THIRD ANNIVERSARY MEETING

OF THE

U.S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

HELD IN THE

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

PHILADELPHIA. Tuesday Evening, Jan. 31, 1865.

Immediately following the great national meeting held in the Capitol at Washington, the third anniversary of the Christian Commission third anniversary of the Christian Commission was celebrated also at Philadelphia. The latter thing for this poor wounded shoulder of mine meeting even exceeded, in some respects, the which has gone undressed for three days?" former. The number in attendance was larger, because of the greater capacity of the Academy, which is one of the most capacious buildings in ministrations for the body alone stop too soon ministrations for the soul alone begin too late. the country, holding, when filled, about 5,000 | Surely the men in our army and navy need the souls. This was crowded. The demand for tickets, which were gratuitous, was beyond all precedent. We are informed that 5,000 tickets sion accomplish the work which it has undercants had to be turned away disappointed. Some of the resident officers and employees of the Commission even, were obliged to go begging for themselves and their families. Premiums were freely offered of \$5 and \$10 for tickets; and so great was the press, that many who held "reserved seats" were unable to reach them. We state these facts not as "sensation" items, but in order to convey some conception of the interest that is excited in the public mind by these meetings of the Commission.

The Academy was gorgeously decorated. The Stars and Stripes hung in rich festoons from every prominent projection; while the more than one thousand jets of light flooding the whole with noonday brightness, made a scene of surpassing brilliance and splendor.

announced as a hymn of praise to God,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name, which was sung by the vast congregation standing, the "Carl Sentz Orchestra" assisting. Opening remarks were then made by Mr. Stuart, as follows:

REMARKS BY THE CHAIRMAN.

In commemorating our Third Anniversary, the Christian Commission desires before this vast audience to raise its Ebenezer and to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and to thank God for all the favor which he has given it with the churches and the people who love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and with the Government, which has allowed it so many facilities for ministering to the noble men who are fighting the battles of our country. I trust, my friends, that a spirit of hearty thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God shall characterize all the exercises of this occasion, from the opening to the close, and that we shall have the manifest presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit. A great subject is before us. Let us rise to its grand significance and import. God is marching on in the resistless course of his Providence, and is working out great problems while the world is looking on with wondering awe. It would be wrong in me to withhold from this audience the news which has just reached me within the last few moments, and which will send a thrill through patriotic hearts all over the land. It is a telegram from the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House, and an active member of the Christian Commission. He says "The Constitutional Amendment has just passed! Yeas 119, nays 56! It has already passed the Senate, and we thus proclaim LIBERTY to all the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof!

Exultant cheers and shouts, scarcely repressible, greeted this announcement. When quiet | said, finally settled over the assembly, the Rev. Dr. here, if I was not Levite, if this was in my line. Krauth, of Philadelphia, was called to offer a prayer of thanksgiving. The Rev. Dr. Bomberger, also of Philadelphia, followed in the reading of the 46th Psalm, "the grand national Psalm of David," beginning "God is our refuge and our strength." Charles Demond, Esq., of Boston, being introduced as one of the earliest and most efficient executive officers of the Commission, then gave a brief abstract of the year's work. This abstract was but a plain statement of figures, but they were so vast and suggestive that the speaker could not refrain from ant and striking comments as item after item was read. We have already published most of these items, which will appear in full

The Rev. Alex. Reed was now introduced as gates, "We ewe our lives to you." A sick the first speaker. ADDRESS OF REV. ALEXANDER REED,

OF PHILADELPHIA. A little more than eighteen hundred years ago, the God man came to earth. He came not alone to save men by his death, but to save them by the ministrations of his life. He left on earth a Commission. It was that of doing good to the bodies and souls of men. This was Christ's commission to mortals, or the Christian Commission in its broad and inclusive sense, and the origin and authority of all work contemplating the glory of God in the good of man. The United States Christian Commission was instituted under this authority to do good to the bodies and the souls of the soldiers and the sailors of the Republic. In attempting to show forth its work and its worth, the speaker wished briefly to answer three questions: First, do these soldiers and sailors need the Christian Commission? Secondly, does the Christian Commission accomplish the work which it proposes to do? Thirdly, do these soldiers sailors deserve the ministrations of this Com-

First, do they need it? He would not argue such a question before a Philadelphia audience. These men do need something supplemental to the Government aid in hospitals and on battle-fields and on shipboard. If we admit that man has a body and a soul, and that both body and soul go upon the battle field, plainly both need to be ministered to. If it was claimed that man was a mere machine, then the speaker gave up the argument. But if man is immortal as well as mortal; if he has affections and sympathies and emotions, they must be ministered to. We are asked, however, Why not divide the work, and let some one agency assume the supply of the spiritual, and some other agency of the temporal, wants of these brave men? For the best of reasons. We do not, in the first place, because this is a Christian Commission, and it would be un christian not to minister to the bodies of men; and in the second place, because, even if it would be Christian thus to put asunder what God hath inseparably joined together, we would lose the strongest lever of influence upon the heart and affections and upon the sympathies of the soul, by neglecting the wants of the body. To illus-

MINISTERING TO BODY AND SOUL.

In December of 1862, just after the renulse of Fredericksburg, the delegates of the Christian Commission aided in caring for the multitudes of wounded. They loaded them upon the cars at the station on the railroad; filled up the crevices in the cars; put straw upon the floors; laid the men tenderly and carefully down; then

administered coffee and tea and mik-punch and soft bread and delicacies, and did what they could to relieve pain. Were the men grateful? The speaker would grow very old before he would forget their gratitude, spoken and unspoken. Did these delegates stop there? No. They lighted their little lanterus, for it had grown dark, and divided their company so that one delegate could get into each car, and they proposed religious services. Were these accepted? Yes; gatefully, joyfully, by the wounded sufferers; for they united in the songs of praise, joined in the supplications, and in one of the cars the speaker distinctly remembered that every man pledged himself to live for Christ ever thereafter! Now, could we have ministered the consolations of the gospel so successfully to these men if we had not touched their hearts and grand them by our kind attention to their bleeding bodies? Had we divorced the two kinds of labor, we should have placed ourselves in the position of the chaplain who offered a tract to a wounded soldier, No, no; but when the shoulder is dressed, then the soul is ready to be instructed and impressed. work of the Christian Commission in their behalf.

were distributed, and that at least 5,000 appli- taken—this ministry to the bodies and souls of men? Its theory is good; is its practice equally good? This is the practical question for practical men. The Commission has sent four thousand delegates—a small army. At Gettysburg there were nearly four hundred delegates working day and night. Did they accomplish anything? A high medical authority assures us that the Christian Commission was the means of saving one thousand lives at Gettysburg. At Fredericksburg two hundred and seventy-nine delegates were at work last spring. Did they accomplish anything for good? The testimony has gone forth over the land, and nearly all were familiar with the promptness and the value of the relief they had carried to our suffering sons and brothers. In one single day, at the City Point cooking-station, the Christian Commission issued three thousand three hundred and ten rations of delicacies to as many sick men. Is that practical? It distributed, often, ten thousand dollars' worth of At 7½ o'clock, Mr. George H. Stuart, President of the Commission, took the Chair, and did it reach the objects intended by the loving hearts at home who sent the means and supplied the agencies?

> THE "CHRISTIAN LIGHT ARTILLERY." Let us take one simple means of doing good originated by the Commission-the "cooking wagon." Just after the explosion of the mine at Petersburg, it made its appearance in camp. The men wondered what it meant. It was an odd-looking thing. It went on wheels, and was not unlike a cannon wagon, in front was a large chest with divisions for the coffee, tea, sugar, chocolate, and condensed milk, which were stored away in it; then there were three tall chimneys or smoke-stacks; with boilers and furnace, and place for fuel underneath:—and the strange thing came down the camps puffing and steaming and smoking and distributing coffee, tea, and chocolate among the weary, hungry men, at the rate of ninety gallons every hour, men, at the rate of ninety gallons every how, which was its cooking capacity. We are told that the men commented on the contrivance in this fashion: "I say, Bill, a'n't that a 'bully' machine?" Well, it was! (Applause.) Another said, "Why, stranger, that's the greatest institution I ever saw; you might call that the Christian Light Artillery, ch?"—(applause.) "But it's got a good deal pleasanter ammunition in it than the Rebs gave us yesterday!" said another. "I say, doctor, what do you think of it?" "I thank God for it; that's all I can say." responded the medical man.

can say," responded the medical man. The speaker now remarked generally upon the points he had already adverted to. The inconsistency and folly of attempting to separate the bodily from the spiritual care was well shown in a familiar rehearsal of the parable of the Good Samaritan. The priest might have preached a sermon, or read a portion of the law, to the poor man who fell among thieves, had he needed it; but he wanted more. The Levite might have had a heart of pity, and looking down upon the wounded sufferer have said, "Poor fellow, he must be badly hurt; (applause), I might do something for you! Because he felt that his work was a distinct one, he passed by that loud call of suffering humanity. A like folly and crime would they be guilty of who should confine the work of

soul only, because ministering to the spiritual necessities was in its line of duty and of privi-

the Christian Commission to the care of the

On the question of the value and practical success of the Commission, the speaker referred to the soldiers themselves as the most worthy witnesses. What do they think of the Chris tian Commission? A captain went into the Commission's office in Boston, the other day, and said, "Here's my contribution. I owe my life to the Christian Commission. Under God in the Annual Report of the Commission, nearly I am here to day because of the help it afforded Many times have soldiers said to delesoldier in Armory Square Hospital said, "Thousands of us would have been in our graves, but for the Christian Commission." soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, as he

lay dying, took out a five dollar greenback and said, "It's the only thing I have on earth, and I leave it as my last legacy to my best friend on earth-the Christian Commission." An old lady, weeping bitterly, brought two dollars to our worthy agent, Mr. Chamberlain, of Cincinnati, and said, "It's the only thing of value that was left in poor John's clothes, and as he was brought to Christ through the instrumentality of the Christian Commission, I know he would want me to give it to aid in its good work." A dying Michigan boy, to whom the Commission had kindly ministered, gave fifty cents in postage stamps to a delegate, and said, "My dear sister sent them to me, but I cannot write to her any more, so I give them to you—it is all I own on earth." [These precious relics were held up by the speaker, before the audience, which strained to get a sight of them, and was moved at their simple story.] Thus, continued the speaker, does the Christian Commission go from a million hearts at home to a million hearts in the army, and from a million of hearts in the army back to the loved ones at home, who sent it down in its holy work among the wounded and

the dying. "TE PEST MAN IN TE ARMY."

A German soldier, on being asked, thus endeavored to describe the Commission: "Te Christian Commission? Vy, he ish te best man in ter army! When we was town in ter Vilderness, a lying there two days and nights, no pread, no vater, no doctor, no nopody-te Christian Commission he come; he take us all un; he give us vater; he vash our face; he bind our wounds; he ish doctor himself, and he ish so many! Ten he bring us to te hospital, vere he keeps by us all te time. He ish te very pest man in te army. Vy, he work all te time, just like a nigger!" These were homely, broken words, but expressive of an honest soldier's experience. And even the rebels themselves have an experience to offer. At Gettysburg they said, "We can stand your bullets, but we cannot stand your Christian Commission—it brings us down." (Applause.) One rebel soldier said, "I am a rebel. When you washed my face so kindly and nursed me so tenderly, Oh, I did feel so bitterly that I had been fighting against you." Another said, "A man came to me when I was wounded and helpless, and he spoke kindly to me, though he knew I was a rebel, and he prayed, yes, he he took aim! While, therefore, he could not prayed for the salvation of my poor soul—and shoulder the musket or the rifle, he could cheer

became a converted man. This is but fulfilling the command, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. And the speaker verily believed that the Christian Commission, in this way, was "melting down" and conquering our enemies. This is something of the spiritual aspect of the work of the Commission, a part which supplements the labor of faithful chaplains. The warmest friends of the Commission in the army are the chaplains. They aid them in every respect.

"But are there not chaplains enough in the army?" No. The testimony of generals here to-night would be that there is not more than one chaplain to five or six regiments. In the Fifth Corps there are thirty-seven regiments without chaplains; in the Second Corps thirty-eight regiments without chaplains; all batteries are thought chaplains; all batteries are thought chaplains. many hasnitals are are without chaplains; many hospitals are without chaplains—and the Christian Commission comes in as supplementary to this wide felt want, and, to an important degree, fills it.

WHO ARE THE MEN?

The speaker now came to the third point proposed, Are these men, the soldiers and sailors of our country, deserving of the help thus afforded them? Who are they? Are they hirelings, Hessians, mercenaries? No, not They are as good as we are. They are our sons, our brothers, our fathers. Said a soldier to a delegate, "I had a father and a mother and four brothers when I enlisted. Three brothers went brothers when I enlisted. Three brothers went into the army and are now dead; and I have enlisted for three years more." "Why," said the delegate, "you might well feel that you have done your part. How came you to reenlist?" "O, sir, the nation wanted men, and I would rather fill a soldier's grave than that the cause should fail, and that flag come down!" (Applance) Is that mercenary? the speaker (Applause.) Is that mercenary? the speaker asked. Said another, "I have been nearly three years in this war, sir; I have at home a little family; my youngest child has died; aninch in the question of exchange, though all of them should die!" (Great applause,)—was that mercenary? Never! He appealed for the rank and file of the American army, and appealed to the record with a patriot's pride, to w that whenever and wherever our soldiers had been worthily led, they had never faltered. (Cheers.) Look at Lookout Mountain! He had climbed it eleven years before, and looked out from that high perch upon five States of the Union. He could hardly reach its summit on horseback. And yet, up that mountain side, in defiance of the bristling bayonets, our men climbed and fought, and fought and climbed, until they got above the clouds, and victory until they got above the clouds, and victory crowned them there. Or, go down upon the Atlantic coast and see that mighty work of human skill and art, bristling with defiant guns—Fort Fisher. Last month it was inspected. It was said that it was very strong. Yea, it was very strong. Officers said "that there was no such work on the continent." It was stronger than anything captured in the Cuiron. stronger than anything captured in the Crimea."
"Soldiers never took such a fort as that, and soldiers never can," were the confident assertions. But American soldiers had not been tried, to take it. (Applause.) The command went forth that it must come down. The army sailed there. It was landed on the beach. The fleet came round. The best Porter began to pop! and day after day it did pop, and right lively too! (Laughter.) The brave soldiers and the gallant marines were appointed to their fearful work. Did they falter? Never!

> Charge! was the Captain's cry, Theirs not to make reply.
> Theirs not to reason why.
> Theirs but to do or die,
> As into the jaws of death
> Rushed those brave hundreds. Cannon to right of them, Cannon in front of them, Cannon to left of them, Volleyed and thundred. Bravely they fought and fell,

All the world wondered, have all the sympathy, and succor, and comfort that they need from the homes and hearts of the people for whom they are bleeding and dying? These are our soldiers; and this is the work of the Christian Commission to comfort them thus. And they deserve it. Does not every impulse of pity, of piety, and of patriotism, urge us to help this good work? Patriots, philanthropists, Christians! in the name of humanity, lend a hand, lend a hand, for the cause of God, of country, and of truth! (Proracted applause.)

Mr. Stuart now introduced Mr. Philip Phillips, of Cincinnati, remarking that, although his friends said that he had no ear for music, he vas not ashamed to say that he had eyes that could weep with President Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet, as Mr. Phillips-sang his touching hymn before them at the meeting in Washington. The hymn "Your Mission," was then sung with such sweetness and power that the audience called for its repetition. The singer favored them, however, with a happy selection entitled, "Won't we be a Happy People when the War is Over?" which created much good humor, and was encored again and again by the delighted audience.

Mr. Stuart introduced the Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, as a well-tried veteran in the Sundayschool army of America, who had come from a little place called Wales!

MR. CHIDLAW'S ADDRESS.

More than forty years ago, when a child, the speaker stood with his father on the side of a ofty mountain, near their home in the Principality of Wales. His father held his handkerchief to the breeze, and said, "That's a fair wind to take people to America.' He asked what America was. His father replied, "That it was a great country, far off beyond the ocean, where the people had a good government, where poor boys could go to school and get an edu-cation, and where they had plenty of apples?" The last idea the speaker fully comprehended at the time, and he inquired why his father did not take them there to live. "By and by, my boy," he replied, "when the Lord opens the door, we will go." In a year the door was opened for their emigration, and now for forty-five years the speaker had enjoyed the advantages of a great country and a good government, of free schools and free institutions; and when armed treason assailed the life of such a nation, and threatened the integrity of such a govern ment, he felt that, with the great hosts of the Western boys hastening to the rescue, the Welsh boy who had here shared so largely in the blessings afforded to the poor and the oppressed of the climes, must go and take a hand in the fight, too! (Applause.) But he had always had a natural difficulty when a boy in the woods of Ohio. He could never shoot, because he had to close his eyes when he my enemy! I tell you, sir, from that time I the boys on and pray for them. The brave could think of nothing else; for if my enemies boys of the Thirty-ninth Ohio gave him a regu-

administered coffee and tea and milk-punch and soft bread and delicacies, and did what they could to relieve pain. Were the men grateful? The speaker would grow very old before he would forget their gratitude, spoken before he would forget their gratitude, spoken before he would forget their gratitude, spoken became a converted man. This is but fulfilling the command, "If thine enemy hunger, feed the water and file to be their preacher, the officers sanctioned it, and he found himself in the army. But he soon discovered that the quartermaster could not supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading to think it lar Presbyterian call from the rank and file to be their preacher, the officers sanctioned it, and he found himself in the army. But he soon discovered that the quartermaster could not supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading to think it lar Presbyterian call from the rank and file to be their preacher, the officers sanctioned it, and he found himself in the army. But he soon discovered that the quartermaster could not supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading the grow of the present and file to be their preacher, the officers sanctioned it, and he found himself in the army. But he soon discovered that the quartermaster could not supply the want of good reading. Then he real supply the want of good reading the grow of the presence of discovered that the quartermaster could not supply the want of good reading. Then he re-membered that for twenty years, while engaged as a Sunday-school missionary under the auspices of the American Sunday-School Union hat noble institution that honors Philadelphis by making its home there—he used to ask for books, and they gave them to him, and he felt sure that they would still honor the requisition of their ald missionary, now a chaplain in his country's service. And they did so. He found too, at the very start, that they needed some thing like the United States Christian Commis sion in the army. They had groped in the darkness until, by and by, God called this great gency to be a light to them. He believed that the Christian Commission grew out of the great revival of 1857 and 1858. It was born of the spirit of prayer and union begotten by the unior prayer-meetings held in that favored hour, whe those mighty waves of revival rolled over the land. The Commission sprang from a good source, and God had given it a most noble mis sion to perform. How well it had performed it he had in many places seen, and could testify.

The speaker then drew upon his experience On the battle field of Perryville he had been privileged to go among the men and distribute stores. He found at Hospital No. 1, which was in a church, 2,400 brave men suffering from sickness and wounds. Instead of the pews filled with attentive hearers, were stretched before him rows of bleeding, dying men. He went to the first one on whom his eyes lighted, and saw that he had had an arm amputated, and was still lying in the soiled and clotted gar-ments of the field. Most of the men are equally destitute. He commanded their attention, and bade them all cheer up, saying that their friends at home were near at hand to do them good. Having asked the men who needed clean gar ments to signify it by raising the hand, or if they could not do that, by speaking, he then went from one to another with the shirts and drawers and socks, and needed articles, giving other child is a cripple; my poor wife has been sick for years, and I have not seen the face of my kindred for a long, long time. But as for me, I will stand by the flag, sir, as long as God shall give me life and strength!" (Applause.)
And those poor fellows, suffering in the prison pen of the South, who sent a message to the President telling him "not to back down an ince clean equation of exchange though old of mice clean clothes unless the Lord!" "Corrections which were intended to each the benefactions whi I don't know who sent you here with these nice clean clothes, unless the Lord!" "Certainly, that's it; the good Lord and the women of Ohio—they were the partnership!" was the

TEA AND TOAST.

One Hoosier boy, not over twenty years old, lay sick, with a touch of the fever and agne—an affliction which he had sometimes suffered from at home. The speaker, comprehending the case, said to him, "What did mother do for you when you had these spells at home?" "Oh, she used to make me a good cup of tea, and such nice toast." "Why, that's just what my mother used to give me!" "And didn't it help you?" "Yes, almost always." "Why don't you get tea and toast here?" "O, the tea is not what mother used to give, and the toast is not the same at all." Well, thought the speaker, you shall have some that is good, if it is to be had here. So going to Brother Smith's ("there he is!" turning to the Rev. E. P. Smith, who was on the platform-and he is our Captain-General in the Army of the Cum-berland, and thousands of soldiers will rise up o call him blessed!)—he soon found himself dipping into a chest of real, genuine black tea, and a cask of sweetest loaf sugar by its side, and a box of condensed milk. Then repairing to the government bakery, he secured a nice loaf of bread, and took it to the cooking establishment in the rear, where the cook was The old darkey—or—or—(the speaker hastily correcting himself) the old colored man!—[A ourst of merriment followed this correction. "Well," said the speaker, half apologetically, "the people understand it, and God bless them." (Resuming.) "As I said, I went into this establishment, and MY DEAR COLORED FRIEND, the old cook, was there!!" [An explosion of laughter and applause hereupon occurred, which for some moments convulsed the vast audience, and left a lingering smile on many faces long after silence was restored.] (Resuming.) 'I began telling him what I wanted, and ask ing him for the privilege of his fire and utensils to do my work, when he interrupted me with, Yes, they fought and fell, and they will be remembered when Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade" shall have been forgotten. On that Sabbath night, when we were gathered took the knife, sliced the bread, and toasted it, while we talked of the blessed Jesus, and of his religion. The tea and toast were at last made. peacefully in our sanctuaries, or were sitting in | The condensed milk was used instead of butter, the quiet of our homes, these brave soldiers and and we had a delicious looking article, which and we nad a denoted storing arctic, which is sailors were battling, hand to hand, with traitors at that fort. And they gained it! The American flag went up to its place, and a long, loud, wild huzza of triumph went out over that main, proclaiming that the whole line of American coast was ours! (Applause.) But, lot what coefficient of the finding soldiers. Commission keep cows down here!" "Better Christian Commission keep cows down here!" "Better they have some all the went. oh! at what cost did these bleeding soldiers than that, my boy, they have gone all the way gain the victory for us! And shall they not to the old cow at home, and it's all right! Now sit up, and eat and drink." And he did, to his heart's content—indeed I am afraid he ate too much! A soldier close by said: "Chaplain, can you give me a little tea and toast, too?"

"And me, too?" Said another, "Me, too?"

"Certainly, certainly. We'll have a general tea party." And we did. The good old cook was notified, and he did the toast up brown, and the bot smoking to was delicious. and the hot, smoking tea was delicious. We had a glorious tea party there. As a matter of course, the preacher hung his banner on the outer wall, as an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, and preached Christ to these men who had been so delightfully regaled with the tea and toast that the friends of the soldier had sent to them. Oh, this glorious combination of hu-manity and Christianity! God has united them. We would not separate them. The glory we give to his name.

MUSTERING THEM IN.

At another time the speaker went into a deserted tavern, used as a hospital. Seventeen noble fellows lay on the floor. He ministered them in the gospel of clean clothes and something good to eat. The next day he labored in the gospel of Christ among them. One lay on a straw pallet, with a terrible wound in his thigh. He said that when a boy twelve years old, in a Sunday-school in Stark county, Ohio, he had been hopefully converted to God, but that he had never professed his faith in Christ, and that he did not know that his comrades had ever suspected that he was a Christian. He desired now to come out on the Lord's side. The speaker made some remark about his going home on a furlough—a returned Christian soldier-to testify of Christ. But he said, "O, chaplain, I don't want a furlough; as soon as I am able I want to join the regiment and help the boys!" These are our soldiers. Faith has made heroes of them. It is making heroes of our Sunday school boys, of our American youth in the army of the Union. "Well, Joshua," addressing the Ohio boy, "what church would you like to join?" "The Church of Jesus Christ," he said. As a recruiting officer of the Captain of Salvation, the speaker stood ready to muster in this new recruit. He talked to him about the articles of war, tried to tell what "break ranks" and run to the enemy—and then, on the avowal of his faith in Christ, he baptized this Christian soldier, and welcomed him into the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. On leaving that cot, and passing out of the room, a poor fellow pulled the speaker's coat, and said, "Chaplain, I am a deserter!" "O, no, my friend; you have served your country too long, and have shed too much blood for it -he had lost his left arm-to be a deserter.' "Yes, I am," he persisted. "Three years ago I professed religion in Indiana, but I have deserted the standard, I have wandered from God. O, I feel like consecrating myself anew to him to day—won't you muster me in, chaplain?"
This is the labor that is done for the soldier in this way we strive to strengthen their faith, encourage their hope, and cheer their heart. And the work was full of reward to the Chris-

tians provide the means abundantly for such a work? Are not the men worthy? Are they not dying for us? Shall we not open our hearts wide to them? Shall we not take them in, and warm them, and love them? Shall we not minister to them the bread which perisheth, not only, but the bread of life for which they are hungering, and which, if they eat, they shall never hunger more?

The brave General Fisk, of Missouri, was now introduced, as one who, at the breaking out of the war, was superintendent of the largest Sunday-school in the city of St. Louis, and who, n his military career, had proven himself to be not only a true, zealous Christian, but "a soldier, every inch of him."

ADDRESS OF GEN. C. B. FISK,

OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. The General was received with much applause. He said: Mr. President, friends and ellow-citizens in the bond of Christian fellowship and patriotism: Not until the great day snip and patriousm: Not until the great day when God shall make up his jewels, can we tell you of the benefactions of Christian Commis-sion. This great array of figures read by the brother from Boston; the narrative of Brother Reed; the stirring scene depicted by our Brother Chidlaw—these do not, cannot, show what the Christian Commission has done for our soldiers. We who are in the army, who are the recipients of its kindness, to whom it comes with its blessed ministrations, even we cannot tell you all that it has done. But in the day when all hearts shall be uncovered before God shall we begin to understand and to estimate fully the worth of such an institution. He thanked God that good men ever thought of originating it, and that it had now served its term of enlistment, the first three years of its useful career, and was ready to re-enlist as a veteran for the war.

A NOVEL CHORISTER.

The General had seldom seen such an audince as that before him in the Academy of But he had been in the Academies of Music that the Christian Commission had originated in the grand armies of the Union, where ne had seen 500 5,000, and sometimes even 10,000 men gathered to sing praises to God, and to hear words of Christian comfort and encouragement. His mind was carried back to such a scene on the banks of the Yazoo, amid the swamps of Mississippi, where they sang the the songs that brothers, sons and fathers used to sing around the family altars, before they enlisted in the defence of the unity and freedom of their country. And oh, such singing! He would like to take his audience there to hear it and to join in it; but he could not. Yet he would ask them to imagine themselves in a soldiers' camp for a few moments, and to transfer themselves to the scenes of war a thousand miles away from home, and join with him, heart and soul, in singing the good old hymn,

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing!"

At this unexpected invitation, the whole assembly rose to their feet, and united in the hymn of praise. It was a novel and a grand sight to see a general of the Union army leadng an audience such as graced the Academy of Music that night, in sacred song. And they did sing! The fretted roof rang with exalted The effect was elevating, inspiring, praise. grand. On taking their seats the General resumed:

We have had a good song. The American Academy of Music never heard anything better. He had sung that song with thousands of sol dier boys who would never sing it again this side of the dark waters; but he could hear them now as they were singing it on the shining shores of deliverance.

"Prone to wander, Lord I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love,"—

Ah! that expressed the too sad experience of the men in the army, and for that very need the Christian Commission had been raised up, to keep wandering feet from straying, to encir-cle the lonely ones in the arms of friendship and sympathy, and throw around them the many of them, and that Unity and Freedom memories and restraints of home. This was the key-note of the Commission's work. The the North to the waters of the golden Gulf, and organization of the Commission, the merging from the coast of the broad Atlantic to the of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the land, when their work had seemed to be accomplished, into this new and wonderful agency were alluded to, and the following incident illustrating the need of the Commission's work among men who had long been removed from the better influence of the Sabbath-schools and sanctuaries and altars at home, was related:

JOHN SHEARER. An old soldier of the General's command

had left his home in patriotic Iowa, and had gone down into Arkansas with them, to plant

gone down into Arkansas with them, to plant the old flag along the banks of the noble Mis-sissippi. They had come in from one of their fruitless expeditions, in which they had been trying to "climb up some other way" into Vicksburg, when they ought to have gone in by the door. They had been removed for a month from their lines of communication. Of course, they had had no letters from home. As soon then, as communication had been reopened, the first thought was of the mail. The General went at once to the post-office tent, and received his precious budget from home—the letters from his wite and children, and his pastor and Christian friends at home, from the children of his Sabbath-school—for he had been reduced from the rank of Superintendent of the Sunday-school to become a General in the army! (applause)—and he sat down on a log by his tent to read these messages of love. He had read them through and through, and was about to rise, when an old soldier seated near him on the same log accosted him with, "Old fellow, I want you to read my letter for me!" General had nothing on to indicate his rank. He turned and looked at the man, and then reached for the letter. It was directed to 'John Shearer, Helena, Arkansas.'' dress began in the upper corner and ran nally across the cover to the lower corner. dress began in the upper corner and ran diago-'Then I will, of course; but why don't you know how to read? The fellows that don't know how to read ought by rights to be found only on the Jeff. Davis side." But his having only on the Jeff. Davis side." But his having been born in a slave State might have helped somewhat as his excuse, added the General. The letter was from John's wife. After speaking of the gathering in of the crops, and enterng into all the little affairs of home-mentioning even the new dress of Susie, the new boots for Johnny, and the cunningest wee bits of socks for the baby! the faithful wife began to read a sermon—a good deal in this wise: "John, it was quarterly meeting last Saturday, and the presiding elder stopped at our house. He told me that a great many men who went to muster in this new retruit. He talked to him about the articles of war, tried to tell what it was to be a faithful soldier—that he must not gamble and drink, and that they were guilty of many of the vices that go straggling through our camps. Now, John, I want you to remember the promise you made me as you were leaving me and our children, that you would be a good man." Ah, the old soldier wept as he listened; and as he came to the dear name that closed the precious letter, he raised the sleeve of his old coat, brushed away the great swelling tears, and said, with a full heart, " It was the soldier's Amen, and eloquent and expressive. "Well, have you been a good man, John?" Then came the sad, sad a good man, John?" Then came the sad, sad story of drunkenness, and gambling, and profanity, into which John had been led, and the humble confession that he had forgotten his vow, but would renew it, and, by the help of God, would try to keep it. The General discovered his rank to him, invited him to his tent, and he came to all their meetings after. tent, and he came to all their meetings after-

Shearer, he of the post-office incident. The General, sent for, went to see him, received his words of faith and trust for the home beyond, words of faith and trust for the home beyond, his last message to his wife and children, sang by his side the sweet hymn, "Jesus can make the dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are," and closed his eyes in death. Thus this army officer was deeming it his privilege to act as the delegate of the Christian Commission, performing the office of the Christian minister and friend to the side and levely sufferer. riend to the sick and lonely sufferer.

THE COMMISSION EVERYWHERE.

The work of the Commission in its wide extent was next eloquently discoursed upon by the speaker. The Commission had crossed his path in every direction, in its holy mission. Wherever the flag had floated out with its stars of glory, there too had the Commission raised the banner of the Cross, with the star of Bethlehem and the stripes for our healing. Its kind offices had been felt and owned in the midst of discouragement and disaster; it had cheered and sustained in the dark hours; it had gone down into the thickest of the smoke and flames of conflict; it had visited the dens of starvation and horror, to relieve the tortures of our sufferng captives; it had followed our victorious troops from Cairo to the Gulf, as our gallant Western freemen hewed out their path with their gleaming swords, and with their bayonet points turned back every bolt in the locks that the rebellion had placed across the great Mis-sissippi; and when the "Father of Waters," by the blessing of heaven upon our arms, went once more unvexed to the sea, it lifted its voice on field and flood in grateful song of praise to God. At Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Nashville, with Sherman's grand excursion to the sea side, and amid the storm of iron fire on the Atlantic coast, so lately hurled, when "try again" gave us the victory over defiant Fisher, everywhere on our soil, from the turbid Missouri of the West to the flashing waters of the Chesa-peake, from the Ohio to the Gulf, the Christian Commission has_been a part, a noble, holy part, of the grand Army of the Union.

REDEEMED, REGENERATED AND DISENTHRALLED. The speaker congratulated the officers of the Commission on the work it had been permitted to do, and his hearers on the glorious prospects that were opened up for it and for the country's future. Let us thank God, he said, that although four years of fearful, bloody strife have written their history upon the tablets of "States dissevered, discordant, and belligerent," that yet the glorious ensign of the Republic is still full high advanced. He alluded to the glorious news that had that evening been flashed forth to the land and the world, of the redemption of America from "the great barbarism." The dispatch he had received that evening from his friend, Speaker Colfax, was as follows: "My Dear General—the constitutional amendment is passed—ayes 119, nays 56. 'Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth and good will to men!'" The speaker could appreciate the significance of this action. The message had gone home to his throbbing heart, as he knew it would to the hearts of hundreds in his State who were watching for the day dawn of free-dom. He had lived long beneath the shadow of the great barbarism. It covered him in his own home; and when Mr. Lincoln, two years before, had said by his proclamation of freedom that the slaves in certain States and parts of States were thenceforward free, and excepted Missouri from that provision, and left them still within the great shade, they felt sick of heart at the hope deferred. Their loyal people on the border bore the grief yet longer, but determined that with the crushing of the rebellion, they would crush the cause thereof. (Applause.) And just twenty days ago, with exultant hope, the people, met together in solemn

convention, swung wide open the gates of liberty in Missouri! (Enthusiastic cheering.) The speaker felt that the day was dawning. The news of freedom for America was the herald of joy and hope to millions across the water; it would shake the thrones of despots there; it was the herald of a world's jubilee. He believed that this act was the harbinger of our final triumph over the rebellion; that the stars of the glorious old flag would again shine out in their full splendor, the brighter for the dark cloud that had dimmed the lustre of so-

golden gates of the mild Pacific. AFTER THE WAR.

And when the war shall cease, think you the work of the Christian Commission will have ceased with it? O, no! It will be but just begun. Its mission then will be to bind up the broken hearts, to heal divisions, tos restore withered friendships, to bring brother to brother again in fraternal embrace, to encourage and welcome prodigals to the Father's house. Then California will stretch her golden arms acrossthe continent, and forever bind her wandering sister, Carolina, to this constellation of the stars, and the laughing waters of the Minnesota. will exchange greetings over the grave of the sleeper at the Hermitage, with the everglades of Florida, and say that "The Union must and of Florida, and say that "The Union must and shall be preserved!" May God hasten that happy day! (Amen.) Yes, let it come, that blessed day when we shall beat our swords into oloughshares, and our bayonets into pruning pooks, when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, when the smoke of forges shall again ascend the shaggy sides of our iron mountains, and the royal purple of our vintage shall blush on every hill side—

Great God! we thank thee for this home. This bounteous birthright of the free, Where wanderers from afar may come And breath the air of Liberty. Still may her flowers untrampled spring, Her harvests wave, her cities rise, And yet, till Time shall fold her wing, Remain earth's loveliest Paradise!

Applause.) Before taking his seat, the General introluced, as his old and valued friend, the New York Tribune's army correspondent, Mr. Albert D. Richardson, who said and wrote many things for Truth and Freedom in the days of the Kansas tribulation, and who had for twenty months been tasting the felicities of seven rebel prisons. The thrilling story of his sufferings and escape had excited the deepest feeling of sympathy in many hearts, which had not been lessened by the fact that he was now on his way to his once happy New England home, to drop tears upon the grave of his wife, who died broken hearted in the earlier months of his captivity; and the earth was yet fresh on the new-made grave of a darling child on whom he had never been permitted to gaze. Mr. Richardson was received with marks of profoundest interest and sympathy.

ADDRESS OF MR. RICHARDSON. THE ESCAPED CORRESPONDENT.

He was impelled to answer to his name from the highest and most sacred motives. When in the horrors of captivity, with no prospect of deliverance, he and a few companions in suffering had solemnly pledged themselves that if, in the good providence of God, any of them should live to regain their freedom and their homes, they would omit no opportunity of raising their voice and using their earliest, best efforts to secure the release or relief of those who were left behind.

His testimony, with that of the two associates And the work was run or reward to the Ontistium. To point the dying soldier to Jesus, to hear his pious ejaculations, to see the brightening eye and radiant face lit up with the glory digging on the Mississippi, where thousands of five hundred were well men; that they left