by inches which they experienced, that morbid vacancy and preying of the mind upon itself, while the heart despaired and the body grew weaker and weaker, till at last the lamp of life went out. Oh, it was not thus "sweet and pleasant to die for one's country." If his hearers could look in upon those cold, naked, filthy prison floors, which it is a perversion of the English tongue to call hospitals; if they could see the men lying there with their gaunt, wasted forms, as the tide of life was slowly ebbing away; if they could wake up at any hour of the night, and hear on every hand that terrible sound in the tones of which almost every man in the garrison seemed to be coughing his life away; if they could hear the terrible rattle of the death-cart, and could see the rigid forms piled up one upon another, without any sem-blance of a Christian sepulture; if they could see those pale, ghastly faces, and those dropped jaws, and those staring, stony eyes, as that cart passed on its way out with its precious freight, to be thrown into the trenches and covered with a little earth—oh, he felt that they would at least appreciate as they never had before, the longing for that blessed place where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are

A LIGHT SHINING IN A DARK PLACE. Now it was in similar scenes with these that the work of the Christian Commission shone out in its beauty and strength. Before his cap-tivity, the speaker thought he had known some-thing of its operations. He had met it on the transport and gunboat, in the camp and bivouack, in the hospital and on the very field of battle before the smoke of the conflict had rolled away,—everywhere he had met its agents performing their blessed work, dispensing the people's noiseless and all abounding charities. But he had seen more of its blessedness and worth while in captivity than in all his other experience. Possibly it was because the voice of sympathy so seldom sounded upon lonely ears, and the hand of charity was so seldom stretched out, it had sounded like sweetest music, and the smallest relief was a boon direct from heaven, but he had seen the benefactions of the Commission penetrate even the impervious walls of a rebel prison and bring temporary relief to sufferers there. The speaker then alluded flatteringly to the labors of his Christian soldier brother, General Fisk, in the Commission's service; and to the soothing and sustain ing friendship of his dear Brother McCabe, his companion in the Richmond captivity, and the Commission's mouth-piece and sweet singer, who was to sing for them some of the same stirring songs that resounded through the dingy walls of Libby,—"The Battle-Hymn of the Republic," "Star Spangled Banner," "There is Rest for the Weary," and "We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More!"—and who stood up boldly before even the keepers of the prison, and preached to them righteousness, and temperance, and the judgment to come. And the speaker had seen another marvel in the power of a good man's name, wielded in the name of the Christian Commission, which had even commanded the attention and respect of the rebel authorities, for when they had learned the practice and the scope of the Commission, what it had done and was doing in every camp and battle-field, and learned that at the head of it stood an honored citizen of Philadelphia, whose name, even they knew to be a synonym for every public and private charity, it touched even their obdurate hearts, and they opened the prison doors to one of the Commission's delegates, who had been eaptured while in the discharge of his sacred duties. The work of the Commission had been well known to the languishing sufferers in Sal-isbury. Often had they longed for its presence and the bounties of its friends to cheer and relieve their loneliness and pain. This cry would not go unheeded. The agonizing prayer of many a heart of many a poor sufferer there, was still heard, "Come over and help us."
This we cannot do now by our presence and our active relief, but we can give to these our suffering sons and brothers our prayers, and our sympathy, and our influence to secure the adoption of some speedy and effective measures for their release and relief.

THE ESCAPE. The speaker then narrated the circumstance attending his escape and journey from the Sal-isbury prison to our lines. After sixteen months' constant effort to escape, he and two of his associates at last succeeded on the afternoon of the 18th of December. By great good fortune they had not been required to give any parole. His two associates had been furnished with passes by the prison authorities to go to the rebel hospital outside, to bring in supplies. Their faces, though not their names, as the event proved, were so well known to the sentinels that they frequently walked in and out without showing their passes—and presuming upon this they had given one of their passes to the speaker, who, taking a large box of medicine bottles, to avoid suspicion, attempted to go by the sentinel. He was halted. "Have you a pass?" "Certa. "I have," he answered; "haven't you seen it then enough to remember by this time?" "Very likely," the guard replied, a little nonplussed; "but I was not quite sure, and our orders are very strict." The genuine pass of his colleague was then exhibited. It was carefully read by the sentinel, who, recognizing the signature, pronounced it "all right," and the fluttering heart of the long caged prisoner bounded into the new air of freedom. But dangers and perils were before Once outside, he hid the medical box behind a fence, and with his two friends, who had joined him, took refuge in an outbuilding, until dark. They then walked through the outer gate into the streets of Salisbury, in full view of a guard who, seeing them come from the rebel hospital, supposed them to be surgeons or their assistants. For the first thirty hours they had not a morsel of food or a draught of water; for the first fifty six hours they had only three ounces of corn bread to the man, and about the same weight of tainted corned beef. They were greatly weakened by hunger and exposure, but hope of freedom was so strong that they were sustained wonderfully through it all. For the first fifty miles they found few white Union people-only two or three, but relied exclusively on the negroes. And they never disappointed them! (Applause.) They would tell them with perfect frankness, "We are Union prisoners, escaped from Salisbury, trying to reach our lines, and we want you to help us." And they always did. They sheltered us, fed us, piloted us, and prayed for us when they could no longer go with us. We would this day be in our graves had it not been for their help! (Applause.) The weather was intensely cold; many of the nights were rainy they only dared to come from their hidingplaces at night, and could only travel under cover of the darkness, and fearing to build fires lest they should be discovered, they were compelled to let their wet clothing dry upon them. They got but little sleep. Again and again they seemed to have reached the very last point of human endurance, when, in their hour of extremity, God's kind opportunity was displayed in his delivering providence.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

In fifty miles we struck the mountains. From that point to our lines, two hundred and ninety miles by the route we travelled, we were constantly among white friends. With what gladness those men and women of the mountains who had all suffered inconceivably for their fidelity to the cause—many of whom have had their nearest and dearest relatives murdered—welcomed and sheltered, and fed and piloted us! With what overflowing love they dered—welcomed and sheltered, and fed and piloted us! With what overflowing love they took us to their homes and hearts; and love they sion was beautifully set forth by the speaker in some the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the commission was beautifully set forth by the speaker in the control of the contro perited their own fives to all us: I have seen much self-sacrifice during the war; but, exmuch self-sacrifice during the war; but the face of an other man you will see the tears flowing fast. This was proach it reverently, with uncovered head, as of salvation to those ready to perish. This was himself for not joining in the singing.

the holy of holies in the temple of patriotism. When we met them, they gave us a welcome warmer than that of kindred; when we parted from them, I am sure that many a fervent prayer went up from their humble hearths to Our Father, that he would guide us through the difficulties of our long, wearisome journey, and guard us against the perils that beset and environed it. The two mountain ranges, in mid-winter, covered with a foot of snow, were mid-winter, covered with a foot of snow, were sometimes appalling to our aching joints and frost-bitten feet; but we had passed through the Slough of Despond and come out from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. To our eyes those frowning hills were the Delectable Mountains tains, and every friendly log-cabin was the Palace called Beautiful.

The speaker related several incidents of narrow escapes, illustrating the lengths to which the loyal North Carolians went in befriending them. In one case they had been compelled to hide in a loft where corn had been stored. A neighbor came to the lady befriending them to collect a bushel of corn that she owed. With woman's instinct she asked whether, as it was Christmas, the neighbor would not, by way of a present, first haul her a little wood. To this assented, and their hiding place was undis-

DAN. ELLIS.

Thus, with other hairbreadth escapes, they came within one hundred and fifty miles of our lines, when they fell in with a famous guide, a man whose name is precious to many scores and hundreds of poor refugees and escaping prisoners whom he had piloted through to the Union lines—Dan. Ellis. Again and again they were told, "If you meet with Dan. Ellis, you are sure to be safe." He has taken through nore than four thousand refugees, never losing but a single man, who was lost through his own indiscretion.

The perils of the rest of the way, the kindness of the loyal East Tennesseans, the hero-ism of a noble Union girl, who mounted a horse at midnight and piloted them for seven miles through devious paths, out of dangerous nests of rebels, were all depicted with graphic eloquence. At last their day of deliverance dawned. It was at Strawberry Plains, fifteen miles east of Knoxville. There, on the twentyseventh day out, after a final march of sever miles, in which their heavy feet and agile—in silence, with full hearts and wet eyes, they saluted once more the dear old flag!

THE COLLECTION.

Singing, accompanied by the music of the excellent orchestra, was the next order on the programme, and a speech from the Rev. Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, to precede the most practical part of the proceedings—the collection. Most eloquently did the reverend Doctor, in a few words, plead the nobility, the holiness of the cause, the justice of its claims, and urged in every sacred name the duties of Christians and patriots to support it with their means and prayers. It was a telling appeal. Several arge subscriptions were announced. Two of \$2500 each; four of \$1000 each, and others for \$500 and smaller amounts were received. During the collection, Mr. Stuart announced several remarkable collections from abroad. One was of \$20 from the wife of a missionary in India, who had already given a brother, who fell on the bloody field of Gettysburg; another was of \$180 from a native convert in Syria, who accompanied the gift with some relics from the hills of Lebanon and its goodly cedars. Thus, remarked the Chairman, "God is helping us!" Joseph Story, of Boston, Treasurer of the Boston Army Comittee, was then introduced as the nephew of Judge Story, and the merchant who had promptly honored the Commission's draft for \$115,000, the sum collected from the patriotic sons of Boston and vicinity in the day of the Commission's emergency.

SPEECH OF JOS. STORY, ESQ., OF BOSTON.

He felt that he had little that he could say after the burning words that had been uttered.

If he could have come out of the dungeon, or from the smoke and fire of battle, his heart might be hot within him and his tongue a flame of fire. But he had not the inspiration, and t like retiring in silence from the platform, o go down still deeper into the love and labor of the Commission, to pledge himself and his friends in New England for a heartier and ful-ler consecration of heart and soul and body and possessions to the cause which follows th dear boys whom they had so freely given to the battle. His province had been to further the business interest of the Commission, to receive and collect the contributions, and forward them with the sympathies and prayers of the donors to the central depot in Philadelphia. Most affecting are the gifts they had often received. Even the little children were giving their pennies, "saved for the soldier," to the holy cause. The acts of self-denial that accompanied these mites were known fully only to God. The speaker mentioned a few of them, displaying a moral heroism beautiful to contemplate. Not ong before, he had been privileged to speak to 3,000 soldiers, from whom the smell of the battle smoke had not yet departed-strong, brave men, who were melted to tears as they heard what the little ones at home were doing for their comfort and sufety. And when he told these husbands, sons, and brothers that as the evening sun went down, around many altars mothers, sisters, wives were lifting up their prayers to God for blessings upon "the absent ones," these veteran soldiers were not too strong to weep, nay, were not strong enough to keep back the gushing flow that struggled to relieve their full and thankful hearts.

DOUBTS DISPELLED. The speaker referred to the doubts that had been expressed at his office at home, as to whether the soldiers received the benefactions that the Commission was entrusted with. He had been subjected to all sorts of Yankee questionings in this matter, and he was now going back to give these cautious friends the answer, not from the Commission, not from himself, but from the soldiers themselves, whom he had met and mingled with, and whose testimony was as a sea of hands going up in answer to his question whether they had ever received the gifts and blessings of the people from the hands of the Christian Commission. And not only the soldiers, but the President, from his burden of cares, the members of his Cabinet, of both houses of Congress, noble Generals from the field of battle, Chaplains from their ministrations, all had joined to bear testimony to the blessed work of this Commission for the kingdom and glory of Christ in the army and navy

of the Union. The speaker denounced in strong terms the idea that the Commission should in any case be regarded as a charity to the soldier, in the common acceptation of that term. They appealed to the Christian public as having a just claim upon it, and as reminding them of their privilege, of a debt they owed the brave defenders of all they held dear. The delegates of the Commission, going to the soldier with the comforts and blessings of the people, go to them as their wives and sisters and mothers. Would a wife and mother and sister go to her brother, son and husband, bathe his brow, kiss his pale cheek, bind up his bleeding wounds, and feel that it was an act of "charity?" Oh, no, no! Neither in the field, at home, or anywhere is this holy work to be regarded as a "charity," except in the purest, noblest, highest sense—the outgushing of love for these noble soldiers, made stronger, deeper, holier, because of their doings and their sufferings for

sion was beautifully set forth by the speaker in closing. It was not only to press the cup of cold water to parched lips, which of itself would cold water to parched lips, which of itself would sobbing aloud. If you look into the face of another in least a parched lips, which of itself would sobbing aloud. If you look into the face of another in least a parched lips, which of itself would sobbing aloud.

month, a rate of mortality which in forty-eight hours would depopulate any city in the world, and send its people flying from it as from a pestilence. He would say nothing of the coldbloded murders, which were frequent, because they were kindness itself compared with that could gather his little family around the altar and supplicate the throne of grace as he had never done before, in behalf of this great cause of God. In conclusion, the speaker most earnestly urged his fellow Christians to PRAY for the Commission and its work and workers.

The Rev. Edward Hawes, formerly of Waterville, Maine, now pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Philadelphia, was the next speaker.

REMARKS OF THE REV. MR. HAWES. OF PHILADELPHIA.

He loved the Christian Commission because t does, after its measure, just what the Saviour of men did in his own blessed ministrations on he earth. It is the embodiment of Christian love. In the first place, it comes into immediate contact with the men in the field. It brings the homes of the soldiers, with the dear ones there, down to the very bedside of the suffering and dying, and with such vivid reality hat the poor men sometimes die in the fond belief that their own mother, wife, or sister, nas been the patient watcher, and that their last kiss was from the dear one's lips. A poor boy lay dying in the hospital. A delegate of the Christian Commission laid his hand on his "Oh! don't do that!" he said, evered brow. lmost impatiently pushing the hand away— 'don't do that, I can't bear to have you do "Why?" "O, it makes me think of

what my mother would do if she was here!"

Then, too, the Commission showed forth the spirit of the Master in its usefulness-money could not hire the delegates to do what they do
—and for its care of both body and soul, and
that it treated both friend and foe alike. A rebel officer at Gettysburg, who had been kindly cared for by a delegate, said, "You fight us power, you treat us like angels!" From the beginning, also, the Commission has stood on the side of philanthropy, of humanity, of loyalty, of justice, and of liberty, (applause) and the speaker was glad to see that it had already executed the property of the speaker was glad to see that it had already the speaker was glad to see the speaker was glad to see the speaker was glad to see that it had already the speaker was glad to see the speaker was gla erected chapel tents among the colored troops of the Army of the James. What effect this example had had upon the members of Congress, he could not say; but the Commission had

field hospitals near Chattanoga, after the dreadful battle of Chickamauga. Here were four delegates of the Christian Commission ministering to about 2000 men. Pushing aside the canvas, we enter a hospital tent. In one corner lies a man. "Can I do anything for you, my friend?" "Yes, sir, if you please. I have lost my Testament, and would like to have one." We give him one. On the next cot is a man who lies quietly, seemingly without pain. All but his face is covered. "You are not much injured, I suppose, my dear fellow?" He looks up with a faint smile—"Not much, sir,"—but he has been hit in nine places by a bursting shell! We pass along, and the steward says, "Chaplain, won't you come hare?" We think Chaplain, won't you come here? We think this man is dying. Can't you say something to him?" We bend over him. The cold sweat is already upon his brow, his eyes are fixed, fastening themselves in death, but they grow brilliant, and he mutters something—"See! a star! there's a star! Oh how bright! It's the star-" and his voice dies out in death. Perhaps he is thinking of the Star of Bethlehem. We hope so, and that it will light him through the dark valley. We go to another man in the next tent, and with the surgeon's permission give him a single swallow of wine. And he looks such a beam of gratitude from these krightened area. "Oh significant that's good those brightened eyes. "Oh, sir, that's good. What is your name? I shall always remember you." "How are you getting along, my brother," we say to the man on the next bed.
"Oh, very well, thank you." "Have you a family?" "Yes, a wife and two little children in Ohio." "Have you written to them since the battle?" It's a foolish question, for we see in a moment that the poor fellow's right arm is shattered. "Shan't I write for you!" He hesitates. Why don't he say gladly, "O, yes, sir, if you please?" We repeat, perhaps he does not understand, "Shan't I write for Would to God that I could speak worthily you, my friend?" He looks at us with a queer air and asks, "How much do you charge, sir?" Oh how that cuts the delegate's sensitive heart.
Oh, my dear brother soldier, that is what I am here for, to write for you, or to do anything for you. I will thank you for the privilege of writing." "Oh, thank you! thank you! I will be so glad!" We got paper and pen ready.
"What shall I write?" He begins with expressions of Christian trust, and goes on with brief description of his condition. "I will low read it that you may see if it suits," and we read what is written; but the man is not there; his eyes are shut, the big tears are rolling down from beneath the closed lids, and makes no effort to wipe them away—(ah! the shattered arm, perhaps,) but no; that is not it; he is in Ohio, with his dear wife and children, and we will not disturb his sweet dreams. After a pause, he opens his eyes, and we say as the letter is finished, "Will that do?" And with such looks he speaks his gratitude, and says, "O, yes sir, yes sir, THANK YOU!" and we leave his side. In the corner lies a man burdened with the sense of his guilt. "My dear friend," we say to him, after talking for some time, "can't you trust Jesus, now?" "Oh, if I only could! It would be the hap-Piest day of my life. Won't you pray for me?' And we kneel right down by his side and pour out our soul before God. There may be cardplaying in the opposite corner—but no matter, the Spirit of God is with us, and the prayer ascends, and we believe God hears us, for we

leave the man with a trembling hope in Jesus. Passing out of that tent we come to a little canvas shelter tent under which a man is lying. We bend over him and say, "You have the Christian's hope, I trust?" "O yes, sir." I see no Testament by him. "Have you no Testament?" "No, sir." "Well you must have and I proceed to open my haversackbut he stops me, with "I cannot read, sir."
"You cannot read? Well, then, I will read We open the precious book, and God directs us to that verse in Corinthians, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved," &c. We read the tabernacle were dissolved," &c. We read the whole chapter, and then leave him peering up through the vent in the canvas covering into the deep blue sky beyond, where his spirit must shortly be with the redeemed. This is the work done in the daytime. And when the shadows begin to settle down between the long ranges of hills, and the sun sinks behind the west, and the stars come out, do we rest from our work? O, no! We feel that this is the quiet hour. We stand at the tent door to enjoy the tranquil time—but the stillness is broken by the groans extorted from suffering men, and it is borne on the still evening air. Here and there the voice of singing is heard. The men are thinking of home. The night wind blowing northward is carrying many hearts homeward old, familiar faces peep into the tent door, the patter of little feet is heard on the floor, and oh! the sweet dream, the soldier's waking dream of home is upon him. It is the time for impressions. We then talk to them of Jesus and the home in heaven, and the welcome awaiting the faithful. And God blesses the labor. If there faithful. And God blesses the labor. If there is any privilege on earth that one might well covet, the speaker knew that this was one—the privilege of mingling with such men, of encourries these who believe in Christ and of mindle the coverage of the cov aging those who believe in Christ, and of guiding those who know not his love to the Lambo God that taketh away the sins of the world How precious then the truths of the gospel

by the number of hospitals scattered through the land, and the work done by these four delegates by the number of men who have labored for the Commission, and we will have some idea of the vastness of the work and the greatness of he results that may be expected therefrom.

SOLDIERS' . PRAYER-MEETINGS. The speaker next alluded glowingly to the soldiers' prayet meetings. He wished he could portray one. Before you are men in the uniform of soldiers—tile clothes in which they have fought. Here are blue coats torn and stained and faded—a remainder of hard marches, dusty roads, shelterless, sleepless vigils, of battle-fields, fierce charges, bloodshed, and death. See! One of bese heroes rises to speak. I hear the utterances of men learned in Bible truth. His heart is full of the Spirit's fire. He has a full, deep, blessed religious experience. The words of these men go through and through you! So simple, so earnest, coming right out of their brave, trustful, tender breasts! Why it is worth, as one has said, a journey to the Army of the Potomac to attend a soldiers' prayer-meeting.

CHAPEL TENTS. And there are "the chapel tents." One feels as if he were dreaming, as he goes from City Point to the front, and finds his way by telegraph wires, and sits in the cars and is borne to within easy range of the enemy's guns. But more than this. Who ever before heard of establishing churches within the lines of great armies, and of holding religious services regularly in chapels, where bronzed soldiers who fight in the day love to grather at night to pray, and where Christ nerves them to fight? These telegraph wires, and sits in the cars and is chapels, standing in the very midst of a park of artillery, form a sight that before this war the world never saw. And it is the result of the faith and earnest prayer and labor of the Christian Commission, as expressive of the interest of the people of the North in the spiritual welfare of these noble men.

The speaker had stood upon Mount Washing ton when the clouds were thick about him, and he could not see any whither. But the winds came and opened a door of vision, and looking to the boys, the Christian Commission has sent through he could see the beautiful landscape of the boys, the carvas, 40x60 feet, to let the afar off. These chapel tents seemed to him light of heaven through, and yet to shield you gress, he could not say; but the Commission had certainly led the way in proclaiming to the world its faith in the equality of black and white men. (Applause.)

The speaker would take his hearers for a The speaker would take his hearers for a

fare as it comes over the sea. RELIGION MAKES PATRIOTS.

And more. When these men are converted to Christ, their love of country is increased. These chapels are dedicated to God and to Liberty. At the close of service in one of them at City Point, a noble soldier grasped the speaker by the hand and said, "Thank God for the Christian Commission! I have been in the army four years next April. Six weeks ago I came here and found that I might write a letter in the reading-room of the Christian Commission. I went in and found a prayer-meeting there. The Spirit touched my heart, and now I love the Saviour and feel that I cannot do too much for him. I loved my country before. Before I went into the war I said that if I had hundred lives, I would give them all for it. But now I love my country more than ever."

And this is the result always.

And now what is the conclusion of the mat-

ter? Plainly that it belongs to the Church of Christ to pour unceasing streams of beneficence into the treasury of the Christian Commission, so long as there is need of it. We are fighting against the demoralizing tendencies of war.
The church at home does not realize as she should that many souls of men, if converted at all, must be converted while they are in the army; and now, when the fallow ground of humanity is being bruised and broken up by

Would to God that I could speak worthily of the cause to night, and could inspire all hearts with an earnest desire and impress them with a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them in these awful times! The fact is e men in the army are hungering and thirsting for the bread and the water of life. In a sense, the army is like a newly-discovered country, and God is saying to the church, "Go in and possess the land." Will the church do it? If so, when the end shall come of this strife. and we trust it is not far distant, the land shall not only have rest, but it shall be Immanuel's land, loyal to the King of glory, blest by the light and love and liberty of the law of Christ, and shining among the nations because the glory of the Lord hath risen upon her. (Ap-

SINGING BY CHAPLAIN MCCABE, OF ILLINOIS. The grand "Battle Hymn of the Republic," written by Mrs. Howe, which has so often stirred the fires in patriotic breasts, and kindled the enthusiasm of great audiences, was now sung by Chaplain McCabe. Once it was sung under other circumstances. The dingy walls of Libby Prison had echoed and re-echoed and fairly trembled at the sound, when five hundred swelling hearts hurst forth in the glad song of the liberary that Union triumph at Gettysburg. jubilee over the Union triumph at Gettysburg.
Many of the poor captives had grown sick of
hope deferred. Their feeble, wasted, vermincovered bodies were sinking sullenly to death. The rebel news that General Lee had triumphed over General Meade, and defeated his whole army, and that forty thousand Union prisoners were on their way to Southern dungeons, fell upon them like a thunderbolt. But they could not, did not believe it! The next day it was found that the excited telegraph operator at Martinsburg had ticked the instrument one cipher too many, and four thousand instead of forty thousand prisoners were captured! And even that was an exaggeration. How like the baseless fabric of a vision was the whole story soon discovered to be! The tables were turned. The nation was once more saved. And the exultant hearts in Libby, that had often been led in praise to God by Chaplain McCabe, now went up in such "Glory, glory, hallelujahs," as only the glad and grateful can raise. The hymn had long been a special favorite of the absolute. He had taken it from the Atlantic chaplain. He had taken it from the Atlantic Monthly, and finding that it would go well to "The Hallelujah Chorus," had introduced it to his fellow-captives. He would go to Libby Prison again to feel the joy that they felt, and to hear the song that they sang on that auspicious day. The hymn was then sung as follows, the audience joining in the chorus:

"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC." Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the

swift sword:

His truth is marching on.
Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah! I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps: They have builded him an altar in the evening dews

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my Our God is marching on. CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across th With a glory in his bosem that transfigures you and me: As he died to make men holy, let us die to make mer

free. While God is marching on. Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah! SPEECH OF GENERAL GREGORY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

General Gregory was next introduced as the leader of the gallant troops who seized and held the Weldon railroad below Petersburg. He was greated with cheers. With pride and gratification he acknowledged the goodness and the greatness of the Christian Commission and its work, and the many kind offices which it had done, under his own observation, for the sol diers in the field. And yet his mind would recur to the Scripture passage, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." He could not help feeling that, after all, the great blessin of the Commission would be realized in the homes of the North. The habit of giving had been so developed, and the doors of so many hearts had been opened by the appeals from the army, that they would never shut again but in the far future, when other calls and other claims upon benevolence and fraternal love shall be made, they would be heeded, and America would be a nation of open, generous liberal hearts, and the grace of brotherly love would pervade the land.

THE BEAUTIFUL CHAPEL.

He had abundant reason, however, as a soldier, to thank God for the Christian Commisdier, to thank God for the Christian Commission in the army. A few days before he left camp, his men were building a brigade church. God had provided the splendid round logs, right on the ground, also the most beautiful of carpets made of boughs of the pine tree handsomely laid down as the boys knew how to do it, and also the desk, which a curiously shaped tree that in its infancy had been bent down and around, making a most suitable pulpit. The General declared his intention of some day having it sent to Mr. Stuart as a relic of church extension in war times, and on the field of war. minded oftentimes that they are laying foundations, and that nothing great was ever purchased for the world but at the price of blood; they need to be reminded that in our conflict the oppressed of all nations are interested, and are bending forward to catch the sound of the warknew that hearts were given away that night to God along with the church, in holy, solemn dedication

The General then expressed himself strongly n reference to slavery as the root of bitterness in our nation, and prayed God that the war might go on a hundred years longer rather than this blight should still rest upon the country. He referred to our armies as the only proper peace-makers, and to the time when the las rebel should lay down his arms, as the time for peace to come. These sentiments were reeatedly and warmly applauded.

The General, in eloquent terms, alluded to the comfort and sense of safety that Christian soldiers derived from the prayers of Christian brethren at home; and in conclusion urged the Commission to go on in its good work. "Go on, Brother Stuart," he said, "go on; your work is not done. I doubt if it will ever end while time shall last; for when the war is over, and the sick and wounded in hospitals are dismissed to their earthly homes or to their long homes, the Commission will develope itself in some other of the forms of benevolence that are carried on for the glory of God and the good of the world." With a benediction upon he institution, and upon all its officers and lelegates and friends, the General closed.

It now wanted but three minutes of midnight. and the wonderful interest was still maintained The remaining moments of the day were spent in praising God by the grand old doxology, in long metre, and in receiving the parting bene-

Aews of our Churches.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—Rev. H. P. Roberts, late chaplain in the army, has taken charge of the church in this place.

on the 23d ult. Sermon by Rev. Dr. church, to remember the week of prayer. Burchard, of New York.

REV. C. I. SLACK, pastor of Westminster Church, Newton, Jasper County, Iowa, died in that town on the 24th ult., sult has attended its observance." after a brief illness, greatly lamented not only by his church and congregation. but by the whole community.

BRIMFIELD, ILLINOIS.—The church in this place is about to receive a pastor in sionary aid toward a united salary of the person of Rev. Isaac W. Atherton, five hundred dollars,) have lately informerly of Terre Haute, who has recovered from the ill health which, for both the Methodist and Baptist donations, some time past, disabled him for active many were fearful of small results. But service

from Rev. E. Allen, of this place, says:church. The Lord is doing a great work hundred and ten dollars. Nor was Unafor us. All the denominations are united dilla wanting in any of these essentials, at my church as one people. There has bringing in some eighty-eight dollars. been a great breaking down both of Sum total, one hundred and ninety-eight Christians and sinners. Quite a number dollars, almost exclusively in money. are already rejoicing in Christ, and some twenty-five or thirty more seeking, and purpose, young and old seemed highly to more coming forward every night."

of which Rev. I. N. Sprague is pastor. his own priceless gift, and prepare their experienced a revival of spirituality, fol- minister, (who has lately passed through lowed by several hopeful conversions in the dark, deep waters of a bitter sorrow,) connection with the week of prayer. Additions to the church are expected. The congregation, at its recent annual meeting, added fifty per cent. to the He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terribie the amount named in his call some fifteen years ago.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO .- We are gratified to hear that the church at Gallipolis. under the pastoral care of Rev. R. D. season of refreshing from the Lord. Meetings have been held nearly every evening for six weeks, and some twelve "As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,"
Since God is marching on.
Chohus—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

evening for six weeks, and some twelve or fifteen persons have professed a hope in the salvation of Christ. There has been no peculiar excitement, but the work seems to be the quiet work of the Spirit of God accompanying the presen- columns compels us to defer several He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment tation of the word.—Christian Herald. | yaluable articles to our next number.

THE PRESBYTERY OF STEUBEN, at its late meeting, appointed Rev. L. F. Laine commissioner to the General Assembly, and Rev. S. Vorhis alternate. Luther Sturdevant was appointed lav commis-

CANISTEO, NEW YORK .- The friends of the Canistee pastor, Rev. L. F. Laine, have helped him, that he may the better meet the increased expenses of war times. to the amount of two hundred and twentyfive dollars, at a recent social gathering.

TRANSFER OF A PASTOR.—Rev. John Sailor, late pastor of the church in Niles, Michigan, has changed his field of labor to Allegan, in the same State. His late charge in Niles exhibited their estimation of him by a generous parting compliment of four hundred dollars.

WESTERNVILLE CHURCH, in central New York, has added two hundred dollars to the regular salary of its pastor, Rev. W. B. Parmelee, presented him with a purse of one hundred and eighty-three dollars, and voted him a short leave of absence to go out in the service of the Christian Commission.

OXFORD, OHIO.—We noticed, a short time since the progress of a revival in this place. Our church there, (Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, pastor.) received an accession of thirty-seven new members, on Sabbath, the 26th ult. A considerable amount of religious interest still con-

REV. C. WATERBURY is about to leave Cedar Falls Church, Iowa. The Iowa Falls Church, according to The Presbyterian Reporter, has suffered an exode of five-sixths of all its members during the past three and a-half years. The war has drawn heavily on the male population of the Cedar Valley Presbytery.

CARLTON, N. Y .- A letter under date of March 4 says:- "For about five weeks past a protracted effort has been in progress in the First Presbyterian Church in this place, with the following results:-the church has been greatly quickened; the backsliden reclaimed; the wavering established; and about twenty are indulging a hope in Christ; others are still inquiring, and a deep feeling and solemnity seems to prevail throughout the community. We are still hoping, praying, and laboring for greater blessings.

ORDINATION.—The Presbytery of Columbus, at its late meeting, ordained as an evangelist Mr. James A. Laurie. Rev. Rev. H. S. Clarke, of Baraboo, preached the sermon; Rev. J. G. Kanouse offered the ordaining prayer, and Rev. B. G. Riley gave the charge to the candidate. Mr. Laurie is supplying the churches of Lowville and Ashington with much acceptance; the former is sharing in a revival under his faithful labors. The Presbytery appointed Rev. D. A. Bassett and Elder Agustus P. Smith as commissioners to General Assembly, and Rev. Moses Ordway and Elder John B. Dwinnell as alternates.

WYOMING, IOWA .- In this place, Rev. G. R. Carroll's church, commencing with the week of prayer, continued daily services, with little interruption. for five weeks, the pastor being assisted a portion of the time by Rev. Mr. Benton, of Anamosa. The result is that about fifty "have publicly avowed their deter mination to be on the Lord's side." The pastor thinks that "about thirty give evidence of the new birth." He says, writing to the Evangelist:-" In addition to our regular weekly prayer-meet-DEDICATION.—The First Presbyterian ing, we have young converts' meetings, Church in Hoboken, New Jersey, has and we can but hope that among the just completed a fine house of worship, anxious ones others may be truly born which was dedicated to its holy service again. We have great reason, as a Three years ago a glorious revival was enjoyed here, which commenced with that week, and now again a similar re-

"GOOD" FOR A HOME MISSIONARY PEOPLE.—The Presbyterian Churches of Unadilla and Plainfield, Michigan, (which received two hundred dollars Home Misdulged in a donation. Coming after Plainfield, in this its efirst ffort, aston-PARMA CENTRE, NEW YORK .- A letter ished both people and pastor, in attendance, bountiful entertainment, and We are having a deep interest in our net results, amounting to nearly one

At both houses, kindly opened for the enjoy themselves in "an old-fashioned In Caldwell, New Jersey, the church | time." May God bless every doner with to repay these cheering tokens tenfold in W. J. N. spiritual kind.

Subscribers whose year commenced with the first of January, will please remember that after the present month, they will be liable to the FULL AMOUNT charged on the bills, without the reduction of fifty cents offered for payment in three months. A careful exami-Van Deursen, has recently enjoyed a nation of the bills in each case, will prevent all misapprehension.

No subscriptions received, and no open accounts closed, for a less time than six months.

The crowded condition of our