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Religious Miscellany.

"SOLDIER OF CHRIST, WELL DONE."

On Sabbath, April 17th, Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Lafayette, Ind., held a memorial service for the eminent men of our Church recently deceased. The pastor, Rev. N. L. Brakeman, preached an appropriate sermon in the morning from Micah vi. 9: "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name; hearken ye the word and who hath appointed it." A large congregation attended, and a deep feeling of sadness and solemnity rested upon the people. The pastor referred to Harper, Burlingame, Cornell, McClintock, Foss, and Bishop Thompson and Kingsley, and the lessons God is teaching the Church in their sudden removal from us.

In concluding the allusion to Bishop Kingsley, Mr. B. quoted the following lines from Montgomery, which seemed peculiarly appropriate—especially the couplet.

"His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight."
"Soldier of Christ! well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran soldier on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield;
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

On with its fiery force,
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid resistless, in his course,
The alien-armies low;
Beats on such glorious toil,
The word to him was spelt:
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke and caught his Captain's eye;
Then strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its incumbent clay;
He staid, at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened rain lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's fierce warfare, closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Servant of God! well done,
Praised be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

CHRISTIANITY.

Rev. Dr. Jos. P. Thompson, of Broadway Tabernacle—Congregational—New York, has earned by his patient researches and scholarly publications—"Man in Genesis and Geology" being among the latter—his well-deserved reputation as one of the ablest theologians in America. When it was announced that he was to deliver the eighth Ingham Lecture before the Ohio Wesleyan University, on Sabbath last, general interest was excited. He followed the inductive method of reasoning, and led those who heard him irresistibly to his conclusion that Christianity is the religion that complements and completes the whole system of truth, and that he did not thoroughly understand, and there was a charming freshness and vigor in all his thoughts. I subjoin a very imperfect outline of his eloquent and powerful lecture.

It is said of Comte that toward the close of life he openly confessed that the human mind could not rest satisfied without a belief in independent will or powers that interfere in the events of the world. — Whether Comte really made this admission is of minor importance; what concerns us is that the thing itself is true: the fact that the human mind is necessarily theological; that thought inquires as to religion; that metaphysical inquiry leads us at last to the absolute; that the induction of physical facts and the unification of the laws of the universe, through the correlation of forces lead us to the conception of a spiritual cause or power; and that the study of human society upon the broad scale of nations and of ages, forces us to conclude with Spencer, that "religion everywhere present, as a well running through the veins of human history, expresses some eternal fact." — Religious questions have been largely and fluctuating, but the question of religion has suffered no abatement of its necessity to the individual soul, nor of its importance to the welfare of mankind. Whether, with Mr. Lecky, one regards religion as a mode of emotion—in distinction from theology, which consists of intellectual propositions—or with Kant, holds that, although the speculative reason cannot demonstrate the existence of God, nevertheless the practical reason imposes upon us the ideal of the supreme good, and the moral obligations that are inseparable from that ideal; whether, with Comte, he "refers the obligations of duty, as well as all sentiments of devotion, to a concrete object, at once ideal and real—the human race conceived as one great real"—or with Herbert Spencer, finds the root of religion in "the mystery of an inscrutable power in the universe," whether he inclines with Mill, to accept a belief in "the infinite nature of duty" as a sufficient cause for religion—a creed and an authority, a faith and a law; or he accepts the sublime simplicity of Schleiermacher's definition, that religion is "the feeling of dependence upon the absolute;"—under all these forms of modern speculation there lies the common conviction of the irrepressible reality of religion—a reality testified alike by the instincts of the soul, by its national convictions and its moral obligations, by the facts of nature and the course of history.

It is of this religion that pertains to man himself, that I propose to speak; of the sources of his knowledge—man, nature, God; and the seat of his authority not in reason nor in revelation, but in that higher sphere where the truths of all sciences, of physical and metaphysical, and all revelation, the secondary and the supernatural,

like the colors of the spectrum, reresolved, blend in pure and perfect light.

In a search after such a religion we are bound by nothing save by allegiance to the truth.

Truth is the demand of every honest mind in whatever sphere of investigation. Truth is the pole of every explorer, around which he hopes to find an open sea, and either safe anchorage or a sure outlet into the infinite; but the star that must guide to that pole is religion, which there sits enthroned above all night, unchanged by all the revolutions of the world.

Three constituents enter into this question of religion, and are inseparable from it—Nature, Man, and God; and upon their relative adjustment depends the solution of the problem.

When nature is the central object, religion is divided between superstition and naturalism. When man is made the chief factor in the world-scheme, the type of religion is humanism, whether as hero-worship or as self-assertion. And there is also a conception of God which relegates him to the sphere of the past or the unknown—a deism which postulates nothing concerning the Deity but the infinite and the absolute, and ends with making of God an infinite and absolute nothing. But God is conceived to man as a conception, unless he is conceived of as an objective, substantive reality, possessing personality, will, authority; and God is nothing to us as the cause of nature, unless he is the author of nature in a sense that distinguishes him from nature, and sets him above nature, as the intelligent and controlling cause of all things that are or are to be. But this view may be exaggerated upon the other side, that God becomes the *Deus ex machina*, and the miracle or the intervention is ever at hand to supply any defect of observation or logic upon the facts of nature. And so, paradoxical as it may seem, religion may be falsified by introducing into it too much of God! Let us try now whether, by a fair process of induction, we can arrive at a view of religion which shall comprehend, in just and harmonious proportions, all the facts and factors of the problem.

Looking into Nature we discover *law*, omnipresent and universal. — This is the first lesson Nature teaches. But to rest in that lesson would be superficial. Observing more closely we find in the adjustment of laws one to another a principle of *order*, by virtue of which, as in the eccentric chuck of a lathe, or in a turbine wheel, motions or forces in seeming contrariety are combined in a result that neither could have produced without the other. — This second lesson from nature conducts us to a third, namely, an *end* had in view in the laws and the order that we everywhere discover about us. This thought was happily illustrated by reference to nature and man. Law, order, end, are the primary notions within the plane of the material. And so Science, which by whatever way she leads us, "brings us in every direction to boundaries we cannot cross," then brings us to awe of the invisible — to religion, to a something that binds us with the sentiment of reverence and of obligation. But is that something only an "inscrutable power," or is it a manifested intelligence clothed with personality? Science gives facts—shows no power or causal agency working by uniform and orderly methods, or by particular combination toward some end of beauty, utility, or necessity; then the mind, neither syllogizing nor theorizing, declares, "I can form no conception, but of Intelligence that purposed this marshaling of forces and laws for this end." Moreover, the physical facts and laws that Science brings to light have moral uses and ends.

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the realization of some ultimate good; and retribution, denoting the action of a moral law upon society, as a whole, in the interest of justice, and for the sentence of inquiry; and these great facts in the world's history, demanding a solution, bring us once more face to face with religion—

"And so the whole round earth is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

This nature and man contribute alike to raise the question of religion, and furnish the data in this great problem, but leave the problem unsolved. And yet they seem to have built layer upon layer, like the narrowing courses of a pyramid, the platform that lifts us toward its solution. Like the majestic hall Tompion describes, as built by invisible power, for the coming of Arthur:

"For all the sacred mount of Camelot,
And all the dim rich city, roof by roof,
The roof after tower, spire beyond spire,
By grove and garden lawn, and rushing brook,
Climbs to the mighty hall that Merlin built,
And four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt
With many a mystic symbol, guard the hall,
And in the lowest basements are slaying men;
And in the second men are slaying beasts;
And on the third are warriors, perfect men;
And on the fourth are men with a growing wings,
And over all one statue in the mold
Of Arthur, made by Merlin, with a crown,
And peak'd wings pointed to the northern star,
And eastward from the statue; and the crown
And both the wings are made of gold, and flame
At sunset, till the people in far fields
Wasted so often by the heathen hordes,
Behold it, crying, 'We have still a king!'"

Does the statue that crowns the pyramid built up of nature, of history, and of humanity, bear upon it the name of God? That God himself, and in London alone I found six hundred and fifty-two members of our society who were exceedingly clear in their experience, and of whose testimony I could see no reason to doubt, and that "every one of these has declared that his deliverance from sin was *instantaneous*, that the change was wrought in a moment."

Would it not be well for us all as ministers to give the same attention to this glorious doctrine that Mr. Wesley did in his day? Would not our success in our high calling be correspondingly great? May the baptism of fire and power come down upon the entire ministry and membership of our beloved Zion!

R. A. ARTHUR.
W. Advocate.

OBSTACLES TO MISSIONARY LABOUR AND THEIR PROVISIONAL REMEDIES.

The frequent return home of missionaries to distant fields has been matter of some anxiety at home, but much more to the missionaries themselves. When the whole subject comes to be perfectly understood at home, there will I am sure, be the most entire harmony and good understanding between the missionaries and the Church, as well as between the missionaries and the Missionary Board.

The climate of India, and the same is true of Southern China, is very debilitating to foreigners. Long continued residence in these countries, without returning to a cooler climate from time to time, is certain to be followed by impaired health and an early death. Various efforts have been made to establish Sanitariums in the mountains both in India and China, and with some good results. But physicians in both countries say, that neither these nor any other expedient known can do away the necessity of a return home occasionally for the purpose of recruiting both body and mind. During the winter season the weather is delightfully pleasant, but there are six months in the year, in which the heat is like the breath of an oven. All movements in the open air must be abandoned, or nearly so, and every effort resorted to during the season to keep breathing. Some remarkably strong constitutions can stand it for one, two or three years to work on through this terribly hot weather, but such temerity is soon to be visited by the penalty affixed to its impudence at no distant period.

The English Government, as the result of long experience in India, has found it good policy, financially, as well as every other way to allow men in the civil service to return home after eight years, and spend two years in recruiting; after this they remain in India five years, and are allowed again to return, and during twenty years, they are allowed to return three times, at the expiration of which they are released altogether, with a pension for the remainder of their lives.

Something of the same sort, so far as returning home to recruit is concerned, is beginning to be felt as a necessity by all Missionary Boards who have for any considerable time had a force in these fields of labour. That missionaries going to distant fields should be expected to make these fields of labor their life work is proper. It costs the Society a large amount of money to send a man to a foreign field, pay his salary while he acquires the language, and pay a man for being constantly with him as his teacher. And it is not reasonable that men thus fitted for usefulness to the Church, at the expense of the Missionary Society, should devote their lives to its interests. But this by no means implies that there is any propriety in a man's remaining and dying in India, when by recruiting for a couple of years he might be efficient for another ten years to come, and so on from time to time. It is certainly much better to save a man's life who is already prepared for efficient service in the missionary field, than to have him stay and die, when he is just prepared to be most useful, and then take up a new man and prepare him to be useful, and leave him in like manner to die. From what I have already seen, and I have carefully studied this question, both among our own and other missions, I know that the missionaries are exceedingly averse to coming home to recruit as are, and this unwillingness frequently leads them to remain so long, that they can never fully regain their health again even by leaving their fields for a time. This state of things is a part of the order of God's providence, and may just as well be accepted as such first as last. It is a part of the cross of Christ as embodied in missionary labor. Foreign missionary work, at least so far as India and China are concerned, is particularly severe on American females, and all I have to say in regard to men, applies to them in all its force, with this additional fact

and served with all the *poises*. This, as Methodists, we have said, is the privilege of the Christian in this life; and we have further said that this privilege may be secured *instantaneously* by an act of faith as justification was.

"Why, then, have we so few living witnesses that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanse from all sin? Among primitive Methodists the experience of this high attainment in religion may justly be said to have been common; now a profession of it is rarely to be met with among us." Such was the language contained in the Pastoral Address of the General Conference of 1852.

"The Catechism teaches holiness. 'What is sanctification? That act of Divine grace whereby we are made holy. 'May every believer be wholly sanctified in this life?'"

"Yes, God's command is 'Ye love me, for I am holy,' and his promise is, that 'If we confess our sins he will cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'"

The foregoing is evidence sufficient to show that the doctrine of holiness, or entire sanctification, is a fundamental doctrine of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I conclude by referring the reader to Wesley's Sermons, Vol. ii, page 223, showing how to consider this doctrine, and what attention he gave it. In 1762 he desired that man of God, Thomas Walsh, to have a meeting of the foundery in London, of all who professed the blessing of holiness. "Not trusting to the testimony of others," says Mr. Wesley, "I carefully examined most of those myself, and in London alone I found six hundred and fifty-two members of our society who were exceedingly clear in their experience, and of whose testimony I could see no reason to doubt, and that 'every one of these has declared that his deliverance from sin was *instantaneous*, that the change was wrought in a moment."

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that they usually require to return and recruit their health two or three years sooner than men. Besides all that has been said on the debilitating effects of the climate, there are other reasons why our missionaries should be allowed to come home occasionally. Without witnessing it, one can not realize what a difference there is in the entire mental and moral atmosphere between a heathen and a Christian country.

While one is bright, and cheerful, and hopeful, and warm and enterprising; the other is dark, and dreary and cold, and stagnant and desponding. It revives the spirits, and gives new life to the whole man to return and see how (Christianity) moves the world; to feel its warm sympathy, and breathe its heavenly atmosphere. They return to their work much more vigorous and buoyant, in soul and body, for a season of contact with Christian hearts and homes in their own native Christian land.

Let me urge the Church at home, when these missionaries come among you to recruit filling health, receive them cheerfully to your hearts. For God's sake, don't add to their afflictions by implied censure of their course. If you had seen them meet as I have done, in anguish, when the truth could no longer be concealed, that they must leave their work, I know you would rather soothe than further afflict them.

We may make up our minds just as well first as last, that our missionaries for these foreign fields must at all times exceed by about one-sixth the actual working force, or perhaps by a little larger fraction. In counting the cost of proclaiming salvation to every creature this must be taken into the account.

It seems to me there is an important lesson for the Church in facts which we have been discussing, namely: that we shall conduct all our foreign missions with a view of their becoming self-supporting at the earliest period. In missionary speeches, men sometimes indulge in a calculation as to how many men and how much money would be necessary to supply the whole human population with the Gospel. It is one of the most impractical schemes ever dreamed of to think of supplying these teeming millions of India and China with the Gospel from a foreign country. All that can be hoped for, is that the Gospel will be introduced, Churches organized, and put in a shape to take care of themselves, and, in turn, diffuse the blessings of Christianity through the great mass of human society. This is the Gospel doctrine of the leaves of the heavenly kingdom.

When Paul established Churches, as a missionary, he had not behind him a great Missionary Society with its Treasury and its Board; still he organized Churches, and put the responsibility upon them of taking care of themselves. I believe we must imitate the apostle in committing more fully and more rapidly the work to native preachers. It is true they often fail to come up to the full measure of the Christian standard, and sometimes make bad failures. But so they did in the times of the apostles; and so they sometimes do in our own times. I believe faith in God, and faith in the work of God in heathen lands requires the reposing of this confidence in our native brethren.

Questions of the gravest moment connected with this subject already present upon us. I believe there is now material sufficient for a fair Annual Conference of native preachers in China, and another in India, but I did not consider myself as having authority to organize such native Conferences, without certain adjustments, which the General Conference only is capable of making. But I am satisfied that in both countries, the putting of this responsibility upon the native preachers will have to be done, before anything on an extensive scale will be accomplished by way of evangelization. For obvious reasons, mixed Conferences in either country will be but temporary expedients. The great work of evangelization must be accomplished by native preachers raised up in each country respectively.

C. KINGSLY.
General Miscellany.

DR. GUTHRIE.
BY REV. HENRY BAYLIES, A. M.

I listened to Spurgeon and Dudson in London on the same Sabbath. Both were fondly in manner and open to severe criticism. They were so unlike that they could not be compared, only contrasted. Spurgeon seemed to forget his sermon in his overwhelming solicitude in behalf of his hearers; Dudson seemed to forget his hearers in his solicitude to pronounce his discourse in the studied phrase in which it had been prepared. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, seemed to me to combine the excellencies of both these famous preachers without the defects of either. To say he had no faults would be to pronounce him more than human. To criticize him, however, would be hypocritical. I think I am not alone in the opinion that Dr. Guthrie is, in all the greatest preachers in Europe.

It is not my purpose, however, in this paper to defend this position, being content to let it pass for what it is worth. I only propose to sketch a visit to his church and a personal interview with him in his vestry. At this time he was in health, and preaching in St. John's Free Church, of which he had long been pastor. Visiting his church on Sabbath afternoon, one was quite sure to hear him, while at other hours he would often be disappointed. A stranger would not be impressed with an especial feeling of welcome as he read a "Notice" on the front gate of the church something like this: "Persons not hiring seats will go to the school-room beneath the church." As I did not hire a seat, I passed down the hill into the basement, where I found 150 or 200 men and women in waiting. While the first psalm was being sung, the door opening up into the church was unlocked, and such a rush would do credit to a theatre or lecture room. When I brought up the rear and entered the audience room, every seat in the spacious room was occupied, and I gained only a standing place at the head of the gallery stairs.

The singing (hull and doxy, like all I had heard in Ireland and Scotland) over, the Dr. began his prayer before the congregation were at all quiet. His prayer was prayer—thoughtful, earnest, importunate, and accompanied by a great deal of bodily motion and contortion.

Before he had pronounced the amen of his prayer, he seized his psalm-book, opened it, and was in full blast reading before the audience were seated. His Scripture lesson was Heb. xi. With equal haste he again grasped his psalm-book and gave out the 31st Psalm. Before the singing was ended he was on his feet, and hardly had the voice of song ceased, when he announced his text. This, however, was done with remarkable moderation: "We walk by faith, not by sight." He announced this as the continuation of his last Lord's day discourse. His introduction was illustrative of faith, in which, most prominently, he likened the revelations of the telescope in bringing distant objects nearer and making dim objects clear, to the revelations of faith. I will quote only one passage from the notes of this discourse, not because it was the most eloquent, but for the sentiment thus expressed by a Scotch Presbyterial minister: "Minister worship, Sabbath worship, alike equally sin as the image worship of Popish service. Why are we so few good? Some answer, Because of the sovereignty of God. Not so. The explanation lies nearer home. God is honest when He says, 'Come unto Me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved.' Don't put that on God; it belongs to the devil. Why do not preachers bring more souls to Christ? Because they trust too much to their sermons. Like Gehazi, they lay the staff, no matter whether it be ebony or ivory, upon the face of the child, and expect that will bring to life. We must trust in the Holy Spirit. Adam Clark, when asked by a young preacher how to preach, replied, 'Go and study yourself to death, and then pray yourself alive again.' That is the way."

The discourse was earnest throughout. Though addressed to the cottages rather than to the intellectual, the most frigidly intellectual hearer could but admire the discourse and be profited by it. He seemed quite careless of manner or language, or rounded polished periods, provided he could only persuade his hearers. The most ignorant of his audience could readily understand him, and the most learned could admire.

Dr. Guthrie was, at the time I heard him, sixty years old. I should judge him six feet four in height, not heavy and yet not slight. His head is full size, with high and flat forehead, a little bald, the hair combed forward so as to quite cover his ears. His face is rather shaven except a little grey beard left forgotten beneath his ears. While speaking he seemed very uneasy, twisting his body as only a long lean man can. Frequently he shoved his right hand impetuously into an outside pocket of his gown, and frequently used the back of the forefinger thereof to wipe his uneasy and dripping nose. He evidently speaks without embarrassment, for his mouth seems always super-charged with saliva, which sometimes overflows, unless he is expert at catching it with his oft-used handkerchief or his often substituted forefinger. He occasionally indulges in broad Scotch, as "Who hath bewitched ye?" "strawled" for strolled; "rawling away" for rolling.

Sermon over, a "penny collection" taken, and the audience were dismissed. I took a seat in the ante-room or vestry near my standing place to avoid the crowd in stairs and in aisles. A babe was there waiting baptism. Thinking this a favorable opportunity to enjoy a nearer view of this truly great man, I kept my sitting in the ante-room, and appeared to be in great haste. He took off his bands and threw them on a table, threw off his gown upon a settee, cast hurried looks at me two or three times, and while in his shirt sleeves addressed me, saying, "I ought to know you." I replied, giving my name, stating I was from Arden. He at once reached out his long arm and gave me a cordial grasp of the hand, saying, "I am very glad to see you; I would not have you to call and see me if I were not going away to-morrow for my vacation; but if you are here in August and September I shall be very glad to see you." He then turned quickly and spoke to a Mr. Bell, and then again to me, asking what part of America I was from. When I remarked incidentally that I was a Methodist preacher, he replied, "I know a good many Methodists; we are greatly indebted to the Methodists. Methodism saved the Church in this land. Your body is the most numerous in America." He then turned to a boy making some request, and again addressing me, said, "I wish I was to be at home, but if you are in the city you must call in August or September. I have been invited to visit America, but do not know as I ever shall." — "I would like to." He then proceeded to the baptism, which was performed quite impressively. After baptism I rose to go, when he took my hand again, accompanied me to the stairs, and said, in reply to my remark as to his position on the question of slavery, "I hope you sympathize with me; you must crush out slavery and every other sin that mars the beauty of your beautiful land. Good-by; blessings on you."

He seems to be in earnest in everything. Entranced by its earnestness, one soon forgets or does not see a certain coarseness in pulpit voice and manner which strikes a stranger as the result of a want of early cultivation. By his thoroughly cordial manner in social intercourse, he at once charms the stranger of all embarrassment and wins his love.

No one can be more impressed than myself with the interest of this sketch, yet such was Rev. Thos. Guthrie, D. D., of Scotland, as I saw him.—*Zion's Herald*.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

One Saturday night, on the Cumberland Mountains, after a hard day's march east of McMinnville, we stopped for the night. The soldiers of the rear guard bivouacked in the road, and in an adjacent orchard and yard. The stragglers, sick and convalescent, were in our charge, and were lying in and under ambulances and wagons. After a scanty supper of "hard tack" and coffee, we sought repose on a pile of boxes in one of the wagons, where we soon fell asleep, and awoke at dawn, hurried by breakfast, and rode to head-quarters, about two or three miles ahead, to report. It was clearly impossible with the increasing crowd of

broken-down men, to keep near the army in another day's forced march. We met Gen. D. and said: "General, the men in the rear are so broken down by the march of yesterday that we cannot keep near you to-day." "I cannot help it," said he, "war is not very amiable, as you will learn; bring them on as fast as you can, you may have to abandon them before the night; we must push on." Orders were constantly going out with orders, regiments were in line, the order to march was given, and we rode to the rear that beautiful Sabbath morning with some sadness and not a little foreboding. Our disorganized and jaded men did not want to march, and would have risked any kind of danger rather than move, but there was no chance to stop. The wagons were filled with the weakest men, others fell in line, and we slowly moved on until about 9 o'clock, when orders came to halt. We soon found that the expedition had been nearly frustrated, that the enemy could not be found, and that we must turn back. We were obliged to wait until the main body had passed us on the return, and then we wearily followed all day, and until about 11 o'clock at night. Some of our scouts had found a lot of cattle, and a company of men under command of Lieut. Moody, son of Col. Granville Moody, were bringing the cattle along. We had gradually fallen farther in the rear, until we were about four or five miles from the place where the troops had bivouacked for the night. Lieut. Moody came to us and proposed to halt, kill a beef, and give the men something to eat. We agreed to supply army bread, coffee and sugar; some salt was found, an ox was killed and cut up in a few minutes, and was killed, water boiled, coffee made, and meat broiled. While this was being done, we fell into a profound sleep, overcome with fatigue and fasting. Tom, our constant and faithful attendant, awoke us between 12 and 1 o'clock, and presented us a fine piece of broiled steak, a tin cup full of good coffee, and some "hard tack." Never before had we such a feast. Carefully wrapping up the remains of our beef in a piece of an old newspaper, and stowing it away in a haversack, we thought it safest to urge the men forward, not knowing how near we were either to our friends or foes. On over the mountain, and down its rugged sides we pressed, until at daylight we came in sight of the bivouac. It was a strange sight that we beheld looking down the slopes upon the singularly mottled groups of sleeping men before us. Some were wrapped in all colours and qualities. Squares of heads stuck out from under large carpets. We could not help laughing at the grotesque scene. An air of fun as well as comfort enveloped the landscape. *Hercules* looked from head-quarters, in a moment men were astir, and loud laughing greeted us as company after company arose and looked at the ridiculous appearance of their neighbours. Our own command was about equal to *Falstaff's* ragged recruits, and excited general laughter as we slowly marched along. A surgeon, whose name we have forgotten, standing by the road-side, looked feeble and sick. We stopped a moment to speak with him—he mounted his horse and we rode along together. He said: "I am sick and very hungry." I ate nothing yesterday but "hard tack." I cannot eat bacon. If I could get some fresh beef I would feel better." We took out our beef and gave it to him. It was black and shaly, but he ate it with good looks, and heartily thanked us. We never gave away anything more willingly, and never received heartier thanks.

What then of this marching? Much every way as you can testify. We have seen men march all day and all night, then nearly all next day. Men would give out, lie down and risk death rather than move. We found it impossible to get the men along. Some managed to get drunk, and they cursed when we tried to get them to march. Some would not even ride. They would lie down and swear they would not go another step. They were left to their fate, and we never heard of them again. We put as many as we could on wagons, others, poor fellows, struggled on, though sick and worn out, and those men generally improved. Will-power in a soldier gives him wonderful force. A sergeant said to us one morning on this same march: "I am sick and can scarcely walk, but there are men here who cannot walk at all, let them ride, I will try to walk;" and he did walk all day and most all night, and really improved, rising above his infirmities by the power of his will. We were out eight days and nights; five of those nights we marched. Until the last step, many of the men bravely held up, but the reaction caused much sickness, and among the rest we sank under the exhaustion, and only rallied after a long rest. Marching, weary, wasting and anxious was the cause of many a noble soldier's fall. Generally an army will be healthier and move some every day, but forced marches and loss of sleep are deadly. Men cannot live without regular sleep. An hour lost each night will soon wear a man out. A night march is terrible. During the weary hours of that Sunday night, we passed men who had fallen utterly exhausted. Poor fellows! what became of them we know not. A squad of Irishmen of some means had fallen behind, until they got clear to the rear, far away from their company and regiment. We told them to hurry on, they cheerfully promised that they would all come in. They were merry as larks, joking, laughing, and helping each other. One poor fellow of their company finally gave out; all of them stopped by a mountain brook, where he got a cool drink of water, washed his blistered feet, and so recruited as to be able to trudge slowly along. After a while another one gave out, and then they all lay down and slept till morning. They stuck together, and came in all right.

Some men manifest a generosity that makes one love his race better; others are indescribably selfish and mean. We have seen men give their horses to a wearied companion, and take their chances on foot. We have seen the tenderest interest taken in a sick companion; when pity and love like a mother's would watch over the unfortunate soldier. Alas, we have seen men act so heartlessly, that it would be difficult to find among devils meaner spirits. The good and kind acts among our soldiers far exceeded the bad.

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