

gious principles, this difficulty about the military professor. A man in the ranks can not choose whether there shall be war, or not, or whether he shall be in the ranks or out of them, if he is conscripted or in any other way forced to stand there. Another chooses whether the fight shall begin, or not. Men in the Cabinet, politicians, demagogues settle the question of war or peace; he must go and kill his brother, perhaps to carry out the basest of schemes. I have always wondered what a soldier's conscience does with that question. But when this war came, the ground was clear; there was no such question to settle. Kill any man that will try to tear down this government! Kill any man that will trample the banner of the United States under his feet! It is a clear case, and the mere question is whether I shall guide my musket here or there; my conscience is clear, no matter who stands before my musket! That appears to me to be the character of this war; and I hope this side of Mason and Dixon's line, there is not a man who questions that point. I am afraid there are. It is the weakness of our cause that there are so many faint hearted men, this side of the line, who hold in suspense the vital question: are we right or wrong? Before God, and the judgment, and eternity, I have no question; and therefore I honor the soldier. He has gone there as an automaton. He has gone with an enlightened conscience; he has gone with an noble heart. There may be exceptions; I speak of the mass; as a body of men, they love law, they love the most beneficent government, and they are willing to die for it. Ah! do you think the bounty influences them? No doubt it was a question of prudence with a great many, whether they should go, and the bounty turned the scale with them, because others were depending on them. But do you think any bounty fortified the hearts of men who fought eight days on the banks of the Rapidan. No. Do you think that a wild spirit of adventure sustained them. No! When we began the war we thought the rowdies of the great cities and the zonaves would do the best work. But that delusion has all passed away. You require men to stand the brunt of battle,—men, calm, clear, settled in their convictions, earnest in purpose, who are willing to meet their God with the issues of the case.

Fellow-citizens, such an army we have this day, such men are out there, as a wall of fire, between us and our homes, and what is dearer than our homes, the sacred institutions of our Government. The men of the army are noble men. When you have seen Gen. Wads-worth leaving his fortune, leaving his family, leaving his high social position,—going out to the privations of the camp and the perils of the field, leading on his hosts, fearless of death,—you have got I believe, the spirit of the army. When you see the man who held the flag over Fort Sumter first, [turning to Gen. Robert Anderson, who was on the platform] and did not blanch, you have got the spirit of the army before you.

I feel some embarrassment. I would want, my fellow-citizens, to talk with you two hours on the subject; but I feel that God is guiding us, tonight, in another channel, and on our friend Mr. Stuart must devote the work of telling you how things are just now. And here I will pass over what I could have wished to say, and simply allude to two or three matters of my visit to the camp, for it is for that reason, I suppose, I am selected, with others, to address you to-night.

We entered the cars at Philadelphia, which were there nearly filled with soldiers. The whole scene began then. The peculiarities of the Christian Commission and its operation, then opened on our eyes; for Mr. Stuart, with those immediately accompanying him from the city, who were old veterans in the work, had their haversacks on their shoulders, which were filled with tracts. They did the strange work of distribution on the cars; and the strangest part of it was, that no one seemed to think it out of place. What a strange day we have come to! A merchant of Philadelphia coming into the cars with a haversack of tracts, which he distributes around, and every one thinks it just right. Here is a group of card-players before me. I look with interest to see what my friend Stuart's ingenuity will do in regard to them. It is not ten minutes after his sweet, smiling face is among them, before his cards are laid aside, the tracts take their place, and soon the party thanks him for what he interrupted their proceedings—that he wondered how he had become so engaged. This was the beginning of my acquaintance with the operations of the Christian Commission.

The next scene that opened was in the Teamster's camp. Here I began to discover how impossible it was for the Government to provide for the spiritual instruction of the Army. As to the Government selecting the best chaplains, and watching over them to see that they performed their duty, it is all but impossible. That work must be thrown upon the churches. It would be the rigid military rule excluded all civil interference. But the Government has been wise enough to see that an organization under the necessary restrictions of military life, such as ours, can, under God, best perform the work, and from President Lincoln down to the soldier in the camp, I have heard nothing, seen nothing but welcome to the Christian Commission,—and (if you let me echo the soldier's language) "Bully for the Christian Commission!" "God bless the Christian Commission!"

We went into the Teamster's camp—a camp containing at that time, five thousand men, and no chaplain. There the Christian Commission has come in to do a most blessed work of church building. Yes, they build churches—churches that go up in the morning and can come down at night, but as well pleasing to God as the finest structure; for God looks not on ornamentation or solid masonry, but seeks those to worship him who worship him in spirit and in truth. The Christian Commission says to the soldiers, just what the Church Baptist Society says to churches in the West; if you go to work and lay out some labour and money, we will enable you to finish it. It is a good plan. They say to the soldiers, build up the log sides of a cabin, and we will put on a canvas covering. When the regiment moves, and the canvas covering is taken down, and the logs are left.

But this temporary church had no chaplain. We entered while a party was at dinner, and I found in what way the Christian Commission consented to work. Mr. Stuart, the consistent, privileged character, rapped on the table, and said: "Mr. Kirk will preach to you." I had to make my sermon and preach it on the spot,—a good discipline for us. It was a glorious sermon; for it was all the precious name of Christ. I told them how Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, as a type of him who was lifted up, that the chief of sinners might look and live. Those rough men, covered with the sacred soil, stopped from their dinner, they gazed and heard, and Mr. Stuart completed the service by giving to each a book.

We then went to the Hospital tent. There I went to bed to bed, conversing with the wounded and sick, and soon I was called upon to pray. Oh! Christian brethren, it was a privilege to pray there! Yes it was a privilege to pray with these men. Fellow-Christians in Christ, it is worth a journey down to the Potomac, down to the Rapidan and as

much further as they choose to send you, to help those men to lift their thoughts and hearts to meet the Saviour's prayer; for in the midst of the prayer there was a sobbing all around the room. Oh! was it not good to help those sad-hearted, those sick and weary men, our defenders, to pray? Yes, it was most blessed.

I will pass on until we come to a tent where they seat for the colonel of the regiment, who was just converted to God. He comes in, and after some services we ask him how he found Christ, and with all a soldier's candor and the ardor of a young disciple, he tells us what great things God has done for him, how he found the Saviour,—and we again commended him to the Redeemer, and the service of his God.

We went on to Camp Distribution, which used to be Camp Convalescent. Here the soldiers were favored with a larger log cabin. It was full,—filled every night, of praying, praising soldiers, listening to the preaching of the Word. One gentleman addressed them, and then another, and another, until, in turn, we had all spoken. What an interesting scene it was. As I was speaking to them, the tap of the drum was heard, a soldier started here, another there, to leave. Then there was the sound of the trumpet, that called out some more. A gentleman learned to be the colonel of the regiment, who told me himself he had been a skeptic and said "I hope it will be understood. That it is a sufficient excuse for any soldier not to regard these calls, to say that he was in this religious meeting; and I hope," (he continued) "for the honor of the profession, that not another man will leave the room until the services are ended." That is the kind of reception your delegates and their services meet in the camp.

We went to Brandy Station. I preached there the Sabbath before the Adams, in the same neat right hand. Meade's headquarters, where some of his staff were round him; and I will repeat here a remark I made to my own people: "Dear friends, I am accustomed to attentive audiences, but I must say I am not accustomed to eager audiences; and at Gen. Meade's headquarters, it was an eager audience." Let me explain to you the solution of the case. You will meet a man in the streets of Boston or New York and you offer him a tract; he will spurn it, and probably make you some return. He enlists to-morrow approach him, and you find a better man; he is not so scornful, he begins to feel himself an exile from home. You follow him, and when he gets to the front, as they call it, (and what the "front" is, I never knew before, and a word pregnant with death and solemnity)—the man stands in the face of eternity, and he is another being. Oh! if the church of God would only know what a mission field this war has opened,—what a mission field the army is, and how it calls upon us to cast in theseed. Yes, these men have left their trifling; they are serious in the presence of death, and they long for the words of eternal life.

I was deeply impressed at seeing in the papers that Mr. Robinson of the cavalry is wounded; for I must be allowed to say (though it is a personal remark about him) that I do not know a figure or face in the army that has impressed itself upon my heart like the face of that gentleman, and I leaned with his elbow on his knee, his hand supporting his face, and gazed into my eyes while I was preaching the whole discourse, just as if he wanted to look into eternity, to see God and the Saviour and understand all about them.

That is the kind of audience we address when we go down to the camp, and I do not wonder at the remark a preacher made within my hearing, a few days ago: "I do not know how to meet the tameness of my audiences now."

On we went to Pony Mountain, there to gaze on both camps in part, the rebel camp and our own. Arrangements had been made by an artillery company which had kindly furnished us with horses, and soon a part of the programme was developed of which I was not informed. As I sat in the saddle, having a lame foot, the whole company was arranged before me in military order, and friend Stuart then said to me: "You have got to preach to these men." There was another extempore sermon; and there was another eager audience; and so impressed was I, that I can not but mention now to you these things, that I ventured to say, at the close of the remarks. "If any of you wish to talk with me, personally, about the Saviour, I have no doubt you will be at liberty to leave the ranks for that purpose." One man came to my side and talked about Jesus, and he, I found was the child of prayer, the son of a Methodist minister. What impressed me chiefly was to find that those who had been lounging about, or playing quots, had formed another audience in the rear, not quite as regular in attitude, but as attentive.

This, Christian friends, will give you a fainter specimen of what it is for your delegates to go down to the camp. It is not merely on the battle-field, nor in the hospital that the work is done. We have a most blessed opportunity for labor in the winter, when there is no fighting. If the war is to be continued, or if the army is to continue without fighting for any length of time, it does present to the Christian Church one of the most interesting, one of the most imposing fields of Christian labour that the Church of Christ has ever had.

My dear friends, now I wish: Shall we who stay at home, who do not go, who can not go, or for any reason should not go—shall we not say, by our actions and our words, to the whole army "We are enlisted with you; our money, our sympathy, ourselves, are as much in the cause as you; and whatever we can do to alleviate your sufferings, whatever we can do to minister to your spiritual welfare, we are ready to do?"

If you ask what can we do? I answer briefly; first, we can save life; yes, we can save life. A computation has been made, that out of six thousand men, only one-fifth were killed by the ball, by the sabre and by the sword; the other four-fifths die after battle. It is the neglected wounds; it is the exhaustion; it is the dying by sun stroke; it is the unalleviated anguish of days and nights which sums up the dreadful work of war. The army, the Government; the whole Military Administration, has but one great object in war; it is to conquer, not to save life; and all they do to save the life of the wounded weakens them immediately in the work of war. There is a place here for the Christian and patriotic charity. You can save these four-fifths. I was very much impressed by the remarks made by Speaker Colfax in an address recently; that in the war of the Peninsula, the proportion of deaths was 163 to 1000; in the Crimean war it began at 190, went on to 511, and when the ravages of diseases that visited their camp, began to be felt, it reached the awful proportion of 913 in every thousand, dying. What is the proportion of deaths in the American Army? 53 to 1000. Is not that progress? Will it not speak to the world something for free institutions, for republican government, for the Christian religion, even in a Republic which is supposed to have so little military power and efficiency?

Brethren, we can save life. Rush! rush to the battle-field, and save it! spare no money, spare no one! Rush to the battle-field and save your defenders! One-fifth of them have gone, God has called them. The other four-fifths of them, are lying, appealing

to you: "Will you save us?" Do you ask how? It will give you one specimen, now what you can do, but just to show the actively novel method known to the church of God to save life. There is a man in Philadelphia—a plain citizen, but an earnest worker. He rushed down to the terrible battle-field of Gettysburg, and found this strange sight; a hundred men lying in one place, wounded, on the edge of a stream. They could not move, the water was rising, and there they were looking, without the power to avoid it, upon a slowly approaching death! This gentleman got down upon his hands and knees, and with a few others whom he got to his assistance, removed these poor wounded men to a place of safety. No red tape, no rigid military rule, but the love of Christ working in their hearts to do what could be done. A young pastor of Philadelphia, spent three entire days in simply carrying water. "Water! Water!" is one of the terrible cries on the battle-field, after the stillness that succeeds the shock of combat. He spent three days in carrying water, and so blistered were his feet that he could not walk or stand, in ministering to their wants. Wonderful in this, his suffering, and his love! Wonderful in this, his suffering, and his love! Wonderful in this, his suffering, and his love! Wonderful in this, his suffering, and his love!

Christian friends, is there any question whether the men and means will come that are wanted? That is what we have come here to-night practically to settle. Have you got a dollar that you would withhold, if it is needed down there? I believe not. Somehow or other the Christian Commission has kept itself back too long. It is time it came out and told the Church and the world what it has done and what it can do, if you but give it the means it needs.

The chairman read the following letter, stating that when he came to his office and found it, he feared there would be a great disappointment here to-night; but he was happy to say, Mr. Stuart was present, and would be able to give them some account of the working of the Commission.

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, 11 Bank Street, Philadelphia, May 13, 1864.

WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL, Esq., My dear Sir: We greatly need your help, and I am sure we shall not appeal for it in vain. The case is this: The unprecedented extent of the rebellion, the desperate struggle in Virginia, has exhausted our supplies, overtaxed our men and means of transportation, and has rendered it more difficult to be sent to the front. A messenger from the front came in last night to urge forward two hundred additional delegates to the front, and he is now in his bed. On Wednesday night of that terrible battle, he preached to a regiment of 700 men, standing upon their arms, and ready to receive the word to form into line of battle. The next day there were only 100 of that regiment left. That letter also contained the fact, communicated to me in confidence, "Monday morning next the Army moves; it will be a bloody, fearful campaign. Our treasury was empty. We had sent along our five wagons loaded with stores, and drawn by Pennsylvania teams of four horses each, every wagon accompanied by a large and well-armed company of delegates, who had been to the battle-field of Gettysburg, Antietam and Chancellorsville. But what to do now when came back that the battle had begun,—that our stores had been exhausted, that our delegates were worn down,—without men to reinforce them, or additional stores to send! We looked straight up to God and laid the matter before him. Our Brethren Bishop McIlvaine, Kirk and Duryea addressed the church in Phila., and in the Church of the Epiphany, where the lamented Tyng ministered, the response was \$50,000, since increased to nearly \$70,000. As I told you, gave \$22,000, which has since increased to \$35,000; Boston, on the Mercantile Exchange opened a subscription, which has amounted to nearly \$30,000, ready, without speeches.—(The Boston subscription list has since reached over \$35,000.—RECORDED.) A little town in Western Pennsylvania, with only 425 inhabitants, to which we had no opportunity of making a direct appeal, raised \$900 and sent it to the treasury. We felt that our prayer was being answered.

I need not describe what these delegates have done. I speak it to the honor of Christ's Church, and not to the managers of this Association,—that we were on the field, I believe, before any other agency. We were on this field to stand by the noble Gen. Rice—to take the dying message from the loved boy—to receive the lock of hair, the last word to father, or mother, to administer words of consolation and of hope, to give food and apply soothing remedies to the suffering body;—doing all for a coin richer than was ever coined on earth, the "God bless you" of the American soldier.

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We ask you for \$100,000 to-night—the paltry sum of \$2 for each wounded soldier including the rebel wounded, whom we take in our hands when we meet them; for the Christian Commission knows neither rebel nor Union soldier on the battle field, but follows in the footsteps of our blessed Lord. "If he answered hunger, feed him, if he thirst give him drink." Said a rebel officer at Gettysburg: "Sir we do not understand your work here; when you meet us upon the battle field, you fight us like devils; but when we fall into your hands, your Christian Commission treats us like angels." I have in my possession a document which I would not give for \$5000, signed by 63 rebel officers on Johnson's Island, tendering us a vote of thanks for saving the lives of hundreds of their men on the battle field of Gettysburg. This is the stock we have here to-night to offer you to invest in.

I tried to make an appeal, last Sabbath night, when we got \$22,000, but I could not, I first said: My only appeal is: I want to take this audience across the Allegheny River and up the bank, to the house of Gen. Hays, the noble defender of our country, and ask his widow what sacrifice she has made for the land. Go with me, to-night to a desolate house in the city, and ask the widow of the lamented one, but now exalted Hero, what sacrifice she has made for our country. And you, men of New York, who have rolled up your wealth by the hundreds of thousands, even in consequence of this very war, what is your response, to-night? As you shall meet these dying men, who were the instruments, under God, of saving your property and your homes, what is your response? What would your bonds,

and mortgages and property be worth to-night if that gallant army were not there? If you will meet these men at the present seat of Christ, and you shall meet them then, I want you to answer to-night, before God. If \$100,000 is too large a draft to make upon the City of New York, when Philadelphia has given \$70,000, Pittsburg \$30,000, Boston \$30,000 which will soon be \$50,000,—then I have not a single word more to say about the Empire City. But if you do not give us the money, we will go and bind up the wounds of every New York soldier; we will send home to fathers, to mothers, to wives, the messages of dying ones. We care not what State or section of the country a man belongs to, who is in distress, we go in the name of Jesus, and in his name desire to pour wine and oil into the bleeding wounds, bind up the suffering hearts and speak words of tenderness and consolation to the departing soul.

I go to the front to-morrow in company with the reverend father from Ohio, Bishop McIlvaine. I have no language or words at command to portray the sufferings we go to witness. Shall I go before your brave defenders and tell them that the Academy was filled to overflowing on a wet night, that we asked the men and women of New York for \$100,000, and it was refused? "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon!"

While a collection was being taken up, WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL, Esq., read the following resolutions: Resolved, That the objects and labors of the Christian Commission be commended to the Patriotism and Christianity of our country. Resolved, That the men who are perishing in the field, and whose names are on the rolls of the Christian Commission, should receive the full preservation of our country, and the full support of the people of this land. Resolved, That the thousands of prisoners, the thousands of the thousands who, in the providence of God, are committed to our hands as prisoners of war, should be protected and cared for, and that such is peculiarly in accordance with the precepts and example of our Divine Lord, whose name we bear in whose service we are engaged.

Resolved, That it be urged upon all our churches and citizens that their prayers, and contributions and efforts be given promptly and without stint to the work so wisely commenced and so effectually carried on by the Christian Commission. Gen. ANDERSON rose and said: "I second these resolutions with all my heart." They were then passed unanimously.

The CHAIRMAN (—REV. Mr. Duryea was invited by the Committee to address the meeting, but as it is the intention of the Christian Commission to have other meetings in some of the churches, and as Mr. Duryea thinks the audience is now too much exhausted, he desires to defer his remarks to some other occasion. There were repeated calls for Mr. Duryea, who came forward.

Address by Rev. Joseph T. Duryea. One of the most important lessons that was taught me, when preparing for the ministry, was never to speak for the sake of speaking. "If you can do good, speak; if not, be silent." I have felt that the tide of this meeting has been rising, rising, rising, until it is far beyond me, and that I should only bring it down if I should place myself before you at this point. I felt that when Brother Stuart's heart overflowed into yours then the time had come for contributions. I thought that the contribution was the crisis of the meeting, and therefore you might better go home to your prayers, and your thoughts than to be longer detained.

If any thought might be added to what has been stated to-night, it is a thought connected with the heart of the Army of the Potomac. You have heard depicted before you the horrible sufferings on the battle-field. You have had put graphically before your eyes the sorrows and agonies of those wounded and dying men. Remember that that is a sacrifice, a voluntary sacrifice, a cheerful sacrifice, an unregretted sacrifice. Those boys knew the war was coming; they knew the disaster attendant upon a conquering campaign, as they fondly believed and hoped it would be. I stood one morning upon Stony Hill, two miles beyond the pickets, with a staff of officers about me. At an elevated point in the distance was the flag of the Army headquarters, presiding all along from that, far over the Blue Ridge, the white camps were lying; the Blue Ridge sparkling, silvered in the morning sun; yonder Pony Mountain, signaling to Gen. Meade's headquarters; meandering before us lay the Rapidan; yonder the rebel pickets; while beyond them, far beyond, tier upon tier, were the embankments and earthworks, behind them the rebel army in review; the rebel army giving us a view of the opening battle; the artillery shelling a point at which some imaginary enemy had been placed. As we looked into these fortifications, running miles on miles, tier upon tier beyond, not an exclamation escaped these soldiers; they looked into each other's eyes, turned away and shook the head. It did not change their determination. These very men had tried some of the most fearful things. They were on the march, under the order of General Meade, to Mine Run. They came there in the night, and slept at the foot of a hill. As the grey of the morning dawned the boys wanted to see the point they were to assault; they climbed to the brow of the hill, looked beyond the valley, saw the bridling muskets and heard the clashing spades, as the busy workmen were bringing the fortifications to completion. They crawled back again, took their morning ration, and just before nine o'clock, when the order came to form for the assault, these heroes began to meet round the chaplain. One bared his arm and said: "Let the surgeon take it off, if it gives me an excuse for service to-day." Then they began to say: "Boys, some of us must die; most of us must die;" but at nine o'clock the order came to form, and every man stood to the mark, waiting for the ringing tone, Charge! After waiting for half an hour, the muskets were stacked again. They climbed the hill and peeped over in the early work, now clearly defined in the morning sun. Then these men gathered around the chaplains and the musicians, and began to disturb themselves of tokens for friends at home; giving messages to wives and mothers and sisters. Here a memento was given to faithful hands; there a message was recorded, to be carried off to those who might listen for the tidings of the dead. Then they sat down, unbuttoned their coats, wrote out in a fair hand their names and pinned them to their shirts, that their bodies might be known and a rude head-board guide the searching friend to where the husband or the son was sleeping. Then they stood up to the musket again in line of battle, hour after hour, unblenching, unchanged in their determination.

in the grave yard, wherever they could hear, for two hours, and although not a wealthy people, when we made a collection, we found the amount to be \$22,000. And why? Because you could not look into a pew in that church in which you would not see some beating heart, that palpitated to my own; those who had loved ones in the army. The hours of the night were not thought of at such a time. When the Army of the Potomac went into Winter-quarters the Christian Commission resolved that, although their treasury was almost empty, they would offer the Gospel of Christ to every man in the Army. How far they have filled that design, judge by the figures. Seventy-two places of worship have been established, where the word of God was not preached merely on the Sabbath, but every day in the week, often twice. In the total we are enabled to sum up 10,800 religious services held with this Army, before it was called to move,—in every one of which Jesus Christ and Him crucified, was offered to the soldier, as the ground, and the alone ground of his salvation. These services you have heard describe to-night, by two brethren in the ministry, who have been blessed in a remarkable degree to the conversion of souls.

Monday night, a week ago, was one of the saddest nights of my life. I could not sleep; I had received a letter from a faithful agent, in reply to one in which I had requested the return of a delegate who was an efficient speaker, that he might come before the churches and plead our cause. And I got a reproof. My friend wrote: "We cannot let him go. Souls were more precious than gold. Brother L. is preaching to soldiers every day who are going to a soldier's grave, and we cannot part with him." That young man, who had been in the night, broken down, and he is now in his bed. On Wednesday night of that terrible battle, he preached to a regiment of 700 men, standing upon their arms, and ready to receive the word to form into line of battle. The next day there were only 100 of that regiment left. That letter also contained the fact, communicated to me in confidence, "Monday morning next the Army moves; it will be a bloody, fearful campaign. Our treasury was empty. We had sent along our five wagons loaded with stores, and drawn by Pennsylvania teams of four horses each, every wagon accompanied by a large and well-armed company of delegates, who had been to the battle-field of Gettysburg, Antietam and Chancellorsville. But what to do now when came back that the battle had begun,—that our stores had been exhausted, that our delegates were worn down,—without men to reinforce them, or additional stores to send! We looked straight up to God and laid the matter before him. Our Brethren Bishop McIlvaine, Kirk and Duryea addressed the church in Phila., and in the Church of the Epiphany, where the lamented Tyng ministered, the response was \$50,000, since increased to nearly \$70,000. As I told you, gave \$22,000, which has since increased to \$35,000; Boston, on the Mercantile Exchange opened a subscription, which has amounted to nearly \$30,000, ready, without speeches.—(The Boston subscription list has since reached over \$35,000.—RECORDED.) A little town in Western Pennsylvania, with only 425 inhabitants, to which we had no opportunity of making a direct appeal, raised \$900 and sent it to the treasury. We felt that our prayer was being answered.

I need not describe what these delegates have done. I speak it to the honor of Christ's Church, and not to the managers of this Association,—that we were on the field, I believe, before any other agency. We were on this field to stand by the noble Gen. Rice—to take the dying message from the loved boy—to receive the lock of hair, the last word to father, or mother, to administer words of consolation and of hope, to give food and apply soothing remedies to the suffering body;—doing all for a coin richer than was ever coined on earth, the "God bless you" of the American soldier.

We cannot tell you what these delegates do. The principle upon which the Association is governed is this: Personal distribution of Hospital stores, accompanied by personal ministrations. That which you contribute goes directly without any circumvention, to the wounded soldier lying on the battle field. As you have been intended to, then the delegate kneeling by his side, tells of Him who said, "It is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Oh! if you have never been to the battle field, you know nothing of the comfort of having some one standing by the dying form, where, from the exigencies of a state of war, the father, the mother, the wife and sister cannot go. It being impossible that they should be allowed within the lines. Government has wisely selected those who are permitted to go to the Christian and Sanitary Commission. As you can have no conception of what these men do unless you were down there yourself. A surgeon who took tea with me a few evenings ago, said: "Not long ago, I had charge of 2000 wounded men in the woods; one night I had scarcely any help, 2000 wounded had come in wagons, to be transferred to Alexandria by the first train. What to do that long night, with one or two or three assistants, I did not know; I was oppressed with the thought, when eight of your delegates presented themselves. I said our angels have come, God bless the Christian Commission!" All they could do that night was to go through the long train of cars, down to a little spring, fill their buckets with water, and go from man to man, giving each a cup of cold water.

We ask you for \$100,000 to-night—the paltry sum of \$2 for each wounded soldier including the rebel wounded, whom we take in our hands when we meet them; for the Christian Commission knows neither rebel nor Union soldier on the battle field, but follows in the footsteps of our blessed Lord. "If he answered hunger, feed him, if he thirst give him drink." Said a rebel officer at Gettysburg: "Sir we do not understand your work here; when you meet us upon the battle field, you fight us like devils; but when we fall into your hands, your Christian Commission treats us like angels." I have in my possession a document which I would not give for \$5000, signed by 63 rebel officers on Johnson's Island, tendering us a vote of thanks for saving the lives of hundreds of their men on the battle field of Gettysburg. This is the stock we have here to-night to offer you to invest in.

I tried to make an appeal, last Sabbath night, when we got \$22,000, but I could not, I first said: My only appeal is: I want to take this audience across the Allegheny River and up the bank, to the house of Gen. Hays, the noble defender of our country, and ask his widow what sacrifice she has made for the land. Go with me, to-night to a desolate house in the city, and ask the widow of the lamented one, but now exalted Hero, what sacrifice she has made for our country. And you, men of New York, who have rolled up your wealth by the hundreds of thousands, even in consequence of this very war, what is your response, to-night? As you shall meet these dying men, who were the instruments, under God, of saving your property and your homes, what is your response? What would your bonds,

and mortgages and property be worth to-night if that gallant army were not there? If you will meet these men at the present seat of Christ, and you shall meet them then, I want you to answer to-night, before God. If \$100,000 is too large a draft to make upon the City of New York, when Philadelphia has given \$70,000, Pittsburg \$30,000, Boston \$30,000 which will soon be \$50,000,—then I have not a single word more to say about the Empire City. But if you do not give us the money, we will go and bind up the wounds of every New York soldier; we will send home to fathers, to mothers, to wives, the messages of dying ones. We care not what State or section of the country a man belongs to, who is in distress, we go in the name of Jesus, and in his name desire to pour wine and oil into the bleeding wounds, bind up the suffering hearts and speak words of tenderness and consolation to the departing soul.

I go to the front to-morrow in company with the reverend father from Ohio, Bishop McIlvaine. I have no language or words at command to portray the sufferings we go to witness. Shall I go before your brave defenders and tell them that the Academy was filled to overflowing on a wet night, that we asked the men and women of New York for \$100,000, and it was refused? "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon!"

While a collection was being taken up, WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL, Esq., read the following resolutions: Resolved, That the objects and labors of the Christian Commission be commended to the Patriotism and Christianity of our country. Resolved, That the men who are perishing in the field, and whose names are on the rolls of the Christian Commission, should receive the full preservation of our country, and the full support of the people of this land. Resolved, That the thousands of prisoners, the thousands of the thousands who, in the providence of God, are committed to our hands as prisoners of war, should be protected and cared for, and that such is peculiarly in accordance with the precepts and example of our Divine Lord, whose name we bear in whose service we are engaged.

Resolved, That it be urged upon all our churches and citizens that their prayers, and contributions and efforts be given promptly and without stint to the work so wisely commenced and so effectually carried on by the Christian Commission. Gen. ANDERSON rose and said: "I second these resolutions with all my heart." They were then passed unanimously.

The CHAIRMAN (—REV. Mr. Duryea was invited by the Committee to address the meeting, but as it is the intention of the Christian Commission to have other meetings in some of the churches, and as Mr. Duryea thinks the audience is now too much exhausted, he desires to defer his remarks to some other occasion. There were repeated calls for Mr. Duryea, who came forward.

Address by Rev. Joseph T. Duryea. One of the most important lessons that was taught me, when preparing for the ministry, was never to speak for the sake of speaking. "If you can do good, speak; if not, be silent." I have felt that the tide of this meeting has been rising, rising, rising, until it is far beyond me, and that I should only bring it down if I should place myself before you at this point. I felt that when Brother Stuart's heart overflowed into yours then the time had come for contributions. I thought that the contribution was the crisis of the meeting, and therefore you might better go home to your prayers, and your thoughts than to be longer detained.

If any thought might be added to what has been stated to-night, it is a thought connected with the heart of the Army of the Potomac. You have heard depicted before you the horrible sufferings on the battle-field. You have had put graphically before your eyes the sorrows and agonies of those wounded and dying men. Remember that that is a sacrifice, a voluntary sacrifice, a cheerful sacrifice, an unregretted sacrifice. Those boys knew the war was coming; they knew the disaster attendant upon a conquering campaign, as they fondly believed and hoped it would be. I stood one morning upon Stony Hill, two miles beyond the pickets, with a staff of officers about me. At an elevated point in the distance was the flag of the Army headquarters, presiding all along from that, far over the Blue Ridge, the white camps were lying; the Blue Ridge sparkling, silvered in the morning sun; yonder Pony Mountain, signaling to Gen. Meade's headquarters; meandering before us lay the Rapidan; yonder the rebel pickets; while beyond them, far beyond, tier upon tier, were the embankments and earthworks, behind them the rebel army in review; the rebel army giving us a view of the opening battle; the artillery shelling a point at which some imaginary enemy had been placed. As we looked into these fortifications, running miles on miles, tier upon tier beyond, not an exclamation escaped these soldiers; they looked into each other's eyes, turned away and shook the head. It did not change their determination. These very men had tried some of the most fearful things. They were on the march, under the order of General Meade, to Mine Run. They came there in the night, and slept at the foot of a hill. As the grey of the morning dawned the boys wanted to see the point they were to assault; they climbed to the brow of the hill, looked beyond the valley, saw the bridling muskets and heard the clashing spades, as the busy workmen were bringing the fortifications to completion. They crawled back again, took their morning ration, and just before nine o'clock, when the order came to form for the assault, these heroes began to meet round the chaplain. One bared his arm and said: "Let the surgeon take it off, if it gives me an excuse for service to-day." Then they began to say: "Boys, some of us must die; most of us must die;" but at nine o'clock the order came to form, and every man stood to the mark, waiting for the ringing tone, Charge! After waiting for half an hour, the muskets were stacked again. They climbed the hill and peeped over in the early work, now clearly defined in the morning sun. Then these men gathered around the chaplains and the musicians, and began to disturb themselves of tokens for friends at home; giving messages to wives and mothers and sisters. Here a memento was given to faithful hands; there a message was recorded, to be carried off to those who might listen for the tidings of the dead. Then they sat down, unbuttoned their coats, wrote out in a fair hand their names and pinned them to their shirts, that their bodies might be known and a rude head-board guide the searching friend to where the husband or the son was sleeping. Then they stood up to the musket again in line of battle, hour after hour, unblenching, unchanged in their determination.

This is the spirit that has already left these fortifications far in the rear. But there is another element at work in this army which has never so wrought before. The religious element at last pervades, from headquarters down, the young private soldier. That courage, unflinching, unshaking, unrelenting, yet cool, careful, well-poised, which is born of faith in God has impelled the army.

There is a limit to physical, animal courage. There is no limit to the courage which feels God inspiring it. All that there is in God is in that courage; it is omnipotent. It is not for nothing that the chapel-tent has been opened at headquarters, and that the members of the Army have bowed in prayer and listened to the gospel; it is not for nothing that fifty-four of these rude temples have been crowded night after night with praying men, and on the Sabbath with men clustering at the feet of the preacher of Christ; it is not for nothing that these have gathered, knee to knee, in the crowded tent, to pray for

country and for the cause. Said one of the editors of the Evening Post, when taken into a prayer meeting at the front; "When I heard those men whom I saw on guard during the day, and engaged in various duties—rough, sun-burnt men—lift up their hands and eyes to Heaven, and pray as they prayed, I said to myself, 'When this army moves it must conquer.'"

Mr. Phillips said, on the other side of the square beyond, that the great peril of the country was to be when the army should return. Let me tell that gentleman that he has not been in the army. That army has not been uncitizenized. That army is more intensely citizen than when it went into the field; it is now ten hundred times more intensely American; and blessed be God! it is bolder, I believe, bearing the name of Christian. Let me say to you: "You need not wrangle about the soldier voting now; we want to fight it out. The politicians have nearly ruined us at home; for the dear sake of country do not let them come here to electioneer among us. Let them stay in the public places; let them stand round the President, and let up their hands to God, and pray for the country; but let us to fight it out to the bitter last end. Then we will come home, and then we will vote."

Ah! if some men in this country could hear that pledge they might tremble for the maintenance of the decreasing shadow of their hopes for any position in the United States again. One thing more: The soldier not only knows the sacrifices he makes when battle opens, but patiently, uncomplainingly, unregretfully he renders it. I asked some of the delegates of the Christian Commission, who saw a train of freight cars come into the depot