

Correspondence.

DIFFERENT CLASSES OF REBELS.

[FROM OUR EAST TENNESSEE CORRESPONDENT.]

MR. EDITOR:—In your appreciation of the great work to be performed in East Tennessee before Church and State will be properly set up, it is well to keep in mind the different varieties of rebels which may be found almost everywhere in "Dixie." The genus is one, but the species are numerous. The nomenclature of all your correspondents may not tally in every particular with that which I have adopted, but none of them who have made themselves familiar with the spirit and progress of the rebellion, will have much difficulty in making out the following classes.

1. ORIGINAL REBELS.

The original rebels in East Tennessee constituted but a small part of the people. They could talk about "niggers," and mules, and cotton, and mules, and "niggers" with wonderful relish from Monday morning till Saturday night, and determine a man's respectability by his relations to these three great staples—which had so much to do with the commerce and wealth of the world. They regarded negroes as chattels personal, for whose moral and religious instruction they were not responsible; as adjuncts appropriate to their patriarchal dignities. They were the Calhounites—the States' Rights men—who were always ready to act on the principle that a part is greater than the whole—that South Carolina, for example, is greater than the whole United States. They were the secessionists who had been feeding our sectional hate until, as Dr. Dashiell once remarked, they wished every one to understand that if they were not in the gall of bitterness themselves, the gall of bitterness was certainly in them.

2. FORT SUMTER REBELS.

Fort Sumter rebels were those bent on war. Nothing but the flow of blood would suit them. That Major Anderson and his seventy half-starved men were beleaguered by thousands, and compelled to lower the stars and stripes at the bidding of a frantic mob of tens of thousands, made the Confederacy delirious with joy. "Where is the Government of the United States?" "Nowhere," was the answer; "it is gone." "The Confederate Government will be stronger and better. Hear its musketry and cannon and the tramp of its hundred thousand soldiers." These were the words they passed along everywhere. Nothing easier, they imagined, than to establish the new government in the interest of slavery. The surrender of Major Anderson would bind all the Slave States, they supposed, as in a common cause, and standing shoulder to shoulder, any attempt to subjugate or coerce them, would only unite them still more closely against all who loved the flag of our fathers. Fort Sumter rebels have learned many valuable lessons during the war, and thoroughly subjugated, they are in a fit mood for humiliation and repentance.

3. BULL RUN REBELS.

This class numbered its thousands all over the South, and many of them were found in East Tennessee. They were jubilant over Union men and perfectly unbearable. Some of them had leaned towards the old Government and stood by it, they said, as long as there was the least hope of preserving it, but that hope was now forever gone, and as the State had seceded, they fell into line as "submissionists." Henceforth they would make common cause with the South, as they were satisfied the Southern army could never be defeated, and the Confederacy was as certain as the existence of God. The Yankees are poor fighters, they prated; one Southern man can whip five of them. Our independence is a fixed fact. Washington City will be ours, and Philadelphia, New York, and Boston will be pillaged and destroyed by our troops. The Lord is on our side. As the fall of Fort Sumter enhanced the rebellion, so the Bull Run disaster augmented the intolerance and oppression of aristocratic rebels and ignorant "white trash" rebels. Henceforth their persecutions and cruelties had no bounds. But the storming of Fort Donelson, the capture of Vicksburg, the battles of Gettysburg and Mission Ridge, the capture of Atlanta, Savannah, and Charleston, and the collapse at Richmond, more than half converted them to reason and common sense.

4. EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION REBELS.

The South has been remarkably sensitive about the negro for thirty odd years. When Uncle Tom's Cabin was published, unmasking the real character of slavery, this whole region quaked with terror. The very mention of HERBERT's Compend, too, threw the slaveholders into paroxysms of rage, and what marvel if the President's Emancipation Proclamation should be a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart," and furnish an occasion for thousands more to assail the Union and the policy of the Government? The terms "Lincolnite" and "Abolitionist" were applied with new vigor to all who would not support the Confederacy; and their conscription or banishment, imprisonment or death, was the order of the day. Having risked everything for the sake of building up a new government, "the chief corner-stone of which should be slavery," the very name of emancipation is odious to them. Some of this class accept the result in a commendable

spirit. They acknowledge that they have been wrong, and blame no one but themselves. Since we are to have but one government, these are rather glad that slavery is abolished forever. But others cannot reconcile themselves to this consummation. They are "out of sorts" because the Lord suffered General Lee and his army and Johnston and his army to surrender. Instead of saying, "They will be done on earth as in heaven," they are miserable because the Divine will is manifested for the overthrow of slavery, on the side of their enemies, and for the downfall of their loved Confederacy. These men, of course, feel sore, and sour, and ugly; they are desponding, despairing, complaining; as Providence has not been, and is not likely to be, turned out of its course to gratify their whims, they are in nobody's way, and no one need be troubled on their account. They will soon go the way of all the earth, and their works have gone before them. It is enough that the masses are against them, and that in this case the proverb is emphasized—*Vox populi, vox Dei.*

5. NEGRO SOLDIER REBELS.

This class defines itself. The man who has held men in bondage, and inaugurated a war to perpetuate that bondage, cannot well bear to see those men clothed as soldiers, paid as soldiers, and protected and honored as soldiers. He knows that they will merit and receive more respect from this great Government, than he ever will or can, and this stirs up the dregs of his depravity to hate them. As long as there are men who boast of having been rebel soldiers, negro-soldier rebels will be found. Under the influence of common schools, the faithful preaching of a free Gospel, the instrumentality of a Christian and enlightened press, and the indoctrinating force of a republican Government disposed to respect itself, we may reasonably expect that all the antipathies and dislikes of any Union men to negro troops will disappear.

6. NEGRO SUFFRAGE REBELS.

These are of a peculiar type. Some of them have been in the Union ranks; they helped the Government secure the liberty of the negro, and now they talk as if they wished to kill him, because he is free. Others, prompted by base and leopituous motives, oppose all influences calculated to elevate and dignify the freedmen. Some, from morbid or jaundiced feelings, or because they imagine they can play upon the prejudices of the masses, while willing enough to entrust the freedmen with the ballot, are very reluctant to give him the ballot. Others who have been the enemies of the Union, ever since the firing on Fort Sumter, and some of whom have lost the right of suffrage themselves, are unwilling that the black man, no matter what his loyalty or what his services to the country, should enjoy a privilege, which they or a portion of their friends have forfeited by their rebellion. Time and circumstances may essentially modify the feelings and opinions of all these enemies of the colored race, and they may in the end be willing to follow the leadings of Providence, conduct them whither it may.

7. CHRISTIAN OBSERVER REBELS.

Bad as any of the foregoing classes of rebels may have been, or may still be, none is of so virulent a type as the *Christian Observer* or the *Southern Christian Advocate* rebel. Four years of terrible war may have instructed others, but he is no wiser than he was before the war began. He still believes in the Divine right of slavery. He regards it yet as a Biblical institution. In his view, he still feels that the Church was intended to conserve the interests of slavery. Hence he does not wish to affiliate with anti-slavery or Union men. Hence, too, he holds on to the *Christian Observer* with its slanders upon loyal men, and its eulogies of traitors, and its defence of treason, and to the *Southern Christian Advocate*, and rather than associate with loyal ministers and Christians, he will favor a sectional Presbytery, or a secession Conference, utterly blind to all the mischief already done by such organizations. He may take the oath of allegiance to the United States, but he looks with self-complacency upon his disloyal course, and in his pride and arrogance thinks his brethren unreasonable, if they expect him to become reconciled to them by acknowledgment and repentance of his errors. If not an object of contempt, he is of commiseration, and we commend him to the pity and prayers of all good men.

All the foregoing varieties of rebels are assuming a new attitude, and are trying to rally under the banner of law and order. Having done their utmost to unchain the passions of men, they are not only disappointed in all their hopes, but alarmed at the many instances of private and personal retribution taking place all around them. They know that this mob-spirit must be checked, and that loyal people, generally, deplore its turbulence, and thus to a great extent, in one particular at least, rebels and Union men, for the peace of the community and the prevalence of law, can and will stand together.

Yours, very truly,

SAMUEL SAWYER.
KNOXVILLE, E. TENN., Sept. 1865.

REPENTANCE.—False repentance has grief of mind and humiliation only for great and glaring offences, until it supposes pardon for these obtained. True repentance is a continued war against sin, a permanent inward shame for its defilements, till Death sounds a retreat.

NOISY MEETINGS.

It may be thought that a Presbyterian is not the proper one to say aught on this subject, that he is prejudiced, and therefore unable to see any good in them. There may be truth in this, but the subject has been forced upon my attention; and I have feared that there are young Presbyterians in danger of being deceived by it—they may think that the Lord must be in the noise. Such meetings greet our ears before we wake in the morning, and have been distinctly heard for one mile in the evening.

But, it may be asked, is there no advantage in them? There may be some to which I am a stranger; but the only one which I can now think of, is noise draws a crowd. Whether it may be sense or nonsense, noise draws a crowd. So the roaring of artillery, the beating of drums, or any other horrid noise will draw a crowd. It may be said, is not noise essential to earnestness? Not necessarily so. Two persons may be conversing together with the greatest earnestness, and yet a loud word may not be uttered. Their tones and every gesture may show that they are all awake and in earnest. So it may be in preaching and in prayer. On the other hand, there may be many a loud, boisterous, heartless sermon and prayer—sermons and prayers which can no more be felt than the roaring of the ocean. Empty things make the most noise; and so it may sometimes be with empty heads and hearts. I know that great feeling is liable to burst the ordinary bounds; and sometimes there may be a propriety in it. If the Lord is in it, I would say, Amen; but I fear that most generally it is a fire of man's kindling.

But is there anything objectionable in these meetings? "Much, every way." When every one is trying how much noise he can make, it reminds one of a heathen temple, and not of the house of God. There can be no realizing sense of the presence of God, or it would still the noise, and bring order out of confusion. We cannot be noisy and boisterous in the presence of the earthly great, but are gentle and subdued. How much more should there be subdued, affectionate tones and feelings in the presence of the great God. How absurd would be the idea, that Jacob should have been loud and noisy when talking to God at Bethel! He could say, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." Ah! such a place was too awful, too solemn—too high God, to be noisy in. I have seen places too solemn to be noisy in; but I have never seen a noisy meeting that was a solemn one—never one which reminded me of the place where Jacob lay. Let a man realize the presence of the great and holy God, and he cannot pray as though God was away off in heaven, and therefore he must lift up his voice like a trumpet in order to be heard. Let him realize that God is very nigh, and that he is talking with God, and he will be solemn and in earnest, but not noisy. Noise in such a place would seem to him grossly irreverent.

Scenes of noise and confusion often remind me of the prophets of Baal, when Elijah mocked them and said, "Cry aloud; for he is a God: either he is talking, or is pursuing, or is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, &c. If it could be said of our God, perhaps he is sleeping, or talking, or pursuing, or on a journey, then there would be some propriety in speaking loud, so that if possible he may be awaked, or his attention arrested. But if we feel that he is very near to us, and that we are talking to Him, then the heart only needs to be in earnest. The best prayers I have ever heard, have been uttered by those who seemed to feel that God was very nigh them, and they were talking with Him. Their prayers came from the heart, and could be felt as well as heard.

Noisy meetings and prayers are not Christlike. Christ was not noisy. Isaiah says, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street." Isaiah xlii. 2. This is the very opposite of my good neighbor's policy. Jesus was meek and gentle. Hence Paul beseeches us by the meekness and gentleness of Christ. 2 Cor. x. 1. Doves and lambs are not noisy; but dogs, swine, wolves and lions, are; and Satan himself is like a roaring lion! He is noisy and boisterous, and the more confusion, the better he likes it. Witness the heathen worship, of which he is the object. The subdued, earnest, heart-speaking, orderly meeting is Christlike, but the noisy and confused one is not.

Great noise of any kind excites—it stirs up the passions, but it does not spread a holy awe over the soul. It may produce great feeling, whether the Holy Spirit is present or not, and may therefore be very deceptive. I was once travelling in Illinois, and night overtaking me, I obtained lodging with a farmer. They proved to be members of a church, which, I believe, has no members east of the mountains. In their church, a protracted meeting and a great revival was at that time in progress. I accompanied them to the house of God and listened to a sermon from one who had great reputation as a revivalist. There was nothing peculiarly strong, striking, solemn or earnest about it. There was nothing about that was calculated to move or melt—nothing calculated to lead a soul to inquire "what must I do to be saved?" It was quite tame. All was calm and quiet—no peculiar solemnity, no peculiar feeling, and I should not have known from anything which I saw,

heard or felt, that there was a revival there; but at the close of the sermon, the minister with every sentence gave a heavy stamp with his foot, and soon all was noise, excitement and confusion. He seemed to know how to stamp the truth right into them. It was his foot, and not his sermon, that produced all the feeling. Indeed, a foot, with some men, is more effective than brains, heart and tongue.

As noise produces feeling, and often in those meetings there is very little truth presented to the mind, there is very great danger of self-deception. Hence, in many places, multitudes are gathered into the Church and reported, and turned out again during the same year, to go through the same process the coming winter, provided they are not hardened. One of those noisy men, in a church on Heltz's Prairie, one winter took in a hundred members on probation; but in the course of a year or two, I was credibly informed, there was but one left. In three adjoining churches, the case was very little better. A few days ago I heard of a case equally striking, in a church not fifty miles from Philadelphia.

These noisy revivals cause what are termed "burnt districts." A region that has been "burnt over," is a very hopeless place for ministers of other denominations to labor in. There is not only the hardening which the fire has produced, but the Church which has turned them out ever after holds a kind of claim upon them. The Church feels it, and they feel it. Speak to them about their souls and urge them to attend your meeting, and you would be regarded as a proselyter. Let the arrows of the Almighty enter their heart, and instead of going to your inquiry-meeting, they go back to their former Church, as a place of refuge. JAMES KERR.

MEDITATIONS IN THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

BY REV. DANIEL MARCHE, D.D.

It is surprising how indifferent we become to the risk of traveling in these days. Here I have taken my seat at night in the "lightning train," without asking a question about its safety, and already we are rushing away through the darkness five times as fast as a fleet horse travels on a level road. Every bolt and timber in the car trembles with the violence and rapidity of the motion. I cannot stop the train. The reins of the fire-winged steed by which I am drawn, are not in my hands, and if they were, I should not know how to curb its mysterious and terrible power. To leap to the ground would be certain destruction. I have put my life in the hands of men whose faces I have never seen, and the track over which I am flying, with such fearful speed is shrouded in darkness. They do not know, they do not care, who I am, whence I came, or how many others are interested in my return. I do not know when I am shooting over some awful abyss, hanging by a flange of a finger's length to the edge of the precipice, or sweeping through narrow defiles with mountains of rock so near that I could touch them with my hand in passing. I only know that I am thundering on through the darkness, as if drawn by some angry fire-breathing monster, whose open mouth devours the distance before me by miles and by leagues. If any obstacle should mistakenly or maliciously lie upon the track, it would make the whole train a shattered and shapeless wreck in an instant. If a single wheel should deviate a hand's breadth from its appointed path, the heavy tidings of disaster and death will be carried to distant homes, and many families will look in vain for the return of the loved and the lost.

Just here where I am now passing in safety at midnight, a man made a slight misstep from one car to another, yesterday at noon, and the rushing wheels severed his head from his body as quickly as if he had laid it beneath the axe of the guillotine. Just before dark I saw the fragments of a passenger car which had been thrown from the track with all its living freight and dashed to pieces the previous evening. Yesterday morning I crossed a yawning gulf into which a night-train plunged through a broken bridge nine days ago, causing the loss of many lives and untold suffering in a moment. I am, to pass, before morning, along a high embankment, down which a car with thirty passengers rolled a few days ago, as a loosened rock rolls from the side of a mountain. And so, all along the line of travel where I have been and where I am to go, I can count up the way-marks of disaster and of death. And yet I am quietly trusting my life to the assumption that in my case nothing will break, nothing will lie upon the track, no conductor's watch will go wrong, no engineer or signal-man will neglect his duty.

This seems like presumption, and yet how fearful, how similar are the conditions of peril and of safety with which we are surrounded in all the common walks of life. We live every moment in helpless subjection to elements of the most awful and resistless power. The preservation of our lives is momentarily dependent upon the nicest balancing of forces which are ever struggling against each other, and which are utterly beyond our control. We shudder when the swift car hurls us along the edge of the precipice, or over the deep gulf in which other travelers have found their grave. And yet the elements of the air we breathe are adjusted to each other with such critical accuracy, that a very slight change in their proportions would cause

the whole earth to burst into devouring fire, or would stop the breath of every breathing creature with instantaneous suffocation. The vast earth hangs upon nothing in empty space, sweeping around the sun a thousand times swifter than the swiftest railroad train ever flies; it leans upon the plain of its orbit, as a racer leans upon his path while he runs; and if it should lean a little more or a little less, or if it should once break over its unfenced track, every house of the living would become the habitation of the dead. The electrical energy slumbering in the draught of water with which we quench our thirst, is great and terrible enough to darken the heavens with tempests and to shake the foundation of the eternal hills with its thunders.

We are walking every moment upon the very brink of the awful abyss of death and eternity. The taper of life burns with so feeble a flame that it can be put out with a breath. The current of life is kept in its channel by partitions thin as the paper on which I write. A sudden motion, a single misstep, a trifling mistake, may transfer an immortal being from time to eternity. The spirit is bound to the flesh by such feeble chains, the organs and functions of life in our bodies are dependent upon so many contingences, that we should scarcely dare move, speak or breathe, if we saw the inner workmanship and movements of the living machine, lest we should destroy the structure or derange its operation. God's shielding hand has mercifully hidden from our eyes the mysterious energies that are ever acting within us and all around us, as if it were true of his most marvellous works, as it is of Him, that no man can look on them and live. And he would thus teach us to trust in the wisdom of the providence which we cannot comprehend, and to hold ourselves in readiness for the events of the future which we cannot foresee. It matters little to us that the pathway of life must lie upon the very brink of the abyss of death, if we trust for guidance and support to the hand that is almighty. We need not ask how close we are walking upon the boundaries of the unseen world, if we look for protection to Him whose kingdom is the universe and whose habitation is eternity.

Miscellaneous.

THE PREY TAKEN FROM THE MIGHTY.

A message came to me one day that a poor woman had threatened to destroy herself in consequence of the ill-treatment of her husband, who spent in drink the money which should have provided food for her and her children. Through the Lord's mercy I was enabled to supply their immediate wants, and the poor mother then listened to the message of salvation. Some days afterwards I met the husband in a state of intoxication. I stopped him and asked if he was determined to be lost. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I know you mean me good. I know what you say to me is true. I know the Bible says the drunkard shall have his place in the lake of fire, and I am going there as fast as I can. There is no peace for the drunkard here or hereafter. Don't think a poor drunkard can be happy. No, sir, I am not happy." "Well," said I, "why don't you give up your drunkenness and come to Jesus?" "I can't, sir; I have tried, and there is no more try in me. I have no power. I am in the hands of the devil, and he is too strong for me." "Does your heart groan under this bondage?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, the devil shall give you up; he shall hold you any longer; you shall be delivered. Come to the meeting to-morrow." "Me come to the meeting, sir! Look here, sir, am I fit to come?" "Ah," said I, "that is what the devil gives to those who serve him—tags."

The poor man had but little clothing, so I lent him a large cape, and he came to the meeting. He was brought under deep conviction of sin, and went home intending to cut his throat, but he thought there was no mercy for him. But "the lawful captive shall be delivered," and the man was kept from self-destruction by the hand of Him who is mighty to save. He fell on his knees and cried for mercy, and presently the Lord gave him deliverance. He is now walking as a new man; all things have become new to him, and to his wife also. All who knew him bear witness to the great fact of his conversion, and his wife and children have good reason to know it, for they are cared for, clothed and fed. Praise the Lord!—*The Revival.*

DEATH OF PROFESSOR AYTOUN.

Prof. Aytoun, a distinguished literary character of Edinburgh, and writer of numerous articles in Blackwood, is dead. He is best known to Presbyterians by his "Lays of the Cavaliers," a volume of poetry in which he attempts the herculean task of relieving the characters of the bloody and persecuting cavaliers of the richly-deserved infamy to which history has consigned them. *The London and Edinburgh Weekly Review*, in a recent article on his death, thus speaks of his efforts in that direction:

Had the ballads been published without note or comment, one might have accepted their fervid Jacobitism as the evidence of a poet's power of transferring himself to a past century, and assuming the gait and swagger of a "Scottish Cavalier, all of the olden time." But Mr. Aytoun is not content with this; and, in elaborate notes, he tries, most unsuccessfully, to overturn the judgment of historians and of all true Scottish patriots, and to throw glamour in the eyes of his readers by presenting Claverhouse and his persecuting party as models of loyal and even loveable men. It is amazing how far Mr. Aytoun allows himself to go in this direction. "When we look," he says, "at the portrait of Claverhouse, and survey the calm, melancholy, and beautiful features of the devoted soldier, it appears almost incredible that he should have provoked so much calumny and misrepresentation. His contemporaries de-

scribe him as one who was stainless in his honor, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced many of the Scottish statesmen of the time."

Let us turn from this fancy portrait to the stern fact of the murder of John Brown, of Priesthill, by the hand of Claverhouse. We take the account from the History of Lord Macaulay, who was ready enough to sneer at the "nasal twang of the conventicle," but whose regard for truth compelled the following narrative:—"John Brown, the poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men, who remembered the evil days, described him as one versed in divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the 1st of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner, for the wife of the poor man was present. She led one little child by the hand; it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another, and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony—"Well, sir, well, the day of reckoning will come;" and that the murderer replied, "To man, I can answer for what I have done, and, as for God, I will take him into my own hand."

This is the man whom Professor Aytoun delights to honor, and of whom, in the end of one of his most spirited lays, he sings:—
"Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country;
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep! and fill the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea;
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!"

It is well known that Viscount Dundee fell early in the battle of Killcreegan, and in Dr. McCrie's "Sketches of Church History" it is recorded to the discredit of the defenders of Claverhouse, that when his body was found among the slain it was naked, having been stripped by those Highlanders who are said to have almost worshipped him. Well may Dr. McCrie add that, "ever renewed attempt to vindicate his atrocities only serves to show that it were truer wisdom on the part of his admirers to let his name fall, if possible, into oblivion."

THE PLANTER AND THE NEGRO SCHOOL.

No man about Nashville is better known than General Harding. His plantation is one of the finest in Tennessee, and he went into the rebellion with all his soul. But he has been subdued, has taken all the oaths, and seems disposed to observe them. He has on his plantation a hundred and ten negroes—the remnant of a once valuable stock owned before the war. General Fisk went out to General Harding's to talk with him, and the colored people, about a school. When the matter was first broached, Mr. Harding expressed himself in strong terms against it. "He was willing to pay for the work he obtained, but a colored school he would 'never have on his plantation.'" However, a meeting was called, General Harding introduced General Fisk, told who he was, what was his business, and sat down. Then the General took the floor, and explained his views in regard to a school. The scene just there and then formed a spectacle worthy the pencil of a Raphael. There sat the ex-rebel planter and General, and before him a congregation of ex-slaves, whose dusky faces, when they heard of the school, were lighted up with a joy better imagined than described.

After hearing the General and beholding the enthusiasm of the blacks, Mr. Harding gracefully surrendered one of the most wicked prejudices of the South, and agreed that a school should be opened on his plantation, to which he would give all possible encouragement! As soon as arrangements can be made and a suitable teacher procured, a school of sixty children will be opened. General Harding pays his men eight dollars per month, his women six dollars, clothes and feeds them, gives them the whole of every Saturday to themselves, and furnishes each one with a truck patch free. Many of his hands, however, desire to rent land and manage their own affairs so as to get ahead in the world. When urging this upon General Fisk's attention, one shrewd old man said: "We will pay a good rent, and work hard. We is honest niggers, and want to deal justicely."—*Cin. Gazette.*

THE CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

How difficult would it be to name a noble figure, a sweet smile, or a tender and attractive relationship, in which Jesus is not set forth to woo the reluctant sinner, and cheer the desponding saint. Am I wounded? He is balm. Am I sick? He is medicine. Am I naked? He is clothing. Am I poor? He is wealth. Am I hungry? He is bread. Am I thirsty? He is water. Am I in debt? He is a surety. Am I in darkness? He is a sun. Have I a house to build? He is a rock. Must I face the black and gathering storm? He is an anchor, sure and steadfast. Am I to be tried? He is an advocate. Is sentence passed, and am I condemned? He is pardon. To deek him out and set him forth, Nature curls her finest flowers, brings her choicest ornaments, and lays her treasures at his feet. The skies contribute their stars; the sea gives up its pearls; from fields and mines and mountains, earth brings the tribute of her gold and gems, and myrrh and frankincense—the lily of the valley, the clustered vine, and the fragrant rose of Sharon. He is "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," "the fulness of the Godhead bodily."—*Gospel in Ezekiel.*