

Correspondence.

JOTTINGS FROM A PARISH JOURNAL.

NO. VII.

A MODEL SABBATH-SCHOOL.

Some weeks ago, being in Brooklyn, N. Y., I made it a point to visit Lee Avenue Sabbath-school. I had heard so much of that school, as enabled me to apply to it the compliment of Paul to the Thessalonians, "From you sounded out the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to Godward is spread abroad."

In the providence of God, it was my privilege to be in Brooklyn on last Lord's Day, and being introduced to the excellent Superintendent, I had an opportunity of surveying more accurately the machinery of this noble Sunday-school.

The entire basement of the Lee Avenue, D. R. Church, is devoted to the accommodation of the school; and, in addition, one of the infant departments occupies a gallery. The platform (behind which is a splendid organ for the use of the school and public lectures) is placed on the west side of the room. Whilst the entire length of the eastern transept, rising in amphitheatre style, is occupied as one of the infant school rooms; this wing is in front of the platform, and within easy range of the eye and voice of the Superintendent.

The entire direction of the school is under the management of Jeremiah Johnson, Jr., a noble Christian gentleman; whilst the infant departments are entrusted to able adjutants, one of whom, Mr. Lumus, seems to possess amazing powers of oral instruction. I regretted not being able to see his coadjutor, who occupies the gallery wing already noted.

The mode of conducting the psalmody in this school, differs from that of any school I have ever seen. Instead of opening and closing with a few stanzas of a hymn, in this school, singing "spiritual songs" seems to be an important part of the service—hence, the whole school (embracing two thousand five hundred on the roll), is opened by singing four or five different selections—and closed by singing as many. In my mind, one main secret of the success of this school is found in the variety and excellence of the hymns used in its worship.

To Mr. Johnson, however, is the success (under God) mainly due. He has the entire machinery in perfect order. He is a gentleman of great Christian worth and indomitable perseverance. He devotes much time to the interests of the school, and by a well-organized system of local visitation, children from the whole of the surrounding districts are gathered and kept in the school. As a local mission for Evangelistic work, this school, with its library, its excellent staff of teachers, and its juvenile heralds carrying the precious Gospel into the streets and lanes of the neighborhood, is accomplishing a vast amount of good.

Furthermore, as a nursery for the congregation, its value cannot be overestimated. In casting my eye over that immense throng, I could not help thinking that in five to eight years, if only kept together, they would produce a noble congregation. Many of them, doubtless, are gathered from the ranks of the non-church going, but through these little missionaries, their parents may be reached, and God's house filled.

Would to God all our churches had such a splendid staff of laborers, under such a faithful superintendency, for then indeed would each be a "city set on a hill."

It is impossible to estimate the amount of glory which two thousand little messengers may bring to Christ. From this seminary they go forth singing the truth, praying the truth, talking the truth, and in the house and by the way, and going out and coming in, and lying down and rising up, they are heralds of God's grace and mercy to sinners. Seldom have I felt more refreshed by any exercise, than on last Lord's day, while the tones of the magnificent organ accompanied the voices of over one hundred teachers, and, perhaps, fifteen times as many children, in chanting the beautiful anthem which runs thus:

"There'll be something for children to do, None are idle in that blessed land, There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the mind, And employment for each little hand, There'll be something to do, there'll be something to do, There'll be something for children to do, On the bright shining shore, Where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do."

even in the life of a guest, on such an occasion. It was the first, it may be the last, "Golden Wedding" I shall ever witness. In this instance, the bride and groom are both, as may be supposed, ripening in years; but the most delightful thought connected with the interesting event is, that they are both mature in the divine life, waiting for the cry "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh!" Their lamps are trimmed and they are ready to sit down at the great "Marriage Supper of the Lamb."

The bride and groom, in this instance, were married at Baltimore in 1815, and in 1824 removed to New York. For many years he was an elder in one of the oldest Presbyterian churches in that great city, and a very successful merchant, whose whole career in business was marked by the most unbending integrity. He is the father of fifteen children, some nine of whom (all married) are still surviving; all most respectably connected, and many of them giving clear evidence of a close walk with God. So that the mellowing parents now waiting for the call, and enjoying the fullest hope in the death of those who have gone before, as well as those who are to come after them, can pass from grace to glory in the joyful assurance of assembling.

"No wanderer lost, Family in heaven," What a precious thought! And how few can fully realize it!

The eldest son of this venerable bridegroom is a retired merchant, residing on the Hudson, in a very paradise, and married a second time to one of the loveliest Christian ladies I have ever met. This gentleman, while in business, kept his Bible in his office, and read it daily in Hebrew and English, and now in his retirement (having reached an opulent retiring point) his Bible is his daily companion. His circle of acquaintance embraces almost exclusively Christians—educated Bible-reading and Bible-loving Christians. Since forming the acquaintance of his venerable father, I have often thought of the seed of the righteous as the heirs of the promises. And how true the language of David Rouse's version of the psalm—

"Blest is each one that fears the Lord, And walketh in His way— For of thy labour, thou shalt eat, And happy be always."

Winding up with the promises— "Thou shalt thy children's children see, And peace on Israel."

Never have I seen that sweet promise so literally fulfilled as in this case. About 8.30 P. M., sons and daughters, with their wives and husbands and children, from almost all parts of the Union began to pour into the rooms of that consecrated home—and while the venerable patriarch, tall, stout and erect, with snow-white hair and plain countenance, stood in the drawing-room and embraced each child and each grandchild—his daughters and daughters-in-law holding up their precious little ones to receive the kiss and the benediction of this man of God, my mind was carried back to the plain of Goshen and the last scene of Jacob's life, when each tribe passed by his dying pillow, and received the parting prayer and the prophetic blessing which accompanied it.

The present state of health enjoyed by the bridal couple, might almost warrant the hope that they should yet celebrate the "Diamond Wedding." With my whole heart I could wish it, were it for their good and Christ's glory. It is comforting, however, to know and believe that Christ never keeps a child of grace a single moment out of heaven, after he has completed his work in him and by him. The moment the harvest is ripe, the angelic reapers will come and put in the sickle. Of this, the esteemed and venerable patriarch, whose "Golden Wedding" I have been describing, rests firmly and fully persuaded—believing that

"Still, or here, or going hence, To this our labors tend, That in His favor spent, our life Shall in His favor end."

A PUPIL OF CHALMERS.

TO MY FRIEND ANDREW. (CONCLUDED.)

[Translated from the German of Matthias Claudius, for THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, by G. D. A. H.]

The Lord's Prayer is for all time the best prayer, if thou knowest who hath made it. But no one upon God's footstool can so pray it as he that designed it. We limp it forth at a distance, one step still more miserably than the other. But be not ashamed of this, Andrew, if we only mean it well; and the dear God must ever do that which is best, and he knoweth how it should be. Because thou desirest it, I will explain to thee how I make it with the Lord's Prayer. But I think it is thus only very poorly done, and I will willingly be taught a better way.

When I utter it, then I think first of my blessed Father, how good he was and so freely gave to me. And then I place before me all the world as my Father's house; and all men in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, are in my thoughts, my brothers—and sisters; and God sitteth in heaven upon a golden throne, and hath his right hand stretched out over the sea, and upon the ends of the world, and his left full of salvation and goodness, and the mountain tops round about smoke, and then I begin:—

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. This I do not as yet understand. The Jews regarded the name of God with peculiar sanctity. This I think to

be good, and only wish that the worship toward God, and every trace whence we may know him, might be to me, and to all men, above every thing, great and holy.

TO US THY KINGDOM COME.

Here I think on myself, how I am borne here and there, and now this, now that reigns, and that all is heart-ache and I come to no green twig. And then I think how good were it for me if God would make an end to all strife, and rule me himself.

THEY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

Here I picture to myself Heaven, with the holy angels, who with joy do His will, and no pain falleth upon them, and they know not how to speak forth their love and salvation, and they triumph day and night; and then I think, whether will it ever thus be upon earth! GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD!

Every one knoweth what daily bread is, and that we must eat as long as we are in the world, and that also it tasteth good. Then I think thereon. Then cometh well to mind my children, how they so eagerly eat, and oft times; and so happily they are upon the dish. And then I pray that the blessed God may still give us something to eat.

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS.

It is sad that when we are injured revenge is sweet. This also cometh before me. I also had pleasure therein. But then there standeth before my eyes the unmerciful servant (schalks knecht) of the gospel, and my heart faileth me, and I resolve that I will forgive my fellow servant, and never say a word to him of the hundred pence.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Here I call to mind the example, on every hand, where people, under this and that circumstance, are turned aside from the good, and fall, and that it might not go better with me.

BUT DELIVER US FROM THE EVIL.

Here come to my thoughts, still, temptations; how man is so easily deceived, and wandereth out of the even path. But likewise think I also of the pains of life, of consumption and old age, of childbirth, mortification, and insanity, and the thousand miseries, and heart-sufferings, which are in the world, racking and torturing poor man, and there is no one can help. And thou wilt find, Andrew, if the tears have not come before, here they come indeed, and we can see ourselves so heartily, so thoroughly, and be so troubled and cast down within ourselves, as if really there were no help. But then must we again take courage, lay our hand upon our mouth and break forth as in triumph.

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND POWER, AND THE GLORY FOREVER. AMEN. IOWA CITY, May 16th, 1865.

LETTERS ON RECONSTRUCTION. II.

DEAR SIR:—Having "made you sorry with a letter," I feel obliged, by the progress of events, to repeat the infliction.

President Johnson, I see, has taken measures of "reconstruction" in regard to Virginia; following out the opinion of his most worthy predecessor, that the rebel States, forasmuch as they could not "secede," are none of them out of the Union in matter of fact. As if rebellion and war could do nothing which "secession" could not.

That the States of the South as such—that is, in their organic character as governments—took part in the war, is very certain. That they thus became public enemies, follows of course. Could they in that character be members of the Union? No, sir; this friendly relation was utterly broken off, and terminated. Silent legs inter arma. Nor was it simply a suspension of the Constitutional bond. Do not all treaties finish when a war arises between the parties to them? finish utterly? War exterminates all civil, political, or other amicable relations between the belligerents.

And it seems to me that Congress, by admitting Western Virginia as a new State, have assumed this fact as a principle. They would otherwise have had no power for that proceeding, without the consent of the old State of Virginia first obtained. See article IV, section 3, which is explicit. Either therefore Virginia is absolutely out of the Union, or the act admitting Western Virginia is void.

Besides, as I have said before, a State consists of a people politically organized on a given territorial area. Of course the area of the new State is an ingredient of the old one, or at least a portion of its geographical base; and to reorganize old Virginia as a State of the Union is virtually to repudiate the act of Congress that has made a new State of its Western counties. The constitution of old Virginia provides expressly that a definite number of each house of its legislature shall be from those counties. So that without those counties it is not and cannot be a State, even admitting it might otherwise have survived the war.

I might state the question, therefore, in the way of dilemma. Either the war has killed the State of Virginia (constitutionally speaking) or it has not. If it has, the President cannot bring the State to life again by any form of recognition; it requires a new form of State government, and a new admission by Congress to effect the object. On the other hand, if the State survives the war, two consequences follow: one,

that the act of Congress admitting its western counties as a new State, without its consent, is a nullity; the other, that any recognition of the remaining parts by the President must also be a nullity, for that the State, supposing it to survive at all, survives in its own organization as a whole, and thus only.

Entertaining these views, my dear sir, I grieve exceedingly at the course things are taking. It may be wrong for me to obtrude my thoughts on you as I have done; but I felt as if I must give vent to them in some direction, and though I was not sure of your concurrence, I had too much confidence in your good nature and personal kindness, as well as in your concern for the right ordering of public measures, to fear that you would take it amiss.

REPORT OF THE PERMANENT COMMITTEE ON HOME MISSIONS.

READ IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY. The fourth annual report of the Home Missionary Committee has made its appearance. With devout thanksgiving to God for the great blessings which have crowned the year, it proceeds to give an account of the Committee's labors for the past twelve months. The whole number of missionaries employed during the whole or part of the year is 320. They report many revivals, 1448 conversions, 1334 have united with the Church on profession of their faith, and 940 by letter. The points it discusses are,

1st. The changes wrought by the war on the missionary field. These are shown to be disastrous in two ways: The war drew off the young and able bodied men from the feeble churches at the West for the service of the country; and secondly, it drew equally from the East the young men who otherwise would have gone West. So that many churches that would naturally have become self-sustaining but for the war, are in a state of dependence still.

At the same time the frontier has not remained stationary. New towns have sprung into being which have called for aid before the others were in a condition to assume their own support. Nevertheless, the frontier has been materially strengthened by increasing the force of the ministry there, and the blessing of God on their labors. Nearly all the churches in Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota and Iowa in the West State have been blessed with powerful revivals of religion.

2d. The great multitudes of Germans in this country, the readiness with which they can be reached by evangelical ministers speaking in their own tongue, makes it important to put forth more effort for their evangelization and new endowments. Professorships in our Theological Seminaries are urged on the attention of the Assembly as a means of raising up a competent ministry for the German population.

3d. Now that the war is closing, a great field is opened at the South. In Missouri and East Tennessee the people welcome us most cordially. In the former, the work auspiciously begun last year was checked in the fall by the invasion of the rebel army. Now again, with the permanent clearing of the State, comes a new demand for more ministers of Christ.

In East Tennessee two Presbyteries that were drawn away from us seven years ago have, through the counsels and assistance of our missionaries, returned to the bosom of our Church, and it is expected that the two other Presbyteries which make up the Synod of East Tennessee, will follow in a short time. The posture of affairs in these two States and the sort of work entered upon are a fair type of what will be encountered all over the South.

Meanwhile the freedmen and refugees afford a fine field for missionary labor. We have a missionary laboring among them in St. Louis with great success, and have been unable to inaugurate a similar work in other places only for lack of suitable men. The report alludes to the Secretary's trip across the Rocky Mountains to California and Oregon. As the result of the careful observations then made, it is stated that "the population of the mining districts will be fluctuating for many years to come, while their distance from supplies must make the cost of living and consequently the expense of supporting missionaries very much greater than in any other part of the country. Their remoteness from permanent Christian influences will, however, make it all the more necessary that the Gospel should be preached among them faithfully and continuously, and therefore, until the Pacific Railroad is completed, we must expend more labor and money on this vast, and, on the whole, most promising region than we have ever before thought of doing."

The report makes a special appeal for more ministers. Says the Secretary:—"Nothing has been a source of greater anxiety to the Committee than the limited number of ministers to supply the increasing number of Home Missionary-fields. East Tennessee, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois press for aid, and need five to fifteen each. Our brethren in California, Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, and Montana, have grown weary with calling for men. Promising openings on every hand are pressed upon the attention of our theological students even before their studies are completed; and they shrink from the hardships which they fancy are inseparable from exploring new fields. We fear that the sons of the fathers has died out in many of the spots. If we could now command the services of twenty-five additional missionaries of the requisite qualifications, we have but little doubt but that the churches would grant them a support even at the most expensive points." This part of the report concludes that the want of suitable laborers is truly alarming, and that many souls must perish for the want of the word of God. The chaplains and students in the army shall speedily fill up the ranks of the ministry, or God shall raise them up in some other manner. Our Church has never supplied itself with ministers; it has drawn continually from other denominations, and if any have concluded we have not grown as rapidly as we ought, the lack of ministers constitutes the solution of the problem. "The District Secretary of Indiana calls attention to ten vacancies in that State; and another at the West writes:—"Our greatest human want in all this field is laborers. With a sufficient number of suitable ministers, in all probability, we could in one year increase the number of our churches twenty-five per cent."

The great lack in this respect, and the necessity of a house of worship to every congregation before it can become self-sustaining and give the community an impression of permanency, the expense of building, etc.; is urged on the attention of the Assembly. The report next refers to the fields and duties of the several District Secretaries, all of whom with the exception of Messrs. Adair and Stowe are engaged in exploring new fields, planting new churches, supplying destitute congregations with pastors, and assisting their brethren in various ways besides making collections for the treasury. The Synods of Wisconsin and Minnesota have been furnished with Synodical missionaries at their request, and a few other changes have been made. Three faithful laborers have died since the last report, viz:—Rev. A. Blakey, of Lawrence, Kansas; Rev. Comfort I. Stutz, of Newton, Iowa, and Rev. E. E. Merriam.

The receipts of the Committee the past year, \$85,000, are somewhat short of the mark set at the last Assembly, but, says the report, "it is cause for great rejoicing that no church which has applied for aid, has been sent empty away

on account of limited resources." Yet the income would have been quite inadequate but for the short supply of laborers.

In conclusion it is stated that the relations of our Committee to the American Home Missionary Society continue unchanged. The Society while using many thousand dollars from Presbyterian sources, mostly from legacies of persons who died before the organization of the Committee, expends not a single dollar upon any church represented in our Assembly; and at the same time more boldly than ever before proclaims itself the organ of the Congregationalists throughout the country.

Miscellaneous.

DR. BEECHER IN A HURRY.

Dr. Beecher, like most men of extremely nervous temperament, was very impulsive, and followed no law in his habits of study. Henry Ward, when quite a boy, wrote a most amusing description of a journey with his father to Dayton, where the doctor was on trial for heresy, on charges preferred by Dr. Wilson. It is found in the autobiography, second volume.

You, who live remote from Walnut Hills, have, notwithstanding, heard something of one of our stars, Lyman Beecher. But, though of note as a public character, he is not less famous and interesting in private life. Indeed, we who see him daily, imagine that he exhibits more unequivocal marks of genius in the domestic than in a wider sphere, for in the pulpit (thanks to the attention of Aunt Esther) he wears whole stockings, has decent handkerchiefs and cravats, a tidy coat, and never wears one boot and one shoe together, and in his published works who can see through the type either the manuscript or the writer?

But in his family, and unmolested by feminine pertinacity of neatness, his genius peeps forth in various negligencies of apparel, particularly his shirt-sleeves, open bosom and ample display of flannel. As if to put the broadest seal upon his genius, nature seems to have ordained that he shall study half undressed.

But if we admire these marks of innate abilities which appear on the exterior, no less are we surprised at those which he exhibits as a business man. Let me give you a sketch of our departure for Dayton.

Having several weeks for preparation, he felt secure, and made no attempt at a beginning till the day before. Then, while cutting up stumps in his garden, he fell upon a plan for his defence, which was indicated to us by his precipitate retreat from the stump to the study. In the afternoon he dragged me away six miles, in an excess of patriotism, to deposit his vote. Before going to bed, he charged me to be up early, for he must get ready, and the boat was to start at nine.

The morning opened upon a striking scene. As I emerged from my room, the doctor was standing in his study doorway, a book under each arm, with a third in his hands, in which he was searching for quotations. In an hour and a half all his papers were to be collected, (and from whence?) books assorted, breakfast eaten, clothes packed, and horse harnessed.

After a hasty meal, when I he goes up stairs, opens every drawer and paw over all the papers, leaving them in confusion, and down stairs again to the drawers in his study, which are treated in like manner. He fills his arms with books, and papers, and sermons, and straightway seems to forget what he wanted them for, for he falls to assorting them vigorously, *de novo*. "Eight o'clock, and not half ready. Boat starts at nine."

"Where's my Burton?" "Father, I have found the Spirit of the Pilgrims."

"Don't want it. Where did I put that paper of extracts? Can't you make out another? Where did I lay my opening notes? Here, Henry, put this book in the carriage. Stop! give it to me. Let's see—run up stairs for my Register. No! no! I've brought it down."

Half past eight. Not ready. Three miles to go. Horse not up. At length the doctor completes his assortment of books and papers, packs, or rather stuffs his clothes into a carpet-bag,—no key to lock it—ties the handles, and leaves it gaping.

At length we are ready to start. A trunk tumbles out of one side as Thomas tumbles in on the other. I reverse the order—tumble Tom out, the trunk in. At length all are aboard, and father drives out the yard, holding the reins with one hand, shaking hands with a student with the other, giving Charles directions with his mouth, at least that part not occupied with an apple; for, since apples were plenty, he has made it a practice to drive with one rein in the right hand and the other in the left, with an apple in each, biting them alternately, thus raising and lowering the reins like threads in a loom. Away we go. Charley horse on the full canter down the long hill, the carriage bouncing and bounding over the stones, father alternately telling Tom how to get the harness mended, and showing me the true doctrine of original sin. Hurrah! we thunder alongside the boat just in time.

OUR COUNTRY'S NEW PERIL.

Most people have heard of the "Penian Brotherhood," but few, I imagine, are awake to its rapid growth and dangerous designs. This is an Irish secret society, the proposed object of which is to effect the liberation of Ireland. A meeting was held in our village recently, at which the whole Irish Catholic population turned out en masse, and a Chapter was formed amid a scene of excitement and "hullabaloo" which lasted until midnight. Men, women, and children were hurried into the organization, many without any clear impression, except that they were following the will of "the Church."

Let me call the attention of Americans to this attempt to throw the entire moral and political weight of our Irish population into the scale of hostility to England. Whatever error of judgment and of heart England may have committed during this rebellion, we cannot afford to plunge these two Christian Protestant nations into war. Especially, we do not wish to be instructed or incited to punish her for her Southern sympathies by that portion of our population which, of all others, had given the most aid and comfort to the rebellion. The peace men of 1864 illy become the character of war-men of 1865.

But the secret of it all lies farther back than aught which appears upon the surface, in my opinion. It is found in those words quoted by Dr. Gordon from the Prussian Ambassador: "They (i. e., the Romish Hierarchy) know that if they can paralyze the efforts of these two great nations, (England and America), they gain a mighty victory." And how can they better accomplish this object than by taking advantage of the popular irritation in our land to plunge these two champions of Protestant and Evangelical religion into an exhausting and interminable war? And if, as an incidental advantage, they gain the independence of Ireland, they have at least achieved that much of solid progress to their cause. For let no man suppose that the independence of Ireland would be in any way identical with the advance of liberty. Who that has read the Irish character, so utterly under priestly domination, but knows that the Irish soil would cease to be a tolerable habitation for Protestants? It would be the most priest-ridden and ultramontane nation in the world. What friend of political or religious freedom can hesitate in sympathy as between England and Ireland? But, however these things may be, let our American people look closely to it, and think long before they lend their fingers (already well burnt in the flames of war) for the purpose of pulling that chestnut out of the fire.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE ORATORIO OF "THE MESSIAH" ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THOUGHTS ON HEARING THE ORATORIO IN LONDON IN THE YEAR 1846.

At first it seemed to me more heavenly than anything I had ever heard; but when they came to those words about our Lord's sorrow, "He was despised and rejected, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and around us there was not a hush of shame and penitence, but a little buzz of applause and suppressed whispers, such as "Charming!"—"What tone!"—"No one else can sustain that note in such a way!"—and at the close the audience loudly clapped the singer and she responded with a deep theatrical courtesy. I thought of "When I survey the wondrous cross," wished myself in Dr. Watts' chapel, and felt I would rather have listened to any poor nasal droning which was worship, than to such mockery. I could not help crying.

When we were in the house again Evelyn said—

"You enjoyed that music, Kitty?" "No, Cousin Evelyn," I said, "I would rather have been at the opera a hundred times, and far rather in Watts' chapel. To think," I said, "of their setting the great shame and agony of our Saviour to music for an evening's entertainment and applauding it like a play! One might as well make a play about the death-bed of a mother. For it is true it is sin! He did suffer all that for us."

"How do you know, Cousin Kitty, that other people were not feeling it as much as you? What right have we to set down every one as profane and heartless just because the tears do not come at every moment to the surface? The Bible says, 'Judge not and ye shall not be judged'; and tells us not to be in such a hurry to take the mote out of other peoples' eyes."

I was quite silent. It is so difficult to think of the right thing to say at the right moment. Afterwards I thought of a hundred answers, for I did not mean to judge any one unkindly. I only spoke of my own feelings.—*Extracts from Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan's Diary*.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PRESENTMENT OF HIS DEATH.

The communication below, from Rev. Dr. Kirk, of that city, to the Boston Journal, is good authority for reports of a similar character, which have been current.

A great and good man has fallen! Let the nation mourn. But let it trust in God—as he did. This result was not unexpected by him. He may not have looked for it from the hand of an assassin; but he was sure that his life would end with the war long ago. He told me "that he was certain he should not outlast the rebellion." It was in last July. As you will remember, there was discussion then among the Republican leaders. Many of his best friends had deserted him, and were talking of an opposition convention to nominate another candidate; and universal gloom was among the people. "The North was tired of the war, and supposed an honorable peace attainable. Mr. Lincoln knew it was not—that any peace at that time would be only disunion. Speaking of it, he said:—"I have faith in the people. They will not consent to disunion. The danger is they are misled. Let them know the truth, and the country is safe."

He looked haggard and careworn, and further on in the interview I remarked on his appearance, saying:—

"You are wearing yourself out with hard work." "I can't work less," he answered; "but it isn't work—work never troubled me. Things look badly, and I can't avoid anxiety. Personally I care nothing about a re-election; but if our divisions defeat us, I fear for the country."

When I suggested that Right must eventually triumph—that I had never despaired of the result, he said:—

"Neither have I; but I may not live to see it. I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over my work will be done."

It is over, and his work is done; how well done, impartial history will tell.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY; June, 1865.

Contents. A Letter about England; A Prose Henriade; Harpocrates; Dely's Cow; Needle and Garden, No. VI.; Going to Sleep; Doctor Johns, No. V.; The Great Lakes, their Outlets and Defences; To Caroline Coronado; Reynard; John Brown's Raid, How I got into it, and How I got out of it; Schumann's Quintette in E Flat Major; Richard Cobden; Modern Improvements and our National Debt; The Chimney Corner, No. VI.; The Jaguar Hunt; Late Scenes in Richmond; Down; The Place of Abraham Lincoln in History; Recent American Publications.

We should enjoy more peace if we did not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.—*Jeremy Taylor*.