

was made. Yonder lies the rebel host on the opposite side of the river. Yonder winds the Rapidan. And there I am in this look-out, in the solemn night stillness, with the now sleeping hosts bright around me. O, what thoughts of the past! O, what thoughts of the present! O, what thoughts of the future, met me there and went through my mind, and sunk into my heart; and how I knelt by that board, before I rolled myself in a soldier's blanket, and prayed as I never have prayed before to the God of my fathers, for my country! I wish I had every man of you, every woman of you, every child of you for seven days in that hut. I wish I could go into Wall street and arrest by power and authority those greedy, grasping, clutching, servants of mammon, and set them down among these soldiers that they might learn a lesson, and come back cured of their idolatry, lifted out of the deep abasement and dark degradation of their love for gold. I wish I could take every poor miserable, despicable, clod-gatherer from the streets of the Government and against the army, and plant him there and let him learn a lesson from those self-denying, self-sacrificing, death-welcoming soldiers about patriotism, about manliness; and he would come home a soberer and a stiffer, if not a more actively co-operating man.

There is no class of people, let me say it, as a whole, that so comprehends the present crisis as the private soldier in our army. There is no class of people in this land, whose mind is elevated to such broad views, whose heart expands to grasp such large interests, and open itself to pour out such sacrifices as those of the private soldier in our army. I could almost get down on my knees before some of these sacred regiments and worship the manhood that saw there, and thank God for that Christianity that was also there, rising and towering above the manhood, glorious, pure, divine.

I should much like to take you there to-night and endeavor to describe many of the scenes I saw, but the time will not permit it. I wish to say a word about one subject, in order to set the Christian Commission in a true light in reference to the noble men who are serving in the army as chaplains. General Howard said that the chaplaincy system was a failure in the army. He did not mean that the labors of the chaplains were likely to result in failure, by any means, but that the system by which the government supplied the regiments with chaplains is a failure. And so it is. We cannot have a religious bureau; and unless we have it we cannot adequately take care of the religious interests of the army. If we should attempt to plan such a bureau then the religious views, and denominations would come up, and the government would be instantly palsied! We must take the regulations as they are, and as far and as thoroughly as they can go, and then out of the heart and the hand and by the sons and daughters of the church add the rest. That remark of General Howard's has done good. Many a statement that a man does not mean to be understood as it is, is just the thing God intended him to say. I am glad he said it. While the sincere chaplain will understand it the moment it is explained, there were men who wanted to hear just that; there were men who wanted to hear the army, who were there for the salary of chaplain, and did not discharge the duty of the office. But these men have had a sifting, and they have fallen through. A man who has gone into the chaplaincy of the army to take the critical care of souls, imperilled always, appointed, many of them, to die, when he comes to stand under fire as a chaplain must, will find that he has a conscience, and that conscience will not let him stay longer, or allow him to prostitute his place and neglect his duty. God has been terribly shaking the sieve, and it has dropped through these evil men, and now a nobler class of Christian ministers does not breathe or preach the Gospel than the chaplains in our army. They are co-operating heartily with the Christian Commission. The Christian Commission is co-operating heartily with them; and the very highest testimony had for the Christian Commission was the testimony of chaplains. Let me show you an instance.

The son of Dr. Eastman, Secretary of the Tract Society, is a chaplain. His horse plunging during a battle, struck him on the knee-pan. His leg swelled and stiffened until the pain became almost unendurable. When he could no longer stand he gave his horse up to a servant, and had himself to lie on the ground. The pain was intense. Darkness settled over him. He had to take a wounded soldier's place alone, that night. As he lay on his back suffering and thinking, he heard a voice—"O, my God!" He thought, can anybody be swearing in such a place as this? He listened again, and a prayer began. It was a wounded soldier praying. How can I get to him? He was his first chaplain. He tried to get up, but his stiffened limb, his teeth setting his teeth and clenching his hands for the pain. But he could not rise. Then he drew his arm around a sapling, drew up his well foot, and tried to lift the other up and extend it without bending, that he might walk; but he fell back in the effort with a heavy fall that jarred through him like a stab! He then thought, "I can roll." And over and over in pain he rolled in blood, and over dead bodies, until he fell against a dying man, and there he preached Christ and prayed. At length one of the line officers came up and said, "Where's the chaplain? Where's the chaplain? One of the staff officers is dying!" He heard the cry, and he cried out the suffering hero, "Well, such an officer is dying here, can't you come and see him?" "I cannot move. I have just rolled up along side of this dying man to talk to him." "If I detail two men to carry you, shall they do it?" "Yes," they took him gently up and carried him. And that live long night these two men rode him over the battle-field, and laid him down in blood beside bleeding, dying men—and he preached Christ to them and prayed. He had to look up then, brethren; he could look no other way from that position, not even into the face of the dying; and with God's stars shining down on him, and heaven bending over him, he had to preach Christ and pray! And there are scores of such chaplains. The Christian Commission has given them this Winter by the way in connection with the other work in the brigades.

Let me show you how the chapel system operates. A chaplain in a regiment that had been without one, and is said to have very hard boys in it, that nothing can reduce to subjection and order, went around to these boys and said, "Boys, we are going to have a religious service to-night." "But where's the place?" It is cold December. Where shall we meet?" "In the mess-tent; it is all the place I have." He appointed a certain hour. He went there. A little drummer-boy came in. He was waited for half an hour and no one else appeared. By-and-by the drummer-boy said, "I guess I can get one more." He went out, and brought in another drummer-boy. By the light of the fire he took out his Bible, knelt down and prayed. The next night five more came, making seven in all. The five said that while he was talking to the boys in the mess-tent they were around, but didn't dare to come in. They had been professors of religion; and their troubled conscience would not let them rest while service was going on and they were

not there; so they had come to confess. The next night there were seven. What should they do now for room? The Christian Commission offered to cover their chapel with canvas if they would get the legs together and build the tent. They called up the men and asked them to volunteer. They were detailed by the Colonel for this work. They went to the woods, cut down the trees, dragged in the logs, and made a tent that would hold 250 to 300 men. The tent was built just as the huts, only on a larger scale, with a canvas roof that lets in the light but no rain, without windows, for they could not be glazed, and warmed and made comfortable as a depot for the religious books and papers of the Christian Commission, and for nightly preaching services. And what is the result. I preached there twice with the place so thronged that it was impossible for a soldier to move out of his position after he had once taken it. There was a prayer-meeting held the last night in that regiment, which I did not attend, in order to test the spontaneity of this interest. The chapel was crowded again at the prayer-meeting, and forty-five converts are now numbered in that chapel, whereas before there were but few skulking professors of religion on the outside. I asked the history of chapel after chapel of the fifty-four alluded to, and in each of them there have been from ten to one hundred and fifty conversions, from the preaching of the Gospel this Winter by faithful chaplains, aided by the agents of the Christian Commission.

Said I to a chaplain, "Do you think the agent of the Christian Commission can make his way in all cases?" "Well," said he, "I will tell you an instance that happened in the experience of an agent of the Tract Society, which will illustrate to you I think satisfactorily, whether men with a true Christian heart, and with fact, can do anything here. It was Uncle Johnny Vassar, of Poughkeepsie. The chaplain said he would fight Colonel here, a hard, rough fellow, with whom nothing could be done. So it was thought best to send Uncle Johnny after him to see if he might not succeed in breaking down his hostility. The chaplain took him to the colonel's tent and introduced him. "Colonel, this is Uncle Johnny Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, who has come down here to preach the Gospel to the soldiers." He looked at him from head to foot, but did not offer him a seat. His staff was around him, but they did not move from their places. Uncle Johnny, to the astonishment of the chaplain, moved to take a seat. "Get out of that!" growled the Colonel; "don't sit on that bed!" "Well, now," said Uncle Johnny, "you wouldn't make an old man stand while you youngsters there are sitting, would you?" "Orderly, go get a bench!" growled the colonel. Uncle John sat down. "Colonel, I am not down here on my own business, at all. I have come down to do these boys good. Some of these boys have got to die this Spring. You know it. You know that if you tell them to go and charge that battery they will go, and you know that as sure as they go some of them will fall. Don't you want them prepared to die? I wonder if you are prepared. You know a great many officers are killed—more in proportion that the men—are you prepared to die, colonel? I have come down to help you in this matter, to help prepare your boys for death. Now, colonel you won't be hard on an old man who comes on such an errand as this. I am just here to help you and me now, let us pray!" He did not let the old man off so easily; so one night after a weary day full spent in distributing tracts, and in remaining at an inquiry meeting in the evening, being very tired, and eager for the rest of his pillow, he sent an orderly to rouse him from his tent and bring him to their mess-room. The poor man thought it was the case of some convicted sinner in great distress of mind to whom he must go as soon as possible. He got up and went out shivering in the cold, for it is terribly cold under the Blue Ridge with the snow piled up on the mountain. He got to the tent. As he opened the door there stood on two logs of wood a keg of beer! One of the officers said, "Uncle Johnny, we have just got a keg of beer, and we didn't want to be selfish, so before we tapped it we thought we would send for you!" "Well, now, ain't you ashamed, to get an old man out of his bed at this hour of the night to play such a trick as this? But just remember, young men, you sent for me, didn't you? I didn't send for you. Very well, I will go now when I am ready; and you will get out—stepping back to the door of the tent,—when I am ready to let you. Now we will have a little meeting; I have got you here, I am going to preach. Let us pray." Uncle John knelt down and prayed solemnly, earnestly, and pointedly for these wicked men. Their faces were long when he got up again. Now Uncle Johnny will sing, and if you know the tune you will join in. "There is a fountain filled with blood." With heart and soul the old man sang it, some of them humming the tune quite audibly. Then he preached to them; and if he didn't tell them what they were, and what God thought of them, and what their end would be if they didn't repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, then Paul never told the truth. Then he got down by his pulpit—not an orthodox one by any means—and prayed again, and said God bless you boys, and went off. There wasn't anything said about that beer being taken from the other regiment, but after Uncle John went back they got up a subscription for him and sent a splendid testimonial to his wife, and the Tract Society, a petition that he might be sent back again. And there he is distributing books and papers and co-operating with the Christian Commission and chaplains to-day.

"You see then that you can be heard in preaching the Gospel. No man is so incorrigible in the army but you can break him down. And I tell you, when it comes along towards March and April they are very sober. I passed along a regiment that had been in twenty or twenty-one battles. I slept over night in their tent. Gen. Patrick sent for me to come to headquarters. Right next was the house of Gen. Carr, and whenever I where, I was at liberty to stay whenever I wanted to—but I wanted if I lived long wanted to tell my grandchildren that in this war I had on a soldier's bed, that I ate a soldier's rations, that I knelt down in a soldier's tent, that for one blessed week God let me take what he was taking, and endure what he was enduring. And I feel that it is one of the brightest spots in this dark era that I have been enabled in any way to identify myself with the army. There in that tent among those men I have felt, oh, what a chance for God—and for souls! Can I visit a thousand men in my three congregations in less than three, four, five or six months?

It would take me a year to reach them all; and yet in five hours I can reach them all, and visit a thousand men and said some things face to face, with every soul, and prayed with the most of them. On one day I could do more among these men than any pastor here could do in a year among his people—because the men are there in the company street before me by tens and hundreds, and in a single acre by thousands. Just look at the field!

Now I should like to tell you how the work of the chaplains, by its various stations. There is Bristol Station, and Brandy Station, and Warrenton Station, and Culpepper Station, and Mitchell Station, away out two miles beyond our pickets, where two chapels have been built. I would like to tell you the records I have here, of 100 conversions in one station, 200 in Bristol Station, 150 to 200 at Warrenton Station, 200 odd at Culpepper Station—in all over two thousand conversions in connection with fifteen stations of the Christian Commission alone; and 1,500 of these are registered, with the regiment, home and address of the man and his family. This widening influence, oh, how great it will be! I would like for a moment also to call your attention to another man. Three men lived thirty-three days at one of these stations, for \$24.30, and lived as well as they wanted to, and received no other compensation but their living. Six stations under the care of Mr. Jenkins were subsisted six weeks for \$360, that is \$60 a station, and \$10 a week. During these six weeks, there were 400 conversions in these various stations—less than one dollar a man! It costs a dollar to get a good bottle of brandy for sanitary purposes, and it didn't cost a dollar here to save an immortal soul forever! Compare the two things and see where the Christian Church has been lacking in the past—pouring its gifts in upon those who care for the body, and withholding for the soul. In conclusion let me give you briefly three reasons why I think we ought to raise the million dollars called for. One is the reason which the Jews gave to our Saviour when they asked him on one occasion to work a miracle. They said, "This man is worthy, for he loveth our nation," for he loveth our nation. I say these soldiers are worthy for they love our nation. They do not any of them love war; but they do love the nation; and they are turning their hearts to the fatal stroke that they may testify their love to the nation. Let me tell you an incident here. They were commanded to take a battery at Mine Run. At night they approached the battery and saw the strength. It was one of the strongest of the army's works. I was under it myself, and wondered at it. As daylight came, the men began to count, to estimate the strength of the embrasures, and to scan those deadly weapons that were frowning down on them threatening to destroy them. Nine o'clock came and they were expecting the order to fall into line of battle. They crept up the hill; in the clear morning light and looked over the top of the formidable works once more, then went down and clustered around the chaplain, and around Christians, and began to talk about the solemn things that were before them. A colonel came up and said, "Chaplain, put me on the surgeon's board, and take that arm off, and then excuse me for the rest of the day, and I'll think it a fair bargain." The cry came to form in line of battle. Not ready yet to move. "Stack arms!" And yes or no, he had his eyes shut, and he at the fort. They crept up again, saw the guns frowning and bayonets bristling behind the fortification. They came back and began to empty their pockets, handing the contents of value, to the chaplain—a mother's picture, a wife's picture, a little group of sweet faced children. The chaplain took them all until he was loaded down and had to put them in the ambulance. Then he got paper and pen and wrote the boys' names on slips and pinned them fast to their shirts. They buckled up again and came together in line of battle. There they stood! Noble men! And if Gen. Meade had said the word, they would have walked into that earthwork, and over it! For they are worthy, they love our nation.

Another reason. Their friends at home are worthy. I passed the *Herald* office one night on my way to the Feltz Church just after a battle had been fought. I shall never forget a face I saw there. They had just received the list of wounded. There was a woman bending over the counter, talking with the man who stood behind the desk, who was running his fingers carefully down a column of names. The woman's eyes were set upon that finger, as if her whole soul were concentrated there. Her eye followed as it reached the bottom of the column and turned to the top with still more eager, breathless intensity. O, I thought, here is one who is making a sacrifice. What sacrifice and I make it! Again, one evening I went with my wife to the Five Points to talk to the little mission children gathered there. As I was telling of the work in the army and speaking of the work before us, I saw the handkerchiefs come out and the tears fall; and one rose to get a tumbler of water. Ah! it flashed upon me, you have come down now into the neighborhood from which many boys have gone. As soon as I had pronounced the benediction, I went down from the desk to a poor girl in black, and said, "My child, have you a friend in the army?" "Yes, my father, so and so, is in the army, sick." I Christian Commission, they would tell him of the case. Another said, "My boy is at such a place, and another; my brother is there; and I could promise them that I would write to the Commission's agents and they would take a note of them, and do what they could in time of need. Then the poor woman that fainted came up to me, and said, "I wish to show you something, sir." It was a bundle of letters she clasped to her breast. And they clustered all around me, and asked, "Had I been to this part of the army and to that, was I at Vicksburg, at Newbern, at Chickamauga, and did I see their dear ones?" Ah! here were lowly hearts fainting, and ready to fall, when the telegram comes to them with startling, crushing weight, that may delight some speculators in stocks and gold! For the sake of the ones at home I plead. One reason more. My heart aches for revenge. My soul burns for revenge. Since reading of that terrible massacre at Fort Pillow I want revenge! and God gives me a chance to plead for it. I want this kind of revenge—a million of dollars for the Christian Commission to do what they have done in the past, pick up the Union soldier and the rebel soldier side by side, in God's name, and for the dear sake of Christ, do them the same loving, tender office. Such revenge will be sweet now and sweet forever. I went into the house of some rebel folks. In one which I entered, the people stood off and looked at me. I commenced to talk. They said, "our cause," and "our cause," "our army," and "our army." "Stop a bit," said I. "I am a Christian here, I am not a soldier. I come from the Christian Commission, who were on that dreadful field of Gettysburg. Do you know who fought that battle?" Yes, Gen. Meade's nephew was there, too, taking care of your wounded soldiers. "What do you say?" "General Meade's nephew was there, tenderly caring

for your soldiers, carrying ice cream to a whole car load of them, and putting it to their feeble lips. Do you understand it now? You will be satisfied. I talked in that strain. Before I left I was asked to get down on my knees and have family worship with them. They took my name and residence and said, "God bless you!" This was two miles away from our pickets. I went into the house of a Baptist minister and told him, for my introduction, what the Christian Commission had done and were doing, and he melted down and wept. His wife grasped me by the hand. He said, "When you go home don't forget us. Remember us. Pray for us." I say we want to lay up a volcano of coals of fire to pour down on the heads of these men, and conquer them in this way.

Will you pour in the coal—a million of them? We'll pour them out!

The venerable Chairman, in a few words, here exhorted the audience to remember their negro brethren, in their sympathies and prayers, in the light of the fires of Fort Pillow, and also what God had been doing in the last year in the way of a wonderful emancipation, in the breaking of the chains of the oppressed, and to present a thank-offering for this merciful providence to the nation.

The Collection.

Dr. Newton now announced "the collection" as the culminating point of interest in the whole meeting. The sum allotted to Philadelphia for the present effort was fifty thousand dollars. It was all to be raised that night. A good beginning had already been made in the subscription of thirty-five thousand dollars. A few of the more prominent donors' names were read, as follows:

Jay Cooke & Co., \$5,000; John P. Crozer, \$5,000; Capt. R. F. Loper, \$5,000; George H. Stuart, \$5,000; Mr. W. Baldwin & Co., \$5,000; Thomas Drake, \$2,500; James Graham, \$2,000; William Buckland, \$1,000; Evans & Hassell, \$1,000; William S. Hunsell & Sons, \$1,000; E. J. M. Flanagan, \$1,000; A. J. Drexel, \$1,000; John A. Brown, \$1,000; Miss Elizabeth Stinebaugh, \$1,000; with thirteen subscriptions of promised individuals, firms, and corporations, for \$500 each. A large number of smaller names were mentioned. Several names have been received since the meeting. The total subscription from Philadelphia, it is expected, will reach at least one hundred thousand dollars.

We have it in our power, continued the Doctor, to send forth an influence from this meeting that shall be felt upon the hearts of our soldiers, that shall make them more of men and heroes to face the difficulties and dangers before them, and to do the great work which God in his providence has called them to do. Let the response be worthy of these noble men and of the cause and country they serve.

The meeting was now open for receiving subscriptions. The most spirited and earnest exercises of the evening had been reached. As it was growing late, the two distinguished speakers, Bishop Simpson and Dr. Smith, of Philadelphia, who had been promised in the programme, very properly yielded their set addresses to the spontaneous expressions of the hour from any who felt moved to add a word or a subscription in behalf of the good cause. Under this course, which the meeting unpreparedly took, from the promptings of a benevolent instinct and patriotic and Christian impulse, now thoroughly aroused, some of the most fervent and telling speeches were made. We counted ten of these short appeals, each of which was estimated by the Chairman, in his own inimitable way, at its cash value. The utmost enthusiasm was excited, and before the meeting was closed Mr. Stuart had the pleasure to announce that the full amount, fifty thousand dollars, had been pledged. We shall give the outline of some of these remarks, as showing the tenor of them all.

The Blind Widow's Mite.

In the first place, the Rev. Dr. Junkin stood expectant for some minutes, exciting the very dulcet ring of some silver pieces which he held in his hand and watching his opportunity to offer them. The musical sound catching Mr. Stuart's ear, the Doctor was called forth, and announced to the audience as the father-in-law of the late Stonewall Jackson.

He said I think I have in my hand the largest contribution that will be given to-night. This afternoon I addressed a very interesting congregation in the Widows' Asylum of this city, a large family of very venerable and beloved old ladies, many of whom are instant in prayer and supplication for the blessing of God upon the cause. While I was addressing them a young man in regimentals came in, fresh from Fortress Monroe. His grandmother was in a little room at the rear of where I stood. She was not aware of his presence. In the course of my remarks I told the old ladies that there was to be a glorious meeting in behalf of the soldiers at Epiphany church to-night. After I had done speaking I went into the little room and saw the old grandmother embracing over and over again her boy. Are you to go back, my son? she asked. Yes ma'am, in three days more. Her eyes filled, her bosom heaved. I said to her, mother, you will have to submit, he is serving God and his country, and you do well in giving up. You may do more. Fifty years ago, when I was a student of theology in the city of New York, my beloved teacher, Dr. Mason, used to say that one old woman that knew the way to the throne of God's grace could do more to save the nation than twenty blaspheming Generals. "I understand you, sir," she said, "I can pray. I will pray. I will." And the tears rolled down her venerable cheeks. But I passed on around the circle of aged ones. I stopped in front of a poor blind widow. She said to me do you expect to attend the meeting to-night? God permitting I do. Ah! I am blind, or I would go, too. But will you please to give this to the proper officers? and she handed me these silver pieces, four half dollars, all coming from the insurance, the net dollar that it coined during the administration of Pennsylvania's favored son! (Laughter.) You can do more than this, yes, said she. I do. My country has my prayers. This then (handing the money to Bishop McVaine) is the poor old blind widow's mite. It is much in the Spirit of power with which it comes. If all who are here were to give proportionately as much, Mr. Chairman, your fifty thousand dollars would be doubled before to-morrow's sun goes down. I told the ladies that there would be a glorious meeting at the Epiphany church to-night, and I have not been disappointed. But if the cause that has been here so eloquently pleaded shall be worthily sustained, there will be a glorious Epiphany for the army, a far more glorious Epiphany amid the throngs of angels rejoicing over the thousands of souls converted unto God through the truth dispensed by the United States Christian Commission.

A Valuable Life Preserved.

One of the most striking testimonies to the work and worth of the Commission, is the case of a young soldier of Dr. Shaw's church, in Rochester, who was wounded in the lungs at the battle of Gettysburg, and left on the field to die. The surgeon declared his wound to be fatal. He was sought out by a delegate of the Christian Commission, tenderly cared for, was restored to health, and has since been elected a chaplain of volunteers. This young chaplain, thus snatched from the jaws of death, was present at the meeting, and delivered his short, simple and touching testimony, and his heartfelt thanks to the friends of the institution that, under God, had been the means of saving his life. He said: "My case is only one of hundreds. I can truly say with gratitude to God, that had it not been for the Christian Commission's agents I must have perished on that field of battle, and I am an echo to the prayer that goes up to-night from thousands of soldiers' hearts throughout the army, 'God bless the Christian Commission!' I am ready now to go forth to serve them in carrying on their blessed work in behalf of others."

Mr. Stuart here spoke of the work of grace at Ringgold, Georgia, where within two miles of the rebel pickets over one hundred souls had in ten days enlisted under the banner of Jesus. A worker in another station was so engaged in caring for souls that although his eloquent pleadings were needed in our cities to ask for gold to carry on the work of the Commission, yet it was felt to be wicked to draw him away from the religious interest in the midst of which God was blessing him so richly. Souls are more precious than gold.

A Surgeon's Testimony.

The Rev. Dr. Baddington, of Brooklyn, presented the following testimony from the surgeon-in-chief of the artillery brigade of the fifth corps. After the doctor had preached to the Brooklyn 14th regiment in the Episcopal church at Culpepper, not two weeks ago, this surgeon came to him and said that from his personal observation he wished to bear testimony to the indispensable value of the Christian Commission in the army. "If I had," said he, "money to any amount, every dollar that I had to give to the cause of Christ I would pay into the treasury of the Christian Commission, and I say this not from any knowledge of the officers of the institution, but simply from my knowledge and observation of its work in my own brigade and throughout the army." The speaker also stated the fact that Gen. Burnside had invited an agent of the Christian Commission to accompany his army to do the holy work in the coming campaign, but that they were in instant need of two thousand dollars to raise a horse and team before this offer could be accepted.

Speech of Colonel Gregory.

Colonel Gregory, of the 91st Pennsylvania volunteers, being called upon, responded as follows: I am certainly astonished, Mr. Chairman, that you should call for a candle when there is so much light. I am happy, exceedingly happy in this meeting to-night, never in my life more so. And I have reason to be. I wish to say now that I know what Dr. Kirk and the other gentlemen have related is true. I have seen it, I have felt it. I know all about the camp, how the soldier feels, how he feels when he lies on his back on the fields and looks up to heaven, for I have lain there. Ah, we have the true spirit here to-night. I thank God for it. It is just what the soldier wants. He wants just such sympathy as has been seen and expressed here for him. He wants your money. He wants your prayers. And he has them all, I see. Our cause is the cause of God. It is the cause of truth. I can speak but little. Soldiers have little to say, but they have great work to do. I feel to-night as many thousands perhaps in the land feel. My jewels are in the front. My sons—all that God has given me are there. I know not what they are doing to-night. But I trust in the living God they are doing their duty to their country. If they fall, let them go. God has them. They are in his charge. He will keep them. My friends, this Christian Commission has done a wonderful work in the army. I have seen their zeal, their efficiency. I have seen their labors result in good. I sent up a request from my brigade for a covering for a chapel the day before I left. It came, and now the chaplain has reported a number of converted men there, and I bowed myself before God in thanksgiving, that the Commission had covered our log tent and God had come down from on high and given us salvation. The American Army is well supplied as far as the body is concerned. Our noble Government gives us all the food we want, all the clothes we want, and every comfort in the hospitals it can reach. But there is a mission for the Church of Christ; and it is the gospel. Do this and all will be right. And to-night if Christians in this country shall do their duty, and our armies should go forward to-morrow, Gen. Grant will conquer. If the Lord is with him he will conquer. If God is against us, we have yet to suffer more, we must bow ourselves still lower in the dust before our Maker. A wicked commanding general said to me once, "We shall never triumph, Col. Gregory, until we pray more." I believed him. Though he was a profane man, he helped me to see the only trust, where all our help must come. If God shall be against us because of our sin iniquity, and our connection with the sin of the nation, our complexity and co-partnership with the cursed system of oppression, we may have to suffer more. If we are called upon to bear yet this, let us get still lower before God, and do more for the cause of Christ, in sending the gospel to our soldiers, and maintaining a purer Christian Government, then all in the end will be well. I thank God no doubt has ever crossed my mind as to the final result of this great struggle for our nation's life. We shall triumph. God will give us victory. Only let us do our duty. I hope the fifty thousand dollars will be raised. I myself, brethren, have been a merchant. I know we are prosperous in this country, as no other country ever was under such circumstances. God has given us great prosperity. On this account I fear. There is, I fear, more danger at home than in front to-day. The extravagance and selfishness and vanity at home may destroy us. Our own wickedness may destroy us, the rebel army needness may destroy us, the war is right. It is just. We are fighting the battles of truth and of liberty. I should be at the front to-night, but for the Secretary of War who has chained me down here to take care of the soldiers. I feel uneasy, not because I have all my sons at the front, and many friends there, but because I feel God

has called me to this service, and I want to see no other service till we have conquered and the nation is free and the world shall send up a universal shout of "Glory to God and Freedom to every living soul!"

A Neat Speech.

James Graham, Esq., a merchant of the city, now rose and said: "I felt like responding to the speech of the gentleman from Boston, Mr. Tobey. He has given us evidence of the solidity of the 'solid men of Boston,' of whom I have often heard; but he has given us proof of the better solidity of the Christian religion. In response to his speech, and to that of Col. Gregory, who has given evidence that he is a true soldier and Christian, you may, Mr. Chairman, double my subscription?" "Which was \$1,000, before," remarked Mr. Stuart.

Closing Speeches.

The Rev. J. Wheaton Smith, D. D., now made a short, happy speech, detailing some of his intensely interesting experience of a few days' labor in the army in behalf of the Commission. He spoke in terms of peculiar gratitude for the personal benefits he had received from the mission. He felt he had been blessed as a minister of Christ. Such audiences he had never before preached to, such appreciation, such attention, such solemnity! In eight days he had preached eighteen times, and was not tired or hoarse. At home he should have had the bronchitis under such terrible hard usage, and his people would have been compelled to send him on a voyage to Europe!

Others followed in hopeful, thankful, patriotic remarks. The hour was fast approaching half-past eleven. The audience did not seem wearied, but patient and expectant to the last. Dr. Kirk offered up from a full heart a prayer, which breathed the desire of every Christian patriot, and which seemed as if it must prevail with the God of battles. The doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was sung; the congregation bowed to receive the benediction from the venerable chairman, and then slowly retired.

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