

Correspondence.

CHAPLAIN STEWART'S LETTER.

BATTLE FIELD NEAR SPOTSYLVANIA C. H., MONDAY, May 16th, 1864.

DEAR BRO. MEARS:—Since crossing the Rapid Ann on the 4th, we know little as to what you and the rest of mankind are thinking, doing, saying or publishing. Out off have we been altogether from communications with home. No mail either to or from us. Not even a newspaper to tell us whether you are celebrating victories or mourning over defeats of this Potomac army. A number of letters has your correspondent written to you and friends, starting them to the rear through uncertain channels. Perhaps they got through. No military or civil restriction, so far as known, has been laid upon letter writing, getting, or sending—only that in these turmoils of battle the mails have stopped.

It is now the 12th day since this long death struggle commenced between these two immense armies, and with the exception of yesterday, an almost unceasing strife, a rage and turmoil of bloodshed. During this period the rebels have been pressed back towards Richmond some twenty miles—or rather they have fallen back, as we have not as yet been able to drive them from any of their strong positions; and well they know how to choose such. For this also, the country into which we have come, affords them every possible facility. Small streams, swamps, low ranges of hills, thick woods with dense underbrush, and they on the defensive. Invariably do they await the attack. Our brave soldiers have to advance against them by wading through creeks and swamps; tearing through thick bushes and dense undergrowth in which many of them have their clothes almost torn from off them. Often not discovering the enemy until their deadly fire a few rods distant reveals their presence and strong position. The fighting of the past ten days much more resembles the old back-woods contests with the Indians, than modern or what may be termed civilized warfare. Often on account of thick woods our fighting soldiers are not able to see a dozen of their comrades; or scarce obtain a glimpse of the enemy who at the same time is discharging such deadly volleys. Many, many a brave soldier has been left unburied to decay in these jungles with no living person to tell where he lies. To fight and maintain discipline under such conditions requires the most exalted courage and devotion. This army of the Potomac has started for Richmond, and seems determined to go there, no matter how many enemies and other obstacles may stand in the way. All opposition must finally yield to obstinate and persevering valor.

Very many incidents of the past two weeks are worthy, and may be recorded in future letters should time and space permit. Solomon assures us, "There is a time for every purpose under the heaven." Certain it is, however, although in our hearts to redeem any favourable occasion, yet have the past ten days not been for us the time for religious service up to yesterday. Moses was chided for stopping to pray, when he should have been acting. No chiding of this kind has been required in the army of the Potomac. Action, action; terrible action both day and night. Yesterday, Sabbath, was the first lull and happy exception. Whether by orders from our Generals out of respect to the Sabbath, or merely from weariness in blood-shedding, was not announced, yet was the day one of rest from military toil, save those necessary precautions in the immediate vicinity of a powerful enemy. Scarcely a rifle-crack from picket or distant booming of cannon. How exceedingly grateful, how almost unnatural, the quiet, to ears assailed and deafened for ten days and nights with all manner of commingling earthquake sounds. Rest for the weary! What a multitude of holy sympathies cluster in connection with Paul's assurance; "There is therefore a rest to the people of God."

Although our soldiers were weary far beyond what ordinary labourers understand by that term; yet were religious services held and largely attended, so far as known, in every Regiment which has a chaplain. Not a few chaplains also visited destitute Regiments and held services. Many soldiers, too, in whose camps no worship was held went and joined with those who had. More than ordinary solemnity was manifested. Many who were not wont assembled at the time of service. The Lord has been preaching solemn sermons of late, which the most inattentive have been compelled to hear, and we would fain hope also to lead. The assembly for worship in our Regiment was larger than formerly. Yet, alas, so many dear familiar forms, who have so long stood up for Jesus in the camp, on the march and battle-field; and whose full, strong voices in singing,

served so often both as bell and trumpet for the assemblage to our regular evening service—so many of them absent from the assembly on yesterday! Killed or wounded in our late desperate battles. Dearly cherished brethren, how can I get along without you? you whom I feel fully persuaded God, through Christ, gave me in camp! Silence, however, murmurs with them it is well. Their unctious more-over, remains here, and God in their room, will give others, yea, more than those taken.

My text yesterday was the words of David, in an hour when his life seemed greatly perilled; "As God liveth—there is but a step between me and death." Few present who did not feel and almost exclaim, "Just so have I felt an hundred times within the past ten days." The wonder to many being, not that so many were injured, but that any from such peril escaped unhurt.

So far as external evidences can be trusted, the morale of our army is better than in any former period of its existence. The various religious services in so many places through our camps during the past winter and spring, have not been without salutary influence. Not a few, like Elijah, were thus strengthened for many days of travel and trial. The fear is that the good impressions then made upon many, may too soon be shaken off amid these active excitements and battle-fields. Let no one imagine that scenes of danger and of death will, of themselves, convert a man or keep him even by profession in the service of God. For a time they may produce seriousness, yet in the end only harden. Nothing efficacious but the converting grace of God—no not even should one rise from the dead! There is great need of effective chaplain service here now, in the midst of these terrible scenes, not only to keep alive good impressions, but also by the blessing of God to infuse right ones.

A. M. STEWART.

UNION COMMISSION.

A meeting was held May 12th, in Cooper Institute, to organize and carry into operation a plan to advance the cause of American and Christian Union, and the prosperity of the country, by aiding Union portions of the South with Northern charities, employment facilities, emigration, ministers, teachers and publications. The Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk, of Boston, presided.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Haskell.

The President then stated that the meeting had been called to consider a subject of great importance. It was a meeting of the friends of the oppressed of the South to organize and appoint a committee to take such action as they may deem advisable to carry out the objects stated above.

Preambles and resolutions were then adopted, as follows:

Whereas, A large proportion of the white inhabitants of the Slave States, by the social system of those States, have been prevented from possessing an interest in the landed property of this country, and have also been deprived of the advantages of education and a Christian civilization; therefore

Resolved, That it becomes the inhabitants of the Free States deeply to commiserate their condition; and

Whereas, The ignorance and degradation of that people has made them the willing and misguided instruments of the demagogues who projected the rebellion that has threatened our national existence; therefore

Resolved, That we regard the removal of that ignorance and social degradation as indispensable to the future peace of our country; and

Whereas, The power of the dominant class in those States, which has entirely prevented the introduction of the agency and influences of Christian civilization among their degraded neighbors, heretofore prevented any foreign attempt at improving their condition; therefore

Resolved, That we deem it the duty of the citizens of the Free States, in connection with the intelligent and loyal men of the Slave States, to prepare a system of home missionary operations which may follow the advance of our victorious armies.

Resolved, That several gentlemen, citizens of New York, be requested to act as a committee to take this subject into consideration and mature a plan of action to be presented to the public as soon as practicable, and that gentlemen from other Cities and States be invited to act with that committee.

Resolved, That the committee consist of the following persons, with any that they may add to their number: Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., LL. D., Rev. John McClintock, D. D., Francis Lieber, LL. D., Horace Webster, LL. D., H. M. Pierce, President of Rutgers's Institute, Charles Butler, Esq., Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., Rev. J. T. Duryea, R. H. McCurdy, Esq., Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., Jas. Humphrey, Esq., Wm. Booth, Esq., Rev. S. B. Bell, D. D., Rev. L. C. Lockwood, of New York, Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., Rev. T. N. Haskell, Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., John M. L. Williams, Esq., of Boston, Stephen Caldwell, Esq., George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, Rev. J. J. Marks, D. D., Chaplain W. Y. Brown, of Washington, D. C.

The meeting was addressed by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Hon. Eli Thayer, Rev. J. T. Duryea, Rev. L. C. Lockwood and others.

ERRATA on the inside pages. Page 167, 3d column, 4th line from the top; read: "The village referred to had not been before visited by a missionary. The Gospel" &c. 5th col., 2d paragraph, 4th line from the bottom; read: Heshowed, on Kaou's principle" instead of "in." Last column, 10th line from the top; read: "The second proof that Human nature is formed for virtue"; it is a constitution where the lower principles should serve the higher; instead of "higher principles should serve the lower."

At a recent meeting of Philadelphia Fourth Presbytery, Mr. Enoch K. Miller was ordained to the full work of the ministry and Mr. Martin P. Jones, was licensed to preach the Gospel.

THE UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Anniversary of the New York Branch.

[SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR OUR COLUMNS.]

On Sunday evening, May 15th, the Anniversary meeting of the New York Branch of the Christian Commission, was held in the New York Academy of Music. The evening was extremely unfavorable to the meeting, a drizzling, disagreeable rain having fallen throughout the day, which became more copious as the hour approached for the commencement of the exercises. At an early hour, however, the building was well filled, and before the meeting was organized, it was impossible to obtain standing room, many persons having been compelled to turn away, unable to gain admission. The death of the lamented General Rice, whose body had arrived in the city, and whose funeral services had been held in Rev. Dr. Adams' church in the afternoon, together with the memory of the great struggle in Virginia filling every heart, combined to add unusual interest and solemnity to the meeting. This also, had a marked effect upon the address of Dr. Adams, who was the first speaker. When he alluded in his opening remarks to the solemn work in which he had been engaged in the afternoon, he exhibited a feeling of solemnity which communicated itself to the great assembly, and remained uninterrupted throughout the entire evening. When the Rev. Dr. Kirk arose to speak, he had proceeded but a few sentences when the pent up feelings of the audience sought an outlet in applause. The evening, however, forbade this, and it was, at the request of the chairman, dispensed with. During Mr. Stewart's address, the interest was so intense that the slightest noise in any part of the house could be distinctly heard. The people seemed anxious to catch every word, and if possible treasure it up in their memory. The enthusiasm for the Commission, the soldiers and the country, which has marked all the meetings which we have reported, was manifested to a great degree at this one.

The chair was occupied by William E. Dodge Esq., chairman of the New York Branch of the Commission, at half past seven o'clock, and the exercises of the evening introduced by singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name," after which the Rt. Rev. Chas. P. McIlvaine D. D., Bishop of Ohio, led the great audience in a most impressive and patriotic prayer. Mr. Dodge, the chairman, then came forward and delivered the following opening address:

Address of William E. Dodge, Esq. MY FRIENDS: We are met together, this evening, to celebrate the anniversary of the N. Y. Christian Commission. In looking forward to this meeting for the past few weeks, we had adopted a programme for the evening; but the providence of God has brought us under such peculiar circumstances as a nation,—we are surrounded by such momentous circumstances, that the exercises of the evening will have reference mainly to the present position of our suffering, bleeding army. The report, the details, the statistics will be published hereafter. We felt that the audience would not be in a state of mind to-night to listen to statistics of what has been done, but they would be anxious to know what was to be done—that could be done now for those who are suffering, for those who have gone forth, periling their lives for us.

The Government, the Christian Commission, and other organizations have made what was supposed most ample provision for expected battles; but we all feel that we are surrounded now by such circumstances as but few of us had anticipated; not a battle, —not one battle,—or two,—but eight, perhaps now, ten! Not one, two or five thousand of our citizens bleeding and dying, but tens of thousands! Ah! how we stagger as we try to contemplate those thirty thousand, nay perhaps forty thousand, bleeding, dying men, our brothers, our fathers, our friends,—those who have gone out to break this terrible rebellion, who have gone in our place, in our stead, for us, to meet the terrible onset!

Ah! go to your home, see that beloved one on the bed of sickness and anguish, see how love, tender, compassionate love watches every symptom; how the physician comes and goes; how everything is done for that loved one. Multiply that loved one by all that are in this house to-night; multiply that by ten. They are not lying in that room, on that bed, surrounded by tender care; but they are out on the field, they are down along the road-side; they are dying, standing their own wounds, hissing, looking for help, crying for aid; they are to meet to-night; sitting here, surrounded by blessings and comforts; and we have come here to try and turn away our thoughts

from self, to go down amid these men,—and ask, "What am I called upon to do? what shall I do? Oh! give me the opportunity, and I am ready to do it." We are here on the evening of God's holy day, under circumstances more solemn, more impressive than any we have ever met before in our own history or the history of the land; and as we listen to-night to thrilling remarks, and as we hear the music in spirit, let us show our approbation of them, let us, in view of the solemn circumstances in which we are placed, in which our country is situated, and as we think of the dying ones, as we think of the mourning, bleeding hearts to-night, throughout the length and breadth of our land, let us be solemn as we would at the funeral of a friend.

The audience will now be addressed by Rev. Dr. ADAMS, of this city.

Address by Rev. Dr. Adams.

Just, coming from the funeral of that gallant Christian soldier, General Rice, I am reminded of a little incident which seems to me to be the most appropriate introduction to our services. I am informed by my young friend, the aid of General Rice, who is with us to-night, the representative of that brave hearted army, baptized, as I believe, by the Spirit of God, before he had his first baptism of blood, that when bearing the form of the General to the rear, the very first person who accosted him in the field hospital was a delegate of the Christian Commission; and when the first appliances were made to his wound, this Christian man said to him, "General, how do you feel? What do you think of Christ?" "What of Christ? Oh! very near, very near!"

These are the things that we love to hear. When we have been told how heroic and faithfully a man departs himself at the head of his command in the brunt of battle, the thing most of all that we desire to know is how did he die? What testimony did he leave, expressive of his faith in Christ? I know, going from family to family, that have already been bereaved, and those in suspense, watching for the mails, watching to catch the first intelligence they can from loved ones, I know that in many a case this has been true with regard to the son, the brother, or friend; the thing most desired, that bears a balm and balsam to the bleeding heart is the belief that the friend died in Christ, and after having served his country, prepared by the grace of God for the translation, he has gone to the kingdom of Heaven.

Now I refer to this incident because it seems to me to describe the very object the Commission has in view—two-fold: care for the body, comfort and help for the brave soldier, and, as opportunity presents, instruction and comfort to the soul in the last agony of death. We do not leave either of these undone. We do, in connection with other associations (and there is no kind of rivalry between us and any other Commission except the noble emulation of endeavoring to do the greatest amount of good) what can be done to bear relief and comfort to those who are wounded and dying in our behalf; but yet do not leave undone what can be accomplished for the solace and guidance of the departing soul.

My friends, there is only one object in our thoughts to-night, and I feel that if, after what has already been said, and the prayer to God in which we all joined, we were to cease from all conference with one another, and here do what we could for the relief of our heroic soldiers, we should not have missed the hour, and we should be richly compensated for the privilege of doing this. I see only one object in this hour. The time of exhalation is past; the time of caricature and ridicule and laughter has long since gone by. We have come to the point of actual suffering. We have come now, where we are to take up our part in fellowship with the great Captain of our salvation, in actual endurance and affliction; and the objects of our thoughts are these—our bleeding citizens, our own children, our brothers and our friends, who are fasting, toiling and fighting, bleeding and dying for us. A most natural question I heard put to a young soldier fresh from the field; "How did you feel in that charge? How did you feel on Tuesday night, when you left the field and when ordered to advance?" "Feel! why were we worn out; we have not had sleep; and what have we had to eat but what we could get by snatches, eat in the midst of great and intense excitement?"

Why have we no idea of the endurance and suffering of these men. Did you ever know anything like it in history? An army fighting eight, nine days in succession? I cannot recall such a thing in the history of the world; and I think, to-night, we ought to forget everything but sympathy with and prayer for those noble men, who, from actual exhaustion, many times dropped in their very tracks.

There are living men—decently dressed men, in this community, who read the papers, who saunter about the street and wonder why these men are not pushing farther and farther; who are content with reading the papers and making their own knowledge of this great strife, of which they know nothing at all. For myself, I feel ashamed every hour I am here, that we sit down at the table with plenty, live in our commodious houses, lie down at night upon our comfortable beds, while these brave fellows are exposed—I was going to say to such a rain as this, but I remember that those wounded men bless God for such a rain as this. When fevered with their wounds, and none to bring water and refreshment to them, it is the greatest refreshment, they say, they can have to let the sweet rain of Heaven fall upon their wounds, and that they may catch some drops upon their parched tongues.

Now, if I had been called upon to speak ten days or a week ago, I should have endeavored to say something in regard to the impression I received in a recent personal view of this noble Army of the Potomac. There are two things that would naturally present themselves to us in regard to the army; and few of us understand what an army is. I confess I never had a conception of what an army was, until I saw it. An army in quarters and an army on the field of battle are two things. Now, if I had spoken, as I have said, a week or ten days ago, I should have endeavored to convey some of the impressions I had received in regard to the army, as I saw it in a state of comparative repose. I shall always count it as one of the greatest privileges of my life, that I have been able to look upon the army; and I think I did not go from mere curiosity; although, after having seen some splendid military pageants in the old country, I confess, in regard to that host of men—

"There were ten years of peaceful life— One glance at their array!"

I shall always regard it as a solemn privilege that I was able to see them. I went under the best of auspices—upon an invitation from headquarters, where I preached; and you will agree with me it is something now, when following these brave men from stage to stage in their glorious engagements, that you have a distinct impression of the very men, that you have still upon your minds the pressure of such men as Grant and Mead, and Sigwick, and Worth, and Hancock and many more; that you have seen them, so recently, as they passed in review before their General; solemn, very serious, not a shout, not a word among that great host as they went under his eye; no

salutes except those that became the occasion—men on the eve of a great movement—and that it was my privilege to preach at headquarters, to that assembly of distinguished soldiers—an audience, not of civilians, not an old man, not a woman, not a child, but a large audience of armed men, just on the eve of that great conflict on which such great destinies depend. I am informed that it was the last sermon that was preached to them; the tent was struck immediately; and I have taken pains to recall the words that I addressed to them. I remember I was speaking in your name, as well as in the name of Christ, and assured them of your sympathy and prayers as they were going out to this great contest. I told them as plainly and solemnly as I was capable of doing what I thought were the Christian instructions most appropriate to their solemn circumstances. I endeavored to preach the Gospel of Christ to them. I told them those things they might remember at the head of a column, in making a charge, in the midst of the storm; the kind of prayer they might ejaculate to Almighty God for their guidance and success. I thank God that in His name I had that privilege; although the memory of it is not shadowed by the recollection of the hour; I heard their last sermon and have fallen asleep.

I should have delighted to have said something about the impressions left on my mind by that visit to the soldiers.

A Voice—Do say something about it.

Dr. ADAMS—I am told to say something about it, and I remember, when looking into the New Testament, that the man distinguished above all others,—of whom it was said, "I have not found so great faith, no man in Israel,"—was a soldier, who said, "I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man go and he goeth, and to another, come, and he cometh, and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it." The order and discipline to which these men are subject I have been greatly impressed with, as one of the great lessons which our country has learned,—which is being kneaded into our life, never to be eradicated.

Then I would say something about that noble set of men, the chaplains of the army. I speak of them in distinction from particular exception. It was to be expected that some, in the beginning, who were not of the right character, should find their way into these incumbrances. But I speak now of those with whom I came in contact, whom I know; and concerning whom testimony has been borne by their Generals and the soldiers under their ministrations. I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which a man could be placed where he would have so much prospect of doing good as that of an army chaplain. Look at them in their encampments,—all laid out in streets, company after company,—with their little hut or chapel in the rear for public worship. The hut is built by the soldiers; the canvas covering is supplied by the Christian Commission. I tell you, my friends, it was easy to preach to these men, with faces upturned, drinking in the word of grace. There has been a wonderful outpouring of God's spirit upon these men during the past season. This is not all imagination or illusion. There have been multitudes of these brave men, prepared by the spirit of God to die for their country and us. Then these chaplains have their confidence. We think the pastor has great opportunities of obtaining the confidence of his congregation, mingling with them under circumstances of affliction and suffering when the hearts are opened. But just look at the chaplain, with a regiment under his ministry. He knows, every man by name; they come to look upon him as a friend; isolated as they are, from home and family, see what a hold he has upon their affections,—what opportunities of impressing upon them the message of God. I should like to have enlarged upon this; but now these tents are struck; that army is on its march, and we look upon it now in its series of bloody engagements as an army in battle! I have not seen that thing. I have been endeavoring to imagine something about it. When I saw, one morning, thirty thousand men passing in review before their General. I have endeavored to recall what a scene that would be now; to see if I could think of thirty thousand men, lying on the ground, dead or wounded. We get very little conception of numbers. There is nothing about which we have generally so imperfect an estimate. Let me tell you that is a very large congregation in this city that consists of a thousand people; but just suppose a congregation of a thousand men, in the prime of life, lying dead or wounded! And here is one brigade, that of Gen. Rice, which on Tuesday night lost eight hundred and fifty-seven men, out of eighteen hundred! Just think what we mean by a battle! Then, as it has been described to me, the oaths, the prayers, the shrieks of wounded and dying men on the open field! We talk of a wounded man! When we think of one wounded, here, why immediately there comes to our mind all the appliances. He would be carried into the first neighbor's house, into the apothecary's, into the hospital. All the people around would be ready to help him. But there are no houses here. On that field of battle, as pictured before my eye, in the wonderful desolation of that scene, houses, fences, all the ordinary signs of civilization have disappeared, and it is a wilderness indeed. And now think of men dropping, dropping, one after another, wounded on the battle field.

What then is needed? Their fellow soldiers cannot leave their ranks, to give them attention. That is contrary to military order. "Look at that young man!" said a Colonel to me, on a military parade, "when we went into the fort at Rappahannock Station, his own brother stood in front, he fell, and his brother never flinched, but went on steadily into the fort, as if nothing had happened." Who is to give attention to these men? The aid of battle is suffering to and fro. Government has some appliances, some agencies, some surgeons in the rear. Musicians are for the time employed in carrying those that are wounded to the rear. But what can they do among so many? You want all forms of agencies. The very first thing to be done, (and you cannot have them in too great numbers now) is to come to them with men perfectly prepared to minister, first, to their physical necessities. Your Christian Commission delegate goes to the wounded man, with all the appliances, bandages and sponge, his pail of wine and water, and asks: "How are you wounded? What is the matter?" He gives him a draught and such help as he needs at the time. Perhaps he is just dying; then he takes his name, the last word he has to say, perhaps a last message to wife, or mother, or sister. "Tell my mother, tell my father, tell my wife something about me;—how I fell,—that I have endeavored to do my duty to my country,—I die in Christ!" Perhaps your delegate is enabled to kneel and offer a short prayer to God in his behalf, and help the departing spirit to lay hold of some consolations of the Gospel. This is the form in which your agency works,—and this is why it needs now to be multiplied ten fold. The men to be chosen for this work are not to be taken without discretion. They must be a high class of men, knowing what to do, and having physical endurance to do it,—full of patriotism and full of the love of Jesus Christ,

I do not enlarge the subject of giving physical relief to wounded soldiers because what is to be done in that regard is so patent. But this other feature is peculiar to the Christian Commission. It is a psychological fact, and I have given it some attention, that on the approach of death, if the man is not given over to absolute stupidity, there is a wonderful activity of the human conscience. I have noticed that religious men are apt to catch the words of dying heroes, upon the field of battle or upon the quarter deck, which refer to some purpose in reference to the fight, some expressions of personal bravery. These are the things they report, and about which we hear so much in history and poetry. But there is something else; if you will bend your ear and listen. It seems as if, when the soldier passes from the fray, from the rush and tumult of embattled hosts, he feels as if he were isolated, as if he were going to eternity alone, as an individual; and the expressions of testimony to which I have referred, I think you will find in the faithful biographies of the most distinguished sailors and soldiers. Lord Nelson, when borne from the quarter-deck to the cot pit, uttered the memorable words which were signalled through the fleet, and which are so well known; but how many have forgotten what he said to Captain Hardy, as he bore him the last press of the anchor: "Captain Hardy, I hope there is forgiveness for a man with God." Sir Philip Sydney, when wounded in battle, and when he bore him the neck of his faithful horse, that fell from the field, was heard to speak of Jesus Christ and his hope of salvation through him.

Ah! we who are sitting here, in our cushioned indulgence, have forgotten the wonderful rapidity of this action of the human conscience in the presence of death. I believe there has been a most wonderful rapidity of action, not only of the conscience, but of the heart, in committing itself to Christ in the last moments. I do not believe it has taken so long a time for the conversion of those men who have been convinced by the Spirit and have made consecration of themselves to God. I believe many have been saved. I would not convey the impression that patriotism is synonymous with religion, or that there is any way of salvation save through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; yet where there is such consecration of the soul, where the exigency is so sharp and critical, there is as much difference in the action of the mind as there is between the flash of damp powder, spread loosely over the surface of the earth, and that which is thrown into a market in the shape of cartridges. There is no doubt of the testimony given us on this score from every quarter.

Now, my fellow-citizens, this whole caring for these fellow-citizens is rolled upon us. I wonder we can think of anything, talk of anything else but this. And I cannot but feel that, as a people, there is a most beautiful deportment just now. I have been struck with it. There is very little of noisy elation. There is a quick pressure of the hand. Men talk quick, and feel deeply; but there is very little of excitement showing itself in the form of noisy exultation. This is right, I believe this people will feel more and more the solemn meaning of this hour. I believe that as these trials and these successes are multiplied, that the people will develop more and more a well balanced, solemn trust in God, and a quick, earnest sympathy for their fellow-citizens, who have been willing to endure so much in their behalf. God hasten the time when there will be no more occasion for all these activities in behalf of the wounded! God hasten the time when we shall meet together, with all earnestness and gladness, to know how we can heal the wounds of our bleeding country,—when the cloud of war will pass away, and when we can stand forth on the Christian emulation in doing the utmost in healing all these deep wounds of the country, and studying the things by which we may edify one another. God bless our dear country! I dearer now than ever. God bless our wounded soldiers! This army of heroes— and give them victory; and when that victory is won, give the nation the power of conquer themselves, and bringing the whole land into willing subjection to Christian law and government.

THE CHAIRMAN.—You have been listening to the address of one of the Delegates of the Christian Commission. I now have the pleasure of introducing another, who has been recently down for to the front—the Rev. Dr. KIRK, of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Kirk's Address.

What heart is there in this assembly that does not bless God, this night, for being permitted still to live? The heart of our dear country was struck thrilled on the hearts of many in this wise: "I am glad it has come; I knew it was coming; it is no accidental falling of a spark upon combustible material; it is a deep, intense conflict of purpose; the men on that side of the struggle understand what they are doing and mean to do it." We are meeting our kindred, our neighbors, our fellow-citizens, face to face, over the great line that divides right from wrong. The question is, have we manliness enough, have we godliness enough to lay ourselves out for the altar? Not to send other men if we can go. Not a man ought to be in this house to-night that could be on the battle field, because there are wounds, and groans, death in his gloomiest form there. No person ought to be willing to sit here to-night, whose heart is not with the soldier, in the tent, in the field, in the hospital, in his suffering, in his dying,—who is not willing to take his place, if God calls him to it.

Yes, this is a solemn Sabbath; this is a solemn meeting; not a gloomy one; I see nothing gloomy in it. It is, to my eye, all sublime. The conflict is sublime: the issues are sublime. God is educating this people for a great future; he is turning the leaves of a book with hard lessons on every page; he is teaching through deep anguish, making us fill up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ, that this poor world may be pushed on, and this fallen race may be lifted upwards.

We have come here to-night, my fellow-citizens, to think about the soldiers—the citizen soldiers—the American soldiers. With my brother who just preceded me, I thank God I have seen the soldier in his tent; I have seen him in the camp; I have grasped the hand of the man that, under God, is guiding our forces to victory, and I have grasped the hand of the humblest man in his ranks. It is a privilege; and I come fresh from the camp to speak to the citizens. I want, this night, to echo what I heard a brave general utter three nights ago: "I honor a soldier; I love the common soldier; I love him more, in his humble rank, than I should if he were occupying the seat of the Chief Magistrate of the Union." I, too, have learned to love him; and I have come here, to-night, to contribute my humble share to kindle in your hearts a deeper and tenderer love for the soldier.

I know not what cynical men may say; I know not what men who judge others by the narrowness of their own hearts may say; I believe a nobler band never went forth to war, under a nobler movement, nor from a higher impulse, than the army of the United States Federal Government have this day. I have always had, since influenced by reli-