



Central Presbyterian.

WEDNESDAY, October 12, 1881.

From the New York Independent.

A Litany of Pain.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

At times, when my pulses are throbbing
With currents whose feverish flow
Sets all the strung spirit a-sobbing
With nameless, yet passionate woe,

Can He, in the infinite gladness
That floods all His Being with light,
Complacently look on the sadness
That dares to intrude on His sight?

Would I, a mere woman, foreseeing
Some anguish my dearest must face,
Not guard, at the risk of my being,
Its onset or die in his place?

Be quiet, poor heart! Are the lessons
Life sets thee so hard to attain
That thou know'st not their potentest essence
Lies wrapped in the problem of pain?

No beaker is brimmed without bruising
The clusters that gladden the vine:
No gem glitters star-like, refusing
The rasp that uncovers its shine;

And He who is molding the spirit,
Through disciplines changeful and sore,
That so it be fit to inherit
The marvelous heirship in store—

O heart, canst thou trust Him? Forsake of
Attainment the noblest, the best,
Content thee awhile to partake of
These trials so wisely impressed;

For the Central Presbyterian.

Is it Lawful to Eat Blood?

But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat.—Gen. ix: 4.

In this age, when science shrinks not at any innovation in her search for means to subserve the interests of man, and panaceas for his ills, some of our conservative ideas are shocked, and some old landmarks between truth and error are overthrown.

One reason Henry gives for the enactment of the law, was to prevent cruelty to animals—cutting and eating flesh from a living animal.

rusalem still enjoins it upon the gentle Christians and upon us; and that too by divine warrant. "For it seemed good to the Holy Ghost, and to us, to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things: that ye abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood and from things strangled and from fornication; from which if ye keep yourselves it shall be well with you."

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A Missionary Journey in West Virginia.

No. 2.

The night after we left Glade Creek we spent at Mr. John McCue's on McMillion's Creek, still in the county of Nicholas. Mr. McCue is a relative of the McCue's of Augusta county, Va.

Webster Springs.

The next morning found us in the saddle again, but as Mr. Haynes was compelled to retrace his steps in order to meet an appointment on the following Sunday, your correspondent headed for Webster Salt Sulphur Springs, which is also Webster Court House, piloted by a gentleman from Fayette who kindly consented to accompany me.

Mr. Arthur Hickman is a remarkable man. He is about as much the head of a clan as a Scotch Highlander. He is a native of Bath county, Va., his wife was a Walker, of Rockbridge. They had had thirteen children, eight of whom are still living, and all married but one.

Mr. Hickman was a sufferer by the war. When it came on, he had a large and commodious house—forty stacks of hay in his meadow, fifty odd

head of cattle, nine head of horses, besides sheep and hogs to stock a farm of five hundred acres of land. The federal troops burnt his dwelling, his cabinet-maker's shop, black-smith shop, barn, and every stack of hay, drove off all his stock and left him destitute of every comfort.

On Monday after our services closed, Mr. Hickman accompanied me to Webster Springs. This was my farthest point westward on my trip. Here I was the guest of a Mr. Currey, who keeps one of the boarding houses for the accommodation of the visitors to these springs.

It is not altogether germane to this missionary tour, to give an account of these remarkable waters, and yet they are too remarkable to be omitted. The springs, for there are several of them, are in the edge of Elk river. They are very strongly impregnated with both salt and sulphur. Evidently there is a salt lake underlying the whole valley.

My stay at Webster Springs was short, but long enough to form a favorable opinion as to the future development of the place, and to its importance as a point for missionary labors.

From Webster, I turned my face homeward. At Big Beaver Creek I found a congregation assembling, in pursuance to the notice I had left on my way to Webster Springs. The services were held in the grove, as the weather was intensely warm, and the school house near by would have been oppressive from heat.

Night brought us to a Mr. Spencer's, a tenant of Governor Price, at the mouth of a stream called Cranberry. On our way to this point we forded Gauley at the mouth of Cherry river. Cherry was completely dry, and Gauley so low that the water did not reach the knees of our horses.

and tamed. Mr. Spencer is a strong Methodist, fond of shouting when under strong religious emotion, but a man of too much sense to think a man cannot be a good Christian without shouting. He never allows a stranger to pass the night under his roof without finding out whether or not he is a praying man.

The day following brought us to Greenbrier, and parting with my kind friend, Hendrick, I reached home in safety, having ridden upwards of two hundred miles, and preached thirteen times.

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How to Make an End of Strife.

One great obstacle in the way of our settling amicably our differences, is the indisposition which most of us feel to take the initiatory step.

How much better it would be if God's people would only adopt the rule that He has given for such cases. Perhaps some readers of the Bible have forgotten that there is such a rule.

But suppose he will not hear thee. In that case Christ tells us how to proceed. "Take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established."

The best Christians are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

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Historical Injustice.

Presbyterianism has suffered enormously from the misrepresentations of secular historians. Enemies for the most part of all religion, they have complimented ours with superlative abuse.

As a specimen of this malignity, I refer to the following language of Smollett, in his continuation of Hume's History of England.

"All the laws in favor of Episcopacy were repealed. Three score of the Presbyterian ministers, who had been ejected at the Restoration, were still alive; and these the Parliament declared the only sound part of the Church.

Many youthful readers are led astray by such reckless and prejudiced statements as this. For their information, I make the issue, that the Presbyterian Church is absolutely free from any such imputation.

The former party, however, would not accept him without first securing their liberties and privileges. They stipulated in terms for the Protestant religion, and for civil and religious freedom.

Now it must be obvious that if four hundred Presbyterian ministers were persecuted out of their own Church, to make room for others, the undoing of this wrong, to a partial extent, was no persecution at all.

Nothing could be further from the truth. For twenty-eight years they had suffered, not only by the exclusion of their ministers, but in their homes, persons, and families, such barbarities, on an immense scale, as many American Indians would now blush to confess.

This paper is not intended to cast any reflection upon our Episcopal brethren of the present day, who as heartily as ourselves condemn every form of persecution.

It is a poor excuse for one party to a heinous crime to implicate another. But when this attempt is based upon nothing but a wish to escape odium, its injustice is palpable. The same spirit has prompt-