

# Religious

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E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified

through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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## The Crimean Officer: or Memorials of Captain Hedley Vickers.

Amid the dark recitals of sufferings and agonies which have attended the great war in Crimea, the Christian will turn to the biography of Captain Vickers as to a shining light in a dark wilderness.

Hedley Sholto Vickers, was, as we are told by his biographer, born in the Mauritius, on the 7th of December, 1826. His father, who was an officer in the Royal Engineers, lived only to see this son attain the age of twelve years; but in dying left him that precious legacy, a believing father's prayer, "that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under his banner, and glorify his holy name."

His mother, to whom Hedley Vickers owed an everlasting debt of gratitude, a debt which he always touchingly acknowledged, was obliged, at an early period of his life to leave the Mauritius and return to England, on account of ill health; and hence to live for many years from the entire guardianship of her children. Hedley Vickers' boyhood was characterized by that high-spirited and energetic nature which religion so beautifully modulated in later years; and by that extreme tenderness and sweetness of disposition which, at all periods, so endeared him to his friends.

A military life was early his choice; and he was from first to last an ardent lover of his profession, and devoted to its duties. In the spring of 1844 he began his career by joining the 7th regiment in the Isle of Wight; and, in the autumn of the same year, sailed with it to Africa. At this period of his life he entered into all amusements which offered themselves; and his free and cheerful disposition led him into games and exercises which, though by the grace of God soon abandoned, were afterwards the subject of bitter and humiliating remembrance. In reference to this he writes in 1854—

"You will be spared poignant remorse in after years by remembering your Commander in the days of your youth. I speak from heart-experience. I would give worlds if I had him, to undo what I have done."

The awakening of one whom God intended for a bright example to others was soon to come. In 1848, while the 7th was stationed at Jamaica, he incurred debts, which, though not large, were such as he knew must be burdensome to his widowed mother. He writes as to her—

"Ever since the receipt of your last letter I have been in a dreadful state of mind. I feel that I deserve God's severest punishment for my unfaithful conduct towards the holiest of mothers; but the excruciating thought had never before occurred to me that he might think fit to remove her from me. Oh, what agony I have endured! What sleepless nights have passed since the perusal of that letter! The review of my past life, especially the retrospect of the last two years, has at last started me; and at the same time disarmed me. You will now see the sure-sign of repentance in my future conduct; and believe me, that never, as far as in me lies, shall another momentary anxiety be caused you by my default and now repentant son."

Five months later he writes—

"Mother, I ask your forgiveness for what has passed. You know not what real anguish some of your letters have caused me; and although I have tried to drown the voice of conscience, after calling them, a still small voice has always been whispering in my ear, and now I am committing many a sin."

A year from hence, and his letters show a longing for something higher than he had yet reached—a sense of sin before God, a "sincerity of eternal punishment," and a desire to "enter on a state of preparation for death by penitence." But pardon and peace had not yet obtained, and he entreats his mother's prayers that the Holy Spirit may be poured out on him. While undergoing many struggles, his regiment was ordered to Canada; and in the month of November 1851, while waiting the arrival of a brother officer in his unit, and idly turning over the leaves of his Bible, the following words caught his eye: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Closing the book, he said, "If this be true for me, hereafter I will live in the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Jesus Christ."

A solemn but prayerful night passed. God answered those prayers; and in the morning he was enabled to believe that the message of peace was sealed. He writes—

"The past now is blotted out. What I am to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with his own blood."

That day he bought a large Bible, and read it open on the table of his sitting-room. "It was," he said, "to speak for me, before I was strong enough to speak for myself." His former gay friends fell off, of course, but bitter was the opposition which he had to encounter. There were, however, a few brother officers who were walking with God, and from their society, and from that of Dr. Twining, paragon chaplain at Halifax, he derived great benefit. To the latter he frequently referred, as to his spiritual father; and a letter from Dr. Twining himself well attests the value he set on such a pupil. He grew quickly in grace and knowledge, and his friends were watching in Sabbath schools, visiting the sick, and using every opportunity to read and pray with the soldiers of the regiment. Even at this early period he was the means of converting several of the officers

and men; and, proving that his great spiritual change had not diminished his activity in performing his temporal duties, the adjutant of the regiment was offered him by his colonel, in the following words:—"Vickers, you are the man I can best trust with responsibility."

The following letter was written to his brother shortly after this period:—

"Let us pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit, and we shall not be sent empty away. Let us ask Him to show us the safe state of our hearts. I have found comparatively little trouble in giving up external sins; but the innate sin of my heart, oh, how great it is! It is here the real battle must be fought; and the more humbling the sense of our villainies, the more we shall feel the need and value of a Saviour. We all have our temptations, and in scarcely any profession could they more beset the Christian beginner than in the army."

"But let us remember, whatever be our calling, God has promised that we shall not be tempted above that which we are able to bear. Only let us feel that we are unable of ourselves to resist in him alone, and take up our cross and follow him. We must give up the pleasures of this world, for they enslave us for spiritual meditation; and although they may be hard to part with, as a right eye or right hand, there is no alternative if we wish to grow in grace."

"You will, perhaps, be surprised, as you read this letter, at the change which has come over me. Yes, I believe and feel that I am a changed man; that I have taken the important step of declaring on whose side I will be. Oh, that I could persuade you to enrol yourself with me on the side of Jesus Christ!"

"As Newton says, 'I know what the world can do, and what it cannot do. It cannot take away that peace of God which passeth all understanding. It cannot soothe the wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with confidence. I have tried both services; for twenty-four years have I lived under the shadow of sin, led by the devil. None need despair of being welcomed by the Saviour, when he has pardoned and brought to repentance such a sinner as I have been. The retrospect of my past life is now miserable to me; yet before I was taught by the Spirit of God, I thought and called it a life of pleasure! The very name when applied to sin, now makes my heart sick. Even then I never could enjoy retelling the occupations of each day; and thank you my conscience was quiet? No; though again and again I sinned it, so many do, bitter experience has taught me that there is no peace to the wicked! Blessed be God, I know that I am now pardoned and reconciled to God, through the death of his Son. How happy is the Christian's life when he has this assurance!"

"Do so think, dear Edward, that because I write thus, I wish you to think me very religious, or that I consider myself better than you; I do not. But I find more pleasure now in writing on these subjects than on any other, and I want to draw out your thoughts about them. If you have not turned entirely to God take my advice, and if you want to find true happiness, do so at once."

We wish we had space to transfer to our columns some of the diary which he kept with great regularity, and which breathes throughout the most ardent love to his Redeemer and devotion to his service; but we must content ourselves with giving the reader some rules which he drew up for his guidance while at Halifax—

"Rise every morning at seven o'clock. Meditate on a text while dressing. From eight to nine read a chapter in the Old Testament and prayer. From nine to ten, breakfast, and read newspaper, or any light book, carefully avoiding novels. From ten to one, visiting sick people, &c. Offer up a short prayer before going to men, that God would keep me from temptation. After dinner offer up a prayer to God first, then read books of general interest, and give an hour to my Bible and prayer before going to bed. And, oh, I beseech thee, my heavenly Father, to enable me thus to devote the remainder of my days to thee! May my motto be, 'Not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!'"

We must also pass over the year which he spent with his beloved family in England, a year which the companionship of kindred spirits, and the delight of home, made probably the happiest in his life. Here, too, we find him constantly employed; now in the country, visiting and praying in the cottage of the poor; and again in London, teaching in ragged schools, visiting repentant thieves, and with city missionaries, diving into the depths of metropolitan wretchedness.

Very soon after the breaking out of the war in the East, the 7th received orders to repair to the scene of conflict. The pang which this announcement occasioned in his family and friends can be well conceived. Some extracts from his biography will show how the few weeks before his departure were spent:—

"On the 23rd of March he came from Windsor to meet us in London, and return with us to Beckenham. On the evening of his arrival he addressed upwards of a hundred names, beside general of the young men of the village, at the reading-room. They were crowded to excess, and many more around the doors. He chose for his subject, 'Preparation to meet thy God; and so man on a dying bed could have spoken with greater solemnity and earnestness. Yet there he stood, a strong young man, amidst strong young men, putting himself alongside of us as a fellow-

sinner,' as one of them remarked, 'and yet so good now, and such a man withal!'"

"One after another they crowded around him for a shake of his hand, and to wish him safety and success. We heard them saying among themselves, 'It's a pity that such a fine fellow as that should go to be shot; and several of them met at the farther end of the village to pray for him regularly.'"

And, again:—

"One day when we were in London, I happened to meet him when on my way to an hospital to see a sick navy. . . . He requested permission to go also. . . . From that time he regularly visited that poor man twice a-week, although the hospital was six miles distant from Kensington Barracks; and, even in the hurry of his last day in England, found time to bid him farewell."

There are many proofs through the volume of the deep affection felt for him by those whose spiritual concerns he was so much interested. He was prayed for by name at nine prayer-meetings for the army, in England and Scotland, from the day of their commencement until his death. We cannot omit to record a conversation held by the biographer with some of the light company of the 97th, a few days before they left England:—

"One named Reynolds, said, 'Since Mr. Vickers became so good, he has stood about four hundred men in the regiment.'"

"Four hundred?" was repeated with surprise.

"I don't mean that he has made all the four hundred as good as himself; that he couldn't. I know enough of religion to know that God alone could do that. But while he was adjacent, and since, too, he has studied and adhered to four hundred of the most drunken and wildest men in the regiment. There isn't a better officer nor a better man in the Queen's service."

We give from the biography the account of his leaving England:—

"It was a lovely morning that 19th of May. The sunshine glimmered on the bay-coats of the men, as they marched up the steps to the station, seemed to mock the tears of wives, sisters, and friends, who accompanied them."

"I saw a young wife quit her hold of her husband's hand, and approach Hedley Vickers, with a manner of respectful confidence, as she said to him, 'Oh, Mr. Vickers, you will see that Correll writes to me regularly I want you! It is my only comfort to know that you will.' The kindness and sympathy of his tone, as he answered her, told that her confidence was not misplaced."

"Just then his brother arrived; and, during the delay which followed before the train started, we read Psalm cxi., in the waiting-room. I remember the deep well of quiet confidence in his eye, as the words were repeated to him: 'The Lord is thy keeper.'"

"There was something in the tone of his voice that day which struck like a distant knell upon our hearts. It was a foreboding note. However strongly hope may have sprung up afterwards, we felt at that moment that it was our last parting."

The first destination of the 97th was Greece. And here a malignant form of the cholera broke out, which, in thirty-four days, deprived the regiment of 120 men. Captain Vickers here took on himself the arduous duties of chaplain, visiting the sick, and attending the burial services, and seizing each opportunity for exhortation and warning. He writes:—

"Morning and evening the dead leaves the hospital for the graveyard. It is all very sad and solemn, but there is a silver lining to every cloud! I believe that to many this dread visitation of the Almighty has taught a lesson which I trust and hope never will be forgotten. Alas! that so few have the knowledge of religion; the knowledge of Jesus Christ! With some of my brother officers I have lately had most earnest conversations; and they have promised to come to my room, that we may read the Bible together. Oh, that I may be enabled to speak a word in season to their souls; and, by my poor, feeble testimony to His tenderness and love, lead them to that precious Saviour who died for sinners! We must for prayer every evening, with peculiar reference to the removal of this grievous sickness, if it please God; and for the gift of the Holy Spirit to sanctify this visitation."

And, again:—

"My Scripture reading and prayer-meeting at the hospital is better attended than ever. Last Sunday I read Hebrews xii. in one of the wards; and after talking to the men about it, felt my heart drawn out earnestly in prayer for their souls. My chief, my only subject with them, is Jesus; and it is a theme of which I hope never to grow tired. May God the Holy Ghost bless my feeble words to their immortal souls, for Jesus Christ's sake."

We now come to the winter before Sebastopol— that winter whose privations and miseries so many pen have described, and in which Captain Vickers' character developed itself in brightness day by day. Every article of luxury and even of comfort sent him from England, was devoted to the suffering soldiers. In his letters at this time there is a singular combination of almost apostolic devotedness and love, with the gallant ardour of the soldier, leading to an almost boyish anticipation of a battle with the Russians. Notwithstanding the fatigues attending the duties attending the duty in the trenches, and other constant military duty, he found time for nightly meetings for prayer, and habitual visiting of the sick and wounded. Several boats from England arrived, containing

clothing, &c., for the suffering soldiers, together with Testaments, tracts and other religious books; and the distributing of these formed some of the bright spots of that desolate winter.

Spring came in name at last; and with it Hedley Vickers' last Sunday on earth. The devotional exercises, and the conversation with brother officers on that day, seemed indeed a foretaste of heaven. The day appointed for the national humiliation and prayer followed; and well did he keep it. The last words he wrote were in reference to this fact:—

"I look for great results from the prayers which have ascended to heaven this day, and have been presented by our great Intercessor before the throne of God. . . . We had two Lent services, in the morning at eleven, and in the afternoon at three o'clock. I spent the evening with Cay. I read Isaiah xli., and he prayed. We walked together during the day, and exchanged our thoughts about Jesus."

One other fragment was found in his desk, addressed to one to whom his heart's affections were engaged, and to whom he was to be united on his return to England, had his life been spared:—

"The greater part of another month is past, and here I am, still kept by the protecting arm of the Almighty from all harm. I have been in many a danger, by night and by day, since I last wrote to you, my own beloved; but the Lord has delivered me from them all; and not only so, but he has likewise kept me in perfect peace, and made me glad with the light of his countenance. In Jesus I find all I want of happiness or enjoyment; and as week after week, and month after month roll by, I believe he is becoming more and more lovely in my eyes and precious to my soul."

Twenty-four hours more, and his eyes had seen the King in his beauty.

On the night of the 22d of March, a Russian force of 15,000 men, taking advantage of a stormy darkness, issued from Sebastopol. A detachment of the 97th was on the advanced post of the British forces. When the Russians first approached, they were supposed to be allies. Hedley Vickers was the first to discover them to be the enemy. Leading on his band of barely 300 men, to charge a force of 2000, with the long remembered cry of 'This way 97th.' He met his death on the field of his first action. A victory was won, but his men bore from the field the dying body of their devoted leader. As they laid him at the door of his tent, a welcome from armies of the sky sounded in his hearing. "We asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days, for ever and ever."

From many letters sent after his death to his family in England, from Sebastopol—letters coming from the highest in command to the private soldier—we take a few extracts from a young Scotch officer, Lieut. Douglas Macgregor, who was destined to follow his beloved friend. With this we now close:—

"DEAREST MOTHER.—This is a dark and sorrowful day with me; my heart is wrung, my eyes red and hot with crying. . . . My very dear friend Vickers was killed last night. The Russians made a sortie; and while gallantly leading on a handful of our men, to charge them outside our works, he was mortally wounded, by a ball striking his right breast. He was fully prepared for the most sudden death, and he died bravely fighting and doing his duty. . . . Such a death became such a life, and such a soldier. The most gallant, the most cheerful, the happiest, the most universally respected officer, and the most consistent Christian soldier, has been taken from us by that bullet, and I know not how to live without him. . . . Every one liked and respected Vickers, even those who did not agree with his strict religion; and those who had known him so long as the leader of every mad riot, when, after closely watching him for years, and finding that once enlisted in Christ's army he never flinched, at last gave in, and acknowledged that Vickers at any rate was a true Christian."

"Farewell, Vickers! . . . I knew that when he went into action he would show that a Christian soldier is a brave as well as a happy man."

"God bless you, mother; and may he sanctify this severe trial to my soul."

"Your own, D. M."

## Correspondence

### London Correspondence.

London, August 1, 1856.

Parliament having been prorogued on Tuesday last (20th ult.), but not by the Queen in person. London will soon be "empty" in the language of high life; that is about 50 or 60,000 persons belonging or attached to the upper circles will betake themselves to their rural retreats or to the Continent, where their honors will be indulged for the sake of their gold. There is no chance of stopping the love of rambles, "here, there and everywhere" which seems inherent in our island blood, but the Times has been recalling us to a sense of our obligations to the beautiful rocks and salubrious resorts of our own land. The education is not acquired, for how many are still in the predicament of the young man, fifty years ago, who was able to chatter about half the cities of the Continent but could not give an opinion on the venerable towers and splendid scenery of Windsor. The Register General has published the declaration that Eng-

land is the most healthy country in Europe—France coming next—and London, the capital, where the average term of life is the longest,—this consideration may have some weight. The returns of births and deaths for the spring quarter ending June 30th, (not including Scotland and Ireland) are very favourable. The births were 173,224; (the highest quarterly number ever attained in England) and deaths 100,310 being an increase of 72,204, which has been to some extent diminished by emigration. The mortality of London last week, was below 1000, (a rare occurrence), and the general weekly number of births is about 1500. These are facts showing that the vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race on this side the ocean as well as on yours is unabated, what will another century disclose? Oh, for a peep behind the curtain of 1856! One thing we know—that if we do well, it will be well with us; if otherwise guilt will be at our door and visit us with judgments, that will leave us shorn of our greatness and glory. Hence the best Christian must be the noblest patriot.

The Houses of Legislature have separated without much eclat. Some useful measures have been passed, and others abandoned. The perturbing influences of the late war have been felt all through the session. It was clear however, irrespective of party, and therefore when Mr. Disraeli in a formal review of the session a week ago, tried to fix the chief obloquy on ministers, he made a miserable exhibition, scarcely able to extract a cheer from his own adherents. Consistency kept them silent. Mr. Disraeli's career has been a strange one, but more remarkable than admirable. He never looks you in the eye, and holds himself aloof from all open intercourse with his fellow-members; confidence he appears to repel; subtlety and in secrecy he is his leading characteristics, and inventive lies his principal and most powerful resources as a speaker. He is not trusted by the public from the feeling that he labours after effect rather than from honest heart-does. In all this he may be misconceived but the misconception (if it be so) has lasted so long, and been so frequently favoured by his singular procedure, that it is not likely to wear away. He is a very industrious man no doubt, but when industry takes the turn of fabricating mischievous mischief, without which its operation would end in nothing but soreness and smoke, it is not to be expected that the affection or esteem of the nation can be secured. His manner of speaking is to my thinking far from pleasing. His words are mouthed; and his style, which is cold and artificial, is not rendered either animated or animating by the gesticulation which he has of late years gratuitously rather than gracefully introduced. It is very questionable whether he will ever again attain to the position he held in Lord Derby's ministry of 1852. He has nothing of the chieftain hold upon his party; he is too conservative for some and too liberal for others. The aristocrats despise his birth and the country squires dislike his self-centred spirit. He sticks fast to the political lottery, but he will find few prizes, and certainly not that of enduring fame, a statesman proudest recompense.

With great opposition from various quarters the Bishop's retiring bill, the apportion as it may be called with the golden tassels, has passed both Houses, and has introduced a new principle into the hierarchy of England. The effect will probably be to have younger men appointed to the episcopacy; for the nation will not be satisfied to have old men made bishops to retire after a few years service on enormous pensions.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, supported by three archbishops, has been hearing the case of Archdeacon Denison, who stands accused of Romish views on the Eucharist. Dr. Sumner is well known as a moderate man, and though very evangelical himself he understands too well the political peculiarities of his position to push matters to an extreme. I expect therefore that his judgment a week hence, will be a compromise between his private sentiments and official difficulties—a new but not rare illustration of what a bad example exerts from its abettors. An anecdote, which has not been contradicted, places the Archbishop in a more amiable and amusing light as the Rhamanthus of the Church. It is said that not long ago he went out from his Palace to see the young people of a Sunday school enjoying themselves hard by, and that a young woman of the company, who were playing at kias in the rug, declared she could have a kiss from the old gentleman who was looking on. She was told that he was the Archbishop; but either this information was not believed, or being carried away by the excitement of the time, she dashed forward and gave him Grace a salute in the presence of the whole assembly. The benevolent man took the liberty in good part, and returned it with a smile. In this rough dusty sort of world, there is something in an incident like this, which tells us that the freshness and freedom of a better age has not departed. Youth can yet be boyant and age can yet be indulgent.

The Chelsea Commission which sat for several weeks to hear the parties implicated by the Crimean Reports of J. McNeil, and Col. Fallow, has completed its labors, and given a general deliverance in excoriation of Lord Lucan and Cardigan, Quartermaster Airy, &c. This issue was expected, but is very much opposed to the public impression of what is right and just. The loss of life and property was enormous, and that much of this loss was occasioned by want of

management in the leaders is as little open to dispute. Lord Hardinge has had a paralytic stroke, and having resigned his place, the Duke of Cambridge is now the Commander-in-Chief. Whether the anticipations of reform entertained in some quarters will be realized, I rather doubt; but as great power, and a little good will can effect many desirable changes, I am willing to believe.

The Crystal Palace directors have been holding good musical entertainments, and drawing multitudes to their fairy domains; but in this point they will meet with strong competition from the Surrey Garden Company, who have built the finest hall for such purposes in the kingdom, and intend to make the concourse of sweet sounds a frequent ornament and attraction of their undertaking.

An interesting event has recently transpired in reference to one of our Insane Asylums, which will gratify you to hear of. Colney Hatch is one of the Middlesex lunatic establishments, situated a few miles from town. On Tuesday week 680 of the patients were entertained in a field near the house. A procession was formed, a military band played, a bazaar was held, and all sorts of amusements provided. Before marching back, the delighted people gave three cheers. What a tender contrast to this to the old system of dismal incarceration and cruel treatment, by which recovery was rendered little short of a miracle.

Foreigners in visiting our large towns are surprised at nothing so much as the absence of an armed force for the public protection. Neither guns nor d'armes, nor spies from abroad, form a part of our police. The metropolitan constables (not including those of the city proper, about 600 more) are 5617 in number, those on duty being 2,272, and on night duty 3,345. Changes are frequent, as in the last five years 1,276 men were dismissed, and 4,407 resigned; and in that period 264 were charged with offences, 68 being convicted, and 185 discharged as innocent, or for want of proof. As a body, the London police are very respectful and well behaved. The chief part of their delinquencies are connected with the public house.

In literature there is a lull, as there always is in the summer months. The old magazines keep up their reputation with some alterations. Hogg's Instructor has changed its name to "The Titan," a beauteous and I think an injudicious title. "The Idler," and "The Tramp," are recent additions to the monthlies. "The National Review," is a new quarterly, said to be edited by Rev. J. Martineau, Unitarian minister of Liverpool, and brother of Miss Martineau. The "Westminster Review" is the organ of the ultra national school and in the last number has an article on "Christian Missions," in which an attempt is made to make their social and religious results to appear little better than contemptible. The Freeman (the Baptist weekly newspaper) has an able paper in reply, showing that the Westminster Review is either very ignorant or very mendacious.

Among dissenters things are not altogether running smoothly. An Independent Minister, Rev. T. T. Lynch, the author of a little work, full of thought-wood, has published a collection of Poems, under the name of the Rivulet, a modest title. The majority of them are not very appropriate for congregational psalmody, but many of them are distinguished for exceeding piety of sentiment and richness of poetic fancy. A violent attack was made on this little book by Mr. Grant, the editor of the Morning Advertiser, (the publishers' daily paper) and in this he has been supported by Dr. Campbell, editor of the British Banner, who is as competent to discuss poetry as he is to command a man-of-war. The gravamen of the charge against Mr. Lynch is, that his work is not orthodox, and in his defence many London ministers of first-rate standing have stepped forward, besides the three other nonconformist and one Methodist weekly journals. The truth seems to be that Mr. Lynch has a peculiar way of expressing himself, and instead of running in the regular groove, uses phraseology of his own conveying essentially the same doctrines which are held by all evangelical dissenters. If, however, his assailants were as right in principle as I think they are wrong, nothing could excuse the vindictive and malicious spirit they have evinced.

Our Temperance Societies are actively holding outdoor meetings. Your Lieutenant Governor has not increased his reputation among us by his arbitrary proceedings. We merely pray that your resolution will wax fiercer, and your zeal grow warmer under the trial you are enduring. That principle must triumph to which the people faithfully adhere.

Our foreign news is rather exciting. Spain has been in arms, and fear is entertained that liberty has been betrayed. Time will soon show. The Holy Mother Church has little to boast of in the condition of her favorite child. The Crimea is evacuated and the Russian flag once more waves over Sebastopol. The Emperor's coronation at Moscow, this week, is disappointing the recollections of past sufferings and defeat. Lord Granville is to be a special ambassador, and is taking out an equipment which will dazzle our late antagonists.

The last few days of July have been sunnysome and glowing. So is this first of August—a day ever memorable for the emancipation of our West Indian blacks. Paradise will, indeed, be regained when the souls of men everywhere experience a translation from darkness to light,