Correspondence. OPEN AIR PREACHERS. NO. VIII. RIGHARD WEAVER, THE "CONVERTED

COLLIER." BT EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

At the close of Mr. Weaver's labors in Edinburgh, in 1841, his thronged farewell meeting was held in the Music Hall of the "New Town," one of the largest buildings of the city. Some of the leading ministers of Scotland were present, among whom was Dr. Thomas Guthrie. In the course of a deeply interesting address, he said :---

"Just before leaving my house to-day, I "Just before leaving my house to-day, I talked with a very worthy old woman, who was there sewing and stitching. Said I, "Have you heard Mr. Weaver?" The answer was, 'Yes.' And what do you think of line?' 'Well,' was the answer, 'he says some things that the genteel folks do not life; but he just suits us.' There is very mich in that. * * * Those people who are really persons of accomplished taste, of high education, and of exquite sensibility, work to bear with such as are able to sneak eight to bear with such as are able to speak directly to others in a language they can un-derstand Mr. Weaver is a man of that sort. He knows, the devils with which the very lowest classes have to fight, the temptations they have to overcome, and the trials they have to endure. It is thus he has been enthisd to do good, and much good has been the by him." In Mr. Morgan's "Life of Richard

Weaver," I find an illustration of the with of Dr. Guthrie's remarks with regard to Mr. Weaver's ability to reach the heart. It will be seen that he is one of those who never loses an opportunity to speak a word for the Master.

On one occasion, when Weaver was wavening between Manchester and Liver-pool, an old gentleman at Warrington entered the train. He soon began to talk to Mr. Weaver about the surrounding country, and the following conversation ensued :---

"Do you see that house over the river?"

"Yes." "Well, all this land, and that," pointing to it, "belongs to the gentleman who lives there, and I can remember when he had hardly six pence in the world." "Nay, friend," said the collier, "this land

belongs to my father."

Your father?

"Yes; I'm a king's son. My father is a king." All Cheshire, " continued the king's son,

"belongs to my father." "Nay, I'm sure that's a lie," said the other, indignantly; "I've got a farm in Cheshire, and I'm going to Liverpool now to settle about my will. The farm has been in our family for generations.

"I don't care; it belongs to my father." "I'm sure it don't," said the farmer, getting vexed. "Yes it does, and all the money you've

got in your pocket belongs to my father." "'Nay, that's a downright lie," returned

the gentleman in an excited tone, for he was becoming thoroughly angry. Then, in a mild-er key, as if it had just struck him that per-haps his strange acquaintance had escaped from the lunatic asylum, "Tell me what your father's name is." "Well, He's called by different names, but

I call Him, 'GOD IS LOVE,'" Richard re-

plied. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the old gentleman, "I didn't think about that." The Christian now told his companion of

idea of his preaching. His graphic man- | LETTER FROM SECRETARY ALVORD. | ner has often reminded me of John B. Gough.

The following occurs in one of his addresses from the text:-"Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"I remember, in the Sabbath-school of a village chapel, a little boy who was taught by an aged man, with furrowed cheeks and silvery hair. He used to put his hand upor the young scholar's head, and pray that God might bless him. One day the little boy was very noisy and rude in school, and when the teacher asked him to be quiet, the only reply he got was a kick on the leg from the lad, who told him to go to hell. The tears gushed to the old man's eyes; he dropped upon his knees, and said, 'Lord | bless the lad. Before I depart may I see thy salvation in the saving of this lad's soul. The Lord bless thee, lad I'

or this lad's soul. The Lord bless thee, lad I For some fifteen years after this the old man had never met the boy. He had gone con-stantly to the chapel, and he had gone there many a time when there had been no one but God and himself, and they had had a good meeting, nevertheless. One day he received information that a certain young man was going to preach. He knew the name, and said, 'I will go and hear him.' When he went into the chapel, the young man was preaching. The old man knelt down, and after the other had done speaking, he held up these jewels will be safe? I have been his feeble hands, and raising his dim eyes to heaven, said, 'Lord, now lettest Thou thy heaven, said, 'Lord, now lotter thy word, servant depart in peace according to thy word, much with our other armies; but have for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." young man preached all that week in the same village; the blessing of God was largely poured out upon the people, and numbers were brought to a knowledge of the truth, through the blood of the Lamb. At the end of the week he was called to attend the dying bed of a very old man. When he went into his room, the aged wife was at his bedside weeping, as much as to say, 'O Lord, let me depart with him.' As soon as the young preacher approached the dying man's bed, the latter caught hold of his hand, saying,

'Oh, my dear young friend, you forget me, don't you?' 'Oh no, I don't forget you,' other; 'for now my prayer is answered, I can now die happy in the Lord.' Then he asked them to sing his favorite hymn, 'All is well.' His speech seemed gone, but his daughter, who was anxious that he should leave behind who was anxious that he should reave bennin him a triumphant testimony to the truth, asked him, 'Now, if you can speak, father, tell meiall is well; and if not hold up your hands.' The old man raised himself up, and with a dying effort, oried out.' Victory ! victory! through the blood of the Lamb !' and

almost fimmediately afterwards departed. Thank God, that young man is here, and his name is Richard Weaver. Let God be praised for what Ohrist can do." This man, whom God seems to have

roused up to do a special work, and to reach a class far beyond the ordinary means of grace, finds it his greatest delight to speak of Jesus and his "finished work." But he also feels it his solemn duty to warn hardened sinners of their danger, and God helps him to do it in a way which indicates to all who listen that he *believes* the fearful truths which he utters. He has no doubt often trem-bled at the reading in Ezek. xxxiii. of that startling commission given to every watchman on the walls of Zion :--- "Thou shalt hear the words from my mouth, and warn them from me. When I say unto the wicked Oh wicked man thou his blood will I require at thine hand. Again and again have I stood, with fourteen and fifteen thousand, in the open air, and heard this humble man, possessing little knowledge of books, but eminently taught of God, speaking in a way which riveted the attention of his hearers. He never seeks to smooth down the terrible declarations which fell from the lips of the dear loving Saviour with regard to the certainty of the everlasting punishment of the finally impenitent. With Paul he can say, "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." "Will you," he says, "cry 'Fire! FIRE! FIRE!' to the sleeping inmates of a burning house, and shall not I shout 'Hell-fire! HELL-FIRE! HELL-FIRE!' to my brothers and my sisters who sleep upon the brink of everlasting woe? If you had sto d by the death-beds I have stood by, and heard the dying shrieks of lost souls going down to the fiery lake of hell, you'd say, 'Richard, talk about the same service. it; they want to be warned.' Some people say, 'Tell me about the joys of heaven, about "There is a land of pure delight,' as much as you've a mind to; but this talk about hell unnerves me.' If you can't bear to hear about it, how will you bear to feel it? How many of you mothers are suckling your children for hell? One says, 'I am not. you are, if you're not a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ. There was a young man condemned at Chester, and when the judge put on his black cap and sentenced him to be hanged by the neck till he was dead, his mother, who stood near, wrung her hands, and cried, 'Oh, my son ! oh, my son !' But the son turned upon her with 'Mother, you're the cause.' Oh mothers, think of that before it be too.late.'

STEAMER FULTON FROM HILTON HEAD, taken. It was a very severe struggle, MESSRS. EDITORS :- We have just but glorious. A gunboat is alongside OFF WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 18, '65.)

fallen in with the larger frigates of our of us with three hundred wounded fleet, returning, as we suppose, from their sailors and marines, going to the hoswork at Fort Fisher. All is excitement pital at Portsmouth. The land forces lost probably seven hundred killed and on board to learn the result, but we canwounded, perhaps one thousand. I

not speak them. Shall know at Fortress Monroe. They steam on in stately granthe ships which came on; they describe deur-the Susquehanna, Wabash, Minthe battle in the most glowing terms. nesota, New Ironsides, &c.-as if proud The smaller gunboats and monitors, when they left, were going up to take the of some achievement.

I left General Howard's headquarters pirates, and perhaps the city. Our land day before yesterday. His advance has forces are marching, as these officers say, in the rear of the river batteries. This the stronghold at Pocotaligo, and his whole corps is near there, while the left added victory will be a terrible blow to wing, under Slocum, is rapidly coming the rebels. How will English blockaders up from Savannah.

like it? I hope to return soon with We learn from a Union prisoner on reading matter for both army and navy, board-a captain who escaped from while we hope to send a large quantity Charleston on the 14th instant-that the to them through the Christian Commiscity is intensely excited; the people in sion. Ask the churches to pray earnestly despair. The place, he says, will be for God's blessing upon it all. evacuated as soon as Sherman approaches. Mours, Arsenal stores and other valuables are already removed to the interior. But YEWART'S LETTER. Sherman's special mission is to sweep A. M. S' the interior. Who then can tell where

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, '65. GALL UPON THE PRESIDENT.

J. W. A.

In marked and pleasing contrast with never seen the spirit of conquest so posithe nationalities of the Old World is the tive as here. The leader affable, terse ready access of all classes in our own to in high spirits; the troops never questhose high in place and power. Even tioning where he leads. Health almost perfect, and replenished now abundantly upon the President free calls are only limited by the multitudes who take adwith supplies. With the blessing of God, the end of this rebellion is near. vantage of the license, and his necessary At Savannah-the people are professing attention to other and more important

submission. It is with a tolerable grace. business. Joining lately, an afternoon crowd in I wo or three of the counties back of the city have had meetings in which, it is the White House, which had come from in this life. He wants the bird in the all directions to press here their indisaid, they declared for the Union. Georgia, undoubtedly, will be among vidual claims, wants, petitions, schemes, the first of the South to come back as a and grievances, an opportunity was State. Few of its citizens, however, are thus afforded for witnessing how such loyal, as we hold the term, and a very, things are done at the seat of power in bitter pill they now swallow; but we this puissant civil and military Yankee may hope it will work their cure, and nation. Thirty to forty anxious looking

men with a dozen still more anxious keep them healthy. The colored people of the city-about women were waiting in the ante-room en thousand-demean themselves admi-their turn tor audience. Presently the door opening into the rably. They have been waiting for the

cabinet-room was thrown open, and there Northern army; preparing for it. As one sat beside an ordinary office-table, and colored woman who lived in the surburbs told me, "We had been prayin' and upon a plain chair, a sedate, coarse feasittin' out lookin' for ye. I'se fattening tured, weary, care worn, sad looking two turkeys for yer soldiers. But yah !" | man-animation seems not natural but with an indescribable glee, "dey wouldn't borrowed-this man, withal in plain citiwait for me to cook 'em. Dey catch 'em; zen's dress, wielding more power and wring dere heads off, and eat 'em 'fore I having resting upon him more responsiknow'd it. Smart Yankees! I like to ties than any other on earth-President see it," and then came another jolly of the United States and Commanderin-Chief of her armies and navies, now African laugh.

I found that numbers of prisoners who the largest and most invincible on earth escaped from Millen and Anderson had All in the outer room at once arose and for weeks and months been sheltered and fell into line like a crowd approaching fed by the negroes of Savannah, some the window of a post-office. When near two thousand dollars having been ex- enough in the line to hear distinctly, the pended by them for this purpose. Their reply of the President to one who predescription of the approach of General sented a handful of documents was, "I Sherman's army was very graphic. have already examined this case, and be always sorrowing, he was always re-"We hearn dat mornin' de big guns and there seems nothing to change the judgclap our hands." " No," massa said, ment then given." "dems our guns." "Neber mind, we

The next presented an open letter, and, shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to tole him, de Yankees comin' any how. after brief examination, the bearer was warn the wicked from his way, that Wee's glad to see General Hardee's men assured "That the Executive could not wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but goin' over de poontooners; den we know'd' undertake to find employment for the would judge him to be-incomparably more people."

P.S. FORTRESS MONROE, Jan. 19th.---You have heard that Fort Fisher is the despatch was then read aloud: "General Grant, if such a soldier, of company ___, regiment ____, State ___ be not already shot, suspend and refer case to me."

"Now, that will do," says the seemingly cold, yet evidently kind-hearted bands; they live in their husbands, whom man. The woman turns away sobbing they must reverence as the God in whom have conversed with the commanders of lustily, yet seemingly well satisfied with they will be finally lifted up and saved. her mission, and in admiration of the Women must not be taught, lest they President.

The writer's business and interview will be written of again.

and disposing of so many cases-imporstrike every thoughtful mind as incongruous. A greater than the President read-but how can they be taught.? once tried such a mode of procedure, yet vielded to wholesome counsel. "And Moses' father-in-law said: "why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people stand by thee from morning unto even? Thou wilt surely wear away both thou and this people. Provide able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, to judge the people at all seasons, bringing every great matter to A. M. STEWART. thee."

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

It has always been one of the great errors of fallen man, that he looks too much at the seen. He wants to walk by sight, to see before he steps, to see where he steps, to know the consequences. It is not sufficient for him to know that God has promised. He loves the things which he can see, feel, touch, taste, and enjoy hand. Hence those things which are the mere objects of faith do not occupy his time, thoughts, feelings, and heart.

While he walks by sight, and looks only at the things that are seen, every thing appears in undue proportions. Earthly things seem to be the great things, the only things which are worth enjoying. Temporal evils are also magnified. Pains, sufferings, afflictions, losses crosses, temptations, and deaths, appear to be the only evils of earth. They fancy that the great end of life is to enjoy earth's good things, and escape its evils Those things which are often the greatest blessings appear to be its greatest evils. Paul could realize that all his afflic tions and trials were light, and comparatively but for a moment; but they worked out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Let one who looks at things as they appear, look at what Paul had to endure-such as mere man has seldom or never endured-and he would think him to be of all men the most miserable; but could he have entered the inner chamber of his heart, he would have found that he was of all men the most happy. Though he seemed to joicing. Though he bore about him in his body the dying of the Lord Jesus, he had joys that were unspeakable and full of glory. He was far from being what he seemed to be-far from what the world appy than the man who seemed to have everything to enjoy and almost nothing to endure. Ah, the world is not what it seems to be; men are not what they seem to be; afflictions are not what they seem to be; joys and pleasures are not what they seem to be; giddy, laughing, careways have light hearts. They are often the very farthest from being light and joyful. That which is seen of them is not the true index of their hearts. That which is seen of the world is not the true index of its character. "A French physician was once con sulted by a person who was subject to most gloomy fits of melancholy. He advised his friend to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre; and added: 'If Carline does not expel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed.' The reply of the patient is worthy of the attention of all those who frequent such places in search of happiness, as it shows the unfitness and insufficiency of these amusements: "Alas! sir, I am Carline! and while I divert Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I myself am dying with melancholy and chagrin."" Ah, the world's pleasures and joys are but tinsel and show-they are but gilded misery. Disappointment and misery await him who looks only at the seen, and seeks the seen. He relies on that which is prefectly unsatisfying. If. like Paul, we are not looking at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, we are seeking and relying on realities—upon substance, and not mere visions, upon that which can satisfy. JAMES KERR.

Taking his pen and writing briefly, vated them so high, to their heathen sis ters, he closed his remarks.

Dr. Scudder, in a speech of great beauty and eloquence, pictured the condition of women in India. Their sacred laws declare that women have no separate existence apart from their fathers and husshould think or act for themselves. Many of the men of India are highly educated, particularly those in the large cities. Such a daily, crowded, hurried, uncer- They speak English perfectly, quote Engtain and unsatisfactory mode of hearing lish writers with ease and elegance; as a consequence, they begin to demand edutant at least to the applicants-must cation for their wives. Educated men will not now choose wives that cannot

Female education is the great question of India at this time. Zenana schools are springing up in Calcutta and other cities. English and American ladies go to the women's apartments of the wealthy natives, and by fact and courtes, win the love and confidence of their wives and daughters, teaching them to seew, embroider, paint, read, and write ; and when the right moment comes, telling the story of Jesus and his free salvation. The sweet story of Jesus is in this way being told in many of the secluded abodes of ignorance and cruel bondage.

To this Society, and their Calcutta teacher, Miss Brittan, Dr. Scudder gave his unqualified approval, saying, there is room in India for this agency, and many more like it. The only thing which did not meet his favor was that this Society was doing too little. He urged extended effort and increased means, that the millennial day might soon dawn on the hundreds of millions who are living without the knowledge of Christ.

Dr. Willetts read touching extracts from Miss Brittan's report, showing how eagerly some of her pupils drink in the Word of Life. A collection of \$410 was taken up.

Editor's Cable.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for February contains: "Our First great Painter and his Works" (Washington Allston), an article which all American admirers of the painter's art should read. "Doctor Johns," the commencement of a new story by Ik. Marvel. "Roger Brooke Taney," a severe criticism of the decisions of the late Chief Justice on slavery, whose position, in the critical period of our history. gave his decisions an historical and melancholy significance. He did, says the writer, more than any other individual,more than any President, if not more than all,--more in one hour than the Legislature in thirty years,-to extend the slave power. "The Mantle of St. John de Matha, a Legend of the 'Red, White and Blue,' 1154-1864;" Ballad-poetical adaptation of a story of the middle ages to our own era of Emancipation. "Needle and Garden-Story of a Seamstress who laid down her Needle and became a Strawberry-girl." Somewhat expanded and fatiguing with details, yet novel and graphic. The seamstress is just about leaving the needle, with which her experiences have been hard enough for the sewing-machine. "Notes of a Pianist." by the celebrated performer-Gottschalk. Garnaut Hall," a powerful tale of retfibution, well-wrought into blank verse; one's blood is thrilled, and one's conscience cries heartily, "Amen!" to the terribly just teaching of the catastrophe. Pity that its opening lines are marred with an infidel conceit. "The Pleiades of Connecticut" effectually evaporates the literary pretensions of seven Connecticut aspirants for poetic fame about the time of the Revolution : Trumbull. Dwight as author of the "Conquest of Canaan," David Humphreys, Joel Barlow, author of the "Vision of Columbus," Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, Richard Alsop, and Theodore Dwight. Trumbull's "McFingal" was very popular on both sides of the Atlantic in its day. Thirty editions of it were sold in this country. Several good lines in it are generally ascribed to Hudibras. The following couplet, particularly, should be ascribed to the American poem:

to love of God, in sending his dear Son into the world to save sinners, and the old man began to weep. The preacher went on to speak to him about his immortal soul, and said how sad it was for him to have lived all these years without Christ; until the other exclaimed, "I wish I was saved." They knelt down in the carriage, and the Christian prayed, and the old man prayed, and before they arrived at their journeys end he de-glared his belief that God for Christ's sake had forgiven him his sins. They had to ride on an omnibus from Garston to Liverpool. and the soul so newly born could not restrain the expression of its joy. The old man, now a babe in Christ, began to bless and praise God, telling the other passengers that he had found the Saviour in the railway carriage, till they thought him mad. Arrived at Liver-pool, he took his now dearly-valued friend to some dining-rooms, paid for his dinner, and went away as happy as a king.

Those who have read the account of Whitefield's preaching at Moorefields will see that in these days Richard Weaver has had a somewhat similar experience:----

At Prescot Fair he established himself in the midst of the travelling theatres, boxing saloons, swinging boats, and other of the follies usual at such places. With others likeminded with himself, he struck up the hymn,

"Come ye that love the Lord. And let your joys be known, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

The showmen's bells were ringing, drums beating, cymbals clapping, rattles rattling, against them, and for an hour and a half the contest went on, during which a band of music came to the rescue, to drown the singers' voices. But all in vain. The singing was heard above the noise at a village a mile off. They sang it down, and ever since that tune is known there as "The Prescot Fair Tune." The boxing men raved at them, and the showmen cursed, but they could get no one to go into their places, and the principal show went out of the town next morning, the proprietor leaving something in pawn to pay his way, and declaring that whereas he had taken ten pounds the year before, he had not now taken as many shillings, all through that preacher. Leaving Prescot he went ti Liverpool Races, where the following incident occurred. A fellow-Christian was talking to a wicked man, and Weaver, seeing that the latter was going to strike his brother, and fearing lest he should strike again, joined t em, and spoke kindly to the man, who said he would strike him if

second time. Weaver knelt down and prayed | given, and failed to use one of his most effecfor him, and when he rose the other wanted | tual weapons in his dealings with sinners and to give him half a crown, which he refused. with saints. Yet Paul preached not himself, But the man stood by him after that, and but Christ Jesus the Lord; and if Weaver protected him from others who would have speaks of his own experience it is because in molested him. Some months afterwards he him Jesus Christ showed forth all longwas in Liverpool again, and a stranger came suffering, for a pattern to them which should up, asking him if he were not the man that preached at Liverpool Races, and if he remembered a man striking him there. "I'm the man," he said, "that struck you, and I givenes

It is impossible to give one who has

Some who listen to this man, who has been used by God in leading so many thousands to the Saviour, object to the frequency with which he alludes to incidents connected with his own history. His biographer thus answers this objection :---

Few men have so much to tell. Paul was continually repeating the story of his conver-sion; and in his epistles he constantly il ustrates his subject by reference to his own outward and inward history; whereas, the other evangelists and apostles never do so. The reason doubtless is, that Paul had had a very he didn't take humself off. "Well, do it," said Richard. He struck him, and the other cheek was presented, but the man would not strike a hereafter believe on Him to life everlasting.

have often wanted to see you to ask your for- LONDON. - Two valuable London pastors have sitting two hundred happy children learn-Archer, of the Oxenden Street United Presby-terian Chanel, and Rey. Mr. Burns, of the It is impossible to give one who has never heard Mr. Weaver, any adequate English Presbyterian Church, Hamstead.

ou comin' As our army came in, few white people The writer's turn was next. No were seen, and these looking pale and shaking of hands or salutations in these frightened; but the negroes crowded the business interviews; the President hardly piazzas, doors, yards, and fences with the lifting his head or turning his face or happiest expressions of welcome. They eyes, as one and another came and went. At this moment a private secretary came went to work at once preparing such food as they had for our men, washing along the line, escorting a plain looking less, light and triffing persons do not alfor, and waiting on them; quite gaining woman, and whispered: "Her case is the hearts of the boys. You seldom now an urgent one : let her have a hearing hear a soldier who came through Georgia now;" and at once she was in the presspeak against the negroes. On the conence of his Excellency.

trary, they are constantly drawing in-"What is wanted, madam?" vidious comparisons between their capa-"Such a young man, of such a regi city, and morals too, and those of the poor ment and State, is condemned to be shot whites. As the soldiers had just been for desertion, and I came to ask. Mr. paid, they gave good prices to the negroes President, that you pardon him." for all these things, and the consequence is, they are able at present to procure

"But perhaps he ought to be shot?" "No he oughtn't, Mr. President. He's more comforts than most of their former but a simple-minded boy, only nineteen masters. The latter, after a few days, and he has a simple sister at home. He were pressed by bitter necessity to offer only deserted from one regiment to ananother."

"Are you his mother?"

a week. This is the 20th."

him."

A few thousands who straggled through " No; his mother's dead, and his father with Sherman are suffering. While the men were at once employed as laborers, don't care. I'm his aunt. There are and are now enlisted as soldiers, the mineteen of his relations in the army, and women, children, and aged ones have to he's the only one who has done badly." be fed by Government. They are in "A strong plea in his behalf this. rags and with poor shelter; and I re- Have you any evidence to show that he joice to learn that clothing is coming is to be shot?"

from the North. Their colored friends "Yes; here's a letter says so." The President takes the letter and in the city have already provided a comfortable hospital for their sick. begins to read, in a slow monotone:

An intense desire is manifested among "Dear father and mother, I take my pen all to learn to read. Even these camps in hand to inform you that I am well at of stragglers would spring to their feet present, and hoping these few lines may and rush forward as I went among them | find you enjoying the same blessing." with that little elementary paper The Here was a slight pause, when in the Freedman. I found scores, even there, same monotone the reader went on: who could read a little. When ques-"Dear father and mother I have to intioned on the subject "we stole it" was form you that the other day - was always their reply. "Now we spect to drummed out of camp. There was sixty get him free." Freedom and knowledge drummers with a lot of fifers, and a grand show. The fellow did look sheepish. are their leading thoughts.

The Savannah colored people have as-I tell you, father and mother, a chap can't squint about here like he can at home." sociated for school purposes, and have already ten schools in operation, including, in the aggregate, five hundred children. They are to be self-supporting, the presenter with the inquiry : "Is this mainly (one thousand dollars have already about the boy that is to be shot?" "It's in it somewhere, Mr. President." been contributed) though under the patronage of the American Missionary Aspresent, except the President and the pesociation. One negro, who came with the army from forty miles beyond Atlanta, titioner, were strongly impelled to laughter. Without the motion of an unneceshanded me ten dollars for the support of these schools. General Geary has fursary muscle the reading of the letter was resumed.

nished buildings-one of which is the old slave mart of Alexander Bryan, on Market Square. I gathered up the instruments of torture from that large shamble for such a one is to be shot for desertion."

DEATHS OF PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS IN human flesh, in which now are daily

J. W. ALVORD. Yours, truly,

WOMEN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This Society held its fourth annual meeting on Monday evening, in Dr. Storr's With imperturbable gravity the eyes church, Brooklyn. A large number from were lifted from the paper, and turned to New York and Brooklyn were present to hear the report, and listen to Dr. Jonas King, of Athens, Greece, and Rev. Henry M. Scudder, who has spent twenty-seven the work of art in question. Frothing-The scene was here so serio-comic, all years of his life in India.

Dr. King expressed his pleasure at again returning to his native land, the very grave objections to it, because it fails noblest on the globe. He was sent to recognize "the gravious influence of out thirty-six years ago, a missionary to Channing, the stalwart conviction of

"Dear father and mother, I have to finds but four of these dear friends living, and considers it unfortunate that the aninform you that on the 12th of this month and one of the four is the President thor could not sit, in conclave with such of this Society. It has long been his practical counsellors as Henry James, "Why, woman, the boy has been shot opinion that American women are fore- Herbert Spencer, Mr. Emerson, and Dr. most in labors of love-their unpar- Draper 1 Behold the deities of the Ar-"No he hasn't, Mr. President. It's alleled devotion to the soldiers prove LANTICL Shall we congratulate the jourbeen put off, and we want you to pardon it true. Urging this Society to go for nal that it refuses to add Frothingham to

"No man e'er felt the halter draw With good opinion of the law.

'Ice and Esquimaux," lively notes of a naturalist's hunting expedition on the coast of Labrador. "The Old House," a homely sentiment, touchingly expressed in four stanzas. "Memoirs of Authors -Coleridge." "The Chimney-Corner," No. 2 of a capital series-a continuation of House and Home Papers, in another vein. The home duty of silence under small provocations, the sin of petty faultfinding, and the grace and virtue of praise, are admirably enforced and illustrated. "Pro Patria," an elegant and fitting tribute to a late fallen, unnamed hero. "A Fortnight with the Sanifary." "Art-Hosmer's Zenobia." A very intelligible art criticism; any reader can understand it; the absurd rhapsodies of many art critics are eschewed utterly, and we really gain a satisfactory idea of ham's Philosophy is ably handled by the book critic, who, however, seems to see

Greece, by the aid of some ladies. He Parker, the deep perception of Emerson," ward and give the Bible, which had ele-lits pantheon?