southern Presbyterian.

These suggestions have been thrown out in a way perfectly unpretending. The writer wishes to enforce his views on no one, but believes that manses would give an impulse to a Church which he cherishes with fond affection without impinging on that charity which ought to be felt for all men. May all our things be done in charity. And may ministerial homes be reared in the tide-water country, and among the blue mountains of Virginia—in sight of the noble bays of North Carolina, that ancient but modest commonwealth—among the sturdy Scotch-Irish of South Carolina, whose sires wore the red tints of persecution; along the fertile banks of the Tombigbee; and, in short, to the Gulf of Mexico.

But some may ask, what magic charm can be
In a stone manse; or in some select tree
Or hawthorn hedge? And can enchantment dwell
In sounds sent forth by simple Sabbath-bell?
To which ten thousand tongues at once respond:
There is a charm in each lov'd pastor's wand—
When, as a steward, he comes to feed
On the rich manna suited to their need.