

Again and again have I seen men scarce able to walk coming and asking for the Living Word. Again and again have I seen officers of rank, side by side with their poor though noble soldiers, asking for the same treasure, and greatly helping me in my work; and night after night has the same pressure continued. Again and again have I seen the soldiers that for months had been sick, and had been removed from place to place, holding up the Testaments given last summer, and now eagerly asking for the whole volume of inspiration.

"A stock of the best books had also reached me, and as eagerly were they looked for, and carefully studied. The greatest favourites were the 'Assembly of Westminster's Shorter Catechism,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'Psalms on the Benefit of Christ's Death.' All being supplied at Yenikoi, I hastened to the Crimea to meet them ere they left. "My arrival soon became known, and the first day 700 soldiers and officers visited me. I did not offer one copy. I never left the house. I told only one or two at first, and like wildfire it spread through the camp. Day after day the house was besieged. Soon the supply failed, and it was painful to have to send hundred away empty-handed. Often in the act of embarking they had come to offer and they had for a copy, that they might carry it to their homes, as a gift to the parents they loved. In some cases it was gladdening to see the results of last year's distribution. All prejudice had given way—all opposition been silenced—all ranks had been pervaded by the same spirit; and in some cases living conversions to God had been the result. One especially is striking: A soldier of the name of Paolo, having a desire for reading, called in August 1855, and had a Testament given him. He began to read it—he was interested, he had never seen it before—he was awakened, and, unable to contain the intensity of his feelings, he came to Balaklava, asking for one who had left; he was directed to one well able to instruct him, and who has done much, very much, in carrying on this work. Soon the state of his mind was revealed, and time after time did he come for instruction. At length it pleased the Lord to lead him by his Spirit to behold the Lamb of God, and his soul was set at liberty. High hopes were entertained of his being raised up to preach his glorious gospel to others. The Lord saw otherwise, and he was laid on a bed of suffering and death. In his last hours he was urged to confess and get extreme unction, but his reply was, 'I have confessed to Christ—He and He only can save—all my hope is in Him. Shortly after he fell asleep. He was in the habit of writing his thoughts on reading, and the following is his *verbatim*, on 'Peter's sinking in the water':—'It is true that, until our spirit has freed itself from a fallen body, to abide in the bosom of a happy eternity, the waters of many a tempestuous sea will oft beset us on every side, and sometimes so rage as to lead us to think that, like Peter, we must presently sink. But let the most adverse winds be let loose against us—let the waves and billows rise around us as high as the hills—the currents and eddies drift whither-soever they will, yet with steady faith in Christ, and with the certainty that we are his, we shall, in the end, be more than conquerors, even upon the raging waves.'

"In the Crimea and Yenikoi I had the pleasure of giving, since the 1st April—Italian Bibles, 2147, Testaments, 1230; French Bibles to Savoyards, 300, besides 4000 books and tracts. Above 250 Bibles have been given to officers of all grades; and instead of in any case hindering the work, they have forwarded it. It would be wrong to say much of the desire has been spiritual to possess the word, yet it has been given—in no case forced; and surely it is matter of deepest gratitude to think of 18,000 copies of the Scriptures having gone to Piedmont from the Crimea, a place they were most unlikely to re-

ceive it in, and in circumstances the most adverse to its taking root.

"From time to time much calumny and even incredulity has been manifested regarding the work. I have no desire to meet these, the effects of sympathy with Rome, and attachment to a formal religion exalted in the place of a crucified, risen, and glorious Redeemer. The work needs no colouring, and requires not the aid of a fanciful, sentimental varnishing to exhibit its reality, or rather to pandor to what, alas! is too often desired—something to dazzle or affect. It is a fact that many have yielded up the crucifixes or charms they wore. It is a fact that when a quantity of Popish literature had been sent from Italy, that the priests to whom it was sent thought it unwiso to circulate it; and when afterwards one, bolder than the others, did so, they were brought to some of us and cast aside as false and corrupt. It is a fact that every opposition threatened against it failed. It is a fact that many, very many, letters can be produced from officers craving a Bible. One officer remarked, 'I had never read the Bible till I came to the Crimea. I find its morality pure, its language sublime, and its divinity self-evident.' But the best of all facts is, that God, by his Spirit, has been working in the hearts of a few already known; that others are eagerly searching; and who, oh who! can tell the results that may yet follow? Piedmont, the exile's home; the only spot where man can breathe, where he can express his convictions, and worship free of danger, where all around is a dark despotism, and under the withering blight of Rome's dark sway, may soon be gained to Christ. Nobly, in the struggle now closed, has she done her part—nobly have her soldiers fought—nobly sustained the name of Italy. The eyes of the world look on with interest. Excommunicated by Rome, she seeks the light; and though Romanism still holds sway, and infidelity, the fruit of it, greatly increases, yet the path, we believe, is onward, and the prayer of all who fear the Lord ought to be in her behalf. Statesmen stand aghast at the state of Italy, and how to solve the problem of her wrongs and miseries they cannot tell.—The truth, and the truth alone, shall make her free. A nation free without the truth is possible. We may be called to see many struggles—we may be called to exercise much patience, and often have our hopes sadly disappointed; but it will come. How it cheers in anticipation—how it stirs to prayer—how it excites to effort, the thought of the truth prevailing in that land, around which our affections cling; that land long down-trodden and oppressed; fair and lovely, yet cursed by the deadly poison of the Man of Sin, and groaning under the heel of the oppressor. From thee the Word has long been withheld, and for daring to read it thy sons and daughters have languished in thy gloomy prisons; but the truth shall and will ultimately triumph. O, my Father, hasten it in thy time. 'It is time for thee to work, for men have made void thy law.' Had I time, I might tell you of the distribution of the Word amongst the Russians and French.—(p. v.) at another time I may. Suffice it to say, since 1st April, the Russian soldiers in the Crimea have had 480 copies given them, and the French 1520.

To the British and Foreign Bible Society, as being first in this work, much gratitude is due for their unwonted liberality. To the Edinburgh Bible Society, to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and to the London Religious Tract Society, who all along have sent supplies to meet every want, and of whose tracts and books, from 1st April, 8000 have been circulated amongst the Sardinian, French, and Russian army. We have reached a crisis in the East.—Many openings appear. There is a breaking-up of prejudices. The fields are white for the harvest. Who will enter in and possess the land?—Who come and meet, in the name of the Lord,

not only all the many forms of superstition in this empire, but boldly confront the Man of Sin, whose strides are mighty, and whose machinations are varied, and, alas! in many cases, far too successful! Arise, O Son of Righteousness, and shine. Let thy glorious arm bring the victory. Bring the night to an end. Let the shadows flee away, and by thy Spirit do thou rule and reign in many a heart, bringing every thought into subject on to thyself. Glorify thy name, and let thy kingdom come."

The following is an extract from a letter on the same subject, dated Balaklava, May, 1856.—"My wish is particularly to state, for the glory of God, that during considerable experience, I have never seen a work so *thoroughly finished and completed* as that accomplished in the Sardinian expeditionary army in the Crimea, the actual and future result of which will, in a temporal point of view, equal the political prospects of the kingdom, and, in an eternal sense, exceed anything we can at present conceive."

DISSENSIONS AMONG THE CONGREGATIONALISTS.

We have heard something of Congregational leaven in the Presbyterian Body. It has always struck us that such an allusion was exceedingly unfortunate, and that it would have been much nearer the truth to speak of Presbyterian leaven in the Congregationalist Bodies.—The Congregational Union has come to be, to a great extent, an Ecclesiastical Court. We find that in England, and we understand in Scotland too, there have been dissensions prevailing for some time with reference to this very point, viz., the growing influence and power of such Unions. The following extract on this subject is from a late number of the *Edinburgh Witness*:—

For some considerable time past the Nonconformist world has been greatly agitated on a question affecting the orthodoxy of some of its members. The exciting cause was the publication of a volume of religious poetry, styled "hymns," by the Rev. T. Lynch, a minister of the Independent denomination. "The volume differs (says the *Christian Times*) in some important particulars from every other collection of devotional poetry published in our language. The experience to which utterance is given is limited to a comparatively narrow range; though within that range some passages will be found intense and fervid. There are two topics especially on which all our hymnologists, properly so called, love to expatiate, but on which Mr. Lynch touches very slightly, and rather by implication than by express mention. One of these omissions relates to that capital question in theology,—the sense of guilt and the need of pardon. The other is much less material; it has reference to the joys of a future state. This is an omission for which we are rather disposed to commend than to censure the author, as he has thus shown the good taste to avoid the rock on which religious poetsasters most commonly make shipwreck. Such as the book is, however, we are not surprised at the controversy it has provoked. For, over and above the serious omission we have ventured to point out, the poems are distinguished by a total absence of the old technical theological phrases which have been current in the pulpit and in the pages of religious writers, at least since the time of the Puritans, and which, in many eyes have become so sacred that they identify them as a real portion of religion itself, a sacred language in which alone Christianity can be properly expressed. But we were not prepared for all the consequences which have ensued. Mr. Lynch was assailed, as many think,