The United States Christian Commission.

Great Meeting to Inaugurate a National Subscription of Half a Million Dollars!

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR OUR COLUMNS.

We give below a full report of an immense meeting held in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, May 3d, on behalf of the United States Christian Commission. The great object of the meeting was to commence a grand national subscription of HALF A MILLION DOLLARS, to replenish the exhausted treasury of the Commission. This movement is intended to reach throughout all the loyal States, and meetings similar to the one held in Philadelphia are to be held in all the large cities. At this meeting fifty thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot. This is a good beginning, and we earnestly hope the effort may be even more successful elsewhere.

In former reports of meetings of the Christian Commission, we have said, that while we gave a phonographic report of the speeches, it was utterly impossible to describe the spirit marvellously, and I read in it God's sign and enthusiasm of the meeting. We may not comprehend that such an outpouring of say the same thing now of this meeting. It the Spirit of God should be granted to us is seldom, indeed, that such an array of elo- except it has thus pleased him to tell us that quent and distinguished men can be got together on any occasion, but the Church of Christ has a peculiar interest in the success of the Christian Commission, and when its cause is to be presented to the people, it is fitting that some of her best men should perform the task. The presence of the venerable Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who presided, did much to give dignity and power to the meeting. The addresses of Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, Rev. J. T. Duryea, of New York, E. S. Tobey, Esq., the Christian merchant of Boston, were listened to by the great audience with intense interest.

At half-past seven o'clock the exercises were begun by singing the hymn,

God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to per-

The Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., rector of the church offered prayer, when the venerable and beloved chairman proceeded to that Christian people especially should assem make the opening address as follows:

Bishop McIlvaine's Address.

CHRISTIAN BRETHREN: We are gathered together here to-night, by the favor of God's good Providence, and in the presence of God our Father, and in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to warm our hearts around the fires of this most benevolent Christian institution, and to co-operate together to the utmost of our power for the promotion of its great and glorious ends. Never, in the history of our land, has a meeting come together in so solemn a time, in the presence of such solemn events in the immediate future. One feels as if it were better to be always upon our knees just now, calling upon God in supplication, and not addressing one another. The whole land seems to be holding its breath in expectation of that which is about to come. The business of the land waits. The anxieties of loyal hearts wait. The prayers of Christians, calling upon God, strive, and trust, and wait. All the history of our nation, from its birth to the present solemn, the awful interests that are wrapped together, as it were, in the events to be a month this will be for our posterity to look. back upon! And how all the events of these hundreds of years will take their coloring and their character from the deep dyes which are to be wrought out in the history of the three or four weeks now

Dear brethren, when we think of the awful conflicts now just about to take place; of the hundreds of thousands of men on our side and on the side arrayed against us that are to come into deadly strife with one another: and when we think of the souls that are to pass now in a few days beyond the reach of is to be settled now, settled beyond the possibility of change; and when we think of how the hospitals are to be filled, and how the benevolence, and sympathies and humanity of Christians and patriots, and loyal hearts everywhere will be called forth, and not only for our own men, but will be ready to bleed for the sorrows and sufferings of those who are arrayed against us; and when we think of the exceeding and infinite interests of the souls that are at stake, and of the pressing necessity of carrying the gospel now. wow, by as many voices as can be possibly enlisted in its behalf, to this soldier and to that, by this means and by that, everywhere we may tell of Christ and beseech dying sinners to come to Him-Oh! then we begin to realize the importance, the infinite importance of multiplying the agencies of

the Gospel just now. But when we turn away from the sight of our noble men arranged now in line of battle, in the East and in the West, to the homes, and think of the hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers, who are looking with intense suspense and anxiety to the preparing conflict, thinking of the deaths, the wounds, the captivities, the sufferings of their sons and their brothers, which may only too soon be realized; and when we think of the prayers of mothers, "OI that my son might hear just once again of Jesus, before he goes into battle!" "O, if he lie prostrate on the field with wounds, that some one may be there to bend over his fallen form and minister to his soul, and tell him of Jesus 1 and O, if he be in captivity, that he may fall into the hands of some who will point him to Christ, that if his body fall a sacrifice, his soul may be saved!". When we think of all this, and when we remember that such is precisely the work of this Christian Commission, previsely what its ramified agencies are seeking to do and to supply, to meet the anxious wishes of these hundreds of thousands of mothers, to go wherever the dying, wounded, sick and suffering are to be found, we cannot but thank God and take courage. We rejoice that the Christian Commission in addition to this carries supplies for the body. We rejoice that they are able to take stimulants to those who are faint, and food to those who are hungry. We think it exceedingly precious that they are able to minister to such necessities; but O, dear brethren, there is a joy unspeakable above such joys as that, that they are permitted to share. It is precious to hear one say "I should have died upon the battle-field but

more precious is it to you and to me, brethren, to hear one saying in addition to this I should have perished in my sins had it not been for the precious words which Christ spoke to me through the men whom the Christian Commission sent to me." Sinners saved on the field of conflict! Oh, how precious! I tell you, brethren, as it is not my office to speak to you to-night, but only to introduce others, that from what I have lately heard, and from what I have seen since I have come here, I am more deeply impressed than ever that there is not in the whole world at this present time such a harvest field for the gospel, as the army and navy presents to us, which this Christian Commission is now trying to cultivate and to reap. And my confident belief is that there is not now a field anywhere to be found, upon which Christian affection, Christian earnestness, Christian benevolence is bound to be more concentrated—not merely because of the souls that are to be saved, but because of the unspeakable debt of gratitude we owe to our men in the field. Our gratitude ought to be concentrated, then, upon these noble armies. Moreover, I am struck most solemnly with the impression that there is not a ministry in our land at the present day so blessed of God, that results in so many immediate and manifest conversions to God, as the ministry that is now laboring in Christ amongst our soldiers. I think the instances of God's hand in the conversion of souls to Christ in our armies within the last year, and more especially within the last two or three months, are the most wonderful, the most impressive, the most joyful, and they tell me that God's hand is in this work our cause is the cause of right and truth, and order and peace, of loyalty, of duty, of Christian duty, of patriot duty, and of every sort of duty.

Then let us go forward. Let us give to our brethren in this Christian work our hearts and our hands to sustain them in it, and through this work sustain, our government; and let us all, at home and here, and everywhere, with a pure and full heart, with loyalty to our God and to the land he has given us, call upon him for his blessing, and for his deliverance in the conflicts soon

The venerable and revered Chairman then introduced the Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., of Boston, who addressed the audience.

Remarks of Rey. Dr. Kirk.

The remarks of the venerable and beloved chairman seemed to Dr. Kirk to be most timely and appropriate, that supplication to God, and not speeches to man, was the great duty of the hour. It did, indeed, seem fitting ble together to call upon God, and to inquire calmly, solemnly, what were their duties and responsibilities in a time like this. An insurrection had summoned a great nation to save its life. An insurrection generally unanticipaed, utterly indefensible before the bar of human reason or divine judgment, an insurrection without a parallel in the perfidy of its beginning and the atrocity of its proceeding, and the ignominy of its anticipated termination. More than a million of men had gone forth to the high places of the field, while twenty millions remain at home. Why? he would ask. Let each answer before God. Are you, am I, here a coward, asking other men to shed their blood for a country, that I would not defend with my own? Am I here half a traitor, neglecting and forgetting the soldier to spare myself? regarding him as only food for powder, or as a cotton bale to ward the bullets from my own body? God forbid it! Oh that there were a thoroughly sound heart at the North, and that every man who does not love his country would go South! (Amen, amen.) Honor, humanity, patriotism, piety, urge us to identify ourselves with the time; all its deep concerns; all its sacred soldiers, to make common cause with them interests will hardly equal the intense, the for our common country, to consider ourselves just as much "enlisted" as they, to seek with earnestness, and bear with fortifude and joy ushered in by the two or three weeks just our share of the common burden, and press before us. Hundreds of years hence, what to the alter with our portion of the common sacrifice.

But what can we do? Each of us can do

something. First of all, you and I can save the liues of the soldiers. Bullets and bayonets and sabres, according to computation, destroy one life, where subsequent neglect of the sick and wounded and exhausted and exposed destroys four lives. It was a stricking fact, stated by Speaker Colfax at the Christian Commission's meeting at Washington, that in the battles of the Crimea where but one Florence Nightingale could labor, when disease invaded the camps of the allied forces, the mortality grew until it reached the time into eternity, whose everlasting destiny frightful proportion of 917 deaths out of every 1,000 men! But in our army God be praised, that through the hundreds of Florence Nightingales and the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and the other benevolent agencies, apart from what the paternal care of the government has done, our proportion has been but 53 deaths to a thousand

The Doctor now referred to the necessarily exclusive character of the military sphere. It was simply to fight. Saving life with it was subordinate. It was embarrassing to the movements of an army. The surgeon can only wait upon the most hopeful cases. But here we can come in and aid. There is, blessed be God, a wide door opened here for Christian charity. The Christian Commission, by its delegates, like the good Samaritan, take such cases as these into their charge. There is here present now a young man given up by the surgeon, whom a delegate of the Christian Commission thus saved, and who has since been appointed a chaplain in the army. Thank God for what the Christian Commission has done.

To take only the lowest view of the subject, can you or I do anything to bind up a wound, to pour in the oil and wine, to speak a kind and soothing word to a suffering soldier. Yes, thank God, we can! Then shall we hold back our hand, our purse, or anything God has given us, that we might bless our brothers? We do accomplish this work through the Christian Commission. It is a voluntary, unpaid agency. No other could do it. This is its most beautiful feature. Unpaid, willing, fraternal. It sends a brother's voice, to speak into a wounded brother's ear, and a brother's hand to wash off the clotted blood that has fastened the stocking to his feet, gently to draw it off as if Jesus feet were there, and bind it up, and speak to the heart in Jesus' precious name. Thank God I can stand in the pulpit and preach to my own dear people, and yet indirectly be doing this work on the battle-field. On the terrible field of Gettysburg a young pastor from the city of Philadelphia spent three days in carrying water to the thirsty. Did you ever thirst? Jesus did as he cried I thirst. And now to-day, he cries in the persons of these wounded soldiers, "I thirst," and it is blessed work when a pastor can leave his people for a time and go and carry around the cup of water. This young minister, I am told, blistered his feet so that he could walk no longer in this ministry of charity!

Brethren, it is a blessed work thus to mitigate the sufferings of these brave men. But now let us take a higher view still. Man is multiply hymn books and tracts and religfor the supplies that the Christian Commis- not merely an animal. He has a soul, an jour papers. Send the living preacher and afraid to put confidence in the military

There is no remedy for him but in a Saviour. have already gone. May God in his mercy There is but one way of salvation. Nothing will save the soul but repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. By the spoken word, enforced by the living example, by the printed page telling of Jesus, preaching his work and love, and sacrifice and death, and mediation, God saves souls. These soldiers are immortal beings. They must dwell in heaven or in hell. Every one of them must be washed in the blood of atonement, must be renewed by the Holy Ghost, or he is lost forever. Now we want to take to him this precious news of salvation through Christ. We want to hold to his lips the cup of salvation that he may drink and live forever. Wounded or sound, living or dying, sick or well, we want to preach Christ and him crucified. Oh, what a view does this present to the Church of Christ. What responsibilities, what duties does it lay upon her! Such a vast missionary field the world does not present to-day as' the American

The Doctor then alluded to the material prepared to Christian hands. The strange service in which these men were called to serve, had a softening and subduing effect upon them. In the streets of the city and in the drill camp, they were gay, thoughtless, profane, wicked. When they got down to the front, they were changed men, not converted men, but wonderfully changed! They now receive the tract and thank you for i and hear with patience the preached and spoken word. Indeed, such audiences were not found in the circles of peace and security. The speaker referred to one Major of cavalry, who sat with his elbow on his knee, his hand supporting his cheek, and his eye fixed as if he would gaze into the depths of his soul as he talked of the great salvation. The facilities of reaching the field were

now spoken of. The whole army is accessible to the labors of the Christian Commission. Their delegates are welcomed everywhere Their passes are acknowledged with a courte ous bow. Smiles and welcomes, no frowns attend them. Steamboats, railroads, tele graphs vie in doing them service. What does it all mean? It is an invitation for Christ's Church to come in and reap the great harvest. O, brethren, said the speaker, in view of these wonderful openings, I could not help saying to my people on my return we are asleep! asleep! We do not appreci ate the day in which we live, or the work God is rolling upon us. Our missionaries in India and China meet with no welcome, but with the averted eye, the cold, scornful glance. This is the baptism through which they have to pass for years—and then the strange language. But here, if you but speak the king's English, and can tell of Christ from a full heart, you are ready to be a missionary. O, is it not wonderful, glorious? Shall we not thank God, and congratulate each other that we are Christians in the

midst of this war? The speaker now told of two delegates of the Commission, who went where no religious service had been held for two months, established a prayer-meeting, which was always crowded, and marked with the utmost solemnity. Many backsliders were reclaimed, and many souls were converted. At one of the meetings an officer arose and con-fessed that he had been a church member once, but had dreadfully backslidden. His wife, on parting with him, urged him to live near to Christ; and afterwards finding, from the tone of his letters, that he was in a cold and dead state, if not perfectly reckless and wicked, wrote to him that it would break her heart if he should die in battle in that condition. He was now determined, like the prodigal, to return to his ther's house. It was not until these services were held that this man was reclaimed. He is now a Christian soldier.

Doctor Kirk then gave a graphic sketch of his recent tour in the army, detailing several incidents of interest, showing the accessibility of the men to religious impressions, and the urgent need that such an op-portunity for extending the kingdom of Christ should not be passed by—that now was in truth the day of merciful visitation for the church, and that she should improve it before it should be forever hid from her

An incident happening in the cars on the start was encouraging. A mother belonging to Dr. K.'s congregation had prayed that her son might be enabled to see and converse with her pastor before setting out for the front. But it seemed to be impossible. On the cars from Philadelphia, Mr. Stuart being employed in speaking a word to this young man and to that, handing tracts, &c., came across this boy, took him to the pastor, and there on the cars, that mother's prayer was answered, and the boy sent down with the divine benediction, and with kind Christian counsel and urgent appeal to give his heart

The speaker narrated incidents of conver sions in camp and prayer-meetings held by officers and soldiers together. He had visited the teamsters' camp of 5,000 men near Washington, for whom the government provided no pastor or chaplain. Impelled to do so by Mr. Stuart, he had preached a short sermon as they sat at dinner. They listened with earnest attention, and when he next preached in the hospital the scene was of tears and prayers, with the urgent request 'send such teachers to us to remain with At Camp Distribution he found a Christian Colonel, who was leading his men in prayer. During one of the services at this camp the signal drum was beat, and several men rose to go out. But an officer rose and said he hoped that no one would think of interrupting the service by going out. His being at the meeting was sufficient eason for his not obeying the military call for the honor of the profession he hoped they would remain. And they remained. From Brandy Station he went to Pony Mountain, where a view of both armies could be seen, and there he found himself preaching on horseback to a line of men drawn up for review. Wherever he went he was listened eager attention.

to with simplicity confidence, and the mos The speaker concluded by putting in strong contrast the efforts made in the name of God and of religion for our noble soldiers, with that made in the name of mere humanty and philanthropy. Infidelity and skepicism might raise money and dispense it to the soldier, but he needed something more, something better than this. He needed the eare and attention and the ministrators that spoke of home, of Jesus, of heaven. This it was that strengthened the heart and nerved the arm. A man who feels that he is prepared to die, has made his peace with God, does not fear to face the enemy: A captain, not a Christain, said to a friend, "religion makes a man a hero." It is true. This war has furnished an exhibition on a vast scale, of what the actual piety of the nation is. We are showing the world, now, that the religion of the people is in the heart. We are also exhibiting Christianity to the skeptic in a striking light. Christianity has shown itself to be the pillar of the civil Government. The soldier will not rise and bless the skeptic. We are not boasting, skeptical friends. Jesus taught us this. Skeptical fellow citizens, we challenge you to bring to pear an influence upon the soldiers' hearts

like ours.

This then is the service we may do the sol dier. Multiply copies of the blessed Bible, sion brought me," but Oh! how unspeakably immortal soul. He is a sinner against God. Christian. Nearly two thousand of them power of his nation until he had implored died from your altar.

send another two thousand after them, that they may preach Christ, and they will come back better preachers, and when the soldiers themselves come back they will want a living religion, they will come back not to curse the name of God, to be licentious, intemperate, vile, but they will come back a whole race of reformers! The women of the land can work, they have been at work. Let them now organize everywhere in our cities and in our churches in aid of this noble Christian Commission, and we shall soon have the million of dollars we need. We have come to ask for this sum. Your Presilent, in his modesty has put it at half a milion. But my heart strikes for a million! And I hear the brave boys in the army saying to-night, "Send it, send it! we want it all!"

Ladies' Christian Commissions Formed.

o'clock the next morning, the ladies of the days for the victors to take away the spoils. city would meet at Concert Hall, to organize Ladies' Christian Commissions in every church and congregation. He wished it expressly understood that the Christian Commission claimed not to interfere with any other organization whatever. The Ladies' God, had done more good than any other in existence. It had sent out Mrs. Harris, eyes of one thousand dying men, and whose frame had been subjected to fatigues and toils that were almost incredible. The Christian Commission seeks to send the while it sends comfots for the body sends also the tidings of Christ and him crucified. The field was a great one. When leading a prayer-meeting in camp, a short time ago, he had known several soldiers to offer to give two dollars to their comrades to take their places on guard that they might join in the exercises of the prayer-meeting.

Address of E. S. Tobey, Esq., of Boston.

"Stand up for Jesus" is the sacred exhoration that fell from the dying lips of that saint who once ministered from this sacred altar. It has become a watchword of the church of Christ, and will be to the end of time. It has been ringing in my heart throughout this day, and I may sincerely and truthfully say to you that but for that, I perhaps should not have dared to come here in this presence to bear my humble testimony to the cause in whose interests we are assembled here to-night. I do not feel that I can refuse to tell you something of what I have witnessed of this noble institution, whose claims have been so ably presented to you now and before. I am here simply as a witness, not an advocate; as a practical man, if I may be permitted to say it, looking at this great subject from a practical point of view. I am obliged to confess to you that when I was first connected with this organization in the first convention formed in the city of New York, I had great doubts and apprehensions as to its practical character. I confess that as I had seen the soldiers of our land go forth to the defence of country and homes, with their hilarity and mirth, and reckless air, I doubted whether they would care to hear a word in regard to their soul's salvation, or read the religious books and tracts that had been prepared for them. And more than am obliged to confess that I distrusted the Christian heart of the people. I did not believe that we could find any considerable number of voluntary agents to go forward to this work. I thought that perhaps five or six or ten men might be induced to spend a little while in Christian work in the army, but now since we are enabled to say that 1,800 such men have been found, that more than a million of dollars has be propriated, and wisely appropriated, to this work, that there are now more than 150 delgates in the army, the representatives of the church of Christ, there ministering to the bodies and souls of the men, I must say that I am glad of the opportunity to confess to you that my faith stands rebuked. And I have no doubt in expressing this sentiment that I am expressing the sentiment of the whole Church, in view of the facts that are

now patent to the whole country.

Brethren and Christian friends, it has recently been my privilege, in company with the devoted Chairman of the Commission, to visit the Army of the Potomac. shall not attempt to describe to you the mpresions made on my mind, or the thrilling scenes I witnessed there. It would require the descriptive powers of an Irving, and for eloquence the trumpet tones of Webster, and then it would be inadequate to convey to the churches the impression created by actual observation among the men who are standing for us to-night at the battle-front. I stood amazed : and I came back to give you my impressions, not attempting

to describe the scenes themselves. I will ask you to go with our party, representatives of the Christian Commission, to the hight of Pony Mountain, which rises a thousand feet above the river Rapidan, just this side of it. It is the outer signal station of our army. From this summit we may look down on the rebel encampments on the other side. And backward as far as the eye can reach, for fifteen, and twenty, and thirty miles, stretch away the white sea of camps, looking like white New England villages and in them the vast hosts assembled before the deadly conflict, and on whom depends shall I say, even now the destinies of the nation. Was it not a sublime scene? But sublimest of all when the Chairman of the Commission, ever in the spirit to recognize the divinearm, then and there called on us, on that high field, nearest to heaven that we could get, to bow the knee in humble supplication to Almighty God for his blessing upon that army. It was indeed an impressive and sublime scene; and when again, after that day, we were permitted to take by the hand our Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Grant, the personification and the embodiment of the military power of the land, and in the sincerity and depth of my soul, as I felt the warm grasp of that hand in response, and looked into that enkindled eye, that humble, unpretending countenance, and felt that I had struck a chord of sympathy which he recognized and felt, I implored the blessing of Almighty God upon him, and thanked God that he had placed over our army a man who, at least as far as we could judge, had that prime element of power, humility and want of pretension. For I believe brethren, that when the church itself is bowed in humiliation before God, then will come the victory to our arms. Do you ask me for evidence? Let me refer you to Scrip-

You will recollect, many of you, that when the tribes of the Moabites and Ammonites came up to war against the King of Judah, the first thing the king did was to recognize God. The Sacred Record says he was afraid to go out against the enemy,

the help of God, and called a solemn fast of the people, and all the people men, women and children of Judah, bowed themselves in penitent humility, and the king addressed the throne in that sublime and touching prayer imploring Almighty God to give him strength and victory. And when the prayer was offered we read that the Spirit of the Lord came upon Jahaziel, and he said to the people this is not your cause, it is God's cause, the battle is not yours, but God's, ye shall not need to fight it, only stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord. With this heaven-inspired confidence, they went forward, not vainly self-trusting, and appointed singers who should go to the front and sing "Praise the Lord, and the beauty of his holiness, for his mercy endureth forever. Was there ever a grander spectacle in a mighty host moving forward to battle! They went forward; but to find the enemy an easy prey, for they had fallen upon and de-

Now, brethren, what is the Sacred Record for? Is it an idle tale, or is it the record of inspiration given to the church of God throughout all time, to lead every nation to put its trust alone in God and not in an arm of flesh? For myself, I may say that I have confidence in the military resources of our other organization whatever. The Ladies' country; and as a merchant, to speak pro-Aid Association of Philadelphia was the fessionally, I may say that I have all confioldest organization of the kind that, under dence in our financial resources. I see that God in his providence has concealed the gold mines of California till the developing exigencies of commerce called for them; who, with her own hands, had closed the and then he keeps them from an old effete foreign race and wills them to be brought to light and given into the hands of the Anglo Saxon race, which in ten years concentrates there a population greater than seventy-five years or a century of ordinary growth would means of evangelization to the army, and have secured, and then simultaneously he opens on the other side of the hemisphere the gold mines of Australia as if to indicate that he did not want all the population of Europe there. And more; after the enterprise of the northern nations had chased the whales, in search of oil, to the far-off arctic regions, and it seemed the illuminating power of the world would fade away, at that moment petroleum wells abound, and the springing oil is literally coming to light, from the bowels of the earth. Again, when I look at Colorado, and consider that at this moment machinery has been sent out worth five millions of dollars, to break up the quartz rock, am not disposed to distrust the resource of him who holds the elements thus in his hands and dispenses them so graciously to this favored land. And yet, I place no confidence in any or all of these—alone. Our only hope is in God. In him we trust. We will go forward in the exercise of faith and prayer, as did the king of Judah. And if singers are not appointed for the fore-front of the Army of the Potomac, we have singers in the main body, and we have heard their voices, their deep-toned voices, sounding the

> Heaven, and lead on to victory. Will you reinforce these resources? Will you not send forward the delegates of the Christian Commission, yea, and multiply them a hundred fold? I am sure you will. If I could but convey to you a tithe of the impressions we have received of the importance of this work, I am sure that neither money nor men nor means would be wanting. Are we willing to stand by and ask that mother to send her only child, and stimulate others by speeches to enlarge the bounty and encourage enlistments and say to our brethren go forward and stand as a wall of fire between us and our enemies, as they did here on your own soil, so that by their valor under the blessing of God we are to-night permitted to sit here in heavenly places in Christ—I say are we wiling to see this done, and yet not ourselves pear a part of the burden? O, no! Can the Church of Christ take so low a view of her duty? Can she see these brave thousands offering their blood upon the altar, and then do so little for immortal souls soon to be ushered before the judgment seat of Christ? believe not upon i ction will be guilty of this wrong. She will not allow these heroes to go down into battle unprotected by her prayers, unattended by those who will minister Christ by the sick and dying bedside, and console and comfort in the nour of death. 'Talk about a million of dollars—why, [the sum aimed at by the Commission,] it don't begin to touch the resources of the people! It is within the power of fifty men in this city even, to say nothing of the other cities of the land, to raise a million dollars, and never feel it! Who, my mercantile friends, let me ask, who has yet begun to ouch the point of sacrifice? You have been liberal, I know, and I honor you for it. The efforts made to establish the Sanitary Commission will be a bright page in our history; but it creates in my judgment a corresponding obligation on the Church of Christ to do as much, at least, for the immortal souls of men as has already been done on the broad principles of a common humanity. And I feel a confidence in appealing to the church, and to my mercantile friends here and elsewhere, when I say, brethren, you have not touched your resources. Is it not infinitely more blessed to give in such a cause than to receive? Who has lived fifty years in the possession of property and has not seen cause o mourn and to strive against the corrupting nfluences of wealth? For my own part, Providence has placed me in good look-outs of observation in various circles of religious and educational charities, and I have noticed how, as money increased, calls for charity became more troublesome, apologies and excuses for not giving more frequent, until I have rejoiced in the fact that there was for some of us an outlet of our means, that we might be delivered from the awful shrivelling consequences of the possession of wealth. Never have I more deeply seen and felt the meaning of that Scripture passage, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," than when I have seen the people so afraid at parting with ten or fifteen twenty per cent. of their income for the orious country God has given us. So that said to a friend some time since that I should hardly dare to risk the experiment of being worth a million of dollars; but since l have come in contact with this blessed institution, it does seem to me that it would be almost safe to trust me with such a sum, for should know what to do with it at any ate I should make one good and wise appropriation I know! My Mercantile brethren have done and are doing nobly for the Sanitary Commission, and are pouring their money most freely into its coffers; now let us have it for the Christian Commission, and then I shall feel that there is hope our nation will be redeemed.

Let me confess to you, brethren, that in my cold and indifferent faith, I should have been chilled to death even in this cause, had it not been for the warm heart and earnest faith of the devoted Chairman of the Commission ; and when he asked me to call a convention for this cause in Boston, I told him we could not stir up the people. My own convictions were not deep enough. But he came on to help us. We went on from time to time holding meetings, until from a meeting that he addressed the largest collection that was although the cities, were walled cities, and lever gathered from a Boston audience was his army was a powerful one, yet he was secured. Checks were handed in for \$1,000, afraid to put confidence in the military \$2,000, and \$3,000. Thus the fire was kin-

On other occasions we have been indebted o Philadelphia. An ex-Governor of your Commonwealth kindly came on to us, to stir up the hearts of our people. I shall never forget the patriotic sentiment with which he opened his mouth—"Independence Hall sends to Bunker Hill greeting!" And now let me say that we looked to your capital city and saw it threatened by the invading foe, feeling that it was well nigh impossible to hold him back, and that then the city of Independence Hall, your beloved Philadelphia, might be overrun and desolated. O. we felt deeply, deeply. And when the Chairman of the Christian Commission telegraphed us that ten thousand dollars would be needed for the sick and wounded of the Gettysburg field of immortal name, I had no appeal to make in editorials in newspapers, but simply to put up a blackboard in the Merchants' Exchange, and to stand and take the voluntary offerings which in three days Mr. Stuart now announced that at 10 stroyed each other, and it required three amounted to thirty-five thousand dollars, and transmit it by the wires to your Chairman as the response of Massachusetts! Therefore I think I may be permitted to say to night, "Bunker Hill sends to Independence Hall greeting," and rejoices in this broad aim of the United States Christian Commission in seeking to nationalize Christian working and giving in behalf of our soldiers. We then, as Massachusetts men, extend the right hand of fellowship to you, and say, let us be united not only in the support of the glorious flag of our common country, but in up-holding the blood-stained banner of the cross, on which is inscribed in characters of living light, "By this we conquer."

Christian friends, this is no ordinary oc-casion, that throngs the aisles of this church of God. to-night. Never, in all our previous history, have there been more momentous circumstances to us as a Christian people. O let us realize it and fall into the arms of the Almighty. And in the far future, when the history of our country shall be read, there will not be found a page of more undying lustre than that which shall record the humble deeds of the humble delegate of the Christian Commission. Shall not these men, then, be nobly sustained? Sisters, daughters, mothers, uphold them in your prayers to Almighty God. You who are looking for an immortal crown, uphold these men, and through them the faint and dying soldier, to whom the Master says that if ye give but a cup of cold water, in the name of a disciple, ye shall not fail of your reward.

Rev. Mr. Duryea's Address.

About a mile and a half south of Brandy Station there stands a little hut. It is constructed partly of logs and partly of canvas. The logs are notched at the ends, and jointed together at the corners. They are piled up about as high as the head of a man of ordinary size. The interstices are plastered with mud. It is built up to a peak on the front and rear. A pole is thrown across and the canvas covering is spread over it and but-toned down. In that soldier's hut I spent praises of Almighty God. Here then, in the army itself, are the moral and religious rethe nights of a week which I would not sources which are to secure the favor of exchange for any six months in my life. I say this thoughtfully; I say it calmly.
Standing there beholding the sun set over

the snowy peaks of the Blue Ridge, and the lighting up of myriads of tents stretching along down on the left of the Rapidan, and on the right in an immense sweep to Culpeper. I thought of the vastness of the conflict before us, the vastness of the interests of immortal souls lying under me. As the soldiers kindled their fires upon the hearths of these canvas huts, and lighted up the candles for evening, the rays of light would come shimmering through the canvas coverings until that valley seemed to be belted with gold as far as the eye could reach, on either hand. Down before me lay a regiment. The drum call was beat. The men were then seen issuing from their huts, and hurrying towards a log chapel behind me, which the Christian Commission together with the chaplains had built. In five minutes the chaplain would tap at my door and say, "Your congregation is ready." With some difficulty I would work my way up the aisle between the rude log benches to the pulpit: and holding the Bible to the candle faintly glimmering in my face, and reflecting off upon the strange, strange congregation before me, I would give forth to them some of the utterances of the mind of the Spirit; and then some simple, practical theme coming right out of the heart of evangelical doctrine, and poured out of my own heart into the heart of that congregation a whole half hour would pass before I knew that five minutes were gone. Such eaning forward, such straining of the eyes, such opening of the mouth, such turning of the ear, such lifting of the hands to catch every cadence, I never yet have seen in our congregations trained to hear. And then after sermon the clustering of God's people around me, having to shake hands with every one of them, and to hear the "God oless yous!" over and over again, until it echoes in my heart now, and will echo there till I die, and God grant it may echo to all eternity! And often after they were all dismissed I would stand on the hill and look for the lights to go out and darkness to spread over all the host. It was not time yet to go to my homely couch. Listen a moment! You hear a voice. It begins, "Oh, God," it is some one praying; a prayer-meeting has begun. Let us creep softly down, so that the boys won't know it, and open their tent and look in. There is hardly a place for you, so you have to stand outside there are two men kneeling at the head of the bunk, where a pillow ought to be but a knapsack is, two others are kneeling feet to feet, heels to heels, with their faces turned toward the side of the hut, and on the ground another, with the toes of some of them in the ashes of the fire-place. I try to get in. They do not know I am there. I don't want them to know it, I want to hear them pray. I touch one toe here and another there, and stand stretched over the group, my back aching as with rheumatism. and there in that position I hear five men pray, one after another-hear them praying for their country, praying for their com manding officers, praying that God will make bare his mighty arm and decide for us, praying that the General recently sent to them may have no confidence in his own skill, may have no thought of the increasing numbers of his armies, may have no reliance on his strategy in the field, or on the counsel in the Cabinet, but may look up to the Lord God omnipotent, and there find the strength that is to give them victory. And then softening down the tone, O, how tenderly would come "God bless those we have left behind"—and then a sob here—"and our dear little children"—an audible burst there that the full heart could not hold, and must let out,-and then for Christians who have come down amongst them to do them good, and so they lay the burdens of their souls before God. They prayed the sermon all over again, condensed it into a form better than the analysis that I had in my mind before I began to preach; and in an experimental form, showing that it had got saturated into their heart and experience because the heart had been prepared to take it in as the sand of the dry and thirsty desert to drink in the water of the shower. Then would go back, open the tent door and stea out. Yonder is the Blue Ridge its top silvered by the rising light of the moon. Youder is Pony Mountain with its signals going

back and forth to headquarters.

Cedar Mountain, where that great mistake