hold and in the hospital, the Rev. George Mingins, will now address you.

Rev. George J. Mingins' Address.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:hen, in 1861, in the month of November, the rious representatives of the Young Men's heristian Associations of the loyal North method that the rious representatives of the Young Men's heristian Associations of the loyal North method that the rious representatives of the Young Men's heristian Associations of the loyal North method his finger to his eyes, and shook it with a twirl—"Now, mother, mother! You promised me. that you wouldn't come out, didn't ye? Now you promised me. When I said 'good bye' to ye, mother, I told ye I didn't want you to come out here and unman me, and here you've done it! Now I wish you hadn't!" The old woman lifted her hands in and putting hen, in 1861, in the month of November, the ho are at home, surrounded by aome composite, recipients of every bless og, living in cace with each other, have the liberty of worth cace with each other, have the liberty of worth cace with each other, have the liberty of worth cace with each other liberty of worth liberty o what can we do for chrise brave men who have left their homes and all that is near and dear to them to sacrifice and suffer that we may be blessed with the blessings of peace and safety? This was the simple question. For this these me times have been held. For this we are gat cred to night, that you may under stand or stand pr cisely the simple, practical workings of the Christian Commission. They are held that the local people of the North may be ar oused to a true sense of their own responsi-bility in this matter. We desire that every man and every woman belonging to the loyal North may look at this matter a-right, and be repared to do their duty, so that our national xister ce may be sustained, and we may go on a brighter, grander, nobler, truer nation in the inture than we have been in the past.

Although the United States Christian Commission has received the co-operation of vast umbers of the Christian Church, (for, mark you, this is a Christian Commission,) and de pends mainly on the offerings, the thank offerngs of Christian hearts—although they have received largely of the contributions of the loyal Christian people of the North, yet there are hundreds still, and thousands, in all parts of our Union, that have, as yet, done little or nothing for the Union's defenders.

Mr. President, I have not the honor to be "native to this manor born." I first saw the light in good eld Scotland. Her sunlight first slanted adown the hillside into the valley where my mother's cot was nestled; and I am ready to confess, sir, that when this great and gigantic war burst over our land, I used to look on coldly, not understanding thoroughly the great principle which prompted men to leave their home and carry their lives in their hands that they might save the land of Washington; and they might save the land of Washington; and when I used to see soldiers going to the war, I used to indulge in a sort of vain philosophy that I know a great many men indulge in today. I used to say, "Now these men like to fight; I don't. Therefore they are right in going to fight, and I am right in staying at home." Or, I used to say, "Now these men want fame, they want a name, they want position. I am perfectly satisfied with what I have and what I am. It is right for them to battle and what I am. It is right for them to Dattle for fame; it is right for me to live quietly in all humility." And I flung around my shoulder the philosopher's robe and stand unmoved as I saw men passing before me going to battle and to death, and quiet my conscience with this mised that the talked to him of his soul's welfare. However, in this work in the army we soon find out from the soldier himself the kind of and what I am. It is right for them to battle rable philosophy that will never stand before the intelligent, the great, and the noble, and that the very devil despises! (Applause.) A touching little incident, Mr. President,

converted me from the error of my way, and, if you will permit me, I will relate it-for I conless it was a great turning point of my life, I feel it so now. I happened to be in attendance on a meeting of Synod in the city of Easton, at the time when our honorable Chief Magistrate called out 75,000 men to beat back the foe that was going forward to desecrate this holy temple. I stood in the street one day, and heard the sound of martial music. I saw the men marching down. I knew who they were the moment I saw them-sturdy yeomen who had left the hills of Penusylvania and poured along her valleys, who had left their fields, and looms, and benches, their wives and little ones. their homes and all that they held dear, to stand up in front of the foe that had risen up against us. When I saw them, my old philosophy came up, because I must have something

to comfort me, you know.

Just them I saw a little girl standing on the Just them I saw a little girl standing on the door step. She was ten or twelve years of army, it's just what they want." And from age, I should judge. As I looked in her face the first time that its delegates have set out for my attention was aroused. I thought I saw a the lines of the army up to this present time, deep cloud of sorrow come over and rest upon that little brow. She stood with her hands man who has come in contact with the Chrisclasped tightly, and her little face seemed pinched with very agony. And I thoughtwell now, what can be the matter with that child? I determined to watch her emotion, so I took my stand near by. The music sounded nearer and nearer. By and by the heavy tramp of men was heard. As they drew near to us, I saw that little form becoming more fixed and rigid—the little hands began to qui ver, her neck was stretched out with eager intensity, and she stood with eyes fairly riveted upon the men as they came marching slowly by the door. At last I was startled with the enetrating little voice, as it cried out, "Oh penetrating little voice, as it cried out, "Oh! that's him! that's him! it's pa! it's pa! he's going! he's going! he's gone!" and, with sobng, she turned away and entered into the

Now conscience, just at that time, asked me one or two very ugly questions. One question that it asked me was, "Well, what was the matter with the child?" The answer was at hand. I knew that that man who had marched to defend the Union was her father, that he was her all, that he was her comfort, her joy, her support, her sustenance, and when that little one had given up that, she had given up the very sunlight of her little existence, literally her all. And then conscience asked me another question. It said, "Well, sir, what have you done for your country?" I whispered, "Well—but—but I don't really belong to the country!" (Laughter.) "Don't belong to the country?—then, you infernal scamp, get out of it." (Laughter and loud applause.) "Get out of it! this is not the country for men who belong nowhere—it is somewhere else!" (Continued applause.). "Don't belong to it!" and memory carried me back many a year when I first landed upon the hospitable shores a poor unknown lad, when, year after year, I struggled, and, at every step I took, I met sunlight, and warm hearts and generous natures, and all the highroad to an honest and a true ambition opened up before me. And "not belong to the country! Then quit it, and give up all you have received from it and have in it." "Well, but," conscience interposed. "you got a wife here." "Yes, and I would not give her up for a great deal. I thought—no, I cannot quit it"—and then the blush of very shame mantled my cheek, and, standing in that street in Easton, as I looked back at the silest, dumb door that had closed upon that brave and God-like little patriot. I determined that though not "native to the manor born," I would allow no man living here to outdo me so far as I had the ability, in upholding and sustaining and defending the nation that had been my generous and my neble benefactor.

But conscience was not done with me yet. I walked down the street. I saw the same company of men drawn up in line. I saw an old woman who was pulling a thin shawl about her. Ah, she was one of the poor of the earth. She hurried on, eagerly, anxiously scanning the faces of the men as she came. At last she stopped before a great, tall, raw-boned fellow who was joking with his companions. "Well, boys," he said, "we're going off ar n't we!"
And they said, "Yes, we are." He had a little bundle, tied up with a red handkerchief, in his arm. "When we get there, maybe we won't give them fits, eh?" They said, "Maywou't give them fits, eh?" They said, "Maybe we won't?" They seemed to be making in favor say aye." They say aye, and the shirt is procured. But, says one, "How long have the same mistake with some of us just about you been here, my friend?" "Seven weeks."

such a terrible desolating shadow was rising up in our mids+_

Just tr. en the old woman pushed her way through the crowd, and stood before this man.

Ilis c fee dropped in a moment, and his face was co vered with emotion as he turned his head, the tears streamed down her furrowed cheeks, she said, "Oh, Jack, don't scold me, don't scold your poor old mother, Jack, you know ye're all I have, Jack, and I didn't come out to unman ye, I didn't come out to unman ye. I have come to say God bless ye, Jack, God bless ye!" and folding the thin shawl over her bosom she went away. The big fellow drew the sleeve over his face, and bringing down his arm with a sort of vexed emphasis, as if to defy the emotion he could not conceal, turning to the men, he said, "hang it, boys, she's mother, you know!" There I felt will be a brave man in the field. He's a noble, a true fellow. Men who have a right and true appreciation of their country's cause, are lovers of their home and of their mother. It is unnecessary to say that conscience had done its work faithfully with me that time!

And now when I heard, Mr. Chairman, that the Christian Commission designs to follow these men wherever they go, with their homes and the influences of the loved ones there, that t was to be, as you have heard, a home-link of the war, I could not but admire and support it. When this Christian Commission was organized, many said, "Now I hope you will stick to your legitimate business." Well, we say, "Pray what is the legitimate business of the Christian Commission?" "Well, it is the Christian Commission? Well, it is the giving of tracts, and prayer-books, and Testaments, and all sorts of good books; it is preaching, and pray, and talking with the men, and it is not anything else." Now I was sent out by the worthy Chairman of this Christian Commission. mission in May, 1861, to see if there was any thing to do for an organization like this within the lines of the army, and in the second place, if there was, to see how we could do it. We found there was plenty to do; and I found that there was only one way of doing it, and that was by following the example set us by the Master. Now I have not the slightest respect for, nor the slightest faith in that Christianity that goes into the deepest cellar or into the highest garret, and beholds the poor, wretched beings there, dressed in rags and shivering in the cold, and pitches a sermon at the poor things' heads. It is not the religion of my Lord and Master that does this. For I remember that when he stood upon the earth his hands were always busy, and his great heart was always drawn out in sympathy for the poor and find out from the soldier himself the kind of religion he wants. The soldier is the best judge, after all, of this. One of our delegates, in the early history of the Commission, approached a soldier who seemed very tired and worn, and holding in his hand a tract, he said, extending it to him, "My good friend, will you have a tract?" "No, but I'll have a cracker!" was the quick reply, and the delegate said, "pardon me, I did not know you were hungry, my good fellow, or I would not give you the tract first," and putting his hand in his satchel, he pulled out a nice Boston cracker, and said, "take this and if that is not deficient if you will resident. this, and if that is not sufficient, if you will wait ten minutes till I run over to the Christian Commission's tent, I will bring you as much as you want." The fellow's eye brightened, he was moved, as he said, "Well, stranger, excuse me, I didn't want to be impertinent, But I tell you I was hungry, that's a fact, and when you offered me that tract I thought I would much rather have a cracker, and I said so! But give me the tract, too, stranger, give it to me. I promise you I will read it, and keep it, for if this is the kind of religion you men of the Christian tian Commission, has been, "THAT IT'S JUST THE VERY THING FOR THE ARMY! [Much

The Rev. M. Parvin has given you some idea as to how the Commission's delegate goes to work. Out of these 1,200 delegates every man has acted upon the simple principle of the organization, that it is the duty of every man to do something for his country. I suppose I have what you may consider a curious definition of patriotism. I believe that the word "patriot" means "one who is willing to make sacrifices for his country." But you know "there are many men of different minds," and I have met sold who would come down to the breakfast table at the hotel, with the luxuries of life spread out before them, and their newspaper in hand, very complacently lean back, and with pompous air bolt out an oath from their unclean throats, "By George, I told you so; the Government is going to smash—it is a wreck already!" and they would grumble and growl, and yet think themselves true patriots-indeed if you doubted their patriotism they would become excessively angry! I may be mistaken, but the only patriotism it is right to acknow ledge, in my opinion, in presenting this cause before the people of the North, is this; that whether this war be right or wrong, every man is bound to do what he can to relieve the suffering of those men who are fighting for him to bind up their broken bodies, and pour the oil of soothing upon the weak and weary, wound-

ed soldiers. You may ask me how are these ministrations of delegates received by the soldiers? I have been out several times as delegate, and I testify that I have always been received most kindly by them. I met with but one exception. He was an Irishman. I do not say this to cast any reflection upon our Irish fellow-citizens; for remember well when I stood at the battle-field of Antietam, that I was pointed out a ditch which lay full of the rebel dead, and when I asked, "Whose work is this?" I was answer-ed, "The Irish brigade, sir!" and I said then, "God bless them!" and so I say now, if that is the way they do! (Applause.) And I say God bless all whom America has received from foreign countries, and made them sons, and may he confound all who, walking and living in the sunlight of its prosperity, defile her with curses and trample upon the bosom that has nourished them.

Well, notwithstanding that, this was a very tough old Irishman, I assure you. It was at a time when a great many were sick at Yorktown with the typhoid fever and chronic dysentery-men who had marched and marched, and dug and delved, and marched again, until they were completely broken down. A great many of them had no clean shirts on—for they had worn them long. I had got a large supply, and was going through the tent giving them to the poor fellows. And here let me illustrate the Commission's proceeding in such cases. When word came that the men wanted shirts, we did not go back to the tent and hold a council of war over it. One did not rise and say, "Now, do you think that man has a shirt? Do you really think it?" And after considering a while, and discussing the point, they conclude he has not. "Well, do you think we had bet-ter give him one?" is asked, and it is ageed that it would be advisable to do so. "I propose, then, that we give him a shirt," says one, "Is it seconded?" "It is." "It is moved and seconded that this man have a shirt. All

because you are the senior officer here!" And at last the poor man gets the needed garment. No, no, it is nothing like this that the Com-

No, no, it is nothing after this that the Commission goes to work. I had gone to the needy men and distributed what I had. I came to this Irishman. "My dear friend," said I, "how are you? You seem to be an old man?" "Shure and I am an ould man, sir!" "Well, how some you have in the army old as you how came you here, in the army, old as you are?" "Och, sir, I'm not only an ould man, but an ould seldier, too, I'd have ye know."
He had been twenty years in the British service
in the East Indies, and had fought America's
foes in Mexico. "Yes, sir," he continued,
"I'm old, and I know it, but I'm not too old to shoulder a musket and hit a rap for the ould flag yet!" (Applause.) "You're a brave fellow," said I, "and I've brought these things to make you comfortable," as I held out to him a shirt and drawers. He looked at me. Said he, "What! thim things?" "Yes, I want to give them to you to wear." "Well, I don't want them!" "You do want them." "Well, I don't !" and he looked at me and then at the I don't!" and he looked at me and then at the goods, and said somewhat sharply as I urged them again, "Niver mind, sir, I don't want them, and I tell ye, I won't have them!"—" "Shure," said he, "do ye take me for an object of charity?" That was a kind of poser. I looked at him. "No, sir," said I, "I do not take you for an object of charity, and I don't want you to look upon me as and I don't want you to look upon me as a and I don't want you to look upon me as a dispenser of charity either for I am not."—
"Well, what are you, thin?" "I am a delegate of the United States Christian Commission. have left my home and my church, and I have come down here to serve the brave fellows. have washed their feet, and have dressed them, and every thing that a nurse could do, for the sick and suffering men here. I came as a delegate from the loyal North, bearing the thank offerings of mothers, and wives, and sisters to you brave defenders of the Stars and Stripes." And I thought, surely, after such a speech as that, I would get hold of the old fellow's heart. But he looked at me and said, "Any how, I won't have them!" (Laughter.) I felt really wounded. I did not at all like it. I have told you he was an Irishman, and I happened to be a Scotchman, and somehow you scarcely ever see an Irishman and Scotch. you scarcely ever see an Irishman and Scotchman meet without there is a row. I couldn't help it, but it is so, that I didn't like the idea of that old Irishman's bluffing me off so. I was determined not to be conquered. I meant to try further, and when a Scotchman means o try a thing he will come very near doing it. Laughter.) I didn't forget my obligations however, the cause I was serving, and that I was a Christian man. I didn't talk any further then, but determined to prove by my acts, my deeds, that I had come down to do this old use and his fellows good. So day after day I went about my work, nursing, giving medicines, cleaning up the tent, and doing anything and everything that I could. One day as I went everything that I could. One day as I went in, a soldier said, "There's good news to-day, Chaplain." "Ah, what is it?" "The paymaster's come." "Well, that is good news." "Yes, but not to me, chaplain." "How is that?" "I've not got my descriptive list, and if a fellow's not got that, the paymaster may come and go, and he's none the better off for it." "Well, why don't you get it?" "I can't write, chaplain, I am suffering from chronic rheumatism." "Shall I write foryou?" "If you only would, chaplain!" I hauled out paper you only would, chaplain!" I hauled out paper and pencil, asked the number of his regement, name of his captain, his company, &c., and sent a simple request that the descriptive list might be remitted to that point. When I had done this I found a good many who wanted their lists, and I went on writing them until I came to the cot next to the old Irishman's. It was occupied by another Irishman. I said to him my friend have you your descriptive list? 'No." "Shall I write to your captain for it?" "If you please," and I began to write. I noticed the old frishman stretching overly all estation, listening to what I was saying. I spoke now and then a word meant for him, hough I affected not to notice him. After I had written the request, I said to the young man "Shall I read it to you ?" "If you please, sir," and I read aloud the simple note. I had done, the old Irishman broke out with "Upon my sowl, sir, you write the natest let-ther for a descriptive list that I ever heard in my life! Shure, and a man would think ye had been a soldier all your days, you do write, so nate a letther for a descriptive list!" I turned around and said, "Have you got yours?"—
!'An' I haven't, sir." "Do you want it?" that's a queer question to ax a man, does he would watch, watch, watch, o, how long! how want his descriptive list, does he want his pay anxiously! I entered the room. She motioned o buy some little delicacies to send home to the ould woman and the childer! I do want t, an' if ye will lend us the shtroke of your pen, chaplain, you'll oblige us." I sat down and wrote the letter, and when I had done

said, "Now, boys, give me your letters and I'll have them post-paid and sent for you." When I returned sad work awaited me, for a delegate meets shadows as well as sunshine in his work. In that tent were several of the brave sons of New England. One of Massa-chusetts' sons lay there dying. You could tell it by the pale face, the sunken eye, and the pale quivering lip. Then came the delegate's work is the minister of Christ. This Christian Commission, Mr. Chairman, believes that men are immortal, and that all the patriotism on God's earth will not open the gates of eternal glory to any soul unless it be saved by the great mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord; and then trembling, remembering the terrible re-sponsibility that rests upon the living minister tanding by a dying man, we try to preach the gospel to him.

I spoke to the dying boy of mother, of Jesus, of home, of heaven. O, mothers who are here to-night, let me say to you whatever else a soldier forgets, he never, never, NEVER forgets his

And I will tell you, my friends, that is one of the things I have noticed in an American army that I believe is a great characteristic of the American heart, that it clings to home and mother. I have stood by the cot of a dying soldier, and stooping down to catch his last breath, have heard him whisper "mother!" I remember passing over a battle-field and seeing a man just dying. His mind was wandering. His spirit was no longer on that bloody field, it was at his home, far away. I stood and looked upon the poor follow. A smile passed over his face—a smile, O, of so much sweetness, is looking up he said, "O, mother, O, mother! I am so glad you have come." And he seemed as if she was there by his side. By and by he said again, "Mother, it's cold, it's cold, won't you pull the blanket over me?" I stooped down and pulled the poor fellow's ragged blanket closer to his shivering form. And he smiled again, "That will do, mother, that will do!" and he turned over and passed sweetly to his rest, and he was borne up to the presence of God on the wings of a pious mether's pray-

But to come to the case in the tent. After I had done all I could for the Massachusetts bey, and had shook his hand in parting, I turned to leave the tent, when just as I was going out of the door I happened to see the old Irishman. He looked very queerly. There was certainly something the matter with him. He was rubbing his hands through his hair, pulling his beard, and acting otherwise very strangely; but I didn't take much notice of im, as I had been so solemnly engaged, when he came up to me and clasping my hands, he said, "Be me sowl, sir, you are no humbug, anyhow!" "What do you want?" I said. "O," said he, "haven't I watched you as day by day ye've been going through the tent car-ing for the boys! Why, ye've been like a mother to every one of them. Thanks to ye, chaplain, thanks to ye, an' may God bless ye," he repeated as he again wrung my hand. "And," said he, "ye do this all for nothing; the boys have been telling me about ye." "O," said I, "that's a mistake." "Well,

ye were a Presbyterian minister, and that ye came away from yere home, down here for the love ye had for the boys. But ye don't do it for nothing, eh? Who, thin, pays ye, the Government?" "No. If it means to pay me, it ernment?" 'No. If it means to pay me, it would take a great deal more money than it can spare. I would not sell my experience to-day for any price." "Well, does the Commission pay ye?" "No." "Well, thin, if the Government doesn't pay ye, and the Commission doesn't who does pay ye?" I looked the man straight in the face and I said, "That honest, hearty grasp of the hand, and that hearty 'God bless ye,' is ample reward for all that I have done for you. Remember, my brave fel low, that you have suffered and sacrificed for merand I couldn't do less for you now." was broken down. He bowed his head and went, and then taking me by the hand again, sake, "Shure, an' if that's the pay ye take, why God bless ye, God bless ye! Ye'll be rich with the coin of me heart all your days." And after a few moments pause, he said, "And now. chaplain, if ye will just give us the shirt and drawers, I'll wear them till there's not a thread of them left! (Cheers and laughter.)

This incident will illustrate how we ap prouch the soldier, what we try to do for him, and how it is received by him. I have already occupied my full time, but if you will permit me, Mr. Chairman, I want to say a word as t the great work of the Commission, after all It sends its stores, and cares for the bodies of men because it is Christ-like to do it, and because it gives it the key to the men's hearts, and this is its grand aim, to benefit and save the soul-to teach the men that it is "not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." Let me say, first that the soldiers are accessible to this work. A great many seem to believe that the moment they put on the uni-

form of their country they are free from all moral obligations, and I tell you that I have seen in this city of Washington more wretched wickedness amongst our soldiers than I ever saw down in the lines of the army. The men here will come out to hear the gospel. I have preached night after night within four miles of the city, to soldier audiences larger, I am safe in saying, than I ever saw a minister of the gospel address on any special religious subject n any church in this country. The Christian thousand men, within four miles of this city, and it is better attended, far better, I do not heritate to say, than the majority of the churches here. And let me also say, though do not let it starfle you when I tell you that the soldiers are not only more accessible to the gospel than the young men are at home, but that there are more brought to Christ, more been converted to God in our armies than there is at home! I will say even more, that humanly speaking, there is more likelihood of your son's becoming a soldier of the cross down in the lines of the army than there is at home. "How do you make it out?" some may ask. I answer because the prayers of the people of the north are centering on that mighty and majestic host; because there is no mother in the land who does not lift up holy hands unto Ged, and beseech that victory may perch upon the banner of this nation, and that her son may return to her home a child of the eternal God because there is not a wife or a sister in the land but who asks that the shadow of the Almighty's wings may be flung over their loved ones who have left them. I know, Mr. Chairman; that we have all suf-fered in this war, but it seems to me that those

who suffer most are the Christian fathers and

mothers of the soldiers. In conclusion, just let

me give you an instance of a mother's keen and deep felt anxiety about the welfare of her boy. Over a year ago, I saw a scene in an out hospital, near my own, as I was looking through a couch lay a young man of twenty or twentytwo years, just between time and eternity. Bending over his couch in an attitude of agony, O, how intense! stood a woman. Her pale face has seemed to haunt me ever since. Her eye was fixed upon her dying boy before her. Ever and anon she would stoop down and her lip would quiver as she whispered over that dull ear; and then she would noiselessly slip away from his side to get him some little delito me. I approached and told her who I was: that I was a delegate of the Christian Commission. "What is it you do, sir?" "I came down here as a minister of the ascended Jesus, to speak to sinners of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world-to tell the living and the dying that there is a holier, a brighter, better, home above." She put her hand in mine in a moment. "O, sir." said she. "I am so glad to see you, and pointing to the cot, she said, "Do you see that? do you see him, sir?" "Yes, I do." "Well, that is Joseph. O, that is my Joseph—all I have, sir—ak that God ever gave me, sir—my comfort—my joy, my support. And he's dying, sir I he's dying!" "O, my dear friend, it may not be so had as you think. He may get better."
"Th!" she replied, "I wish you could comfort
me, but the doctors who have been so kind to me, tell me that he must die. Why, sir, a bullet went crashing through his lung—if you will come I will show you, sir." "No, I do not want to see it!" After a moment she said, as if the herself, "It's hard, isn't it? You know he's all I've got. Tknow that we must sacrifica for this word I have fice for this war, and I know that many have given one son and more—but they had some body left benind to love thom -- but O! my Joseph! O, sir, he came to me and said, "I must go mother, my friends are going, and I cannot stay behind,' and he put his arms around my neck and begged me so. 'I will come back, mother, O yes, I will, all safe, and you will be proud of me, mother, and glad you let me go.'
And I said, 'well, go, Joseph, my son, and God
bless you!' And ever since that day, I've been sking God to shield the widow's son, sir. But, sir, he has done what seemed well in His sight, and it is all well." And she paused a moment. I could but witness that sacred grief in silence. She then turned to me with even deeper grief, as she said-"And that is only half the sacrifice!" Ah, I knew what was coming, I feared it. "O, sir, if his country only asked his body I could give it; yes, I could give it, for I could take his poor cold body home and lay him to rest with his father, but ch!" and with a look of mountains his rest. but of !" and with a look of unutterable wo she sald it—"O, my God, I cannot give up his soul—O, save his soul for Christ's sake!" Then turning more composed to me, she continued-"Joseph is not a Christian, sir. Won't

she brought me to the bedside. I spoke to Joseph. He was conscious. I found that he was like hundreds and thousands of others who had gone up from their mother's knees, to war, had been tossed about by temptation, and at last had fallen into grievous sin. He said. "Chaplain, I have been a wicked fellow, is there any use in me hoping?" Then came the grand mission of the cross of Jesus. Ah! I sat in this gallery yesterday, and in the gallery of the Senate house, and I heard the men of the nation standing up pleading for their country's good, and I was proud of them, and I thought, "O that I could have such a position"—when something whispered "hush, thou hast a higher and holier one!" and I felt it; and I felt, "May God give me strength to fill it faithfully." (Amen! amen!) O how glorious was my commission to that dying man, that seeking soul! To tell him that Jesus was ready to save to the uttermostthat God had no pleasure in the death of him that lime, for none of us had any idea that woh, then, you must give the man the shirt, now, how's that? They been tellin' me that that dieth. I delivered my message. "Will cruiting officers for our armies, not recruit-

willing to receive us all, that I need not be cast out, mother, that I may see you again.

Mother I am going to try to love Jesus; I am going to trust him!" I had never seen a tear upon that mother's face until Joseph uttered this war, alluded to casually by a gentleman Thank God! Now Joseph, I can give you up. You are dying in the cause of your country, Joseph, and you're going home to Jesus. Thank God! Thank God!" And murmuring Thank God!" as she kissed him, she pillowed

her face upon his bosom heaving in death. Now my friends, we owe a man in this Christian country two things. We owe our brave soldiers two things. We owe them food for the body and sympathy for the heart and food for the soul. We owe them the message of Christ and him crucified, that they may be led to live godly and sober lives to the honor and glory of God. To my mind, Mr. President, this war hath been conducted by the Great Jehovah. He hath unsheathed the sword of his might, and he hath been stripping off from us our hideous sins that have made us deformed

declared it! O, Mr. President, I feel to night that I thank you for this privilege. I feel thankful if a poor son of Scotland, who rejoices now in being a son of America, has been permitted in any way to staunch the flowing wounds, and to do all that he could for the country that has made him what he is! MAY GOD BLESS AMERICA! Amen! amen! with loud applause, resounded through the Hall.]

The chair now introduced as the next speaker the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who delivered the following address:

Hon. Schuyler Colfax's Address.

MR. SPEAKER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :- I shall speak to you but briefly at this late hour; for when I consented to participate in the addresses of this evening, I informed the Chairman of the Commission in whose behalf I am to speak, that multiplied duties would prevent me from making any very extended remarks; and I know right well as you do, that any remarks falling from my lips would seem tame after the able and the eloquent and the more than eloquentthe touching-addresses to which you have just listened.

Truly, sir, these men have come before us to-night decorated with the praise of Him who spake as never man spakes when he declared that they who ministered to the suffering, who gave only a cup of cold water to the thirsty, to even the humblest of His children, should in the last great day be re-warded as though they had done it unto Him; and when I stand in their presence. and in the presence of those who laid the foundation stones on which this magnificent edifice of Christianity, humanity, and be-neficence has been reared, I feel as if I should bare my bad in reverence and recacy, and swiftly coming back would gently spect. For if there ever was a human insti-steal her arm under his head, and minister to tution inspired by Him who holds the destitution inspired by Him who holds the desti-'An' I haven't, sir.'' "Do you want it?" him. Then she would lay the head softly back again upon the pillow, and folding her hands, has been the Christian Commission whose anniversary we commemorate to-night.

In my boyhood days, I used to read the allegories of that false prophet Mohammed, with delight. I think that some of them are worthy even of the theology of this century. In the summing up of one of his oriental epilogues he declares "that a man's true wealth consists not in lands, not in possessions, but in the good that he does in this world to his fellow man;" and he continues, "when a man dies, the people will wonder (how perfect the analogy in this afternoon of the nineteenth century!)—the people will wonder what property he has left behind him, but the angels, as they bend over his grave, will inquire, what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?" And, sir. when I think of the record that is to be written of this era of battle and strife for the Republic, I can see written high up on the roll of fame the names of men that will live as long as time shall last. The names of these great military and naval officers upon whom have been reflected the glory of the gallant soldiers and sailors they have led in this war for the Union, and the name of our Chief Magistrate, who, by daring to take the responsibility at the fall of Sumter, enables us now to feel that we have a Capital, a home for the Congress of this Republic, (great applause) will be written there side by side. But, sir, along side of them shall also be written in glowing letters, as if in living light, the name of him who, turning his back upon large business opera-tions in the city of Philadelphia, has devo-ted himself, as the Chairman of this Commission, to days and nights of sleepless labor for the soldiers of our Republic. (Applause.) And when I saw this man tearing himself away from the bedside of a dying son, dear to him as his own heart's blood, to go and speak to the people of New Jername of George H. Stuart was enshrined in my heart, as it will be in the hearts of oyal men in our Republic so long as these nearts shall continue to throb.

For the first time in the history of the race, the armies of a Nation as they have gone forth to battle against their enemies, have had angels of mercy upon either side of them. On the one side this Christian Commission—on the other its twin sister, you come and speak to him of Jesus?" And the Sanitary Commission of the Union. How much misery they have assuaged, how much sorrow they have soothed, how much suffering they have ameliorated, no one excepting the recording angel above will ever be able to tell. I thank God that He put it into the hearts of the men upon this platform, and their associates throughout the land, to organize this Christian, this beneficent, this humane institution. It is indeed a conception springing from the divine throne, hallowed by a patriotism that humanity adorns, and that God will bless. It is of the labors of the soldier. In the grave an electric chain that binds the soldier and people together, with its million wires stretching from a million grateful hearth you—I mean every one of you who sit before stones on the one side, to a million gallant me to-night,—which you cannot either deny hearts in the camp and in the field upon or evade. The glittering stars gem the fir-

the other. (Applause.)
So, too, its labors have been effective in diminishing the ravages of war. By their humane and wise efforts they have saved many lives. They have thus acted as re-

you pray for me, chaplain?" the dying boy asked. We knelt down, I on one side and he stretched out his thin hand and took one hand brave and gallant service in their country's of mine and one hand of his mother's, and I cause. It has been computed, and I doubt prayed for him. When I had done he let go my hand, and took both his mother's in one hand and covered them with the other, and Commission, after the battle of Gettysburg, looked up into her face as the tears streamed alone. How much happiness this single down, and said. "Mother, mother, dear!" fact has borne to mourning hearth-stones. "Well Joseph, what is it?" "O mother, you and sorrowing homes throughout the land! know you will never take me home alive. Now Instead of following the soldier with muffled I think mother, of what you used to tell me drum to the soldier's grave, they have long ago, when I was at home. Mother this snatched him from under the very guns of man says that God loves us all, that Jesus is the enemy, have dressed his wounds, and

this war, alluded to casually by a gentleman that sentence, and then the fountains of her soul seemed to be broken up. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she clasped her hands and said, "Thank God! Thank God! every 1,000 soldiers in the field. Coming: down to the Crimean War, when the allied forces beseiged the stronghold of Sebastopol, in July, August and September their annual. loss was at the rate of 293 to 1,000. This mortality startled the British public; and yet during the next three months, it went on with a fearfully accelerating ratio. They had no Christian Commission there, sir, and their men sickened and died by thousands. The next three months afterwards their loss. was at the annual rate of 511 out of 1,000, and even then it had not reached the maximum of its fearfully rapid strides. During the next three months, the contagion had spread over all the camps, until almost every camp was a camp of disease and death; and in the next, the loss was at the and hateful in his sight, and he hath stood us | terrible rate of 912 out of every 1,000 men. upon the platform of the great truth of equal In fourteen months this rate of death would liberty to all his creatures! (Long and loud have swept the entire army from existence. cheers and applause.) In my mind he is crying Then it was that the British people sent Then it was that the British people sent out from the hill-tops, and the mighty voice is resounding from one hill-top to the other, "Ye are my people, and they who follow in my paths, and care for my words, and shall never be destroyed, for the Word of the Lord hath the earth overflow in reverential admiration
—I mean Florence Nightingale—(applause) went there to nurse her poor dying country-men. I shall astonish you, doubtless, when I tell you, in contrast with this fearful picture, that the loss in our armies in the last year has been but 53 out of every 1,000 soldiers in the field. (Applause.) The percentage is not so much larger, as you would suppose, than the percentage of death in your own residences at home.

I need not say to you that this is attributable to two causes: in the first place to the endeavor of our Government to afford every possible relief, and in the second place to the unpaid, God-rewarded labors of men like these who have been brought before you tonight. (Applause). And are not the heroes of our country worthy of all this? Aye, of more, sir! They are worthy of it all, and of much more. You might pour out your treasures like water at their feet, and you could not repay them for the sacrifices they the unpaid, God-rewarded labors of men like have voluntarily made for this imperilled country. There they stand! men who have left homes as happy to them as yours are happy to you to-night—happy in the de-lights of affection and love; who have left wives dear to them as the apple of their eyes, and children whom God has given them as the pledges of their affection. And there they stand in the embattled hosts, like the old Roman soldier, who before he went into battle took the sacramentum, the great oath of the soldier, that he would know nothing but war till the enemies of his country were overthrown. And so our brave soldiers have taken the oath, in their hearts if not on their lips. (Applause). Regardless of life they have dashed right on, stormed frowning entrenchments, leaped over walls, wrested batteries from the grasp of the foe, and planted the symbol of their triumph in the enemy's works-all with an enthusiam that even the veterans of Napoleon never surpassed, and with a patriotism that has robbed death of its terrors. BLESS THE AMERICAN SOLDIER! (Applause)

"From such as these the word is heard That saves the freedom of the land; That lifts for human rights the sword That fell from Hampden's dying hand!"

The sacred record shows that not only in modern history, but in divine history, as well, are to be found the glowing eulogies of patriotism. We have there on record the example of the Prophetess Deborah, that remarkable woman, who in her rejoicing song before the children of Israel, poured out her praises upon those whom she declares so strikingly "had willingly offered themselves"—the brave men who had gone forth to fight for their country; and I have not found in that sacred record that she was regarded as unsexing herself for thus eulogizing the patriotism of her fellow citizens. (Applause.) And on the other hand, the sacred historian has condemned to eternal dishonor, as long as that sacred Word shall be read, which will be until this earth upon which we stand, yields in the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds,—has dedicated, I say, to eternal dishonor that unpatriotic Shimei, who when David and his army went forth to put down his son's unnatural rebellion, stood by the wayside cursing them for participating in a bloody and inhuman war! (Applause.) I repeat it, sir, the whole divine record is full of the most glowing eulogies on patriotism and love of the land of which we are citizens. From the orient to the occident the praises of a country's defenders shall be sung, and the page of his tory which commemorates their deeds shall shine brighter in the eye of posterity as it reads there for the honored living and for the more honored dead, a record of valor and of fame, which even the tooth of time can never, no, never destroy! They strike for the nation; and I rejoice that as they fall they have the consolation of knowing that their arms shall be upheld, and sey in behalf of the suffering soldiers upon they themselves shall be helped, and the stricken battle-fields of the land, the tributions of the people have sent out to them, like this great Commission, in the hour of their extremity and trial. They strike for the nation; and they feel as well as you that its value can no more be com-puted than the value of a father's blessing, or a mother's love. They strike for the Government, which was felt before this war only in its blessings upon all, free as the air we breathe, that gave us life and health and strength almost without our realizing its constant supply. They bared their breasts to the enemy, nay, more than this, they interposed their manly forms between their country and the enemies who were seeking to destroy its existence, and as they went forth they went with a pledge that they were willing if needs be, to lay down their own lives for the salvation of the life of the

And now I have a word to say to you practically about your duties. I have spoken responsibilities devolved upon us at an era like this, there are duties devolving upon me to-night, -which you cannot either deny mament to-night. They shine above us though the sun rides high in the heavens, though the clouds darken the glory of the day-god as he speeds across the heavens in his chariot of living light. Though they

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