

The Central Presbyterian.

WHOLE NO. 805.

RICHMOND, VA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1881.

VOL. 16--NO. 23.

Central Presbyterian.

OFFICE:
No. 1015 Main street, opposite the Post Office.

TERMS:
Three Dollars a year; six months, \$1.50; three months, 75 cents; payable in advance.—Ministers of the gospel, \$2.50.

Payments may be made to local agents wherever practicable; all ministers of our Church are authorized to act as such. Or by checks, Post-office money orders, or letters Registered by Postmaster. Otherwise it must be at the risk of the party sending it.

Obituaries charged at five cents a line. The party sending can make the estimate by counting eight words to a line. Payment in advance. Advertising rates furnished on application to the office.

Communications and letters on business should be addressed to CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN, Box 37, Richmond, Va.

Richardson & Southall,
Editors and Proprietors.

Entered at the Post-Office at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30, 1880.
Christmas.

Messrs. Editors.—All thoughts and hands for the last week have been turned toward Christmas. What a blessing it is that the cheerful Christmas season comes to us in the midst of the searching cold and utter desolation of winter. The very name of December sounds dreary. The month is indeed the dead time of the year, "the darksome hollow, where the depths of winter lie," as Wordsworth puts it. And yet this one great, grand thought of God's unspeakable gift so warms and inspires the souls of men that in spite of the surrounding dreariness of shivering nature, and encroaching darkness that pinches shorter every returning day, the season is a genial time by common consent throughout all Christendom. Let the cynical man think of this among the tokens that Jesus Christ was and is a reality. Would a mere myth so influence a busy world in its strife for gain, as to impel it to give over its labor and its struggle for a single day in order to remember and thank God for the nativity and incarnation. Would a myth inspire selfish men to be disinterested and give good gifts one to another? Nay, the glad tidings must be true tidings that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son.

Christmas with us has been more generally recognized this year than usual. I do not know that this has been altogether voluntary. The great snow storm has had a great deal to do with it. For we have had one of the snow falls of our childhood—which has made the houses and the trees look so strange and beautiful, which has defied the great street-crawlers, and for once has not turned quickly into a slushy nuisance. The snow, drifting and scurrying every where, has seemed to say, "I am master of the situation. It is Christmas time. To your firesides, ye workers! There relax the energy of life in the festal glow of home affection, and in the thoughts of how near God doth come to man." Obedience to the mandate has been compulsory. All comfort has been indoors, and men have been glad to get into the shelter of home. And thus it has been what it should be—peculiarly a home day—a day of domestic gladness—of children's holiday—of family gatherings under the old roof-tree—of harmless, childish merriment and remembrances of home, one in which smiles are not far from tears. This I am persuaded is the proper recognition of the day, to make it preeminently a family day, a day of worship not so much in the larger meeting-house, but in the lesser sanctuary and smaller congregation of the home. So did our forefathers.

"The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe,
Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all,
Power laid his robe of rule aside
And ceremony doffed his pride,
All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Universal Prosperity.

Universal prosperity also has made the season an unusually cheerful one. As a Virginia laborer put it very tersely to me in my late visit, "The flour barrel is full and the pig is fat," and not an inch of ground is left for the croaker to stand upon. Even the crow caws with a weak effort this winter. His note is constitutional, but what with the great corn crop, and the farmer's hindrance in cribbing it, he is altogether in a very comfortable frame of mind. It would be difficult in human history to find so young a nation, after such a wasting war, so recuperated and so prosperous as our own. The people have all the employment they desire. The wage is good. Business in all its aspects flourishes. Money is becoming literally so plenty in the world's great

centres of population that the question of interest is dwindling out of sight, and that of safety is alone regarded. Perhaps the day will come that capital will assume the position of a mere hoard and not dream of asking usury. With all this present cheer and prospect of coming good what wonder that men have been able to unbend the tension for a little, and "hang care," and surround the blazing fireside with less anxiety than usual, and more heart to thank the God who alone can keep us "quiet from the fear of all evil." Surely this Christmas time should be a period of

Gratitude to God for the Year Past and Courage for the Year to Come.

Indeed to me this is one of the grandest lessons of our Saviour's lowly birth—the lesson of aspiration and cheer for the future. Why but for this did the Son of God commence his life in time in so humble a form. He might have come on the wings of the wind with the multitude of the heavenly host for his attendants. He might have come with chariots and horses of fire to earth as Elijah went from it. He might have come as a king's son and made his beginning at the top of life instead of the bottom, in a brave palace, with attendant courtiers and retinues of servants, and vast armies to respond to his beck and command. But he came by the stable door—his cradle not golden but the manger of beasts, and with no heart but Mary's to thrill at his birth. And yet now *He* is the real power of this world, with an empire greater than Caesar's, and millions obey his behests. Did ever human being have so poor a beginning. Birth-place poor—parents poor. When Jesus started his great and glorious career his mother (for Joseph was now dead) had nothing whatever to give him—nothing but one poor suit of clothes which she had woven with her own hand. (?) "without seam throughout." But that gift of a mother's love was more dear to him than the rich man's purple and fine linen. He taught in it in Jerusalem, though I dare say his uncouth peasant's garb contrasted sharply with the rich dresses of the city, the broad phylacteries of the Pharisees, and the princely robes of Herod and Pilate. But he needed none of these things to recommend him. It is not the adjuncts, it is the soul that makes the man. And in despite of Jesus' lowly beginning, his utter poverty, his homely garb, he was and is, and ever shall be the grandest, noblest figure, the most remarkable power among men. It was so enacted for our learning that He might show us every one *what we may be and do*. A life consecrated to God, the man who knows how to be about his Father's business—the man who lives high is sure to rise high as Christ did—above all the men of mere pomp and riches and earthly power.

Let us catch something of this encouragement for the year to come. Let us adopt this child whose name is called Wonderful, into our homes, if we would have them wonderfully happy and peaceful and prosperous. Let us take this child to our hearts if we would be wonderful in our personal force and power. I care not how plain the man may be if he welcomes Jesus Christ to his heart. He can make him a man of unusual influence among his fellows. There is nothing more insipid and colorless than a grain of clear water. Who would suspect so small a thing of any pretensions to power? But Faraday lays on it the hand of his chemistry and forth leaps an electric force which he estimated at 800,000 discharges of his large Leyden battery. He declared that a single grain of water on four grains of zinc would yield electricity equal in quantity to a powerful thunder storm. Let this Christ lay his hand upon us—let him imprison his will in our souls, and we will thunder and lighten with a strange power. Impotent we will become omnipotent, mortal we will become immortal, finite we will become infinite. A nobody—we will leap a somebody into the realm and kingdom and equilibrium of God.
L. M. C.

For the Central Presbyterian.

Rome and "Separated Brethren."

PETERSBURG, VA., Dec. 29, '80.

Messrs. Editors.—You doubtless remember how severe Dr. O'Connell was upon me some weeks ago, charging me with insulting the good people of Virginia because I said that certain forms and expressions in the Roman Catholic Manuals are idolatrous, and declaring—good charitable man that he is—that he is "wholly unable to attribute such to any lady or gentleman of Virginia." You may remember also how unfavorably to myself he drew the comparison between Bishop Keane and me, saying that "Bishop Keane's regard for the convictions of others in his address is testified to by the secular press of Virginia; Dr. Wither- spoon's pulpit is the rostrum of bigotry in Petersburg." Now I am pleased to believe that in the main Bishop Keane's allusions to Protestants in his public addresses are very courteous and charitable. Speaking to mixed audiences of Romanists and Protestants, he is, as I am told, accustomed to speak of the latter as "our

separated brethren," to declare his confidence in the honesty of their convictions, the sincerity of their desire to serve God, and the earnest though misguided efforts they are making to attain to everlasting life. It is true that once in a while by way of a little variety he undertakes to animadvert upon certain ministers in Petersburg, and then waxes just a little warm, using such mild phrases as "lies," "slanders," "calumnies," etc., but that is only when we pin him up too closely about that Canon of the Council of Trent which forbids the free use of the Scriptures, and then, being unable to answer with arguments, he resorts to that other method so customary in his Church. Besides it must be borne in mind that these Protestants of whom he speaks so lovingly are present, and he is speaking to their faces, while those ministers, of whom he speaks so severely, are absent and he is speaking behind their backs, and that makes a great difference. And then again those Protestants of whom he speaks so lovingly are the ones so charitably disposed towards the Roman Catholic Church that they think it a great shame for any one to point out its errors; whilst the ministers towards whom he uses such harsh words are the men who dare to warn the people against those doctrines of the priesthood, and the Mass, and the worship of saints, which Roman Catholic writers are so zealously disseminating amongst us.

Now I am an admirer and an advocate of true charity—that which has regard for the person of an opponent, but not for his errors. I have the utmost charity for the members of the Roman Catholic Church; I have never written or spoken a word which I thought inconsistent with it. But I have no charity for the errors of the Roman Catholic system. I believe them to be dangerous and deadly and for this reason I lift up my voice against them like a trumpet.

But what I complain of is that whilst the Roman Catholics, when speaking face to face with Protestants are so charitable and loving, they are so uncharitable and unloving in what they write when they are behind their backs. Here is "Father Muller" for instance, this so much lauded mouthpiece of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. I have already called attention to the fact that in his Catechisms—catechisms in use in the seminaries amongst us patronized by Protestant parents—the child is taught to say that "Protestants make liars of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, and of the holy apostles," and that they will "have their portion with Lucifer in hell who first rebelled against Christ, and who is the father of liars." And I respectfully submit that it is not exactly the thing for an honest man to do, to go around the State talking so lovingly of "our separated brethren, honest but misguided," and all the time be secretly stabbing their characters in the dark, by teaching in the parochial schools under his control such tenets as these of "Father Muller, No. 3.

But this is not by any means the only instance of this kind of teaching. In this book "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass," so earnestly commended to all the faithful, and every page declared to be worth the price of the whole volume, occur two passages to which I deem it due to call the attention of those "separated brethren" who may be disposed to look with favor upon the Bishop's loving advances.

The first of these passages has reference to the order of Free Masons, many of the honored representatives of which are among those "separated brethren" towards whom the good Bishop is so gracious. The passage will be found on page 618. Speaking of certain "pious confraternities" of the middle ages from which, as he says, Freemasonry took its rise, he adds, "They have been succeeded by the so-called Free-Masons—those diabolical confraternities, whose object is to destroy all belief in God, and to assist the devil to regain dominion over mankind." I commend this language to the notice of such of our Christian men as are members of the Masonic fraternity. This is the declaration of a man living in the midst of American Freemasonry, a declaration endorsed by the highest authorities of the Romish Church in this country!

But it is not only Free-Masons, but Protestants generally, of which the author gives us the true estimate held by the church which he represents. Take the following as an example: On page 492 of the work we are quoting, the author in treating of the consequences of giving up the doctrine of the Mass, says of Protestants (and his language applies to all Protestants, since all have given up the Mass), "For this reason it is that Protestants are so completely absorbed in temporal interests, in the things that fall under their senses, that their whole life is materialism put in action. *Lucrè is the sole object on which their eyes are constantly fixed.* A burning thirst to realize some profit, great or small, absorbs all their faculties—the whole energy of their being. They never pursue anything with ardor but riches and enjoyments. God, the soul, a future life—

they believe in none of them, or rather they never think about them at all. If they ever take up a moral or a religious book or go to a meeting-house, it is only by way of amusement—to pass the time away. It is a less serious operation than smoking a pipe, or drinking a cup of tea. If you speak to them about the foundations of faith, of the principles of Christianity, of the importance of salvation, the certainty of a life beyond the grave—all these truths which so powerfully impress a mind susceptible of religious feeling,—they listen with a certain pleasure, for it amuses them and piques their curiosity. In their opinion all this is 'true, fine, grand.' They deplore the blindness of men who attach themselves to the perishable goods of this world; perhaps they will even give utterance to some fine sentences on the happiness of knowing the true God, of serving Him, and of meriting by this means the reward of eternal life. They simply never think of religion at all; they like very well to talk about it; but it is as of a thing not made for them—a thing with which personally they have nothing to do. This indifference they carry so far—religious sensibility is so entirely withered or dead within them—that they care not a straw whether a doctrine is true or false, good or bad. Religion is to them simply a fashion which those may follow who have a taste for it," &c.

These are the sentiments of a man living in Baltimore! This is his estimate of the Protestants of that city and of the country in which he dwells! Was there ever such a libel upon a great Christian people! *Lucrè* their only object! no belief in God, the soul, or a future life! Their religious exercises only a pastime, less serious than smoking a pipe! Religion, a thing of which they never think at all, and with which they have nothing to do! Religious sensibility so entirely dead that they do not care a straw whether a doctrine is true or false, good or bad! I would recommend to Bishop Keane that as he goes through the State speaking so lovingly to his "separated brethren," he would take this book of Father Muller's in his pocket, and read these passages to the Protestants who come to hear him, as the latest exposition of the charitable sentiments of the Roman Catholic Church towards those outside its folds. And I would recommend those "separated brethren," if there are, as Dr. O'Connell asserts, any who think there is "no occasion for any outcry," to compare these defamatory utterances intended only for Catholic eyes with the carefully guarded compliments, intended for Protestant ears, and be warned in time of the true animus of the Roman Catholic Church towards Protestants; for, since "religion is to them (us) simply a matter of fashion," the Roman Catholic Church, once in power, will set itself to work, as of old, to change the fashion with the Inquisition as chief mantua-maker.

T. D. WITHERSPOON.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

Southern Presbyterian.

Makemie Church, Va.—You may remember that Makemie church appeared in your columns some time since on the roll of honor. She strikes me now as being worthy of double honor. I think your readers will also agree with me when I tell them how they treated their pastor a few days ago.

A day or two before Christmas they commenced bringing in by the wagon loads of every kind of thing that was most serviceable. The whole list consisted of about forty different articles. Of course you haven't room for the whole list. But if any good people are anxious to do a similar kindness to their pastor, and do not know what to send, I will furnish them with the list free of cost; and will insure, that if they fill it as my people did, it will give entire satisfaction. The list indeed is a valuable one.

Let me say further, that only a short time since they had presented me with the most excellent buffalo robe to be found. With reference to the list, I would further say, that though it will be furnished the applicant free, to be furnished to the pastor would cost a hundred dollars.

A demonstration of this kind does the people good, and their pastor good. The gifts of themselves are very serviceable. They make the pastor feel more deeply his people's interest in him, and that he has a place in their hearts. May He, who made such honorable mention of a cup of cold water, bless them.

J. G. ANDERSON.

The new "Presbytery of Athens" embraces 16 counties in the Northeastern part of Georgia. There are about 1,500 communicants in its churches.

Rev. W. W. George, D. D., late of Lexington, Ky., has taken charge of the church at Fort Worth, Texas. Correspondents are requested to make a note of this change.

Rev. A. B. Carrington, of Roanoke Presbytery, has accepted the call of Berryville church, Winchester Presbytery, to become its pastor.

Rev. H. M. Sydenstricker has taken charge of the church at Montgomery City, Mo. His address is changed from Stanton Depot, Tenn.

Rev. C. S. Lingamfeiter's Post office address has been changed from Martinsburg, W. Va., to Darnestown, Montgomery county, Md.

The recently elected Deacons of Rev. Dr. Preston's church, Richmond, will be installed next Sabbath, January 9th.

Post Office Addresses Changed.—Rev. G. R. Waddell, from San Saba, Texas, to Fulton, Ark. Rev. G. P. Richardson, from Corsicana to Waxahachie. Rev. J. M. Cochran, from Navasota to Hearne. Rev. Simon Fraser, from Llano to San Antonio.

Millboro Depot, Va.—The Presbyterians have decided to build a church at this place. The have secured a suitable lot (the gift of Mr. J. W. Warren, the hotel proprietor) and \$1,000. The cost of the building, it is estimated will be about \$1,500. The place is improving and is a pleasant summer resort.

Mission Church, Soochow, China.—Rev. John W. Davis writes from Soochow, China, November 3d, 1880, to the N. C. Presbyterian:

Please lay before your readers the following fact: I have just succeeded in obtaining from the proper mandarin a proclamation with regard to my buying the new lot and building a Protestant church on it. This paper is properly stamped and it covers the whole case in a most full and satisfactory manner. It states the place where the land lies, giving the district, section, and street; it also gives the size of the lot and the name of the seller; that of the agent who bought the land for me and my name and nationality. It tells the people that this business has been examined into by the highest provincial authorities; that it is in all respects in accordance with international treaty; that the place has become the "possession of the Church of Jesus." It orders the people not to molest me in any way.

This is a very valuable paper. Without it I could hold the property without any trouble for the title-deeds given in June when the place was bought have all been stamped. But this proclamation confirms the title and I value it highly for that reason. The people were quiet enough before it was issued.

The work of building the church still goes on quietly and I hope to have the house ready for use by the middle of December.

P. S. A word to those who take special interest in this matter; continue to pray for me.

Columbus, Georgia.—As soon as it became known that the services of Rev. A. P. Kerr, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, could not be retained, measures were entered into at once, looking to a new pastor. At the first meeting of the session of the church Rev. W. A. Carter, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Pensacola, received a unanimous vote as stated supply. Yesterday Mr. Wilcox received a letter from Mr. Carter stating that he had notified his church that it was his intention to accept the call, and that he would make arrangements to reach Columbus with his family about the middle of January. The church at Pensacola was much opposed to his leaving and did all in their power to get him to decline the call, but under various considerations offered, they finally agreed to unite in asking the Presbytery, which meets in Montgomery in a few days for the purpose, to dissolve the relation.

We are informed that the church would have called Mr. Carter as pastor in the premises, but they chose to call him as a stated supply, as he will be in fact pastor, and it was the shortest and quickest mode of obtaining the desired end.
Columbus Enquirer-Sun.

Asheboro Church, Orange Presbytery.—Rev. A. M. Watson writes: I am pleased to be able to report enough of additional members, with those reported previously, to double the membership of the Asheboro church within the last two months. On last Sabbath we received four, and baptized two heads of families, one of the most earnest, prominent men of the town, who has always been useful as a leader in church matters, but of whom we now hope for greater things even. For the above blessing we thank God and take courage, earnestly praying for some dear friends who are still without the fold.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

Lafayette church, New Orleans.—We learn that our anticipations as to the meeting held in Dr. Markham's church, Sabbath week (Dec. 19th), were fully realized. The day was unfavorable, cold and wet, yet in response to the written circular sent to every household of the church (which circular was published in our issue of the 19th inst.), the audience room was well filled, and the historical and commemorative discourse of the pastor—the reading of which occupied an hour and a quarter—was heard with unbroken attention, the interest increasing from first to last. When, at the conclusion, closing the manuscript, he spoke (his usual habit), presenting in brief reference his personal relations to his work, and the ties that bound him to a people whom he had served for four and twenty years, his and their emotion attested the closeness, tenderness and strength of the bonds cemented by that long and loving union. We are gratified to learn that this valuable discourse, at the request of the Session of the Church, will be printed in pamphlet form, for preservation and distribution. The meeting of the congregation, held after the delivery of the discourse, as to its objects—the lifting an arraignment due the pastor, and arranging for the current expenses of the church—proved successful beyond expectation.—*South-Western Presbyterian.*

(Continued on 5th page.)

Central Presbyterian.

Rev. W. T. Richardson, D. D., } Editors.
James C. Southall.

Richmond, Va., Wednesday, Jan. 5.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Premium of One Dollar.

We are anxious to extend the circulation of this paper, and with this object, we now offer ONE DOLLAR in money for every new subscriber whose name shall be sent between this and the 1st day of February. We hereby request every man, woman, and child who reads the CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN to become an AGENT, and thus help to place it in every Presbyterian family. We believe the best way to obtain new subscribers is to give all an opportunity to see the paper, and we pay this premium with the expectation of retaining such new subscribers for many years.

The person procuring the new subscriber may, if he prefers, give the benefit of this premium to the subscriber, or any one may subscribe in this way without the intervention of the agent.

This proposition practically gives the paper to new subscribers at \$2 per annum for the first year. We shall make nothing at this figure, and could not afford to publish at any such price. Our sole object is to add new subscribers to our list, with the hope, as we have said, of retaining them afterwards permanently on the regular terms.

1881.

The life of quadrupeds generally reaches its limit when the molar teeth are worn down; those of the horse last about 40 years. A horse may, therefore, see forty new-year's days—forty Christmases. The ordinary life of the horse, however, does not in fact exceed 15 years. If horses had a little more cerebral matter, and were equal in real life to the imaginary Houyhnhnms of Dean Swift, we can readily suppose them greatly occupied with the affairs of this world, trying to make themselves comfortable, and seizing every opportunity to enjoy themselves, as men and women do. With a little fancy, and some reasoning powers, we presume there would be the same struggle among horses for place and honors and worldly possessions that we see among men, whose limit of life is about 100 instead of 40. Men live longer now in civilized countries than they formerly lived, but in earlier ages we do not observe that the shorter average of the term of human life modified in any way the manners or the morals of men. A race of intelligent horses, with their great bodily strength, would, if we will just endow them also with fingers, compete very seriously with man for the supremacy—and hence probably the ancient conception of the centaurs. There is no reason why they should not have their dwellings, their towns, their farms, their counting-houses, their railroads, their legislatures, their balls, their bar-rooms, their wars, their sports, just as we see now among the dominant race of animals on the earth.

The Parrot lives to a hundred years, and possesses organs of articulation which qualify him to talk as well as the human being; he only lacks the mind, which is the fountain of speech. Even the Goose is said to live a hundred years; and so of the Pike. These miserable objects live longer than the nobility of Europe or the Grants and the Vanderbilts of America.

It is all short enough—soon over. How brief it seems since last new-year's day! A few months ago, you were at the Springs, or spending the summer somewhere in the country, and a few months before that you were buying Christmas gifts for the children. That represents one year of your life. About forty of these mile-stones represent the average duration of human life—or less than forty. Almost like the next station of the railroad, 1882 will be upon you—then a pause, a blast on the whistle, and off you go—to reach in brief space the next station—1883. After rolling along a certain number of hours, or days and nights, the train will stop, and you will have to get off. That is human life.—While that train is gliding along from station to station, you and your neighbors in the car are trying to win each other's money. Each one is trying to see which can have the greatest pile of money before he has to get off. The conductor tells you that when you get off, you will have to cross a rapid, dark stream, in which you will inevitably be drowned, unless you accept of him a life-preserver, which he promises on a certain condition.

We are, however, wandering off from our horses. Suppose such a race of horses as we have imagined, to exist, and suppose, further, that they were made to understand that their forty years' term of life would be extended to infinity if they would recognise the authority of heaven, and worship the Creator by whom

they were placed on the earth—with the alternative which we need not describe if they refused; what should we think of these horses if they scampered off, and kicked up their heels, and, deliberately repudiating the offer, should spend their lives eating corn and grazing on the hill-sides and running races? Suppose the pike could develop into some glorious form of beauty and intelligence, provided he confined himself to certain pools, is there any doubt of his determination? None could ever occur if in this world we had not witnessed the power of spiritual death to obscure the brightest and finest perceptions. With that experience we can imagine the reptile that crawls upon the earth putting away from him the investiture and endowment of celestial glory, and preferring to follow for a few brief years the occupation of basking on the rock or of cowering on its way amid the grass and reeds.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE, who has been travelling, states in a recent sermon that the country was never so prosperous. He affirms that all irritating questions are now settled, and that the country is not only growing rich and powerful, but that PEACE reigns in all our borders.

As to the churches, he told his audience, that in the different cities he visited, he inquired about the state of Religion. Everywhere (here in Richmond, among other places) he received the same answer, "DEAD."

But everywhere also, he said, the ministers and earnest workers of the Church were praying for a Revival. There was a felt sense of the need of the Divine help, and godly men and women all over the land were besieging the throne of grace for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

In view of this, he predicts that there is going to be a GREAT REVIVAL, which, he says, have always appeared in the past under corresponding conditions.

It is an old saying that it is always darkest just before day, and another, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Unquestionably a revival is needed: the whole air is filled with unbelief, a spirit of worldliness, an unaccountable frivolity. Men and women seem reckless, and Christians are borne along by a current of ungodliness that sweeps through society like some mighty river surging wide over its flood-plain.

Unquestionably the Church, humanly speaking, seems arrested in her movement by the united powers of darkness that seem as it were to be making in this our day a supreme effort to break down the memory of the crucified Galilean. Openly or indirectly he is the mark at which all the materialistic philosophy, the de-spiritualised science, and the diabolical criticism of the day are aimed. Not in the rude words of Voltaire, a hundred years ago, but in the same devilish spirit, though in polite phrases, from every camp of modern infidelity the cry goes up, "Crush the wretch!" Some would crush him roughly like Haeckel and Ingersoll; some would crush him by covering him with garlands of flowers like Renan; some would crush him, like Spencer, by simply ignoring him; some would crush him by putting another in his place, like the Romanists; some would crush him, by substituting for the deep spiritualities of his gospel sensuous coloring and the voluptuous strains of music; some would crush him, by affecting to be unwilling to accept that so gentle a spirit ever meant to affirm the serious punishment of the wicked.

In different ways, and from many quarters, but all prompted by the malice and profound cunning of the Devil, there is a widely extended and concerted attempt at a final assault on the Church, as the elements sometimes seem to close around a stately ship.

The false teachings of these leaders of thought have at last reached a lower plane, and leavened the mass. People who read only magazines learn that Herbert Spencer says we cannot know anything of God, and that Haeckel says there is not a God, and that Huxley says, we all came from apes, and so they begin to inquire, Why trouble ourselves, then, with these preachers? and why listen to all this stuff about hell? "If I come down lineally from some beast, I am not responsible for my beastly appetites, and cannot act against my nature—and so a beast I will be." This is the train of thought that has been sown broadcast in Europe and America.

Some who are not entirely convinced, compromise matters, they take a middle course; these say, "We will seek out a mild type of religion; there is no use in

taking the thing too seriously. Give us music and flowers and external rites, with absolution and the like—but not up-and-down breaking with the world which the Presbyterians insist on. We do not want any dogmas; let us enjoy ourselves and go to church too." To these it shall be said, when they cry out, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name—"I never knew you."

We hope Dr. Talmage is right in his anticipations, and we shall not be at all surprised to find that he has been right.

Plainly, the Divine interposition is needed. Unquestionably, the current is too strong for human resistance. That the energy of the Spirit will be exerted at the proper time, we have not a doubt. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." And such as Haeckel and Ingersoll will learn that the LORD, he is God, and such as Mr. Spencer will learn that not only may we know something about God, but that "the gates of hell cannot prevail against" his Church.

PROF. DIXON, writing in the *Catholic Presbyterian* about Japan, says that the main street of Tokiyo presents for half a mile, where it has been rebuilt, a strikingly European appearance. In all directions we see the determination of the Japanese to imitate the Western civilisation. Here is a book-store filled with European books, there a shop with scientific instruments, there a daily newspaper office, etc. The attempts at English, he writes, on some of the sign-boards are very amusing. We have such as these: "The all countries boot and shoe small or fine-wares," "Old Curious," "Horsehoe-maker instructed by Frenchhorseleech," "Cut Hair Shop," "Best Perfuming Water Anti-flea," "If you want sell watch I will buy, if you want buy watch I will sell. Yes, sir, we will, all will. Come at my shop. Watchmaker," &c.

Many of the younger women, he says, are strikingly pretty, with a complexion of almost Caucasian fairness. All have bright dark eyes, invariably narrower than our own, and often slightly oblique, which last is considered by the Japanese a mark of great beauty.

The old women are, however, far from handsome, and, in our eyes, their attractions are not increased by the custom of shaving their eyebrows and blackening their teeth. But it may be, so capricious is fashion, when we come more intimately in contact with the great Eastern world, that we may live to see our American women blackening their teeth as a necessary part of a lady's toilet.

IN MONTREAL, as in New York and Boston; "the best society" would go to hear Sarah Bernhardt. The mayor and attorney-general were there, along with Frechette, the Canadian poet, and as the *Independent* states, "all the Allan family." We do not know who the "Allan family" are, but infer they are, as we Americans say, "some pumpkins."

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, writing from Montreal, and referring to the protest that was made in that city against Miss Bernhardt's appearance, mentions the triumph which she achieved, and adds:

"It is considered that a more decided and unanimous disapproval of sixteenth-century bigotry could not have been wished for than that indicated by the character and magnitude of the assemblage."

This bigotry, as the *Independent* remarks, consists in the effort to warn Christian people against adulterous amusements. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal requested "a competent person" to examine the play of "Adrienne Le Couvreur" which was acted in that city. The person thus selected subsequently addressed the following letter to the Bishop:

"Monsieur, the Bishop of Montreal:—My Lord:—In accordance with the request of your Highness, I have examined the piece which is to be rendered here on the 23d inst., 'Adrienne Le Couvreur,' and the following is the result of this examination. The drama is sustained almost throughout by two adulterous liaisons. The dialogues, the expression of affection, the transparent allusions—everything in the piece tends to justify Marshal Saxe and Adrienne, the heroes of the plot, and to show their conduct as perfectly excusable in this high society. This play is immoral by its intrigue; immoral by the maxims uttered by the actors; immoral, finally, by the compromising situations in which the principal personages find themselves at different stages of the piece. Those are certainly sad lessons to put before the eyes of Christian families. The talent of the persons who draw out these lessons only serves to augment the danger, and to render more fascinating and more excusable the bad passions which gnaw at the bottom of the human heart."

But that highly moral paper, the *N. Y. Times*, pronounces any opposition to amusements of this sort—"sixteenth century bigotry." This is the way opposition to anything irreligious or immoral is met: you are "a bigot." If you at-

tempt to check church-members, or anybody else, in anything condemned in the New Testament (or the Old), you are "a bigot." If you do not want the men and women of your city to go to see a play in which adultery is extenuated by all the arts of genius, you are "a bigot."

It will be remembered that Dr. Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, N. York, read an elaborate paper at the Council, recommending a liturgy in the Presbyterian Church. At the late Wickliffe celebration in New York Dr. Hitchcock gave an illustration of what sort of thing he wanted. He read a prayer from his own manuscript, and when he got through, the *Independent* says, "he put his prayer in his hat, as an Episcopal clergyman might have put his prayer-book in his pocket."

That reminds us of an application we once had from a very polite gentleman to write an obituary notice for him of some friend he had lost. We complied, and meeting him the other day, after the lapse of some years, he said, "Do you remember that obituary notice you wrote for me about —?" "Yes," we replied. "Well," said he, "I did not fancy it altogether at first, but the oftener I read it, the better I liked it; and I have used it several times since."

THE DIFFERENCE.—We received a letter some time ago from an old friend, telling us that there was no use trying to get subscribers in that neighborhood—the people were too poor.

Since that time another friend in this very community—which is a sparsely-settled region—with few Presbyterians—has sent us fourteen new names.

Don't you think the Presbyterians of this region will be benefited by this circulation of the paper? There had been previously only two subscribers.

Pastors cannot overestimate the importance of a religious paper, especially in these loose-jointed times, in a family. Many persons in the country have no other reading, and rarely hear a sermon.

THE *Presbyterian Journal*, of Philadelphia, has the following literary criticisms:

D'Israeli's *Endymion* is soft—soft—wretchedly soft; and worse than soft—of a low moral tone. We confess we have read it all, but it has been in small doses. An hour at a time with it would have been almost sickening. It may be that some think that this shows bad taste. Still we confess it. If the author does reveal himself in the puling *Endymion* he is a fatalistic "nose of wax."

Speaking of George Eliot, it says:

Moreover, the predominant influence of her novels is not favorable to evangelical religion. While they may be carefully perused for the marvellous studies in human nature which they contain, their negative influence, to put it in the mildest form, unless watched against, will be harmful. They are popular, though already the weird influence of the enchantress, it is claimed, is broken; and her later issues, it is falteringly suggested, are somewhat heavy. Certainly, the reading of *Daniel Deronda* was to us, in some respects, a work of current intellectual duty rather than of love; and *Theophrastus Such* was in no particular above mediocrity.

Austria is an intolerant power. When Bosnia was under the Turkish rule the Scriptures would be freely distributed, now that Austria has come in the Bible has been prohibited.—*New York Observer*.

And yet we think we saw a note from Bishop Keane in the *Religious Herald* the other day denying that he had ever taught that "the Scriptures should be withheld from the public." He remarked:

On the contrary, I have always maintained, as in truth and duty bound, that said teaching is erroneously and unjustly attributed to the Catholic Church, by those who, intentionally or unintentionally, misunderstand or misrepresent her laws and teaching on the subject.

By giving this denial the same publicity that has been given to the charge, you will greatly oblige. Yours respectfully,

JOHN J. KEANE.
Richmond, Va., Dec. 11th, 1880.

WE would say to the *Herald and Presbyterian* that our paying circulation is larger than the figures allowed us in the *Herald and Presbyterian* for our whole circulation from either Rowell & Co's or Ayers & Son's Newspaper Directory. We know something about the figures given in by newspapers as to their circulation, and know that they are frequently very delusive.

A GOOD FRIEND sending us some new subscribers from Millboro, Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, remarks that the mercury at that place stood December 31st, at 7 A. M., at 24 degrees below zero.—That will do pretty well for "Old Virginny."

WE have received from "J. T. L. P.," Lexington, Va., \$8 for the church at Williamsburg. Read the appeal in behalf of this church under the caption, "Shall we do it?" There is not a more inviting field for church enterprise in Virginia, and we have a call to occupy it.

The first number of THE SOUTHERN PULPIT, conducted by Messrs. Jackson and Lafferty, of this city, has been received. It is very well gotten up, and contains 60 pages, arranged for binding. The contents are: 1. The Elements of Preaching, by Rev. J. B. Jeter, D.D. 2. Christ and his Church, by Rev. W. S. Plummer, D.D. 3. Glorifying in the Cross, by Bishop D. S. Doggett. 4. A Memorial Discourse by Rev. M. D. Hoge, D.D. 5. Lessons from the Life of Jonah, by Rev. J. Z. Tyler. 6. Religion in Politics, by Rev. J. C. Granberry, D.D. 7. Abraham's Vision, by Rev. B. D. Tucker. 8. The Godlessness of the Worldling's Thoughts, by Rev. H. C. Alexander, D.D. 9. The Brotherhood of Christ, by Rev. J. T. Whitley. 10. Homiletical Illustrations. 11. Book Review.

The *Southern Pulpit* will appear monthly at the very low figure of \$1.50 per annum, and if the present is a fair sample of the standard to be maintained, the enterprise deserves to be very liberally supported, as we believe it will be.

We have received the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for January, 1881, published by ANSON D. F. Randolph & Company, N. York. The articles are as follows:

1. John & Lasco, by Prof. David D. Demarest, D.D. 2. Protestant Missions in China during the Last Half Century, by Prof. S. Wells Williams, LL.D. 3. The Provincial Assembly of London, 1647-1660, by Prof. Charles A. Briggs, D.D. 4. Bible Wines, by Rev. Dunlop Moore, D.D. 5. Horace Bushnell, by Prof. Lyman H. Atwater, D.D., LL.D. 6. The Reorganization of the Synods, by Rev. Erskine N. White, D.D. 7. Notes and Notices. 8. Reviews of Recent Theological Literature.

For the Central Presbyterian.

Dr. Alexander and Immersionism.

I have seen the preposterous paragraph from the *Examiner and Chronicle*, touching Dr. Archibald Alexander's supposed conviction in favor of immersionism. Here is an authentic incident in his life, which may show how absurd this notion is. It was given me by my venerable friend, Mrs. John H. Rice. During a part of the time Dr. Alexander was the youthful president of the Hampden Sidney College, the Rev. Conrad Speece and John H. Rice were tutors or professors under him. Being bachelors, they lodged in the same room, and the same bed in the College. Mr. Speece had become entangled in the dogmatism of the Immersionists, and had been rebaptized by them, by dipping, in Buffalo Creek near by. But the Presbyterians, resolving to treat him with the fullest liberality, and respecting the sincerity of his convictions, continued him in his post. One night about nine o'clock, said Dr. Rice, the President knocked at their door. Being invited in, he took a seat, and began a pleasant and somewhat jocular conversation. Soon he asked Mr. Speece a question touching some leading position of the Immersionists. The professor took up the gauntlet with a sort of surly promptitude, and made an aggressive reply. Rice saw a merry twinkle in "Little Archy's" expressive eye, and surmised that a rare fencing match was begun. It was continued until long after midnight. Dr. Alexander pursuing mainly the Socratic method, and entangling his gruff adversary more hopelessly with every answer. Rice listened and laughed until he was weary, and then quietly undressed and betook himself to bed, while the debate still went on. At last Dr. A. got up and bade them a cheery good night, with the remark, that he reckoned Janetta was beginning to think it was time a married man like him was at home. After sitting long in moody meditation over the fire, Speece also went to bed. He was, in body, a big, ox-like German. All the rest of the night he lay, puffing and growling, like old Dr. Sam Johnson, and flinging himself from side to side, giving the cover vicious jerks, much to Rice's discomfort. "Why don't you sleep?" "Because," he growled in reply, "the little villain has not left me an inch of ground to stand upon."

The result was, that after a time, and a thorough re-examination of the arguments, Dr. Speece repudiated his immersionism, and came heartily back into the Presbyterian church and ministry. There he ever after maintained through a glorious and able ministry, the doctrines of pedobaptism, being all the more hearty and firm in their support, because of his early trials about them.

This true history may also illustrate the amount of truth usually contained in the romantic tales of persecutions by pedobaptists, undergone by immersionists for the truth's sake of their gospel. Speece, during his secession, was treated with a christian generosity, which was impervious to his surly, belligerent temper at that time.

R. L. D.

For the Central Presbyterian.

Shall We Do It?

The Presbyterians are not sufficiently aggressive: there is no denying that fact. We are too contented with our heroic past, our respectable, solid present, and the promise of a steady, slowly progressive future. We are very proud to believe that the vital care of Presbyterianism—the Presbyterianism St. Paul preached, (for he was an aggressive Presbyterian,) has been the salvation of the world from his day down; but we don't boast much even of this. We glory (in our hearts) in the grand display on our banners, of our doctrinal beliefs—the purest, we are ready to avow to all comers, that the Church ever has, or ever will see set forth in any standards; but only now and then are we moved to press this in any strong way. We are glad and thankful to have the gospel preached to the colored people,—to the destitute emigrants on our frontiers,—to the mountaineers of West Virginia—to the Brazilians,—to the Chinese—to the Japanese—by Presbyterians, if so it may be; if not, by Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians to whom we are more than willing to relinquish new and unoccupied fields.

No: we Presbyterians are not aggressive enough. Now—here is a point in Alleghany county, at the head of the James River Valley,