

Correspondence.

NEW ENGLAND SUMMARY.

The writer of the following, who, for many years, has signed himself Sigma is Lucius Manlius Sargeant. He is an Episcopalian, a pious and unusually talented man, and the author of the famous "Temperance Tales." He has done the rebel publishers and multitudes of the Prayer-Book which he loves ample justice.

A BOOK OF UNKNOWN PRAYER.

"Sigma" of the Boston Transcript, having picked up a rebel prayer book among some captured blockade runner stock, in Boston, thus humorously describes a curiosity: "The prayer-book is a curiosity, and is well described in our caption: it is a book of unknown prayer. There are two editions of it, in 24mo. and 12mo., and it was intended to suit the complexion of rebellion; that is, the prayers offered by us, in Episcopal churches, in behalf of the United States and our President, are, in this book, intended to be offered in behalf of the rebels and their President. In the preparation of their prayer-book, and everything else, the devil seems to have helped them."

On the title-page we find these words at the bottom: "Richmond, Virginia: J. W. Bauldolph, 1863." At the bottom of the same leaf, on the other side, in very small type: "London: printed by G. E. Eyre and W. Spottiswoode."

After the creed, in morning prayer, and the collects for peace and grace, comes a prayer for "the President of the Confederate States." The same is repeated in the evening service. In the Litany, which is ludicrous, were its infamy less, to find the traitors praying to be delivered "from all sedition, prayer conspiracy and rebellion." Then comes a prayer "for the people of the Confederate States." So far all is consistent—the United States are given over to the tender mercies of the evil one, or, at least, left out in the cold. The mercy of Heaven is besought for the Confederate States alone. But it really seems as if, in the preparation of this work, Satan, in a funny mood, was resolved to try his hand at a gallantry.

After the "morning" prayer, come "prayers to be used as they may be used in ships of war." It is to our purpose to quote a part of this prayer verbatim: "will the reader be so kind as to suppose these words, from a rebel prayer book, proceed from Captain Semmes, on board the British pirate Alabama: 'Preserve us from the dangers of the sea, and the violence of the enemy, that we may be a safeguard to the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, and a security for such as pass upon the seas, upon their lawful occasions.'"

The consecrated scoundrels who set themselves apart to mutilate the Prayer-book, and adapt it to rebellious purposes, have proved themselves to be the worst, the blindest, the pharisees and hypocrites. In their introduction to the psalms and hymns appended to the Prayer-book we have the United States once more.

The Boston Traveller says: "500 prisoners at Point Lookout are ready to enlist in the Federal army." They are beginning to see their folly. Poor fellows!

E. F. Keach, for a long time manager of the Boston Museum, commonly called "The Orthodox Theatre," because, under the former name, it was really a "Theatre," is dead. The Hollis Street Church, where Rev. John Pierpont (Unitarian) fought a great battle on the Temperance question, and where Rev. Starr King, a Universalist, was afterwards settled to the great chagrin of the old aristocratic Unitarians, is building a fine chapel. Harvard College, consecrated to "Christ and the Church," was so long exclusively in the hands of the Unitarians that they seemed to claim the fee simple in it. The State elects annually a certain number of "overseers," and they have just chosen two Unitarians, one Baptist, one Quaker, and one Orthodox Congregationalist. The Boston Transcript says: "The priest in Rev. T. S. King's new church, in San Francisco, have been rented at auction, so that the gross amount for a year is \$25,000." Little Rhode, according to the Providence Journal, is ahead of all the other States. She has not only made up her full quota on all former calls of the President, but has also anticipated the last, and already has a large proportion of the men to meet it. Noble Rhode! The Boston Traveller says: "General Banks has pledged himself to the Free State Committee to so modify the Louisiana Constitution as to exclude negroes from the Representative basis." In the first place, we do not believe this. In the second place, it is only another outrage upon the colored race, if it be so; and, in the third place, it is equivalent to the notice in the Market street horse cars in Philadelphia: "Colored persons not allowed to ride in this car." Oh, shame! Meetings are still being held in Boston, and masses said for the repose of the soul of Archbishop Hughes. What a holy Bishop he must have been to take so long and so many masses to get him through Purgatory. If it takes so much for a good Bishop, how will poor sinners fare?

The 28th Anniversary of the "Warren Street Chapel Association" has just been held in Boston. This is an Association of wealthy Unitarians who for more than a quarter of a century have contributed largely to support a minister to preach to the poor and to maintain schools of instruction. The thing has proved a success. Indeed, so great has proved its success, that within five years the "Old South Church," (the only one of the old Congregational churches of Boston that was saved from Unitarianism when it first showed itself in Boston,) has established a place very similar, in its externals, to that of the "Warren Street Chapel." The Old South Church is abundantly able to do this, as it is a very wealthy society. This wealth was chiefly from a donation of the "garden" of Rev. Thomas Prince's widow. After the decease of her husband, (they having no children,) and "the garden" falling into her hands, she willed it to the church. It consisted of about an acre of land directly around the church, then without houses, but is now covered with some of the largest granite stores in the heart of the city. "It was a noble donation, and the church might have done much more good with it than they have. It is a good omen that they are now beginning to use it. Cannot some such enterprise be set on foot for preaching the gospel to the poor in Philadel-

phia? Each branch of the Presbyterian family might carry on such an enterprise, and a vast amount of good might thus be done. If every denomination in the city would do it, the gospel might be preached to at least two hundred thousand souls who now never hear it. Why, we are told there are twenty-five thousand colored people in Philadelphia who do not attend public worship. Is it so? Then, have not Christians some work to do in the city of Quakerism?

The Shalmsot Church, Boston, has just taken leave of its old vestry and sanctuary, to remove to its new one just ready to be dedicated, at the corner of Fremont and Brookline Streets. We can give a bird's eye history of this church: More than twenty years ago, the writer used to go up to a little clump of houses, technically called the South End, on Sabbath evening, especially, and sometimes on Wednesdays, to talk to a little handful of poor but good people who live in that vicinity. He has now a record of more than one hundred such meetings, attended gratuitously, to preach the gospel to the poor. By and by that part of the city began to be settled by wealthy merchants and Beacon street gentry who had retired from business. Soon the house, now called the old one, from which the Society have just retired, was erected. It is not old, but the Society had outgrown it; and they soon grew their first Pastor, as they have outgrown almost every thing with which they have been connected; and if they do not outgrow their present Pastor ere long, it will be because he can grow as fast as they. Happily there is room in the new part of the city for them to spread.—Rev. J. Henry Thayer, of the Crombie Street Church, Salem, has been elected by the Trustees of Andover Seminary to fill the Professorship of Biblical Literature vacated by the resignation of Prof. Stowe. The choice is a good one, and our young brother will fill the office well.—Eighty-five members of the church in Georgetown, late Rev. Charles Beecher's, have been organized into a new church by the name of the "Orthodox Congregational Church of Georgetown." Thus it seems that the majority of this church had to leave the old place to a minority. Massachusetts has long been accustomed to such manoeuvres. It was the old game of Unitarianism, to give the church property to the world under the name of the Society. Thus even communion furniture in many cases was given to the world. A minority of this Georgetown church, by connection with the Society, an incorporated body, controls the majority. This is the working of Massachusetts church polity and the civil law. "Truth is fallen in the street and equity cannot enter."—The sunny side for pastors in New England seems to be still bright. We cannot mention half of these cases, but take special pleasure in naming one, that of Assonet in Freetown. The Rev. A. G. Duncanson, the pastor, was lately visited by a numerous company of friends who left money and good things. For many years this was a place of "small things," and superstitious people used to say the reason of it was the church edifice was built by money drawn in a lottery. Perhaps that course has now worn out.—The late council at Brookline have given a result by which they recommend the disfellowed members to remain in the old Harvard Church. The revival in Manchester, N. H., is a remarkable one, and seems to have commenced with the week of prayer. More than 200 have expressed their interest either as converts or inquirers. So also at Chippoke Falls, at West Springfield, at Terryville, (Plymouth,) at Egonsburg, Vt.—The Unitarians claim to have 256 ministers in America, and 261 Societies. They have 18 in Boston, and they are all supplied with settled ministers. Rev. Joseph Richardson, of Hingham, is the oldest pastor, and was settled in 1806. They claim to have 17 chaplains in the army. In Massachusetts there are 163 Societies, and in all the rest of the United States there are only 93. Truly, this kind of religion does not thrive out of the old Bay State.

While there are here in all places and departments, many of the excellent of the earth, there daily flows to and fro in the great avenue, the most godless, hardened, wicked and worthless population in the country.

Truly more than waters of the Potomac are needed to cleanse our capital. In a future letter I will speak of the obstacles, peculiar, in the way of doing good here. But in the meantime, let all who love their country, pray for the capital and our national legislature. Let every thing be encouraged by sympathy and chairs, which is calculated to increase the power of Christianity in high places.

I am glad to tell you that the Book, "The Christian Life and Institutions of our country" is meeting with a large sale, and, by all who have read it, is commended in the strongest language. It is truly a noble Book. It is the richest cream of the past, a thesaurus of many most important and forgotten facts in our early history.

It is a Book for the times. I hope it may find its way as it deserves, into every library and school in the land. J. J. M.

THE WORK OF GOD IN CAMP CONVALESCENT.

LETTER TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CHRISTIAN CAMP CONVALESCENT, VA. Jan. 30th, 1864.

DEAR BRO. STUART: It is indeed pleasant to preach and labor for the soldiers in this camp. At home the people are surfeited with preaching, here they hunger for the truth which is able to make them wise unto salvation.

Many, unquestionably, are every week, and some, every day, converted. It is touching to witness their fraternal love and sympathy, to see them when they have found the Saviour, put their arms around their comrades and lovingly persuade them to the same Saviour. Our services in the chapel are exceedingly interesting, and every night hundreds remain after the preaching, to unite in the prayer-meeting. And there then follows invariably, a scene over which the angels might weep with joy. Never, in my life, have I had men ask with more apparent earnestness for the way of life, and never have I heard men pray, evincing a deeper and richer experience of the indwelling power and grace of God, than do some of these brethren. Surely they have the secret of God with them, for such breathings of prayer can come only from a heart wherein dwells the Holy Spirit. Coming here to teach, I find myself inclined to learn of some of these Christian brethren and rejoicing converts, that divine wisdom which so often is hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto the babes in Christ. Before we are up in the morning, and even after we have retired at night, we hear the voice of prayer from the adjoining chapel. Indeed there seems to be no hour in the day when the chapel is deserted. My own heart has been especially drawn out toward the poor fellows, about three hundred, in Camp Desertion. Many of them, I believe are good Christian men. It is understood among my brethren that that is my parish. I have pre-empted that territory, and every forenoon visit it, holding service in the open air, and distributing religious reading. And never have I been treated more respectfully, and apparently never preached to more eager listeners. When prayer is about to be offered, every hat is removed, and there suc-

PAPEES FOR THE ARMY.

From Benedict D. Stewart, \$25.00

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The most noticeable feature of the week here, has been the preaching of a sermon by Rev. Dr. Sunderland in the capitol. It appears that there had been some hesitation and opposition to granting the hall of the House of Representatives for Public Worship. Some had doubted the propriety of the chaplain service, and of prayer at the opening of the daily session. Others had openly manifested their contempt for God and his worship, by sitting with their hats on, and others rustling their papers, and continuing their scribbling and newspaper reading during prayer. To all these scandalous indecencies, Dr. Sunderland alluded; but more especially set himself to answer the scorners who spoke against observing any of the forms of religion in the capitol, or recognition of Christianity as the true faith. The speaker took upon one by one, the objections of this class of men to the chaplain service. I have thought it might be interesting to your readers to give them a fragment of this part of the sermon. [The extract will appear in our next.] The sermon produced a profound impression, and the only regret is, that so few of the members of Congress were present to hear it. I think, in the judgment of charity, not one-half of the members of Congress attend any place of worship. What wisdom they obtain on this day is not from above. We need some of Son of Thunder to visit the capitol and arouse the

guilty legislators who invoke, by their godlessness, the continued judgments of God on the land.

Dr. Sunderland, for his bold and unflinching loyalty to his country and his God, deserves the gratitude of all good men. May his bow still abide in strength. I understand that the sermon is to be repeated before the Union League, on Monday night, and may be published. It is a blow aimed in the right direction, and struck a great sin between the eyes. In a time like this, when we are making such sacrifices for the right, every form of transgression in high places should be rebuked with apostolic energy and zeal. Sin against God, and unfaithful use of the trust we received from our fathers, have brought upon us the judgments of the hour. And we have reason to fear that worse things are at the door, unless we repent.

While I am glad to say that in moral character and in stainless integrity, no Congress, for many years has been equal to the present; still there is great room for improvement. Washington is undoubtedly the Sodom of the continent. The population are as eager in pursuit of the most frivolous pleasures, as the inhabitants of Paris. The places of amusement are fabulously crowded, and vie beyond thought or language. They pander to every vice. Public plunderers, private robbers, desperadoes, quacks, Jews, swindlers, black-legs, Syrens, the daughters of shame; all flock here as vultures to the carrion carcass.

While there are here in all places and departments, many of the excellent of the earth, there daily flows to and fro in the great avenue, the most godless, hardened, wicked and worthless population in the country.

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ceeds a stillness as profound as if they stood around the open grave of a dead comrade.

Two nights since, after service, I had returned to my quarters, and had been there for an hour or so, when tempted by the beauty of the night, I proposed a walk to brother Heinson. We went out, and had proceeded but a short distance, when there came floating to us on the still air the voice of prayer. We advanced and stood within ear-shot. Several soldiers were holding a prayer-meeting under the pines. It was eleven o'clock. The night was extremely lovely, and the scene was one I can never forget. The men used very appropriate and beautiful language. One of them prayed for the blessing of God upon the preaching; and those who had come to labor with and for the soldiers, for all officers and men in the camps, for their comrades recently "gone to the front." Then he prayed earnestly for a comrade kneeling there, and evidently seeking peace and salvation. "O Saviour, give him thy forgiving love, and thy redeeming grace." I was deeply moved.

My dear sir, the Spirit of God is hovering over this camp, and I think greater things are in store for us than as yet our eyes have seen, or our ears have heard. Very truly yours, F. L. ROBBINS.

APPEAL TO THE EDITOR.

Middletown, Del., February 3d, 1864.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I desire to, appeal to you as a kind of authority with regard to certain matters, which, though seeming strictly personal at first sight, may be accounted as of more general interest. Are you not, as other honorable men, opposed to anonymous communications, be they notes or letters, or what-not? Here is the first part of my grievance.

I am stated supply of the Presbyterian Church in Chesapeake City, Maryland, about ten miles from here. Two or three weeks since, after the service, the wife of one of the elders of the church handed me an envelope superscribed with my name. Upon opening it at a convenient time and place, imagine my consternation (?) at finding within unsigned writing!

This writing which had thus been foisted on me—this irresponsible communication, was merely a matter of "enclosed please find fifty (50) dollars, as a donation from the congregation in appreciation of your services;" or words to that effect. But it was without signature. Is not that the important part? To be sure there were certain scraps of parchment paper, profusely ornamented with designs in green ink, which had signatures of one L. B. Chittenden, and somebody Spinner, (what his initials are, I find no one who can tell.) But as they are merely lithographed, of course they are not responsible for this afore-mentioned note. What would you advise in such a case? I told the congregation the next Sunday in pretty plain terms what I thought of the affair, and as some of them looked conscious of having had a share in the transaction, I thought that might be sufficient. What do you as censor of public morals advise?

But this is not all; indeed not a third of my grievances. Yesterday was my birthday, in commemoration whereof a few friends were invited to supper, (you know supper in Delaware is a word of uncouth fragrance, and excellent good taste.) Now for the point: Can you believe it? A gentleman of whose sanity, and of whose politeness before now I had the highest opinion, actually without invitation walked into the very dining-room, and into the very presence of the invited guests, lugging a huge basket. And not only he, but another and another, old and young, all without invitation, or even previous notice, and some without ringing, (as Mr. Wilson would commendably have us say,) the manse door-bell, came in, sat down in the parlor, occupied the dining-room—we and our select and comfortably invited guests almost crowded out—swarmed in the chambers, and generally took possession of what common law designates my "castle," and which the great Burke declared, even the king could not enter uninvited. And then to think how they acted. Not content with this kind of coming, they spread a table in a chamber as if that were a place for eating. (But then who can account for the manners of those who will come without an invitation?) And there to cap the climax, a gentleman, a physician, hitherto considered of suavity irreprouchable, spoke aloud, and in the most personal way of me the master of the house, under my own roof; thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth an "official document" looking envelope, and actually had the boldness in sight of the witnesses (by any of whom I can prove it in court,) to present it to me. I find on examination since, that it is not only an anonymous communication, but beside a matter of something over a hundred dollars, it contains no writing, not even a scrap of paper. Without waiting for any more formal gathering of the congregation, I immediately, in the heat of my emotions, informed him, and all of them of my opinions. And when they

had gone, after having coolly made themselves at home through the evening, such a house as was left! The pantry nicely cleaned and put in order for the invited company, was crowded and cluttered up; the shelves disarranged, and the very floor looking like a produce dealers' warehouse. Nor though this was not hollow even were these antics confined to rational beings. For instance, a turkey came some five miles to roost on our cellar stairs. Chickens hung all dressed and marketable on convenient walls. Bottles filled up with cream. Butter suddenly appeared on empty plates; lard in places where it never before had been kept; cabbage and parsnips, and satisfy-actually bowed each other in a barrel, which had before contained sweet potatoes. (See Darwin on the Origin and Conflict of Species.) And either by the laying of a most prolific and expeditious hen, or some other means, eggs enough to fill a huge platter were laid in a dark corner under the stairs.

Here is my complaint. What shall be done for all these breaches of manners, this bold invasion? Can you, Mr. Editor, answer my question?

Sincerely yours, ISAAC RILEY.

[We advise "unconditional surrender" to all such amicable assaults. Ed.]

CONVERSION OF JOSEPH BARKER.

There appears no reason to doubt the fact, as announced some months ago, that Mr. Joseph Barker, once so notorious for his infidel opinions which he maintained in a public debate in this city some years ago, with Rev. Dr. Berg, and which he has since industriously promulgated in connection with the secularists of England, has abandoned his errors and declared a belief in the Bible, and his concurrence in the principles of the Evangelical church. From our foreign exchanges, we learn that Mr. Barker has been lecturing under the auspices of members of the New Connexion, (Methodist,) upon "Christianity, the best Secularism," "The Bible, its Worth and How to Read it;" and "The Teachings of Experience, or Lessons I have learned on my road through Life."

The Wesleyan Times speaks in high terms of Mr. Barker as commanding respect and exciting hope even during his career as an infidel, by strict adherence to those habits of temperance and self-respect which characterized him in his youth; and expresses the belief that his lectures, attended as they were by many of his old friends, have done much good. Mr. Barker has been laboring and preaching among the Primitive Methodists, who have invited him to connect himself with their body; but Mr. Barker replied to their invitation, that he had received more than ordinary kindness from Dr. Cooke, of the New Connexion, who had manifested such a liberal and Christian spirit as to command his highest respect and admiration. The correspondence was still open between them, and he could not, therefore, decide to accept their kind and unexpected invitation. Besides, he felt he owed much to the New Connexion. He had deeply injured it, and he was impelled by every consideration to endeavour to repair that injury.

The conversion of this notorious infidel is a remarkable illustration of the power of grace, and we trust "a token for good" to the working classes of England, who have been sadly deluded and led away from the truth by the teachings of Mr. Barker and his associates.

THE SUFFERING REFUGEES IN CAIRO.

Day by day the fact is coming more to light that we, who live amid scenes of peace, know next to nothing of the true sufferings of war. We are reminded of this by a fresh appeal to our benevolence, from a quarter where the loud cry for help must be answered by prompt individual responses, or it will probably be in vain. Gen. Rxin, commanding at Cairo, Ill., has despatched Rev. E. Folsom, chaplain at that post to the east, to solicit immediate aid for the Union refugees who have escaped from within the rebel lines, robbed of all their possessions, because they would not and could not forswear their love to the old flag, and driven, in utter destitution, from their homes—large numbers of them delicate women and children, whose fathers, husbands, and brothers have been cruelly murdered by guerrillas in their very presence. These hapless fugitives from the most heart-rending scenes of barbarity, are received kindly, and fed with Government rations as soon as they come within our lines, and transported by military authority to Cairo, Illinois. Here all Government action ceases. As they are not soldiers, their case does not come within the provisions of the great benevolent organizations for the relief of suffering soldiers. Here, therefore, the hand of public charity must take them up, or they perish. Money, therefore, is needed at once, and continually, and in large quantities, in order to provide means for their transportation

to places where they can find friends or employment. From a letter from General Reid to Mr. Folsom, of Jan. 16, we learn that more than three thousand have already been aided in thus moving on, through his efforts for aid, extending from Chicago to New York. But they still arrive in the ratio of one hundred per day, and Philadelphia is now implored for help. The following appeal will show the estimation in which the call is held by many of our first citizens:

Philadelphia, Jan. 22d, 1863.

The undersigned have learned, as they believe only too truly, that great suffering exists among the Union refugees, men, women and children, who are gathering at Cairo, often at the rate of one hundred per day. Numbers of them are helpless remnants of families; whose protectors have been murdered by guerrillas, and who have been robbed of all means of living. They are suffering for almost every necessary of life; their sufferings are aggravated by the privations of winter; and from the nature of the case, the severity of those sufferings is increased by the accumulation of the numbers of the sufferers.

Rev. Ezekiel Folsom, Chaplain of the Post Hospital at Cairo, is now in the East, under orders from General Reid, commanding at Cairo, on a mission of benevolence towards those refugees. His labors in several cities have awakened deep and practical sympathy. We understand that he designs visiting Philadelphia. Our information respecting his fitness is satisfactory; we are satisfied with the mode adopted for the distribution of the fruit of his efforts; and we cordially commend his enterprise to our fellow citizens.

Alexander Henry, James Pollock, Geo. H. Stuart, Archibald McIntyre, James J. Barclay, John B. Myers, N. B. Browne, William S. Perot, M. W. Baldwin, Joseph Allison, Alonzo Potter, Albert Barnes, H. A. Boardman, Francis Hodgson, J. Wheaton Smith, Richard Newton, Thomas Brainard, Jay Cooke, Lewis R. Ashurst, Wm. H. Ashurst.

Contributions in money, clothing, bolts of cotton, or such dry goods as meet the necessities of the case, may be sent to H. N. Thissel, Esq., Secretary of the American Tract Society, 929 Chestnut St., who has kindly accepted the duty of attending to their safe and speedy transmission. Rev. B. B. Hotchkiss, a Delaware Co. pastor, has also consented to render such occasional gratuitous aid as is in his power, for promoting this charity in Philadelphia, and for this purpose he enjoys the full confidence of all concerned.

THE CONCERT OF PRAYER FOR LITTEARY INSTITUTIONS.

As the time chosen for this concert is near, it may be well for our readers to refresh their minds as to the great importance of the subject sought to be attained by it. In addition to the intrinsic interest the subject would have at any time, circumstances are such as to magnify its consequence. Our institutions of learning have in them a large number of youth whose conversion would bring great glory to God, and confer an unspeakable blessing on themselves. These students are soon to exert a great influence on the social, literary, political and religious interests of our country. Should they be converted and walk in the fear of God, their influence will prove beneficial; should they not be brought under the restraints and impulses of evangelical religion, it may be injurious and even destructive. There are peculiar temptations always attending youth congregated in large numbers, and away from home, from which the grace of God is the only certain protection. There is necessarily an agitated state of the public mind just now which increases the force of temptation, and prevents that quiet attention which should be given to divine things, and which calls for awakened interest and importunity and prayer. A demand is soon to be made on our institutions for well instructed men, of moral integrity, to guide the affairs and teach the growing millions of our population, beyond what they can supply, if they are not blessed with the outpouring of the spirit from on high. Through such outpourings heretofore a large number have been led to engage in preaching Christ; and this is a great, though not by any means our only resource, for a speedy supply of ministers. Prayer should be offered continually for this end, and it should be specially magnified at the approaching concert. The reasons for this are numerous and weighty. "The harvest is plenteous and the laborers are few." Many organized congregations are destitute of the stated ministrations of the word and ordinances. Large tracts of territory more or less densely peopled in our land, are but very partially supplied with the intelligent ministrations of the gospel. New territories and states call loudly for Christian instruction and institutions for the instruction of the incoming population, and from heathen countries the importunate cry is heard: send those who will aid us in breaking the bread of life to the perishing millions—send quickly—and send many for the harvest is ripe. Our Lord directed special prayer to be made for this object, and we shall disobey him if we fail to offer it. The hearts of all men are in his hands and he can bring multitudes into the ministry. He alone can give the great essential qualification for preaching his word, and when his church shall honor him by seeking his conversion and sanctifying spirit, he will honor her with a ministry who will build her up in the truth, and extend the conquests of his word over the world.