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REV. E. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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(From the Quarter.)

GLEANINGS FROM THE GREAT HARVEST FIELD.

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BENARES.

If we take our stand at Benares, we shall be at the very heart of heathenism in India. It is the Rome of Hindustan; the sacred city around which cluster all the devotions and superstitions of the people. According to Hindu notions, Benares is the centre of the earth, and 80,000 steps nearer heaven than any other place in the world. The district for ten miles all around, is called the Panch Kosi, and esteemed so holy that the greatest sinner who dies within it is considered sure of going to paradise. No less than 30,000 Brahmans, who may be regarded as the priests of India, reside in the city. Upwards of eighty schools, in which their religion is taught, may be said to constitute the University of Hindoos.

Along the banks of the Ganges, on which it stands, are the steep ghats, or landing places, on the steps of which may be seen the countless varieties of superstition performing their ablutions. Here, too, until the interference of the British Government abated the awful nuisance, might be seen the sick and dying left by relatives and friends to die beside the sacred stream. There, in the crowd, might be witnessed the sad spectacle of children bringing their aged parents to the bank, and suffocating them by pouring the mud and water of the turbid river down their throats. Yonder might be seen the deluded parents drowning the cries of their own children with the exclamation, "It is blessed to die by the Ganges, my son."

An officer has recorded that, wandering one evening beside the Ganges, he saw a Hindoo mother place her infant child in a little raft of reeds which she had constructed for it, and having dedicated her offering as a gift to the river, pushed out the ark and its precious burden upon the stream. A little way down the river the branch of an over-hanging tree arrested the progress of the raft. In a moment the mother had elbowed along the bough, reached the raft, and seized the infant. Had her maternal heart relented? Was she about to reclaim and save her child? Alas for the tender mercies of idolatry! She wrung the neck of the innocent babe, and then dashed the body into the darksome flood! "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget," heathenism can tear the last fibre of feeling from the human heart, and leave it, as the apostle declares, "without natural affection." Such scenes, it is true, are now infrequent, because the strong arm of the law prevents them; but the spirit that dictates them remains unchanged.

But what is that squalid and miserable figure around which the crowd is gathering with such expressions of admiration and respect? His hair is matted with clay, his forehead smeared with dirt, his whole appearance hideous in the extreme. This is one of the fakirs, or holy beggars, of India. Half fanatic, half rogue, he wanders about gossiping, deceiving, and making mischief wherever he goes. But in the opinion of the Hindoos he is one of the holiest of men, although stained with every vice, and receives large donations in food and money from those who hope to gain his interest with the gods.

Not far off we observe a man stretched at full length upon the ground, and with extended arms measuring the space which he has covered on the earth. He rises, and placing his feet on the spot to which his hand has reached, lies down again and measures his length once more; and he has been doing this for many weeks and months, and it may be years, and over a space of hundreds of miles. He is a devotee on a pilgrimage to one of the holy shrines at Benares, and has chosen this painful method of progression as a penance or a virtue. When he reaches a river he will measure the breadth of it with his body along the bank before he crosses the stream by swimming or in a boat. And he, too, is esteemed a saint by the admiring crowd.

If we had visited Benares before the year 1829, when Lord Bentinck abolished the dreadful custom of suttee, we might have seen sadder sights than any we have described; and, indeed, they have been witnessed at a much later period in several parts of India. According to the rite of suttee, when a Hindoo died, a number of his wives were selected by the Brahmins to be burnt upon his funeral pile. Thus, at the obsequies of Runjeet Singh, the Maharajah of the Punjab, in 1839, four queens sumptuously attired, two of them being only sixteen years of age, and of extraordinary beauty and five Cashmere slave-girls, were immolated in the flames which consumed the living and the dead. It is calculated that 70,000 widows have been thus cruelly sacrificed in India since the year 1756; and Benares, as being "the holy city," was a principal scene of these rites. In the division of Calcutta not less than 365 were thus annually sacrificed.

We have spoken of suttee as a thing of the past; so, too, we may speak of the Churruck Puj, or Swinging Festival, which, until very recently, was so common in various parts of Hindustan. A tall pole was fixed in the ground, and a transverse one made to revolve on the top of it. From this ropes were suspended, and iron hooks attached to them. These latter were inserted into the backs of the wretched men, who either presented themselves as victims, or were paid by others for enduring the torture, and who were then lifted up from the ground, and swung round and round in the air, whilst the tom-toms and the shouts of the multitude drowned their cries and groans.

It is a matter of congratulation that British law no longer permits such scenes to take place in our Indian possessions; but we have had a very striking proof that the spirit of idolatry is not dead, and that mere power cannot extinguish it. An attempt was recently made to revive the horrid orgies of Juggernaut, and human life has once more been sacrificed beneath the wheels of the monster's car.

When the rites of this idol were at their height in Orissa, the numbers who perished by self-immolation, fever, and fatigue, in the pilgrimages to this single shrine, could not be less than 120,000 in the year! And yet this is the worship which the benighted people of India have attempted to revive. The strong arm of law will, doubtless,

prevent their efforts from being successful; but we must look to the spread of the Gospel as the only means to eradicate the terrible superstition from their hearts.

We have looked on the dark side of things at Benares; but there is a bright side to the picture. On the western side of the city once stood a jungle, which was the resort of thieves and robbers. Here the Thugs, who are the professional murderers of India, and whose very religion enjoins bloodshed, were accustomed to congregate. It was a place shunned by all, and many an unwary traveller there met his untimely end. On this very spot was planted a missionary settlement, and from it went forth the word of life and peace to the whole neighbourhood. Where once the shrieks of the murdered and the curses of the murderers went up to heaven, the voice of prayer and praise has ascended before God from converted heathens, who have found peace through the blood of Christ. Signs became a home of holiness and love, and realised the fulfilment of the promise that the wilderness should "blossom as the rose."

There are many missionary schools in the villages about Benares, but in the city itself stands Jay Narain's College. The founder, after whom it is called, was a rich native gentleman, who built it for his countrymen at an expense of 25,000; but having received kind medical assistance from the missionaries during a severe illness, was led, in gratitude, to make over the college and its endowments for Christian purposes. It is sad to reflect that he never embraced the Gospel himself, and assigned as his reason that, if the British Government believed in it themselves, they would have taken more pains to make it known to their subjects in India. In this college some 400 youths are instructed in the Word of God, and several of them have been baptised into the faith of Christ. A up and interesting feature of missionary work has presented itself at Benares—Christian ladies of influence and station are devoting themselves to the instruction of the female members of Hindoo families of rank, who have hitherto been excluded, by the seclusion of the zenanas and the customs of the country, from all intercourse with the male missionary. We ourselves know three sisters who have gone forth at their own expense, and are devoting themselves with much success to this important work of evangelising and educating the women of rank in and around Benares. Would that many of our Christian ladies followed their example!

As you pass through the streets of Benares you may meet a missionary, who has taken his post in the bazaar, or some frequented place, and hear him preach the Word of Life to the people; and when he has ceased, through fatigue, you may observe his native catechist, in the crowd, following up his exhortations. Then follow questions, cavils, and often blasphemies, on the part of the crowd, and answers and arguments on the part of the preachers. And thus, amidst objections and opposition, the good work proceeds. Let us take an instance:—

Ram Ruttan was a Hindoo of respectable caste, and received his first religious impressions from a tract on "The Immortality of the Soul." He was fond of arguing, and often opposed the missionaries, but still seemed ardent in the search for truth. At length he could no longer resist his convictions, and was baptised by the name of Nathaniel. This man became an Apollo in eloquence and zeal, and travelled from one mela, or fair, to another, proclaiming salvation to his countrymen. He had three sons, who, at his request, were baptised as Abel, Noah, and Moses. His wife was still a heathen, and he prayed and laboured for her conversion; but when he spoke to her of Christ she used to reply, "Do not live in Benares! and if I die, I will die in the Panch Kosi; from hence I shall be sure of going to heaven. I will not be a Christian. I will not be baptised." Her husband died rejoicing in the Lord. A native, speaking of him, said, "It was impossible for a Hindoo to die as he died; with them there was weeping and wailing, but with him there was joy and peace in believing." His widow mourned his loss, but the bereavement did not bring her to Christ. Her second son was taken ill, and died; but still her heart was closed. Her third son was taken ill, in the bitterness of his grief, she carried him and laid him at the feet of the missionaries, saying, "Make my son a Christian, or I will die." The missionary, seeing her well, or he will die, pointed her to the Great Physician, saying, "Good woman, human aid is of no avail; none can help your son but the Good Physician. When he was on earth he raised the dead; apply, therefore, to him." She made no reply, and went away, leaving the dying child at the missionary's feet. In two days she returned to fetch her son, and just as she laid him on her bed, he died. It was the last blow. Affliction had been blessed, and the rod was removed. "It is enough, Lord," she exclaimed, "it is enough; I will humble myself; I will bow unto thee. I will bow unto the foot of thy cross." When asked at her baptism by what name she wished to be called, she replied, "Call me Nathaniel, for the Lord has dealt with me as he dealt with her." Her husband's relatives came a distance of 60 miles to induce her to go back to her people and her gods; but she answered, "If they would give me a golden conveyance to travel in, and a golden house to live in, still I would not go." She was afterwards employed in the Female Orphan Institution at Benares, and continued to be an ornament of that faith of which she had become so eminent a trophy.

Just four months before the mutiny, a conference of missionaries belonging to various Christian churches met at Benares. They felt that, though it was the head-quarters of heathenism, it possessed peculiar attractions for those who were engaged in spreading the Gospel. The question that presented itself to their faith was this: Why should not Benares become for Christianity in India the same focus which it has long been for Hindoos? Such is the spirit in which their work is carried on in India; and may not we, imitating their faith, inquire, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" There is an ancient temple at Benares, on the bank of the river, the foundation of which has given way, and some of the towers have already fallen into the river. We may take it as an illustration of what is taking place in respect to heathenism. Silently but surely its foundations are being sapped by the progress of the truth, and even now the gigantic fabric is tottering to its fall. One of our missionaries informs us that the Hindoos frequently confess—"We know that you will succeed, and that we shall all become Christians. If you would only attack us in our rites and ceremonies, by preach-

ing against our bathings, ablutions, and idols—if you would commence pulling down the house from the top—it would be all well, for we should build up as fast as you could pull down. But, instead of this, you come daily to the same spot, and preach nothing but your Gospel, and again your Gospel, and again your Gospel, and thereby you undermine the foundation of our building; and when you have once fairly succeeded in doing that, the whole will come down with one tremendous crash."

"So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

DO YOU PRAY FOR YOUR MINISTER?

The Saviour commands us to pray the "Lord of the Harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest." There is the same necessity and the same importance for us to pray for the laborers after they have been called or thrust out into the field. The Apostle Paul, while under the extraordinary influence of direct support and inspiration from God, felt the need of this additional help from the church. The unerring Spirit of God led him to say both as exhortation and command, "Brethren pray for us;" "for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel." There is no less need of boldness in the ministry now than there was in St. Paul's time. The minister's courage may not be put to the test now in the same manner as it was then; but the same spirit is yet in the world, though its tactics may be greatly changed. To declare the whole counsel of God, to preach faithfully the self-denying doctrines of the cross, and to urge them into action upon the consciences of this money-loving, pleasure-seeking, fashion-worshipping generation, requires as much courage and firmness as it did for Christ's ministers to do their whole duty in the apostolic age. We do not mean an insolent, noisy, blustering boldness, such as offends good taste by its rude manners rather than by an earnest spirit; but that unflinching loyalty to truth and to God, which, with becoming meekness and love, would a thousand times rather die than fail in any respect of duty to Christ or of love to men. There is no power on earth or anywhere else which can put that loyal spirit and that moral nerve into the soul of man but the Holy Ghost. That blessing is given in answer to prayer. The minister should pray without ceasing for himself. Every church member should habitually and earnestly implore God to give such strength and boldness to the ministry in general, and especially to his own pastor.

There are other things besides boldness which the minister should have, and which he must receive from the gift of the Spirit if he would be successful in his holy calling. He must be imbued with an ardent love for souls and for the work of winning them to Christ. He must be filled with meekness and with faith and with a special unction from the Holy One. As he goes into the conflict and wrestles with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places—he becomes exhausted by the toil, and his weary arms hang down. The prayers of the church, like Aaron and Hur of old, should lift and hold them up again for the servant of God.

Some pray for their minister in public meetings as a matter of propriety and courtesy; they pray for him in private because he is their personal friend; a few perhaps because they like the man or his style of preaching; but if these are the ruling motives their prayers will certainly not avail much. Some do not pray for him because they think he is so good and holy that he does not need their prayers; many, because they do not think of it; many more, because they dislike the man, the style of his sermons, or some of his ways. He is not pious enough for some, and they do not believe it would do any good to pray for him. Others are not fed by his discourses; they are too abstract or too common-place. His rhetoric is too flowery or too plain, or something else has turned their heart away from him.

The preacher should have the aid of our prayers simply because he is Christ's minister to you and to the people, or is in the place where the true minister of Christ should be. For Christ's sake, for your own spiritual good, and for the success of Christ's cause among the people to whom he is sent, you should, as a sacred duty, pray for him. That motive will never fail you; it is high and holy. If he is as full of faith and love and good works as the Apostle Paul, still he needs your prayers. If he is not as pious as you think he ought to be, he needs them still more. Even if you regard him as your personal enemy, yet as a Christian you are in duty bound to love and pray for him. If you are not pleased with or fed by his preaching, it may after all be your fault more than his. God made the ravens carry food to Elijah in the wilderness, and he can easily make any duly accredited minister furnish you with a full supply of spiritual food. Is God under any obligation to feed you by a minister for whom you do not pray? Your prayerless soul may have no relief for spiritual food, and God may withhold your rations in punishment for neglect of duty. No Christian has any right to complain of the preaching of that man for whom he does not pray; and but few, if any, will have any disposition to complain of one for whom he prays as he ought. Meditate upon that, Christian reader, and know that when the Holy Ghost speaks through a minister he feeds all, rightly dividing the word and giving to each a portion in due season. Fervent prayer will bring that Spirit to him. Pray and live as you ought, and God will compel your preacher to drop for you some precious crumbs, or feed your soul with a sweet morsel in every sermon. Think of this before you utter another complaining word or cherish another fault-finding thought on this subject. Think of it when you hear others complain, and gently inquire if the fault may not, in part at least, lie in themselves.

A pious church by their earnest prayers, who properly united in love, can move the Almighty to strengthen their preacher whenever and wherever he needs most strength. If his religion is all in his head, in one short hour God can make it burn its way down into his heart; if he is cold and formal, God can set him all aglow with holy fire; if he is in a back-slidden state, God can copiously baptize him with the Holy Ghost. All this may be done in answer to your prayers. If the whole church cannot be thus united in this work, "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that you shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is heaven." If the second person cannot be found, carry this promise to the Saviour,

"Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." We regard it, therefore, as a solemn duty, and as a gracious privilege for every professed follower of Christ, to pray daily and fervently for the minister. He needs it, you need it, the church needs it, sinners need it, and the prosperity of Christ's kingdom demands it of you as a loyal service to his cause. For Christ's sake, then, do not fail to pray daily and earnestly for your minister.—*Zion's Herald.*

TEMPTATION.

There are times when the force of temptation is so great that the power to resist seems to be almost swept away. When we look over life, and see how many forms of evil assail men, and how much violence crime uses to subdue its victims, we wonder that so few men fail to rise no more. At the present time, vast temptations are in the way of business men. Trade has been forced out of its natural, legitimate channels. Commerce seems to be governed by a new code of laws. Fortunes are made and lost in a single week. New avenues of wealth are open to men who have always been poor. False lights are hung out all through life, and the young are being dazzled and deceived. How many men have met and resisted temptation, standing erect in the midst of evil, since these strange, eventful times came on, will not be known until the judgment day. How many have been ruined by temptation, who will come out of the changes of war enriched, but bankrupt in character and lost to God, will not be known until the books are opened and the secrets of all hearts are known. A sad case has just come to our notice. Not long ago, a clergyman stood high in the estimation of the public. He was a pastor of one of the largest churches in New England, and was regarded as a man of eminent piety. Few, if any, doubted his rich experience of grace. Moved, we hope, by a desire to do good, he left his affectionate, confident army, and accepted a chaplaincy in the Federal army. For a time, he was useful in that station. But he was tempted to exchange the uniform of the chaplain for that of a major, and, in this new capacity, he was entrusted by Government with some important commissions. In these commissions, he is said to have acted dishonorably and dishonestly. He was detected and tried by a military court, and convicted. The sentence was pronounced upon him a few days ago—three years' imprisonment at hard labor and \$5,000 fine. Of the particulars of the case we know nothing. But the details of the offence we are not acquainted. But, supposing the man to be guilty, we have presented to us a most melancholy instance of the weakness of the human heart and the power of temptation.

We suppose this to be one of those cases where a man is entrusted with money, and is tempted beyond what he is able to bear, and, not looking to God for strength, is borne away by it. How sad a comment on the human heart! How stern the necessity of grace! Here is a man most respectably connected, a man whose character for forty-five or fifty years has been without a spot, a man filling one of the most sacred offices on earth, a man with a family, and a church, and a name, giving up all at once in obedience to temptation.

We refer to this case with a feeling of pain and sadness. But it has a great, solemn, awful lesson to us all. What a blot on the ministry! What a wound to the cause of Christ! What an injury to evangelical religion! It is a warning to ministers against leaving the work of preaching for any secular calling. It is a caution to those who stand to take heed lest they fall. If a man capable of such a crime had been sought for four years ago, this minister would have been the last selected for such a course of wrong. No one would have pointed at him, and predicted for him such a fate. But temptation came, and he fell. Evil suggested itself, and he listened and was ruined. He can no more appear in the pulpit. A brand is on him, and he will come forth from his prison a broken-hearted man. And how many hearts will break on his account while he is there working out that severe sentence! What suffering must await him, as for three years he toils on in expiation of his crime.

The lesson is a sad one, and it becomes every man to learn it. No man who depends on himself is safe. There are times when temptation comes with such sudden, relentless fury that all the grace of God is needed to enable the tempted, buffeted one to resist it; when the soul must cry out for help, and as man cannot give, O, what need every day to pray, "Lead us not into temptation."—*Boston Recorder.*

RELIGIOUS SLANDER.

There are few who do not know what slander means, in the usual acceptance of the term. There are also few who have not been the objects of its venom, and far too many have yielded themselves as slaves to do its bidding. But what is religious slander? This is a question which will doubtless be asked by many, as there is a manifest incongruity in the terms employed. We will, however, endeavor to explain our meaning as we proceed.

A preacher uses his pulpit to avenger some personal grievance, and he freely and perhaps unwarrantably assails the character of some parishioner, or of some brother in the ministry, and thereby does the one assailed a great wrong, without giving him a fair opportunity to speak a word in his own behalf. While sin of every form should be rebuked, the pulpit should never be employed in giving utterance to calumnies of a personal nature. The preacher who does this, not only degrades himself, but dishonors his sacred calling.

It is also a common practice with some preachers to assail other denominations in the pulpit, upon points perhaps involving no essential principle; but respecting which good men may honestly differ. This practice was more common years ago than at present; but we are sorry to know that it is still adhered to by some; for it is not only in bad taste, but it is also irreconcilable, both to the preacher who is addicted to it and to the denomination with which he is connected. If we differ from others, it is far better to point out the excellence of our own opinions and practice than to assail theirs. These are what we regard as forms of religious slander, but there are still others of a more private character, to which we would call attention.

There was a class of persons in the apostles' time, whom he termed "busy-bodies;" and it is to be regretted that this class is not altogether extinct. There are persons found in nearly every community whose special business seems to be to scrutinize the conduct of others. With them this one is too

fast, and that one is too slow; this individual is aspiring to this position, and that one to that. The community is warned to beware of such an individual, and suspicions are thrown around the character of such an one. In short, if they ever have any good to say of any one, it is always with some reservation, or with some implication that everything is not right after all. Such persons are what may be with propriety termed the self-constituted guardians of the interests of religion, making pretensions to great sanctity and purity of life; and from the fact that they assume to be the particular friends of those in whose presence they happen to be, they for a time, at least, gain an easy access to all. There was a distinguished peculiarity which this class of individuals had in the apostle's time, which they still retain. "Work not at all, but are busy-bodies." Who ever knew one of them to render any valuable service to the cause of religion, or bear any of its burdens?

This evil sometimes takes a wider range, and becomes to some extent denominational. It is sometimes the case that ministers who have stood well and have occupied positions of honor and influence, have, by reason of age or other causes, been compelled to stand aside and give way to others. These ministers, instead of bearing their lot with composure and resignation, have been, in some instances, disposed to complain and find fault. With them nearly everything goes wrong, and they are often heard to criminate the motives of their brethren. If there are localities where they still have an influence, they are quite sure to visit them, sowing the seeds of dissatisfaction and division. They point to the prosperity of the cause of Christ in the past, and they are ever ready to assign reasons why it is no more prosperous at the present. This is not however a fault peculiar to old ministers. There are comparatively young men, who, from various causes, that might be easily assigned, are equally complaining and fault-finding. These men, while they are engaged in building up the cause of Christ with one hand are seemingly pulling it down with the other. False ideas respecting rank among brethren are, we fear, working an immense amount of mischief. Were all more completely filled with the spirit of Christ, and more intent in the work of saving souls, and were there more of a willingness to fill even the humblest sphere of usefulness, they would find little time or disposition to criticize the conduct of others. All should remember that the purest motives, and the best intentions, are still imperfect. It is highly important that we all have much of that charity which covereth "a multitude of sins."—*Morning Star.*

SLAVE MARKET IN CHARLESTON.

"Carleton" the correspondent to the *Boston Journal* writes from Charleston as follows:—

Charleston has been one of the great slave markets of the South. She has been the boldest advocate for the re-opening of the slave trade. Her statesmen legislated for it; her ministers of the gospel upheld it as the best means for Christianizing Africa, and the ultimate benefit of the whole human race. Being thus upheld, as might be expected, the slave traders set up their auction block in no out-of-the-way place. A score of men opened offices and dealt in the bodies and souls of men. Among them were T. Ryan & Son, M. McBride, J. E. Bowers, J. B. Onks, J. B. Baker, Wilbur & Son, on State and Chalmers streets. Twenty paces distant from Baker's is a building bearing the sign—"Theological Library, Protestant Episcopal Church." Standing by Baker's door and looking up Chalmers street to King street, I read another sign—"Sunday School Depository." Also, "Hibernian Hall," the building in which the ordinance of secession was signed. In another building on the opposite corner is the Registry of Deeds. Near by is the guard house with its grated windows, its iron bars being an appropriate design of double-edged swords and spears. Thousands of poor slaves have been incarcerated there for no crime whatever, except for being out after nine o'clock, or for meeting in some upper chamber to tell God their wrongs, with no white man present. They ought to have obeyed the injunction of the deep-toned bell of Old St. Michael's, which at half past eight in the evening, in its high and venerable tower, opened its trembling lips and shouted "Get you home! Get you home!" Always that; always of command; always of arrogance, superiority and caste; never of love, good will and fellowship. On Sunday morning it told to the white man, "Come and sit in your old fashioned, velvet cushioned pews, you rich ones! Go up stairs, you niggers!"

I heard the old bell last night at half-past eight. A week ago, nine o'clock, the horse patrol dashed through the streets, and all negroes abroad without a pass were marched down to the guard house. Now, freedmen walk the streets at all hours of day and night, unchallenged even by the dusty sentinels pacing their appointed beats, whose only duty is to keep watch against surprise from those who would bring chains and slavery once more to the people.

The guard house doors are wide open. The jailer has lost his occupation. The last slave has been incarcerated within its walls, and St. Michael's curfew shall be sweetest music henceforth and forever. It shall ring the glad chimes of freedom—freedom to come, to go, or to tarry by the way—freedom from sad partings of wife and husband, father and son, mother and child.

The brokers in flesh and blood took good care to be well buttressed. They set up their mart in a respectable quarter, with St. Michael's and the guard house, the Registry of Deeds and the Sunday School Depository, the Court House and the Theological Library, around them to uphold and sustain them, and make their calling respectable. But the "Marsh Angel" has rattled all the glass from the windows of St. Michael's, splintered the pews and smashed the pulpit. Its messengers have howled over the grave of Calhoun, the apostle of secession, whose bones are mouldering in the adjoining cemetery. The same "Angel" has made a record of its doings in the Registry building. At one stroke it opened the entire front of the Sunday School Depository to the light of heaven. There is a mass of evidence in the Court room—several cart loads of brick and plaster introduced by Gen. Gilmore, which the advocates of secession here thought admissible.

I entered the Theological Library building through a window from which Gen. Gilmore had removed the sash. A pile of old rubbish lay upon the floor—sermons, tracts, magazines, books,

papers, damp, musty and mouldy—turning into pulp, beneath the rain drops which came through the shattered roof.

Amid these surroundings was the Slave Mart—a building with a large iron gate in front, above which in large gilt letters was the word MART. The iron gate opened into a hall about sixty feet long by twenty broad, flanked on one side by a long table running the entire length of the hall, and on the other by benches. At the further end a door, opening through a brick wall, gave entrance to a yard. The door was locked. I tried my boot heel, but it would not yield. I called a freedman to my aid. Entirely we took up a great stone. We gave a blow. Another, and the door of the Bastille went into splinters. Across the yard is a four story brick building, with grated windows and iron doors—a prison. The yard is walled by high buildings. Here entered there left all hope behind. A small room adjoining the hall was the place where women were subjected to the lascivious gaze of brutal men. There were the steps, up which thousands of men, women and children have walked to their places on the table, to be knocked off to the highest bidder. The thought occurred to me that perhaps Governor Andrew, or Wendell Phillips, or Wm. Lloyd Garrison, or Drs. Kirk, Stone, or Rev. Mr. Manning would like to make a speech from those steps. I determined to secure them. While doing so a colored woman came into the hall to see the Yankees.

"I was sold there upon that table two years ago," said she.

"You never will be sold again, you are free now and forever," I replied.

"Thank God! O the blessed Jesus he has heard my prayer; I am so glad, only I wish I could see my husband. He was sold at the same time into the country, and has gone I don't know where."

Thus spake Dinah More.

In front of the mart was a gilt star—I climbed the post and wrenched it from its spike to secure it as a trophy. A freedman took down the gilt letters for me, and knocked off the great lock from the outer iron gate and the smaller lock from the inner door. The steps and locks are on their way to Boston. The key of the French Bastille hangs at Mount Vernon; the star case of the temple of Jerusalem, up which the Saviour walked, has been transplanted to Rome; and so relics of the American prison house now and forever being broken up I have secured these letters for me, and knocked off the great lock from the outer iron gate and the smaller lock from the inner door. The steps and locks are on their way to Boston. 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