Contributors and Correspondents

(For the Presbyterian.)

THOUGHTS ON WAR.

BY REV. E. W. WAITS.

War has already been one of the greatest scourges of the world; it has laid fair and thriving cities waste, blasted the abundance of the fields, and drenched the earth with human blood. It appears the passion for it is not yet dead; men and nations seem as ready as ever at some fancied insult, or simply to satisfy their graed of power and empire,

"To cry havoc! And let slip the dogs of war."

hurrying each other to a bloody death and a premature grave. It is a humiliating and harrowing reflection, that at the present, moment war is filling various parts of the world with confusion, consternation, and carnage. This distressing state of things has occasioned the following observations.

War is of ancient origin. It first raised its horrid head when Lucifer and his legions dared the omnipotent to arms. To this celestial conflict heathen poets are presumed to allude when they describe the rebellion of the giants in heaven, which was quelled by the thunder-wielding Jupiter. Our epic bard has represented King Messiah as driving the host of rebel

And crystal wall of heaven; which opening wide, Bolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed Into the was rull deep: the monstrous sight truck them 7ith horror backward, but far worse

Urged them behind, headlong themselves they

Down from the verge of heaven: eternal wrath Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

and the contest is not ended; the scene of action is merely changed. Earth is now the theatre upon which fallen principalities and powers are displaying the might of their malignity. War is an embodification of infernal hatred to God and goodness. It is a practical exemplification of the reign of Satan "in the hearts of the children of disopedience." It is the ocean of human passions "into tempest wrought," by the infuriated breath of "the great red dragon." To think and write of war, is to think and write of human sufferings, misery, degradation, enslavement and death. To write a history of war, would be to write a history of the human race—a history of fallen humanity; for war is as ancient as, and scarcely less universal than the human family. Soon after man fell from the holy and happy state in which he was created, by his transgression of the law of his creator, he began further to injure himself by injuring others; and the first palpable and melancholy evidence of his deprayed nature was given when "Cain rose up against Abel, and slew him," Gen. iv. 8. As men began to multiply in the earth, and kingdoms and states were organized, the strong oppressed the weak, the quick-witted and the designing took advantage of and tyrannized over the simple and unsuspecting. Shortly after "Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord," founded the kingdom of Babel and Asshur, Siddim, which is the Salt Ses," Gen. xiv. ruin, of the wailing woe history, we meet with numerous accounts | resulting from the system of war. of war between individuals and between nations, as though war was intended to be the chief employment of man. Thus, in sacred and profane history we have frequent accounts of wars; and not only in ancient, but also in modern history, the

leading theme is war. War is of various kinds. There is personal war. It may be thought strange that a man should be at war with himself; yet such is frequently the case. His imagination rebels against his reason, and his passions condemn the counsel and authority of his conscience. So that he is a stranger to peace.

There is domestic war. The common home should be the abode of love, and the sanctuary of religion. But it is not always so. The husband and father acts the the part of a petty tyrant, or the wife refuses to render Scriptural submission to her social head; or the children set at naught parental authority and advice. Thus what might be a paradise, is transformed by the infernal magician into a pandemonium. War between races is bad, but war between families becomes a terrible

There is rivil war. It is called civil war because it is a war between members the same state or commonwealth. Though, by-the-bye, it is not very civil for Sellow-citizens, for brothers, to stab and shoot one another. Civil war is often the ** and most assumetive species of orease it, to reconcile such a nation than to ** A kingdom divided against itself make it our enemy. set and most destructive species of

cannot stand." It lets out its own life-

There is national war. Nations banding together against nations, and rushing forth to the deadly strife. Some real or imagined insult, some insignificant spot of earth, or some trifle light as air, is allowed to induce nations to expend millions of money, and to pour out torrents of blood. How painful is the thought, that ever since the days of Nimrod, ambition and avarioe have actuated the majority of earthly rulers, and have turned this goodly world into a golgotha.

War is most injurious in its operations. Like the smoke of the bottomless pit, it covers the scenes and societies of earth with its darkening, defling, and desolating influence. War inflames passion, fosters pride, impedes intercourse, impairs compride, impedes intercourse, impairs com-merce, stifles law, injures innocence, weakens nations, ruins souls, and dishonors God. It is an infernal fire kindled by the old murderer, fed by demons in the shape of men, and consuming in its progress those things which are true, venerable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. To describe all its atrocities and horrors would require

"A thousand tongues, A threat of brass, and ademantine lungs

War is slavery in its worst forms; war is falsehood; war is plunder; war is tyranny; war is debuuchery; war is murder. Some may say this is the language of a puling sentimental peace man. Be it so. The greatest men of all ages

endorse our verdict. Luther says, "Any scourge is preferable to war, Famine and pestilence become," says he, "nothing in comparison with it." Shakespeare calls it "the son of hell." Byron describes it with "Death shot glowing in his flery hands And eyes, that scorches all it glares upon."

Longfellow says that if half the power and wealth expended on war were empl for the true improvement of the race, "The warrior's name would be a name abho And every nation that would lift again
It's hand against a brother, on its forehead hould wear for evermore the curse of Cain." Schiller says-

"Force is at best A fearful thing, o'en in a righteous cause, And only helps when man can help no more.

Such judgments as these on war as the concentration of all crime, are the judgments of all men of philosophic thought and lofty genius.

Again, what shall be thought and said of the great destruction of human life by While it is probable that only four war. While it is proposed that only lour or five millions of lives have been destroyed by the convulsions of nature, such as eartiquakes, volcanic eruptions, and thunderstorms, since the commencement thunderstorms, since the commencement of time, it is more than probable, even from the imperfect records kept, that during the same period several hundreds of millions of people have been destroyed by war and its attendant evils. But to sum up in fear wards the avil affects of war. up in few words the evil effects of war, we would say that war is evil, only evil, and evil continually. It injures individuals, evil continuary. It injures individuals, families, and nations, personally, commercially, financially, morally, in their liberty and lives. War should, therefore, be opposed by all the friends of humanity and religion. What should that do to one and religion. What should they do to oppose it?

They should strip it of its false charms. They should strip it of its false charms. The gaudy color, the nodding plume, the burnished weapon, the sprightly strain, the measured step, the glowing verse, the impassioned harangue, the princely title, the marble monument, have all been employed to invest war with grace and grandeur. But, let the lovers of peace remind their fellow-men of the termine mind their fellow-men of the tempting glass, of the fallacious promise, of the polluting fellowship, of the stern discipline, of the mental vassalage, of the subtle founded the kingdom of Babel and Assaur, of the the city of Ninevel, we find that four kings strategy, of the toilsome march, of the burning rage, of the fierce encounter, of made war upon five kings in the vale of the ensanguined plain, of the smouldering 8. From this early period in the world's sweeping desolation, associated with and

They should beware of its occasions and incentives. If in private life, let them guard their spirit and speech, cultivate forbearance, and make manifest the amiability and dignity of the peace maker. If in public stations. let them processes ability and aightly of this part makes.
If in public stations, let them pronounce in favour of peace, endeavour to inspire the functionaries of other nations with pacific sentiments and dispositions, and labour to induce contending countries to adjust their differences by arbitration and not by arms, by counsellors and not by cannon. What does the New Testament say on this point? "Bless them which curse you; bless and curse not." "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." See that none render evil for evil unto ny man." "Be ye kind one to another, any man." "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." "Put on bowels of mercies kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forboaring one another, forgiving one another." "If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." Here, then, we have the Bible plan of overcoming exil and evil men. If a man injure or abuse us, we have not to injure or abuse him again, but we have to overcome his acid. gain, but we have to overcome his with good. Do a bad man a kindness and he will love you; but injure him, and he will will love you; out injure him, and he will strive still further to injure you. The same truths are applicable to nations as to individuals. When a nation takes offence at us and becomes abusive and threatenas us and becomes abusive and invester-ing, were we to use gentle and conciliatory language, remembering that "a soft an-swer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife" Rom. xv. 1, we would be many likely to allow the many their contract. be more likely to allay its anger than to in-

They should pray for its everlasting and universal extinction. As the subjects of the Prince of Peace, as the possessors of the Gospel of peace, and as the heirs of the Cospet of peace, and as the heirs of the very God of peace, Christians are bound to live, to toil, to pray for the pro-valence and preservation of peace. If they desire to see liberty enjoyed, equity ob-served, dignity attained, and unity exhi-bited by the nations of the earth, let them pray for the sneedy fulfilment of the cospray for the speedy fulfilment of the pro-pletto declaration—"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into proming hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more" Isa. ii. 4. Brethren, let us go for the immediate termination of the state mination of war. Use your influence to prevent it. I advocate this as a man sympathizing with my fellow-men. As a Christian I desire to see rectitude, liberty, and peace triumph on the earth. Stop war! for God is grieved and insulted by it. Angels weep at the cruelty of men in warfare, and the inhabitants of the infernal regions rejoice at seeing men act in such a diabolical manner. Abolish war! for every hour of its continuance involves a hell of evil. Already it has swept into the retributive eternity as many human beings as would people our world, accordbeings as would people our world, according to the present number of inhabitants, fourteen times. Of this unnatural and henious strife, beaven knows there has been enough. A paralyzed commerce, a scandalized civilization, an outraged Christianity, the blood of slaughtered myraids unite in the demand that there shall be an

end of war.

In the world's bright and glorious future there will be cessation from war and all its attendant evils. "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." Isa. xi. 9. Under the reign of Christ, the King of Penge, the appropriates and inalousies of Peace, the animosities and jealousies from which it springs will be subdued and hushed, and men be drawn together in the bonds of holy, loving brotherhood. Instead of mutilating and murdering each other, and demolishing the monuments of industry, their time and energies shall be industry, their time and energies shall be spent in developing mind and heart in a Godward direction. And this will be no transient blessing, no temporary luli in the strife of nations; but a blessing which will continue "as long as the moon endureth."
Ps. lxxii. 7. All men will be united to
each other by being united to Christ. As
they press towards the centre—Christ—
the circle will get smaller, and their differences will become fewer. No more domestic broils, social animosities, national conflicts, or ecclesiastical strifes. There will be everywhere peace on earth and goodwill towards man. Christ's sceptre stretched out over the world will be the sign of its brotherhood, and the guardian of its liberty. In those bright days—days for which we hope, and pray; and work—thero will be no dungeons whitened with the bones of noble patriots, no fires kindled to burn the defenders of the faith, no slaves to mourn their stolen liberty. Christ will reign in righteousness; the ences will become fewer. No more do-Christ will reign in righteousness; the principles of his government will open an earthquake under every tyrant's throne, shiver the crown on his brow, and shake his sceptre out of his fingers. The shake his sceptre out of his fingers. truth of Christ in its onward march will break down every system of oppression and fraud, and his spirit and love pervading the nations, will everywhere inaugurate a happier era of human history.
Brotherhood! Liberty! Grand words these, and they speak of rich blessings.
They have long been the dream and hope of fettered and bleeding nations; but they will not be always a dream, the years are rolling on to the grand realization. Every prayer offered to God, every noble deed done in his cause, and every Gospel truth uttered, brings it nearer. The day is dawning—if to us slowly, it is yet dawning—and will brighten into the long desired day. of fettered and bleeding nations; but they

St. Andrew's Manse, Waterdown, July 28th, 1876.

A Two Days' Holiday.

Editor British American Presbyterian. DEAR SIR,—As this is the season when all whose bodies or minds, or both has been fagged out and tired with toil or heat, seek change and rest, let me tell you for the benefit of all whom it may concern, how I obtained two as restful days as I ever spent; so refreshingly restful were they, that the spirit and effect of them are about me still. This is an out of-the-way part of the world supposed to be, and no doubt we, whose lot is cast here, are the objects of the pity of many of your city folk; but when I have told my story, I am sure it will be seen that we have compensations which many might

wery well envy.us the possession of.
Well to proceed, leaving Pembroke by
the steamer of the same name, we crossed the beautiful lake lying opposite the town which gives to its situation and the surrounding scenery their principle charm. The very name of the lake, Allumette, is beautiful and tells at once by its liquid softness its Indian origin. The sun was setting, and it was such a sunset as can only be seen where you have a noble river expanding into a lake-like breadth, having for a background a wooded island and distant rolling hills. From the steamer's deck the whole surface of the lake seemed broken up by a genile breeze into medallion like, irregular circles set in frames of deep-glowing red, the inner part being of that sheeny ing red, the inner part being of that sheeny translucent green seen sometimes in sea ahelle. This was the appearance looking down, but looking over it the lake reflected on its pure clear surface the warm rosy tints which the setting sun gave to cloud and sky above. Soon wereached the chore of Allumette Island and there a large pile of furs carefully done up in hundles are or allumette istand and there a large pile of furs carefully done up in bundles, carried the imagination away to the Red Indian and half-breed, chasing or trapping their game in the boundless prairies of the great lone land. It suggested the Hudson

Bay Company, London, and the fair forms that these same fars would grace ore long. Here our journey was varied by what is co familiar in the Ottawa valley, a portage, It was six miles in length, across the island. Our company was come French-men who chatted away in their patois of men who chatted away in their patchs of French and English, a lumber merchant, a jolly happy fellow, his foreman, your correspondent and a little girl intrusted to his care. The twilight seemed to linger longer and to be more calm and teautiful that evening than usual. Our lumber merchant amused himself by singling snatches of songe, and proposed to my little charge that she should sing and at offee snatches of songs, and proposed to my little charge that she should sing, and at office with perfect artlessness she raised her voice and in soft and childlike tones san, us one of the sweetest and purest of childsongs. Soon we reached the Chapeau and had to come down from the flights of portry imagination and song to the presaic and contemptible work of fighting of mosquitous. By and bye, punctuality is not the forte of the Union Forwarding Company; our boat the "Empress," arrived and again we can barked still further to descend to the river to Bryson's landing or the Coulonge. The to Bryson's landing or the Coulongs. The night was calm and mild, and the moon was shining through broken clounds. My little maid was all childish excitement, and she and I sat on deck watching and admir-ing the millions or sparks falling in showing over the boat's edge into the water, watch-ing in the fitful struggling monlight the banks now near and then distant, and fancied inlets, and weird, sceptre-looking islands. At last, at two o'clock almost, having scen to leave the host myself. I said. having soon to leave the boat myself, I said to my little charge, who had to go farther than I, but did not "feel a bit sleepy," that I chould like to have her lie down before I left. Though enjoying the fairy scene and sure she could not sleep," she went very dutifully to the little cabin, and there kneeling together, with folded hands she

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, And if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God bless papa and mamma, bless little sister and auntie, etc., until we came to Amen. How could I help it! I came away and sat down again upon deck very thoughtful and very happy. Would that in every Canadian family there were such children with such parents. Soon I stepped to the cabin door, and she who was sure "she couldn't sleep and never could be a sure to the cabin door, and she who was sure "she couldn't sleep and never could be a sure to the same to the sa sleep in a boat," was fast asleep. Presently I was at mydestination; you could not yet discern it in the sky, and yet you knew that day was breaking. A drive of three miles gave me time to watch the first faint blush of day, and hear the first notes of birds welcoming the morn. Through open clearing, the quiet streets and silent houses of the village, and sombre over-arching pines, making an approach that anobleman might envy, catching here and there glimpses of the Ottawa or the Coulonge, and hearing their liquid murmurings, we drove on until we reached the generous, drove on until we reached the generous, ample, hopitable, inviting home of an honoured Presbyterian elder, the Hon. George Bryson. Soon I, too, was enjoying tired nature's sweet restorer. But when I came down what a welcome of real home-like kindness did I get. When I went outside and looked around, there was one of the most quiet, peaceful, retired, rest-inviting scenes I ever saw. No other dwelling was in sight. Behind and to the left there arose the undulating hills of the Laurentian range. To the right and in front the woods in the distance shut you in. A few hundred paces from the door the winding Coulonge with its wooded bank opposite you gleamed and shone with a dazzling brightness in the morning light. Peace was all around, it encompassed was reafelt it in contest with you light. Peace was all around, it encom-passed you, you felt it in contact with you, it stole into you, crept over you, and soothed and rested body, soul, and spirit. Besides my host and hostess and family, there was another friend, not unknown as a centributor to your columns, and well-known in all these parts. The hours glided by unnoticed in conversation, discussions of a friendly kind, or reading with pleasant intervals of silence. When the pleasant intervals of silence. When the cool of evening came, we three sallied out for a walk, which lay for a short distance by the bank of the Coulonge, and then by the bank of the Coulonge, and then turned off to what would have been one of the most quiet sequedd country roads, had not everything around been the very embodiment of quiet and seclusion. I prolonged my walk alone, and stood upon the bridge crossing the Coulonge, not at midnight, but in the deepening twilight. Calmness sat throned over the whole scene, on the great on the land and all around the great of the land and all around.

settled down over all. Next day we were up in the morning early, and my friend and I got a good start for the Chute, a fall on the Coulonge four miles away. Our charioteer was a shrewd, canny, intelligent, but quite old Scot. We enjoyed every foot of the road, and at one place passed between the Ottawa and Coulonge, not more it is said than four hundred yards spart, and yet flowing in opposite directions. Up and over the hills we went until we came within sound of the Chute. We left our driver and dashed down the hill, my friend and I. Here, at some early day, the range of the Laurentian has been sant sandar and in the tian has been rent asunder, and bold granite banks rise precipitously, covered with green wherever a foothold can be got, to a height of from one hundred to two hundred feet. At the foot foams, and dashes, and rushes along the waters of the Coulonge, with a rapid and eddying current. But at the entrance to this cleft current. But at the entrance to this cleate or fiscure in the hill is the Chute, a beautiful fall. The water was high for the season, and we saw everything at its very best. The fall is quite high. Along the face of the bank over against it, the government has built a slide about three quarters of a

the water, on the land, and all around.

The moon with a solitary attendant star,

was reflected in the river at my feet, and another and another star till darkness

mile in length at a cost of over twenty thousand dollars. We stood in the new dry bottom of the slide and gazed long with many expressions of admiring delight at the waters dashing and leaping headlong over the fall into the depth below. The spray was falling in a gentle shower all around. The sun shone upon it from the east, and there lay just a little in front of us a beautiful rainbow rising and falling on the resiless spray, and shifting its place with every breeze. A and shifting its piace with every broze. A puff of wind blow the spray all about us, and presently we found ourselves engiraled by this beautiful rainbow. We went down to the end of the slide, scrambled down over the rocky bank to the water's colge, and there enjoyed ourselves dabbling alpong the water, throwing hig stones into it to see or hear the splash, picking up hits of rock, and such like things. O, it was glorious, and the wildness and utter solitude and loneness of the blace were something new and wonderful to me. It was now we seemed and least day of heliday. now my second and last day of holiday.

Having done the Chute vo returned and spent the afternoon with the Rev. Mr. Gandler, who holds the Presbyt-rian fort here, and is deservedly esteemed by his people I shall not tell you of the strawborries and oream, and the carnal delights which helped us to enjoy our visit. Evening found us again at the landing, and while enjoying the inxury of a smudge at the door of a habitan we listened with a poinful interest to his tale of loss by the high water of the Ottawa this Spring. He was born, and had lived on its banks for over fifty years, and had never known it so high. Where we were at that moment sitting, early in July, there were in the month of May three feet of water; seven inches lay on the floor of his house, and he and his family and cattle had to take to the woods for shelter. His whole farm had been flooded, fences swopt away, and oven then his land was so wet that he had not been able and would not this season be able to put in any oron at all. His case is by no means a singular one this year on the Ottawa. After a wait of an hour or so the" Empress" same in sight and we steamed homeward over the way by which we came, having spent two as enjoyable, rest-ful days as we can imagine it possible to spend anywhere, and with a fixed determi-nation to respond this very summer to a kind invitation to repeat the visit in com-pany with the sine qua non. Let me add that this is not the only place in this region where such delightful trips may be made. I have already made another, and if this letter is not intolerably tiresome to your readers, I may tell them where it too may be found. I am, yours truly,

Pembroke, July 28th, 1876.

Presbytery of Barrie.

This Presbytery met at Bárrio on Tuesday, 25th July, at 11 a.m. Present, sixteen ministers and five elders. Mr. M. Frazer was elected Moderator for the following twelve months. The Presbytery sustained a call from the congregations of Cookstown and First Essa in favour of Mr. Stuart Acheson, probationer. The stipend promised is \$700, of which Cookstown, with a membership of thirty-four, pays \$800, and first Essa, with eighty-five members, pays \$400; that is at the rate per member of \$8.82 in the former congregation, and of \$4.71 in the latter. The Presbytery, in sataining the call, agreed to call the attention of the congregations to the smallness of the stipend, and especially to the great disproportion between the relative contributions per member of the two congregations are successful. tions concerned. Leave was granted to the congregation in Orillia to sell the prop-erty there known as the Old Burying-ground. Mesers. Rodgers and Ferguson were appointed a Committee to attend the Presbytery of Toronto and confer respecting the supply of ordinances in Mulmur-until the General Assemby shall have settled the boundary of the Presbyteries.

Mr. Burnett tendered his resignation of the charge of Duntroon and Nottawa. The resignation was laid ever till next ordinary meeting, and the clerk directed to summon the congregations in their interest. A committee was appointed to assess the congregations for expenses of the Synod and General Assembly for the proportion of the deficiency in the Home Mission Funds, and for other liabilities for the coming year. The Home Mission business of the Presbytery, as usual, engaged much attention. It was resolved to endeavor to supply Raymond and Shannon, Huntsville and adjoin-ing stations for about two menths during winter, and to apply to the Central Comwinter, and to apply to the Central committee for grants as follows:—\$25 for Willis Church, \$50 expenses of the missionary now in Bracebridge, moving in; one hundred dollars for Ivy and Townline for the current half-year (H. M. C's. Katendar), and fifty dollars for the next. Mr. Grey dissented from the resolution respecting Ivy and Townline. The undersigned was appointed to attend to the election and ordination of elders, and to the administration of the Lord's Supper at Burns' and Danne' Corner's Churches. It heing re-Dunns' Cornor's Churches. It being re-ported that a missionary of another denomination had, without due permission been appropriating one of our churches in the mission field for his services, a committee of two was appointed for vigilance. It was agreed to hold a Sabbath School Convention in the Presbyterian Church in Barrie during the last week in September, and a committee of arrangements was ap-pointed. The Statistical and Financial Statement for last year was laid on the table. Congregations who had not furnished their returns were ordered to send theme in, and those in arrears to be corresponded with. Next ordinary meeting on last Tuesday in September.

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ROBT. MONDIR, Pres. Clark.