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LETTERS ON THE SOUTH.—VII.

NEW ORLEANS TO VICKSBURG.

Glimpses of Old Plantations—Sugar Estates on the Lower Mississippi—Baton Rouge and Governor McEnery—Major Burke—Vicksburg by Moonlight—Memorials of the Siege—Ride round the Town the next morning—The Teton Cemetery.

If anybody has a desire to see Plantation life somewhat as it used to be in the old days, and as it appeared in its best estate, he can hardly find it showing to better advantage anywhere in the South than in the hundred miles above New Orleans. The Delta of the Mississippi is like the Delta of the Nile for richness: and even richer, since it does not depend on the annual overflow of the Great River to keep up its fertility. Nothing in the Valley of the Nile can equal these "bottomlands" of the Mississippi. Here are the great sugar estates, whose owners were always considered the Southern nabobs. With inexhaustible natural wealth to draw upon, the planters grew rich, and built the stately mansions which we see, as we look out of the windows, surrounded with magnolias and orange trees, behind which at a distance are the long rows of white-washed cabins of the negroes. What an Arcadian picture of peace and plenty, and what a scene for the display of the beauties of the Patriarchal Institution!

In such a country, and with such a climate, slavery (which is very much a matter of climate) springs up quite naturally. It is a system which flourishes most in hot climates, where the very temperature disposes the superior race to life easily, and to impose the burden of labor upon others. In Africa itself slavery seems to be a product of the burning heat as much as the palms on the desert. And so here it seemed to agree well with this half-African climate and this half-tropical vegetation. The superficial traveller is very apt to take such a view of the fitness of things, and, as he rides over a country "where it is always afternoon," and feels its soft languor creeping over him, he almost regrets the absence of an institution which made life so easy that it moved on without friction or worry of any kind; in which the planter (who is of course supposed to have been always generous and indulgent) was truly the patriarch of his large family, the protector as well as proprietor of his people, under whose gentle rule they lived and died with the minimum of labor and without a particle of care!

But with all the poetry and the sunshine that can be put into slavery, there were connected with it some possibilities which one cannot contemplate with a tranquil mind. "Papa," said a little fellow who was born since the war, "Did you ever own my old Mammy?" "Yes, my son; but why do you ask?" "Do you mean that you owned her just as you own 'Daisy'?"—a favorite horse. The father could not deny it. "And that you could sell her just as you could sell 'Daisy'?" "Yes," the child made no reply, but went away dazed by a thought which put his little heart in fierce rebellion. And it set his father (who was a very kind-hearted man) thinking too! As he afterwards confessed to a friend, "He had never thought of slavery exactly in that light." The possibility of selling the old nurse of his child—one who had loved that boy as his own mother—struck him as never before, and he inwardly gave thanks that such horrors could no more be enacted in the sight of heaven.

Those who predicted ruin to this beautiful country if slavery were abolished, will be satisfied (I hope not pained) to find that it still lives, and is apparently as flourishing as ever. If here and there an old planter, disgusted at the emancipation of his slaves, has forsaken the place of his birth, he did not carry it away with him: "he left the land behind," and the strong hands to till it, so that his deserted property might "cheer up" by singing Whittier's "Song of the Negro Boatman":

Oh mass of his trappings gone;
He leas de land behind;
De Lord's bruff blow him tunder on,
Like corn-shuck in de wind!
De yan will grow de cotton below,
We'll hab de rice and corn;
Oh nobber you fear if nobber you hear
De drivor blow his horn!

But many of the old planters did not desert "the old home," but stood by it, and now they or their children reap the reward. To be sure, slavery is gone; the land is no more owned by masters and filled by slaves; but the same population is here, though the two classes into which it is divided stand in different relations to each other. If you simply planter instead of master, and laborer instead of bondman, you have the same men still standing in the relation of employer and employed. The same work goes on, and the earth yields her increase as before; and wherever the present owners have the tact to use free labor wisely, they find it quite as profitable as slave labor, and by it they have restored much of their old-time prosperity, and retained in their families the proud inheritance of the old "manors" on which their fathers lived and died.

After running North some hundred and thirty miles, we came to the foot of a bluff overlooking the river, which was conspicuous at a distance, the more so because crowned with a marble structure, which looked like that in a State House. We were at Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana. Here we halted to pay our respects to another Governor. We were marched up the hill, and ushered into the Capitol, where a gentleman of rather slight figure, perhaps sixty years of age, was standing to receive us. While we were being presented in due form, a number of persons, officials of the State House and others, had crowded into the room; and before we could retire, a voice with which I had become familiar suggested that "Dr. Field would make a few remarks." Though taken by surprise, I said what I could on the spur of the moment, not hesitating to speak frankly about the war and "our common country," to which the Governor (who, I believe, was an old soldier, like all the rest of them) responded in as loyal a tone as one could wish to hear. And when we were turned to leave, a dozen hands were stretched out with a hearty grip, which said more plainly than words that they too agreed with me. The Governor then took my arm, and accompanied us down to our car. So far as one could judge from this long acquaintance of a few minutes, he seemed a very quiet, pleasant-spoken gentleman, which surprised me a little, as I had somehow got the idea that he was a terrible "fire-eater"! Governor McEnery had been very much criticised in New Orleans because of a supposed wish to spare a couple of men who had shot another in cold blood, and had been tried and condemned to death. As the quarrel grew out of some political feud, party feeling was enlisted, and there was a strong effort to have their sentence commuted; and it

was said that the Governor had favored the movement by reprieving the men, and thus delaying the execution. But, as since we left he has issued his death-warrant, and they have been hanged, there is nothing more to be said on the subject.

When we received the Governor on our special train, I hope he was duly impressed with awe, as we were when ushered into his august presence in the State House: for we were travelling to-day with a little more state than usual. A new road had recently been opened, parallel to the Mississippi, from New Orleans to Memphis—a road that had been built by New York capitalists, one of whom was in our party, and we were making a sort of "trial-trip" over it. The Vice-President had come down from Memphis to see to our comfort, and attached his President's car to our President's car, which gave increased magnificence to the turn-out with which we were making our royal progress through the country. If it is a distinction for a traveller to have one car to himself, it is double glory to have two. With this new arrangement, our own car was made to serve merely as a dining-room, while in the other we "spread ourselves" over the luxurious sofas, and had the double pleasure of the outlook and the conversation as we rushed through canebrake and forest, with glimpses of the river on one side, and of rich plantations on the other.

The enjoyment of the day was much increased by the addition to our party of Major Burke, to whom I have referred once or twice. He came into the St. Charles at New Orleans just as we were leaving, and we captured him on the spot, and carried him off "a prisoner," and took him as far as Vicksburg, from which he could return in the night train, so as to be at his desk early the next morning. He has had a remarkable life. During the war he was a Confederate officer. Since then he has fought two or three battles, just to keep his hand in; but I am glad to say, in neither did he kill his antagonist, and of course he never to be killed himself, for he has as many lives as a cat. A dashing soldier, he is at the same time a most agreeable talker. Where he is, conversation can never be dull. He can tell stories not only of the war, but of the times after the war, when Louisiana was under the rule of the carpet-baggers; and gave us an inside view of the politics of the State. He is a warm personal friend of Governor McEnery, whose delay in ordering the execution of the men in New Orleans he explained as but a proper deference to public opinion.

But nothing interested me so much as his experiment of skilled negro labor, which grew out of the necessities of the war. Being attached to that portion of the Confederate army which was beyond the Mississippi, he found it suffering greatly from want of transportation—of horses, and saddles and bridles, and harnesses and baggage-wagons. If horses were injured on the march, there was nothing to do but to shoot them, as there was no place of cure to which they could be sent, and cared for till they were fit to take their places in the field again. The difficulty in procuring proper equipments was still greater. There was a want of skilled labor for all this kind of handicraft. The white carpenters, and wagon-makers, and black-smiths, and saddle and harness makers, were already drafted for the army. In this extremity, he conceived the idea of taking the negroes, and converting them into skilled workmen. It did not seem a very promising experiment, but he undertook it. Of course he did not take the common run of field hands, but picked out those who were most intelligent and capable, strong of limb and quick of wit; and with such materials he made excellent workmen, and established a large manufactory of war material in the interior of Texas, where it would not be likely to be interrupted by an attack from the Northern army; while the old war-horses, instead of being shot were led off to pastures where they could slowly recover strength, so that their needs should be "clothed with thunder" when the sound of the trumpet called them to battle again. It was certainly a notable experiment, which showed at once the capacity of the negro, and the wonderful skill and energy of the man who conceived this bold scheme, and carried it out so successfully—a power of organization which he showed a few years later in organizing the Great Exposition at New Orleans.

While listening to these reminiscences of the past, which may help to solve a problem of the future in regard to the fitness of the negro for a higher occupation than that of digging the soil, we caught the name of a place which had a historic interest. It was Fort Gibson, near which is the landing of Grand Gulf, from which General Grant after his boats had run the gauntlet of the batteries at Vicksburg crossed the Mississippi with his army. A few minutes later we gathered on the platform to look up and down the Big Black from the height of the long bridge which spans it—a river which appears constantly in the military reports of the day. The story was all in mind as it is told by the great soldier himself in the Century Magazine with the utmost clearness, without the least time with the utmost simplicity and modesty. As the eye ranged over the country which was the scene of that immortal campaign, we could imagine the imperturbable chief pushing inland, and, as it were, burning his ships behind him, to cast the fate of his army on the fate of a battle; fighting from day to day, out on Champion Hills, and now on other bloody fields, till he had forced Pemberton back into his intrenchments, and the great siege was begun.

It was dark when we entered Vicksburg. As we were to spend the night in our cars, we had not prepared to disembark. But hardly had we come to a standstill when we were suddenly "invaded" with hospitable intent. The Confederates were upon us, and there was nothing to do for it but to surrender gracefully, at least so far as to engage to spend an hour at the house of a well known gentleman, to exchange kindly greetings with our new friends. But I was so eager to see the place that I could not come under any man's roof until I had first taken a general survey of the town. So muffling up in a thick overcoat, for the evening air was chill, I attached myself to an old resident who had been here during the siege, and he led me on my way. It was a beautiful night. The full moon shone down on city and river. He took me first to the levee which slopes down to the landing, while behind us rose a long line of hills. As we looked out upon the broad surface of the mighty stream, glistening softly and peacefully in the moonlight, I could not but contrast the scene with that of the night when our fleet ran through a mile of batteries planted alike at the water's edge and along the crest of the hills. Of course the commander did not choose such a night as this, when all his movements would be exposed

as in the light of day. Naturally he would wish to take a night that was pitch-dark, that his movements might be concealed, and I had pictured him in my fancy as dropping down the river silently, as with muffled oar. But I soon saw that this was impossible. A Mississippi steamboat is not easily muffled: it has a snort like a war-horse that smells the battle from afar, and the revolution of its wheels may be heard at a great distance. Besides, the movement had been anticipated, and watch had been kept by night as well as by day; and no sooner was the fleet in motion than an old house on the opposite bank was set on fire, so that the river was suddenly lighted with a glare that revealed every object for miles, and that every boat was a mark as soon as she came within range. On a high point of the bluff at the upper end of the city, the Confederates had planted a huge gun, which from its screeching sound had been christened "Whistling Dick," and there they kept watch for the steamers, which had to round a point of land right opposite, by which their broadsides were exposed to its fire. As the Cincinnati was turning the corner, a shot plunged into her, and she sank instantly. But her fate did not deter her consorts, which kept steadily onward. As the whole fleet came into line in the channel of the river, they were exposed to a terrific fire, as all the batteries on the hills belted forth shot and flame. That they were not all annihilated seems a miracle. But they put on full steam, and in a short time had passed the point of danger. The means of transportation were secured, so that when General Grant marched his army by land down the west bank of the river to a point far below Vicksburg, he had the means of crossing to where the great business of war was to begin.

"It must have been rather a hot time you had during the siege," I said to my companion. "Well, it was rather a wretched time; we didn't much sleep these days, nor nights either, but after a while we got kinder used to it, and would go down into the cellars, or crawl into the holes in the sides of the bluff, and sleep there." "Are those holes still remaining? I should like to see them." "They have mostly caved in, or been filled up; but you can see some of 'em." "With that, we climbed up the hill, and near the top my guide pointed out a number of pits in which the people had taken refuge. Those into which I crept were mere swallow-holes in a sand-bank, enlarged to the size of a man, though I should think it must have been pretty hard for a six-footer to stretch himself in one of them. At the time of the siege, some of these "dug-outs" were quite large. The hill-side, being of soft earth, was easily excavated, and by digging away for a day or two, one might get to himself a subterranean chamber, where the earth above him formed a cushion for any stray shells that might descend upon it. At best they must have been stifling places in those hot summer days (Vicksburg surrendered on the Fourth of July); but at night they were cooler, and one who crawled in here, and literally

"Laid his head upon a nap of earth," might rest in quietness for a few hours, without the fear of being blown into eternity.

On the top of the hill the Court House stood upon its high tower, and beneath it a conspicuous object in the town, was a mark for the enemy's guns. On the other side of the river, one of our gunners, who had a "Parrot" of which he was as proud as a hunter of his favorite rifle, thought he would try his hand on the cupola, and "drew a bead" on it, determined to ring the bell! But though he fired perhaps hundred of times, his shots went over or sidewise, and whatever execution they may have done elsewhere, they did not hit the mark. Once indeed he carried away a pillar of the cupola, but did not make the bell ring! It was not to be rung by cannon-balls, but by human hands in the happy days of peace that were to come.

"But look here!" said my guide as we passed a Methodist church, pointing to the rear wall, in which a piece of shell was lodged during the siege, perhaps to remain as long as the ball fired from the British fleet remained in the belfry of the Old South Church in Boston. I knew that my Methodist brethren were given to sensations, and liked to be "roused up," but I doubted whether any preacher had produced by his eloquence such an awakening as did the crashing of that shell into the side of their house of worship!

It appears strange that people could go to church at all at such a time. We cannot understand how life should go on as before; for it seems as if all ordinary duties and occupations would be paralyzed by the universal terror. But such is the power of repetition to dull the senses, that after a while men get deadened to pain and to fear, so that they take up again almost mechanically the common round of life. They become so used to danger, that they can to some extent go about their affairs as if it did not exist. And so it was that churches were opened and sermons preached during that time of horror.

A gentleman who rode about with us the next morning, told me that his wife was on her way to the Catholic church one Sunday morning, when she stopped at the church door to speak to an old gentleman, and while they spoke a cannon-ball fell between them, and carried off his hand! She immediately bound up the arm with the help of her brother, and he was taken home, while she entered the church to perform her devotions. In the midst of the service, a ball crashed through the ceiling over her head, whereupon the priest, who was performing the mass, concluded abruptly and dismissed the congregation, who did not stand upon the order of their going, but retreated to their caves in the sides of the hills.

From these memories of war, it was pleasant to turn to the smiling face of peace, that greeted us as we came to a large mansion gayly lighted up, which we entered to receive the warmest welcome. After an hour spent with those who treated us, not as new acquaintances but as old friends, we strode down the hill in the moonlight, and taking our accustomed places of rest, slept "the sleep of innocence and peace."

But morning light hardly gleamed on the river when I was out on the bluff to take in the whole scene by daylight. There it lay below us, with every feature outlined as distinctly as on a map—the river making a great bend upward to Vicksburg, and enclosing a narrow peninsula, across the neck of which Grant tried to dig a canal for his boats without success. But what man could not do the river itself has done, bursting a passage through the force of its mighty current, and wearing a channel broad and deep; while it has retired from Vicksburg to such extent that she lies

now almost stranded, like an old hulk on a sand-bank, and willows are growing in the midst of the old channel!

As soon as we could despatch breakfast, carriages were waiting to give us a drive. Turning southward, we rode along the bluff for a mile or two to take in the position of the city as related to the river and the surrounding country. After scanning with eager eyes every point on both sides of the river, we faced about and took in the circuit of the hills. The country behind Vicksburg is broken, ridges alternating with deep gullies—a country which is at once difficult of approach and easy of defence. One glance showed us how small and petty had been our idea of the siege, as if it were confined within the space of a square mile, whereas the Confederate batteries were mounted on yonder hills more than a mile away, while Grant's army, making a still larger circuit to enclose the former, must have stretched from the point where it touched the river on the south to where it touched it on the north, over a distance of ten or twelve miles, thus coiling round and round like a mighty serpent, winding itself closer and closer, till the beleaguered city was literally strangled in its tremendous folds.

Then riding slowly backward through the city, which we saw with a glancing eye, we came out at the northern end, where, on a hillside, gleam the white stones of the Union Cemetery. Our train had followed us, and waited for us on the track below, while we climbed the hill to pay our homage to the heroic dead. As the Siege of Vicksburg lasted for two months, and was preceded by a series of battles, there was literally an army of the dead, whose remains were afterwards gathered reverently and tenderly from the fields where they fell, and placed in their last resting-place. The Cemetery is laid out with much taste, and kept as carefully as Greenwood, though it has no such splendid monuments, nor such variety of architectural ornament: for of the sixteen thousand whose bones are gathered here, less than four thousand names are known! Hence they could only be laid side by side with their companions-in-arms; and so they lie in successive rows and squares, ranks on ranks, a low headstone at each grave the only mark of a soldier's sepulchre. These are the unknown dead! But though their names be not preserved by history, their deeds will be held in everlasting remembrance. They did not die in vain: for by their blood they preserved to us the priceless blessing of Union and Liberty. And long as the river rolls its majestic flood to the sea, will a grateful country remember those who died that she might live! H. M. F.

THE WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.

Brooklyn, April 15, 1886.

Once more the hand-maidens of the Lord have captured Lafayette-avenue Church. The Women's Board of Foreign Missions are holding their sixteenth annual meeting here, and they are more than welcome. At this moment a lady is holding forth from the platform, surrounded by lilies, roses, and Spring flowers, to a large audience, in which I discover several persons in male attire. Yesterday while the Pandita Ramabai was addressing a packed assembly, there were an hundred auditors in some attire, and I have no doubt that they were men. It seems that when a Christ-loving woman is using her gifts in behalf of *Protestant Missions*, it is no offence against Scripture and good sense for her to "address a miscellaneous assembly." Amen, and Amen! The Church moves, and in the right direction.

My readers may not all know that there are five great organizations for Foreign Missions, composed entirely of the Lydias, Phebes, and Priscillas of Presbyterianism. One has its headquarters in Philadelphia, another in Chicago, another in St. Louis, another in Troy, and this Board now convened has its office in Washington Square, New York. I trust that the day is not far distant when our reunited Church will have similar Boards in Atlanta and New Orleans. The gathering here this year is a grand one. Miss H. W. Hubbard, one of the secretaries, is acting as the presiding officer. Beside her, on the platform, is the sweet, matronly countenance of her who still represents—Heaven grant that she may long be spared to do so—the beloved name of William E. Dodge. Other noble women, leaders in the Lord's work, are grouped about the President's chair, and hundreds of bright upturned faces fill the house to the doors. What would Paul have given for such an organization as this!

The exercises commenced yesterday morning with a devotional service led by Mrs. E. P. Thwing. Mrs. William E. Dodge read a passage of Scripture; prayer and song followed, and then Mrs. Hiram B. Jackson, the President of the Lafayette-avenue Mission Society, addressed the convention with words of hearty welcome. The reports of the Secretary, Mrs. Denny, and of the Treasurer, Mrs. C. P. Hart, were presented, and then Miss Parsons made a stirring address in behalf of that capital magazine, "Woman's Work for Woman and Our Mission-Field." Its circulation ought to be increased tenfold. The style of work in North China was then described by Mrs. J. M. Shaw of Tunghow.

In the afternoon the house was packed, hundreds being attracted especially to see and hear the distinguished Pandita Ramabai, the Brahmin lady from Southern India. She is a slight and slender young Hindoostanee, apparently not more than twenty-seven or eight, with a clear olive complexion, and dark Oriental eyes. She wore a white muslin shawl or robe bound over her head, and covering her whole person to her feet. The veritable woman in white! she looked as she rose up and faced the crowd modestly. The "Pandita" handles the English language very fluently, and if she has not the enthusiastic eloquence of Layah Banakat the Syrian, she exhibits a higher intellectual culture. She is a recent convert to Christianity and came to our country to study medicine, but she finds a great obstacle in an unfortunate deafness, and may not be able to carry out her purpose. Her speech yesterday was in regard to the condition of her countrywomen and what priceless benefits the Gospel of Christ is bringing to them. When we listen to such as she and Mrs. Banakat, we are ready to exclaim, God forgive his Church that for eighteen centuries she permitted womanhood to be crushed and trampled down under the bestial heel of Heathenism!

In the discussions this morning Mrs. Calhoun, Miss Van Duzee, Miss Hutchinson, and others have taken part, the chief theme being that never-ending one—the imperative need of more missionaries. A wonderful increase there has been since Adoniram Judson and Harriet Newell sailed out of Boston over seventy years

ago. At that time all the evangelical foreign missionaries on the globe would not have filled a Pullman car. To-day if all the public teachers of Christ in heathen lands could be massed together, they would pack St. Peter's in Rome, standing up. Brother A. A. Fulton, the representative of this church in China (he is well-named *Fulton*, for he is a steam-boat in mission work), writes me this week that he is the solitary spokesman for the Gospel in the province of "Kwong Sai," with its population of eight millions. But the heart of Christ's Church must be enlarged immensely, in order to keep pace with the demands that thicken every day. No dollars yield such a dividend in converted souls, as the dollars invested in Foreign Missions.

As I pen this hurried letter, the convention has just adjourned for lunch in the Sunday-school hall of the church. This afternoon there will be a social hour with the missionaries in the church-parlors, and then a grand closing service for and with the children in the main edifice. It has been a great satisfaction to me to get a hand-shake with so many of the good people who regard *THE EVANGELIST* as much a part of their household equipments as their Bible and their almanac. If the managers of this Women's Board will accept a suggestion from an out-sider, I would venture to suggest that they conduct all the meetings under their own oversight, and not attempt to sandwich in a masculine layer in the evening. We ministers are quite willing to say a word them if they desire it, so are our mission secretaries, but it had better be done during their regular sessions, and not at a special "sober-upt." I bless God for this glorious gathering of consecrated women, and trust that this sanctuary will not soon lose the sweet savor of the precious blood of alabaster.

AN ASSEMBLY CLERKSHIP.

By the lamented death of Principal Tulloch, who was Chief Clerk of the General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, that post is now vacant. It is, however, understood that that eminent divine and scholar, Dr. Miligan of Aberdeen, at present Deputy-Clerk, will be chosen his successor. The salary is £200. His promotion will make a vacancy, and for this second clerkship in the gift of the Assembly, there appears now to be a lively and open canvass.

Well, recalling the Apostle's injunction "In honor preferring one another," we cannot say that it strikes us as altogether amiable and lovely sight; but still it must be said that this frank selfishness is greatly to be preferred to what the politicians significantly term "a still hunt," and which sort of detestable thing even we here in free America sometimes wake up to find ourselves the victims of.

Two of the candidates who are in the field for the prospectively vacant Deputy-Clerkship, have even issued circulars in furtherance of their prospects. These are the Rev. Dr. Cesar of Tranent, and Mr. T. Barty of Kirkcaldy—the office not being strictly confined to the clerical order. And several other gentlemen who have as yet refrained from "rushing into print," are very well understood to be in the field. These are Prof. Taylor of Edinburgh, and who is likely to receive considerable support; the Rev. Dr. Storey of Rosneath; Prof. Christie of Aberdeen, and Mr. J. Mitchell of St. Fergus. The salary attached to the Deputy-Clerkship of this Assembly is £140.

A WOMAN WHO HAD LEARNED THE RIG VEDAS BY HEART.

A lady whom it was our pleasure to meet ten years since in Calcutta, where her husband was the American Consul, writes from her present home in Davenport, Iowa, of a native of India now in this country, whose intellectual gifts, especially of memory, are of an extraordinary character:

Dear Dr. Field: I address by *THE EVANGELIST* that Rama Bai to attend the meeting of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, which revises very pleasant memories of a gathering in Calcutta some eight years ago at which I was present. I think it was her first visit to Calcutta, and about the first that was known there of her intellectual ability, especially her wonderfully retentive memory. She had actually learned the Rig Vedas by heart, so that when any verse (or sentence) was repeated, she would take it up and repeat the entire chapter where the verse was found. I saw her tested in that particular by Rev. K. M. Banerjee, D.D., said to be the best Sanscrit scholar in Calcutta. He also presented to her in behalf of the missionaries of Calcutta, a handsomely bound copy of the Bible in Sanscrit, and she made a pretty little speech in acceptance of it: she doubted not that she would gather light from it. She also delivered an address on the education of women. She did not attempt to speak in English then (I don't think she had any knowledge of it), but spoke through an interpreter. Rama Bai was not a Christian at the time of her visit to Calcutta, and protested against the possibility of her changing her religious belief. Changed in her faith as she now is, I believe we may expect great things from her if her life is spared.

Very sincerely,
A. C. LITCHFIELD.

A LAST WORD OF THE LATE DR. ALDEN.

In turning over a pile of letters, we find the last one that we ever received from the late Dr. Joseph Alden. It is dated at Quogue on Long Island July 10, 1885, where he died seven weeks later, on Sunday, the 30th of August. It is written with a trembling hand, but is very proper to us as expressing the affectionate regard of our old teacher and friend, which continued till death did us part. It is as follows:

Quogue, July 10, 1885.

Dear Dr. Field: I was sorry to leave the city without thanking you in person for your numerous acts of kindness to me. During the winter I had a succession of colds, ending with pleurisy, which reduced my strength. I am now recovering it. I have read *THE EVANGELIST* with great interest. We had the means, and compared it with several of the most widely-circulated religious weeklies, and found it surpassed by none—in fact, not equalled.

I hope you may be long spared to fill your post of influence for good.

Affectionately yours,
JOSEPH ALDEN.

The May Century will contain the last paper written by Gen. McClellan for publication. It is a description of the critical time from the second battle of Bull Run, to the advance from Washington toward South Mountain and Antietam. On the morning after Gen. McClellan's sudden death, the manuscript pages of this unfinished article were found on his table. Mr. William C. Prime furnishes an introduction.

Our Book Table.

"EVENTFUL NIGHTS IN BIBLE HISTORY."

Years ago, when the Episcopal Church was divided between High Church and Low Church, the latter had no more staunch defender than Dr. Alfred Lee, who in his present office is careful to describe himself as "Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Delaware." This excellent Bishop here gives us in a volume of four hundred pages, and in the perfect print of full Episcopal, but not quite Presbyterian, length. The subjects are taken from the Old Testament as well as the New, and perhaps about equally from both. Thus, if the former we have The Promise to Abraham, Jacob's Vision at Bethel, Jacob at Peniel, The Night of the Exodus, Samuel in the Tabernacle, Saul at Endor, Destruction of Sennacherib's Host, and Belshazzar's Feast, while the New Testament furnishes such thrilling themes as the Gloria in Excelsis, The Flight into Egypt, The Visit of Nicodemus, The Stilling of the Tempest, The Midnight Cry, The Night of the Betrayal, and the closing sermon, No Night There. Dr. Lee was called from St. Luke's Church, Rochester, to his present post, and many in that city will recall his fine presence, and his thoroughly evangelical and catholic spirit, and be glad to renew their acquaintance with him in this handsome volume of his sermons.

Few of our ministers have given more conscientious and intelligent study to Church music and hymnology, than the present pastor of the Fourth Church, Chicago, the Rev. M. W. Stryker. And this devotion has taken tangible form in a recent issue from the well known publishing house of Bigelow & Main, and under the descriptive title "Christian Chorals for the Chapel and Fireside." It is not a big, voluminous affair as compared with most of our church hymnals, bearing, however, some recent ones, for the tendency is to more careful selection and winnowing. Mr. Stryker believes in this process, and has ventured further in his eclecticism than most, and accordingly he here gives us but three hundred hymns or chorals, and tells us squarely that these are enough. His taste inclines to the severe and churchly, and all along, from the first to the last page, there is evidence of his careful supervision, his aim being, as he assures us, "to unite closely selected words with truthful and sober Church tones, full of vitality and musical character." He has laid the whole field of German and English Church music under contribution, and has brought forth things new and old, but all according with his purpose of a volume of special character and merit, for reverence, seemly worship. In instances quite numerous, the editor has made special translations from the German, this by way of realizing the ideal completeness of contents with which he started out, whether of carols, chants, or chorals, and all married to their classic harmonies. Nothing is wanting in the way of indexes, and the make-up and legibility of type leaves nothing to be desired.

Messrs. White & Stokes, publishers, send us several tasteful Easter issues, "Silver Thoughts of Great Minds" being one title, and "Easter Messengers" another. The latter is the name of a new poem by Lucy Larcom, which is here first given in manuscript *fac simile*, a verse to a square octavo page, interleaved with designs of lilies, white daisies, etc., by Susie Barstow Skelding. The covers are hand-wrought and very tasteful.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: The International Scientific Series: Comparative Literature. By Mrs. Maynard Sewall Keyser. M. A., F. L. S., Professor of Classics and English Literature, University College, London. By Mrs. J. S. Keyser. The Felmeres. A novel. By S. B. Elliott. Tales of Economic Life. By William A. Hammond and Clara Lamson. Poet. Dietrich and the Ladies. An Introduction to Conduct and common errors of Speech. By Gousser.

American Tract Society, New York: The Workman; his Faith Friends and his True Friends. By Joseph E. Thompson. D. D., LL. D.—Hope Reed's Tipper Windows. An Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. By A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York: The Last Days of the Consulate. From the French of M. Fauriel, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Professor of the History at the Sorbonne. Edited with an Introduction, by M. L. Lalanne.—Theism and Evolution. A Study of Modern Speculative Theories as related to Theistic Conceptions of the Universe. By Joseph B. Van Dyke, D. D., with an Introduction by Archibald A. Hodge, LL. D., Professor of Theology in Princeton Theological Seminary.

Bigelow & Main, New York: Christian Hymns for the Chapel and Fireside. Edited by Melancthon Woolsey Stryker.

Cassell & Co., New York: Rainbow Series of Original Novels. I. Natusqua. By Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis. II. King Solomon's Mines. By H. Rider Haggard, author of "King Solomon's Mines." III. The Warlock. By Charles M. Kurtz. IV. The Emerald Emerald. Edited by Charles M. Kurtz. Published by special permission.

Cassell's National Library: Life and Adventures of Baron Trenck.

Fords, Howard & Hubert, New York: Heavenly Recognition. Discourses on Personal Immortality and Identity after this Life. By Rev. T. M. McWhorter, author of "Reason and Revelation Hand in Hand."

Funk & Wagnall, New York: The Marriage Ring. A Study of Discourses in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. By S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago: Griggs's Philosophical Classics. Edited by Prof. G. S. Morison. President of Yale College. A Critical Exposition. By Noah Porter, President of Yale College.

Harper & Brothers, New York: The Railways and the Republic. By James J. Hudson. A History of the Indian Wars of the Far West. By J. P. Dunn Jr., M. S., LL. B. Illustrated.—Memorials of Mrs. Elizabeth Livingston. With Letters hitherto unpublished. By Louise Livingston Hunt.—Two Arrows. A Story of the Indian Wars of the West. By Wm. W. Howland. The Talking Leaves, &c. Illustrated.—Alta. A Story of the Lost Island. By Mrs. J. G. Smith, author of "Dawn Sources."—Eventful Nights in Bible History. By Alfred Lee, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Delaware.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: The Last Days of the Consulate. From the French of M. Fauriel, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Professor of the History at the Sorbonne. Edited with an Introduction, by M. L. Lalanne.—Major Frank. A novel. By A. L. G. Boston Tomlinson, author of "The English in Rome." Translated from the Dutch by James Akroyd.

Harper's Handy Series (issued weekly) The King at Oxford. A Tale of the Great Rebellion. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., author of "Stories from Virgil."—Sea Life Sixty Years Ago. A record of adventures which led up to the discovery of the relics of the long missing expedition commanded by the Comte de La Perouse. By Capt. George Barby.—The Choice of Books. By Frederic Harrison.—Does an Aladdin Exist? By Edwin McCarthy, M. E., author of "An Outline of Irish History."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston: A Satehel Guide for the Vacation Traveller in Europe. A complete itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland. Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria, and Italy. With maps. Edition for 1886.—American Commemorative: California from the Conquest in 1842 to the second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. A study of American character. By Josiah Hoya, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Harvard College.—Signs and Seasons. By John Barrows, author of "Fresh Fields," &c.—St. Gregory's Guest, and other Poems. By J. G. Whittier.

George Murray, New York: Fashion Rules for April.

Orange Judd Co., New York: Hog-lusting and Pork-making. By Rufus Bacon Marvin. Illustrated.—Cape Cod Crabs, by James Webb. Illustrated.—How to Fish and what to do with the Crops. Together with Valuable Hints for the Farmer, Gardener, and Orchard. By Mark W. Johnson. Illustrated.

Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia: Griffin Alley Falls off, or Pearls from the Slaves' mouths—more—more—More's Summer in the Himalayas. By Mrs. Helen H. Mabel of Allegheny.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: Life and Letters of Joel Barlow, LL. D., Poet, Statesman, Philosopher. With extracts from his works and his unpublished poems.—How to Write Charles Burr Todd.—Question of the Day: Enslavement. A consideration of the operations of a Protective Tariff upon Industry, Commerce, and Society. By Lewis H. Burr.

Amson D. F. Handolph & Co., New York: Lilies and Violets for Easter Day. By May Elliot Smith, author of "Some Times."

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: The Wanderers of Man and Nature. Wanderers of the Human Body.

Ticknor & Co., Boston: The Imperial Island. England's Chronicle in Stone. By James F. Hunnewell, author of "The Historical Monuments of France."—The Peasants. A novel. By Isaac Henderson.

Thomas Whitaker, New York: Expositions. By the Rev. James Cox, D. D., author of "A Commentary on the Book of Job," second series.

USE OF LITURGIES IN SCOTLAND.

By Robert Jeffrey Jr.

"THE CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY." Our American Presbyterianism is composed of many different elements...

"REJOICE, AND AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE." Easter, glad Easter, has come, and all nature seems to rejoice with man...

"THE CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY" was first chiefly by the party in the church that sympathized with Dr. Lee...

"THE CHURCH SERVICE SOCIETY" was first chiefly by the party in the church that sympathized with Dr. Lee, with a view to effect by combined effort...

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NATURE'S POEMS.

O the poems, the glorious poems. I read with exquisite delight. They are written on earth and on ocean...

"REJOICE, AND AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE." Easter, glad Easter, has come, and all nature seems to rejoice with man...

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It seems to me that in these circumstances the Protestants of Ireland, especially my Presbyterian friends, should accept the situation and fight the battle on the new ground...

"THE CHILDREN AT HOME." But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept...

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nest. But though they hunted all the afternoon, though they watched for Speckle's appearance daily, in order to trace out her retreat...

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and gaunt that the young traveller felt certain he was one of the forest robbers, and declined the offer of a bed, saying he could not sleep...

"HELP ONE ANOTHER." Help one another, the snowflakes said. As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed...

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Foreign.

BIBLE SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND.—The twenty-fifth report of the National Bible Society of Scotland, completes a record in which there has been almost unbroken advance.

A BRAVE BUT KIND SOLDIER.—Lord Charles Beresford is almost as fearless a soldier as his friend Colonel Burnaby, and consequently a great favorite.

AUSTRALIA — A Year of Jubilee.—The Free Church people are proposing to celebrate the year of 1888 as a grand jubilee occasion.

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MODELING AND DRAWING.

After coming home, if the children have enjoyed the geography play and want an occupation for the next day or two...

A NEW LEAF. Harry Willie says he has turned over a new leaf. His teacher thinks he has, and his old companions, laugh a little, and say "Just wait awhile and you'll see."

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