

Correspondence.

CHAPLAIN STEWART'S LETTER.

JAMES RIVER, Va., near Charles City Court House, June 10th, 1864.

DEAR BRO. MEARS.—Copernicus was not mad, nor Sir Isaac Newton a fool. The world notwithstanding any plausible cavils, does move in circles. At least if sluggish earth, the matter on which we tread, does not, individual humanity as well as great armies often do. Two years ago after a series of bloody battles, the last of which was at Malvern Hill—the most decided victory to the Union arms of the war, we were huddled together at Harrison Landing like a flock of sheep in a rather small pen for forty-seven days. We retreated as quietly and as fast as we could past this old Charles City Court House, in order to try our chances against the rebels in other localities and perchance better auspices. What an interval! Since last here we have met the rebels in deadly conflict at Manassas and Bull Run—at South Mountain and Antietam, twice at Fredericksburgh—at Salem Heights and Chancellorsville—at Gettysburgh—at Rappahannock Station—and Kelly's Ford, and lately for two days in the Wilderness—for a week's death struggle in the slaughter pens of Spotsylvania—on the North Anna and Pamunkey—for a week in the region of Cold Harbor, and now we are here. A large circle complete. Two years to make it. Thirty miles yet from Richmond. If only the veterans who left Harrison Landing on the 18th of August, 1862, constituted the army which has now returned, how insignificant were the number. Melted away in that score of dreadful conflicts. Brave heroes of the former Peninsula army, you have not fought and died in vain! Almost a new army is here; greater in numbers, in prowess and determination to take Richmond, and, as all believe, with a greater General to lead the enterprise.

PROPERTY ABANDONED BY THE WAY.

Wore things to remain just as left along our strangely winding course from Brandy Station to the James River, what a scene of interest to retraced the journey. If the way the Syrian host fled from the sound of imaginary chariot wheels, was traced by the messengers sent out, and returning with the declaration, that, "all the way from Samaria to Jordan was full of garments and vessels which the Syrians had cast away in their haste," much more could our broad, tortuous course from the Rapid Anne to the James be retraced by things cast away. Starting early in the season and from winter-quarters, nearly all the soldiers commenced the campaign with their blankets and overcoats. At present we feel confident it would be a very difficult matter to find a soldier in the whole army in possession of these two articles, very few having either. It will be safe to assert that seventy-five thousand overcoats and as many good blankets lie strewn between this and Brandy Station. As the weather increased in warmth and battles in fierceness, away went overcoat first, then another effort and away would go blanket; soldiers preferring to take the rains, the damps and the chills by night, to a burdensome load on the march and battle-field. In our early advances, as the heat of day arose, a delicate footed person might have walked for miles along the wayside on blankets, overcoats and other garments. On the wide extended battle-fields which in our late campaign have generally been in the woods, one must witness in order to have any conception of what war equipments, human apparel and appendages lie scattered in every direction. Guns, bayonets and their scabbards; canteens and cap boxes; straps, belts, and buckles; blankets, overcoats, shirts, drawers, socks, hats, and shoes; haversacks full and empty, with knapsacks, tin cups, coffee boilers, little frying pans, note books, portfolios—nothing that goes to make up the necessities of a healthful camp life that has not been vilely cast away, carelessly abandoned, or fallen from the shoulders and hands of killed and wounded soldiers.

How truthfully and feelingly did David sing after the defeat of Israel and death of Saul and Jonathan on Gilboa, "There the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul as though it had not been anointed with oil—the weapons of war have perished." Our track is also marked by the rotting carcasses of perhaps ten thousand government horses, and as many mules killed in the service or worn out, abandoned and as generally done, shot. Many a rude mound of earth two feet wide and six long called a grave, with bleaching bones unburied both of friend and foe help to make our desolating pathway. A track like the course of some resistless hurricane, whose force no opposing obstacle was able to resist. Having no change of apparel, the wardrobe of our soldiers is becoming

rather dilapidated. Forty-five days incessant, rugged service, by night as well as day; through swamp and wilderness, cutting and dragging timber, digging ditches, lying in the dust, mud, rain and sunshine; fighting battles with long marches, have proved more than a match for the endurance of government shoes, pants and blouses. Many of our brave fellows would certainly make a rather ludicrous appearance in present costume in a home circle. One thing however is certain, though they might feel somewhat abashed in a company fashionably dressed, yet are they disturbed by no feeling of this kind when in presence of the enemy.

BATTLE-FIELD NEAR PETERSBURG, Va.

Have no surprise, dear reader, that so many days should elapse after beginning a letter ere it be finished. Only a halt at Charles City Court House—then across the James River on a long pontoon—on, on all night through clouds of dust until morning light reveals the spires of Petersburg—then canoning—rifle practice—fighting, fighting for three days and nights—not in Petersburg yet—dead to bury—hospitals of wounded to care for—portfolio not opened for four days—"a time," says Solomon, "for every purpose."

Had a refreshing visit yesterday from my dear friend and brother Rev. A. G. McAuley and son, from Philadelphia. We sought a quiet place, cooked a cup of tea and with crackers had a camp feast—talked of home, church, friends, and camp. "Iron sharpeneth iron." Up and with mutual "God bless you," each turned where duty called.

A. M. STEWART.

REVIVAL IN OHIOAGO IN CONNECTION WITH MR. HAMMOND'S LABORS.

The readers of the AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN will rejoice to hear that the Lord is pouring out his Holy Spirit in the city of Chicago. The obstacles to a general work of absorbing interest have been very great. Chicago is in reality three cities, and it has always been found a difficult matter to get these distinct sections of the city to unite their efforts for the salvation of souls. The north, south, and west sides are seemingly further separated than Brooklyn and N. York. They are connected only by draw bridges, which on account of the many vessels that are constantly moving up and down, are rendered much of the time impassable. Mr. Hammond was invited here by the Young Men's Christian Association, seconded by about a dozen ministers and thirty superintendents of the leading Sabbath-schools of the city. He commenced his labors with a Children's Meeting in Rev. Dr. Patterson's Presbyterian church, on the west side. Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, from Newark, had previously spent a few days in preparing the way for Mr. Hammond's labors. It is believed he did much to induce the earnest working Christians of our city to receive Mr. H. in a kindly spirit, and not a few were thus enabled to use the words of Cornelius to Peter, "Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." Dr. Parker having long been known as one of the conservative New York city ministers, his words in regard to the genuineness of the work which the Lord used Mr. Hammond to accomplish in Newark, was received with much credence.

It was found that the recital of the great work in Newark did much to encourage Christians to expect a similar blessing here, and thus earnest prayer was offered for the immediate conversion of both old and young. And at the very commencement of the children's meetings the Holy Spirit was manifestly present. At the second meeting over one hundred remained for conversation. Ministers and Christians were actively engaged pointing the anxious to the Saviour. From that time the work among the children rapidly increased. Children's meetings for two weeks were afterwards held in the Rev. Dr. Patterson's (Second Presbyterian) church, and in several others in the city. At these meetings hundreds were in tears, seeking the Saviour, who a few days after were rejoicing in his love. Those who labored in the inquiry meetings were blessed not only in pointing the anxious to Jesus, but in awakening the careless. After the children's general exercises often hundreds of the little ones who felt they had found Jesus would gather themselves together for a prayer-meeting. No one, after listening to their prayers, could doubt but that children from six to twelve years of age might intelligently be led to the Saviour. One little girl, almost nine years of age, was found weeping bitterly, and when asked what was the matter, with sobs replied, "My brother will not come to Jesus." Mr. Hammond, while carrying on these meetings, has preached about four weeks to adults. Sabbath evenings Bryan Hall has been packed with more

than two thousand people. Those who have lived in Chicago since it has increased from a village to a city of 170,000, testify that they have never witnessed meetings of such deep and absorbing interest. Mr. H. has seemed far from being satisfied, and often urges Christians to more earnest, united prayer and efforts, that thousands in place of hundreds may be led to Christ. But Chicago is a hard city to move, multitudes are here from all parts of the world, with the fixed determination to get rich at all hazards, and even those who professed religion at the east seem to have left religion behind them. Besides, Mr. H. has found himself much worn down with the heat and excessive fatigue. Nothing but the power of God sustains him. A notice was in the *Evangelist* that he was to labor in Cincinnati, but he has not thought of it, he must have a long rest. Dr. Patterson, of the Second Pres. Ch., was absent at the commencement of the union meetings, but on his return has entered heartily with other ministers into the work. At the first prayer meeting he attended, he said he rejoiced to find that many for whom he had long been praying, gave hopeful evidence of a change of heart. Mr. H. preached for him last Sabbath to an attentive audience. Cautious persons who know most of the work, without any "numbering of the people," can but believe that from eight to ten hundred of different ages, have been led to the Saviour, and we hear of the work going forward in other churches, where Mr. H. has not been laboring. Long will Chicago have occasion to remember this "time of refreshing." Chicago, June 20, 1864.

CORRESPONDENCE IN CHINA.

The Influence and Opinions of Mencius.

[In Dr. Legge's Prolegomena, introductory to his second volume of the Chinese Classics, devoted to Mencius, about forty pages are taken up with an elaborate estimate of the influence and opinions of the great philosopher. From this mass of material the writer culls the following brief account, using chiefly the precise language Dr. L. has employed.]

Confucius had hardly passed off the stage of life before his merits began to be acknowledged. During the lifetime of his disciples, public sacrifices were offered to him, and for about two thousand years he has been the man whom the sovereigns and people of China have delighted to honor.

The memory of Mencius was not so distinguished. Several centuries elapsed before his works were authoritatively admitted among the Classics along with the *Analects* of Confucius, by the order of an emperor of the Sung Dynasty. In the year A. D. 1053, the Emperor Shin-tsung issued a patent, constituting Mencius "Duke of the kingdom of Tsow," and ordered a temple to be erected to his honor on the spot where the philosopher was interred. In the following year it was enacted that he should have a place in the Temple of Confucius. In A. D. 1330, the Emperor Wan-tsung, of the Yuen Dynasty, added the words "*Inferior sage*" to his former title. This continued till the rise of the Ming Dynasty, the founder of which—Hung-woo—had his indignation excited in 1372 by one of Mencius' conversations with King Seuen. The philosopher had said: "When the prince regards his ministers as his hands and feet, the ministers regard their prince as their belly and heart; when he regards them as his dogs and horses, they regard him as any other man; when he regards them as grass and as grass they regard him as a robber and an enemy." To apply such names as *robber* and *enemy*, in any case, to sovereigns, seemed to the Imperial leader an unpardonable outrage, and he ordered Mencius to be degraded from his place in the temple of Confucius, declaring that if any one remonstrated on the proceeding he should be dealt with as guilty of "*contempt of majesty*."

Undeterred by the imperial threat, a certain president of the Board of Punishments himself presented a remonstrance, saying, "I will die for Mencius and my death will be crowned with glory." The Emperor was moved by his earnestness, and allowed him to go scathless. In the following year, moreover, examination and reflection produced a change of mind in the Emperor, and he issued a proclamation, restoring Mencius to his place in the Confucian Temple, and affirming that he, by exposing heretical doctrines and overthrowing perverse speakings, had clearly set forth the principles of Confucius. In 1530 his title was changed by the ruling Emperor into "*The Philosopher King, Inferior Sage*," and so it continues to the present day.

The place which Mencius occupies in the estimation of the *literati* of China may be seen by a few testimonials from

distinguished writers. One says: "If we wish to study the doctrines of the sages, we must begin with Mencius." "It is owing to his words that learners now-a-days still know how to reverence Confucius, to honor benevolence and righteousness, to esteem the true sovereign and despise the mere pretender. Had it not been for him we should have been buttoning the lapets of our coats on the left side, and our discourse would have been all confused and indistinct."

The philosopher Ching, in reply to the question whether Mencius might be pronounced to be a sage, said: "I do not dare to say altogether that he was a sage, but his learning had reached the extremest point." The same scholar said: "The merit of Mencius in regard to the doctrine of the sages is more than can be told. Confucius only spoke of *benevolence*, but as soon as Mencius opens his mouth, we hear of *benevolence and righteousness*. Confucius only spoke of the *will or mind*, but Mencius enlarged also on the *nourishment of the Passion-nature*. In these two respects his merit was great." "Mencius did great service to the world by his teaching the goodness of human nature." Another great scholar, who lived in the Sung Dynasty, and whose tablet has a place in the temples of Confucius, says: "The great object of Mencius in his writings is to rectify men's hearts, teaching them to preserve their heart and nourish their nature, and recover their lost heart. When he discourses of benevolence, righteousness, propriety, and knowledge, he refers to the principles of these in the heart, commiserating, feeling shame, and dislike, affected with modesty and complaisance, approving and disapproving." An eminent commentator on the Chinese Classics, Choo-hi, says: "Mencius, when compared with Confucius, always appears to speak in too lofty a style, but when we hear him proclaiming the goodness of man's nature, and celebrating Yaou and Shun, then we likewise perceive the solidity of his discourses."

The philosopher, Mencius' own estimate of himself was high, and yet he was modest in expressing his views of himself. On one occasion, however, he said: "When sages shall rise up again, they will not change my words." Evidently he was of opinion that the mantle of Confucius had fallen upon him. A work was to be done in his generation, and he felt himself able to undertake it, and yet he seemed to start with astonishment when one of his disciples was disposed to rank him as a sage. After describing, on one occasion, what had been accomplished by the great Su, by Chowkung, and by Confucius, he added: "I also wish to rectify men's hearts, and to put an end to those perverse doctrines; to oppose their one-sided actions, and banish away their licentious expressions; and thus to carry on the work of the three sages."

We are not to look for new truths in Mencius. Like Confucius, he was simply the preserver of the monuments of antiquity and the exemplifier and expounder of the maxims of the golden age of China. Nevertheless, the peculiarities of his natural character were more striking than those of his master, Confucius. There was an element of the "*heroical*" about him. He was a dialectician. Moreover, if he did not like disputing, as he protested that he did not, yet when forced to it he showed himself a master of the art. An ingenuity and subtlety, which we cannot but enjoy, often mark his reasonings. We have more sympathy with him than with Confucius. He comes closer to us. He is not so awe-ful, but he is more admirable. The doctrines of the sages take a tinge from his mind while passing through it, and it is with that Mencian character about them that they are now held by the cultivated classes and by readers generally.

WHEN TO PREPARE SERMONS.

Many ministers break down strong constitutions, and contract dyspeptic or nervous diseases, simply by crowding too much brain-work into the last hours of the week, and coming to the Sabbath labors with a jaded body and a mind overstrained. A contributor to the *Independent* gives an instructive leaf from his own experience:

A fact so universal as blue Monday among ministers can only be accounted for by admitting a cause adequate to its production. As I have had a double experience on the subject of blue Monday, with your permission I will give your readers a chapter from each. I entered upon the duties of the ministry immediately after a course of hard study, extending through about seven years. My church was in a city and occupied a prominent position. I was preceded in the pulpit by two men of scholarly attainments, one of whom, on retiring, took the place of head professor of one of our highest schools of theology; the other took the presidency of a college in an Eastern State. I felt called upon to do what lay in my power to fill with credit the place they had filled with honor. I devoted at the time I could command to my pulpit

preparations, often consuming considerable portions of Saturday night over my sermons, and always occupying all the time I could command between the services on the Sabbath, in the same way. The sermon prepared in the early part of the week I always preached last, deeming it the most thoroughly prepared; while the sermon prepared on Friday or Saturday I regularly preached on the Sabbath morning. I uniformly found that the fresher preparation produced the best effect, and that the more thorough preparation of the after part of the day fell flat upon listless ears. I asked myself the reason for this, and found it.

I had exhausted myself thoroughly in my preparations, and the excitement of the morning used up completely the little vitality which remained to me. The rest of the day dragged heavily. The sermon I had prepared three or four days before had lost its freshness. It was correctly, but formally delivered to an audience whose enthusiasm had been excited and exhausted by the morning's sermon. Sunday night was restless, and Monday dawned as blue as the mists which were brought in upon our city from the ocean. The day was spent without interest, and without effort.

I saw the cause, and I roused myself to apply the remedy. I abandoned everything which could either stimulate or exhaust artificially the nervous system. I had always been strictly temperate. I never used tobacco in any form. I abandoned the use of coffee, drinking only water or weak black tea. I got a good number of sermons prepared in advance of my preaching—I had no old stock to fall back upon—and for years I kept them so. On Monday morning I began work, and on Saturday noon I laid down my pen, and on no account would I touch pen, or book, or even newspaper, till Monday morning. The whole of Saturday afternoon I devoted to recreation. I roved over the fields back of the city. I walked down upon the shores of the harbor. I stopped where gangs of men were working and amused myself with their toil. I dropped my line for fish off the projecting rocks of the harbor. I did anything but think. Returning at nightfall, I took a light supper and went early to bed.

The first effect of this course was, I went through both discourses on Sunday with equal interest, and felt no exhaustion at the close. I recovered entirely from my previous attacks of dyspepsia. I was greatly relieved from incipient ministerial sore throat. I never was worried on Saturday to know what I was to preach on Sunday, and I never had a blue Monday afterwards. My best hour for commencing a new sermon was after the services of the Sabbath were over, and the freshest day of the week, except Sunday, was Monday. Moral—Make Saturday your day of rest, and Sunday your first day of labor for the week, instead of the last, and blue Mondays will disappear.

Advertisements. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. THE THROAT, LUNGS AND CHEST, INCLUDING EVEN CONSUMPTION. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. HERES FOR THE TRUTH. BY THE LATE REV. W. K. TWEEHEE, D. D. OUR LAYMEN. Their Responsibility and Duties. PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION COMMITTEE. JOHN HUSS BY E. H. GILLETTE. TEN REASONS WHY PERSONS PREFER THE FLORENCE. FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS!

Kent's East India Coffee. Coffee! Coffee! Coffee! THE East India Coffee Co., 154 READE STREET, N. Y. KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE. Kent's East India Coffee. Has the flavor of OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA, and is but half the price; and also that. Kent's East India Coffee. Has twice the strength of Java, or any other Coffee whatever, and wherever used by our first-class hotels and steamboats, the stewards say there is a saving of 50 per cent. Kent's East India Coffee. Is the most healthy beverage known, and is very nutritious. The weak and ill use it at all times with impunity. The wife of the Rev. W. Eaves, local minister of the M. E. Church, Jersey City, who has not been able to use any coffee for fifteen years, can use Kent's East India Coffee. Three times a day without injury, it being entirely free from those properties that produce nervous excitement. Dr. JAMES BOTTLE, of 15 Chambers Street, says: "I have never known any Coffee so healthy, nutritious, and free from all injurious qualities as Kent's East India Coffee." I advise my patients to drink it universally, even those to whom I have hitherto prohibited the use of Coffee. THE PRINCIPAL OF THE NEW YORK EYE INFIRMARY says: "I direct all the patients of our institution to use exclusively Kent's East India Coffee, and would not be without it on any account." The Rev. C. LARUE, an eminent clergyman of the M. E. Church, now stationed at Halsey Street, Newark, says: "I have used it nearly a year in my family, and find it a most valuable tonic and stimulant. It is very palatable, and in the case of all other Coffees. It is exceedingly pleasant, and I cordially recommend it to all clergymen and their families." Kent's East India Coffee. Is used daily in the families of Bishop Ames, Bishop Baker, and many of the most distinguished clergymen and professional men in the country. Beware of Counterfeits! And be sure that the packages are labeled KENT'S EAST INDIA COFFEE, 154 READE ST., NEW YORK. As there are numerous counterfeits of Kent's East India Coffee, etc., put forth by impostors to deceive the unwary. In 1 lb. packages, and in boxes of 36, 60, and 100 lbs. for Grocers and large consumers. Sold by Grocers generally. Orders from city and country Grocers solicited, to whom a liberal discount will be made. Agents in Philadelphia—W. J. HESS & BROTHER, corner Girard and Second Streets, and HOEPLING & HONN, 120 Arch Street. Sold by JOHN H. PARKER, corner of Eleventh and Market streets, Philadelphia. JAS. WEBB, corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, Philadelphia. J. H. CHESTNUT, above 12th. THOMPSON BROS. & CO., W. corner Broad and Chestnut sts. SIMON COLTON & SON, corner Broad and Walnut sts. 500-113