

nature for a lawyer; an indoor life did not suit his tastes; he pined for a life of action and of enterprise.

The *Daily Times* gives the following fine picture of this moral as well as military hero:

"Henry Havelock was a soldier of the true ancient English mould. There was that about him which irresistibly reminded one of the finest and noblest officers of the Commonwealth's army. The traditions of the Charterhouse picture the boy Havelock as sedate and reflecting beyond his years. 'Old Phlos' was the name by which he was known in those days; but it appears to have been given to him in an affectionate, half-reverential, not in a mocking spirit. His staid demeanour may have been the cause why his parents destined him for the profession of the law, and sent him to the Middle Temple to read under Chitty. Nature, however, would not be suppressed, and like the Overtons and Iretons before him, he doffed the legal gown to follow the trade of arms. More fortunate than his prototypes, he was not destined to win his military fame in civil broils. It was not, however, until after Europe had been pacified for a long tract of years by the fight of Waterloo, that he obtained his first commission. For eight long years he vegetated in 'country quarters' at home; and even after he, by exchanging into a regiment destined for India, succeeded in entering upon more active scenes, it was long ere he rose above the position of a subaltern. Time and merit, however, brought their rewards along with them, and in the Afghan war, and the other Indian wars which arose out of it, Havelock became known to his commanders and comrades as a valuable and reliable officer, though, owing to the remoteness of the fields in which his soldierly qualities were displayed, his name remained unknown in a great measure to the general English public. But a life of unostentatious heroism and conscientious discharge of duty, though passed for the far greater part of it without *clat*, was destined to a splendid close. The brief time which has elapsed since Havelock was appointed to the command of the force sent westward to Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, has been filled by him with more heroic deeds than would have sufficed to illustrate a long life. The precocious sage of the Charterhouse had matured into a man, singularly undemonstrative, but of profound feeling and resistless energy. His habitual deportment might have impressed strangers with the notion that he was an apathetic unobservant man. But when the moment for action arrived, it at once became apparent that nothing had escaped his notice. He kindled into an intenser life; he instinctively assumed the command, others as instinctively making way for him; he did exactly what was required to be done, and he did it effectively and with electric speed. His work accomplished, he relapsed at once into his self-centred deportment. These flashes of inspired action, contrasting with his normal repose, and, perhaps, something in his figure, earned for him among his most attached friends the soubriquet of 'the galvanised ramrod.' But the intense vitality which only revealed itself to ordinary observers in the moment of action was ever burning within. Havelock was one of those searching minds which look through men. His discernment of character was unsurpassed. Yet though he knew men, he ever judged and spoke of them as kindly as truly. When asked by a friend in whom he had confidence what was his opinion of any one, his estimate was ever correct yet always lenient. There was an inexpressible beauty in the quiet smile which usually lighted up his face on such occasions. But the grand characteristic of Havelock was, the deep religious feeling and conviction which animated and directed all his thoughts, emotions, and actions. Religion was the basis of his character: all his principles were rooted in it; all his actions emanated from it. There was as little of display in his discharge of religious duties as his other actions, but there was an utter absence of concealment. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks,' and by him every action was conceived to be an expression of devotion to his God. His life may truly be said to have been one long hymn of praise to his Creator. Every one who came into contact with Havelock felt that he was sincere; and even those least accessible to devotional sentiment, sympathised with and revered it in him. Havelock's earnest, incessant desire, like St. Paul's, was that all men might be not only almost, but altogether such as he was; and yet no one was ever known to be offended in him with what might have been deemed impertinence in others. It was felt to be simply the overflow of the redundant benevolence and earnestness of a mind ever possessed

by the idea of Deity. Such was the man who for a few months back has held nations watching his rapid career with breathless interest. With his small but gallant band he struck swift and home as the lightning. Gathering and organising his force as he advanced, he marched from victory to victory. Conqueror in three successive fights he reached Cawnpore. Pausing there for a moment he struck down the enemy at Bithoor: Crossing the Ganges he broke through every obstacle till his waning numbers warned him to fall back for reinforcements. Even while retreating he turned and dealt a deadly blow to the presumptuous enemy, who pursued too closely. The condition of the garrison at Lucknow allowed him no sleep. With a force barely sufficient he resumed his advance, and struggling on through out-numbering foes, strongly entrenched, penetrated into the Residency. In the battle-field the missiles of death seemed to turn aside from him; but no mere mortal frame could endure the physical toil, the anxiety, the mental labour crowded into the brief space of his closing months. He sank under the consequences of his exertions, but not before he saw the garrison of Lucknow relieved, and those to save whom he had dared do so much placed beyond the reach of danger. (That he died before he could learn with what a full heart his grateful country loved and revered him is our loss not his. He was truly one of God's soldiers, and the consciousness that he had done his duty to the utmost of his power, that he had made the most of his talent, was enough for him. Be it ours—the English nation's—to show ourselves worthy of him by making all possible efforts to console those who were dearest to him as far as consolation is possible; and by respectfully tendering to them those honours which he has not survived to wear. In him Wordsworth's sublime conception of 'The happy warrior' has been more than realised.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

LOIS VICKERY.

It is a source of comfort to the child of God to hear of the redemption of one soul, a soul bound down by the fetters of sin; set free, liberated and made to rejoice in God. It is also a comfort to enjoy their Christian society and conversation. We may enjoy it here but it is only as it were for a day, the enemy of man is ever on the move with his weapons slaying those in the Church as well as those in the world. Death enters the family circle and also the church. His approaches cause pain and sorrow. Death has visited our village and called one of our young sisters from our midst, from a world of turmoil to, we trust, one of joy.

Sister Lois Vickery died November 7th, 1857, aged 22 years. During a gracious revival in the fall of 1857, in connexion with the labours of Brethren Thomas Keilor and Alfred Parker, she with many others became decided for God. Under the powerful influence of the Divine Spirit she was led to see clearly the fullness and glory of Christ, to rest confidently on him, and cheerfully to own his name. On the 6th day of September, 1857, she was baptized by the Rev. Thos. Keilor, as were also her father and mother and eldest brother. Our dear sister attended our prayer meeting the Wednesday evening before her death, and spoke of the shortness of life and the necessity for all to be prepared when the summons should come. She trusted "when the earthly house of this tabernacle should be dissolved she had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The next evening she became seriously ill, and on Saturday morning the spirit gently passed to its home in the skies. Deceased was happy in the prospect of death. Why was this? she had many ties to bind her to earth; it was peace in the soul, those abundant promises left on record for the child of God, a foretaste of those joys which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard." While suffering extreme pain she could say, in the language of the Poet,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

She said to her weeping friends, "Weep not for me, I am going to glory." Those of her friends who were professors she exhorted to be faithful, and those who were not, to seek an interest in Christ, that they might almeet her in glory. Her mortal remains were conveyed to the house appointed for all living on the 9th of November. The solemn occasion was improved by Rev. T. Keilor, the pastor of the Church.

JONES VICKERY.

I have also the painful duty of recording the death of Brother Jones Vickery, father of our sister before-mentioned, he departed this life on the 21st of November, being about 50 years of age, and leaving a widow and large family of children to mourn their loss. We trust he is gone to the habitation prepared for all the ransomed. The Rev. Thos. Keilor preached on the mournful occasion from 2 Cor. 17, 18.

—Communicated by D. H. Jenks.

Diligent River, Jan'y. 20th, 1858.

For the Christian Messenger.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

London, Jan. 15, 1858.

MR. EDITOR,

AUSTRIA'S CHIEFEST SOLDIER is no more. The iron Radetzky falls, full of years; but in what a different odour from that of our good soldier, Havelock!

The death was announced, by a telegraphic despatch from Milan, to have taken place at that city at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, Jan. 5, after an illness of seven days. The old marshal was born in 1766, at Trebnitz, in Bohemia, and was therefore 93 at his death. He commenced his military career in 1781, as cadet in a cavalry regiment. He took part in the long struggle with Napoleon, and thenceforward gradually rose in rank. In the battles of 1813, 1814, and 1815, he gained honourable laurels, inasmuch as he defended the independence of his country; and in 1822 he was appointed Commander-General of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom.

Towards the close of 1847, the disaffection at Milan which led to the Italian rising against the Austrian Government in the following year took place. On the 13th of January, 1848, Radetzky issued from Milan a general order, warning them to prepare for a struggle. The events which followed upon the announcement of a revolution at Vienna, comprising the insurrection against the Austrians in Milan, the desperate struggle which took place between the Austrians and Milanese, the open revolt of the surrounding country, ending with the retirement of the Austrian columns on Verona and Mantua, need not be detailed.

Radetzky figured most prominently all through the long conflicts which followed; the decisive battle of Novara, which proved so fatal to the Italian cause, and brought down ruin upon the king of Sardinia, with the results so fatal to the hope of the Liberal party in Italy—were unquestionably due to his superior generalship. Charles Albert of Sardinia immediately abdicated, and the Duke of Savoy, now Victor Emmanuel, king of Sardinia, concluded an armistice with the marshal, upon the terms that Sardinia should pay the expenses of the war.

The old Marshal was covered with honours by his master and grateful friend, the Emperor of Austria. He retained, till 1856, the command of the army in Italy, though very feeble, and at last confined to giving his orders and making his inspections from a carriage.

Fit exponent of the system he defended, his Croats and dragoons trod down Hungary. He "made a desolation, and called it peace;" the man is gone, but his services, and Austria's chains are apparently too firmly rivetted for the shackled nations to break.

TURKEY'S BEST STATESMAN,

Reschid Pasha, has also bowed to death. "It was while he filled the high post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, that the proclamation of Tanzimat, better known as the statute of Gulhané, was issued. This important event took place on the 3rd of November, 1839, when the representatives of all the European powers, the ministers, governors of provinces, generals, corps of ulemas, patriarchs of Christian communities, together with an immense crowd drawn from all classes of the community, were assembled in an open space belonging to the pavilion of Gulhané, to hear read a charter which was to serve as a new basis of civil and religious law in Turkey. The Sultan appeared in great pomp, and near him was seated the Prince de Joinville. Reschid Pasha read the document aloud. Copies and translations were distributed to all present, and a universal shout arose for the Sultan.

In the course of his subsequent career, Reschid Pasha filled the highest official positions in the Turkish Government, having been several times appointed Grand Vizier and Minister for Foreign Affairs; and in 1841 he represented the Porte at the Court of St. James's. His policy as a statesman was mainly directed to the political reforms of which he was so long the able and consistent advocate; while his endeavours were constantly directed to the maintenance of peace. At the period of the quarrel with Russia, Reschid Pasha was not at the head of affairs; but he was recalled to power when the Russian envoy presented to the Porte the alternative of submission to her terms of war, and through the struggle was mainly instrumental in upholding the spirit of resistance on the part of Turkey to the demands of Russia. From the spring of 1855 to the middle of last year he was out of office, but since that time to his death he was cabinet minister. Reschid

Pasha was European in his habits and predilections, knew several European languages, kept no harem, and was "the husband of one wife." He was beyond comparison the ablest among Turkish statesmen, and throughout his career was truly patriotic and consistent.

Turkey can ill afford to lose such a man. He said, with true vision, that the old spirit of Mahomedanism was effete before the progress of other countries, sinking his own into insignificance. To his endeavours to introduce Western reforms and civilization, may be traced all the opposition he met with; and his departure from polygamy is a proof of the sincerity of his convictions. Austria may do without Radetzky, and humanity be benefited; but Turkey must go back still further, unless she catches the spirit of Reschid Pasha, and has others to follow in his footsteps.

THE CAFFRES

were our most dreaded enemies in Africa—the Sepoys of the Colonists, they were alike treacherous, cruel, and warlike. An old chief recently planned the massacre of all the whites, and trained his men for it. The Governor of the Colony, however, was not asleep, and prepared also. But the Caffres consulted a "prophet" on the success of their enterprise. He persuaded them that their ancestors were no longer able to rest in their graves under the injustice committed by us, and would certainly rise to aid their descendants on a given day. But Caffre ghosts, it seemed, would require food: so the prophet commanded that all the cattle and grain should be destroyed. Amid some demur, it was done; the ghosts were then too well fed, or too shabby, to appear; the food was all gone, and those who had fed their ancestors found Number 1 minus. There was no fighting, but famine—they fell by the latter instead of the former; and the miserable survivors came to beg bread of those whom they had planned to murder. Bread and clothing were provided, so far as able; but the wretched, deluded savages died like rotten sheep, and the boasted powers for mischief of their tribes has died away for many years, if not for ever. Thus we gained a bloodless victory; and, "when our enemies hungered, gave them meat; when they thirsted we gave them drink."

PERSECUTION IN MADAGASCAR.

I have just heard, from a private but well-informed source, that persecution has again broken out in Madagascar, under the orders of that wretched Queen whose hands are already so ensanguined. Executions of Native Christians, the confiscation of their property, oppression, and terrorism, are said to have been pursued with fresh force.

Details have not as yet been published—at least, I have not seen them. Doubtless next month's Missionary magazines will contain them.

Those mournful tidings are the more unexpected, as Dr. Ellis's recent report spoke so favourably of the tolerance and past encouragement of Christianity in that Island. It is matter of rejoicing, however, that we hear of no apostacies, even in the face of perils so imminent and trials so severe. And, as in all ages "the blood of martyrs has been the seed of the Church," springing up into fresh life after their decease, so we may, while sorrowing with the persecuted, find that sorrow lightened in considering the after-results. God's kingdom will come, in spite of all that the Devil or the Devil's agents, can do to the contrary.

Your Special Correspondent,

NIGHTLAMP.

For the Christian Messenger.

Donation visits at Falmouth and Hantsport.

DEAR BROTHER,

The Church and congregation in Falmouth have made us a Donation visit. They invited me and members of my family to the house of our worthy Bro. Lewis Payzant, in Falmouth—as it was too far to come to our house. About one hundred people gathered, and had a pleasant season. Their donations amounted to,—valuable goods £18 14s. 2d. Cash £13 15s. Total, £32 9s. 2d.

The Church and congregation in Hantsport, also, made another on Monday last, and brought goods to the value of £13 11s. 3d. and cash, £8 1s. 3d. Total £21 12s. 6d.

About the last of October, the same people gave Brother Rand a donation amounting in all to about £12, making in all £66, 1s. 8d. This speaks for the liberality of the people.

I believe the donation visit made at Falmouth, to a former pastor, was the first of any known among the Baptists in this province.

W. BURTON.

P. S. The good work of God is still prospering in Falmouth and the region round about and also at Lower Horton. W. B. Hantsport, Jan'y. 27th, 1858.