

miration for the brave and good young spirit which could write it. He seems to us to have been the very ideal of a Christian Soldier:—

In the glorious combat which took place on the 7th June, under the walls of Sebastopol, Adrien de la Boissiere, captain of engineers, noticed in the despatch of General Pelissier as having been second to scale the ramparts, received, at the moment he was saving the life of a fellow officer, a serious wound in the leg, which rendered amputation necessary.

A few days elapsed, and the unhappy parents of this young captain received, with the news of his death, a small parcel, which had been forwarded to them by one of his comrades, and of which he had been the holder since the first of May, containing the following letter.—

"1st May, 1855.

"I write these few lines, my dear parents, in order that they may be forwarded in case the war should take me away from your affection.

"I address them to both of you,—to you, my poor mother,—and to you, my beloved father. My heart bleeds for you, when I reflect that some day, perhaps, you will have to read these lines.

"All the remembrances of my childhood of my parents, and of my country, present themselves to my memory, and I shed tears upon your grief.

"But why be so sad? Is there not a consolation for every woe? this consolation, thanks be to you, my good parents, I possess. Allow me to tell you so. I have not forgotten the divine precepts of the Christian religion, and if die I shall die thanking God and my country that I was born a Christian and a Frenchman.

"Then consider things from a higher point of view. The body of your son, which will remain in the Crimea with many other victims of war; this body is but a small portion of his being. And it is as well off in the Crimea as it would be in the cemetery of B—. My soul will live, and the day will come, and is not far off, when it will meet yours in the abode of the blessed. What I say is true—is certain. I have the most intimate conviction of it. Of course, by the mercy of God.

"Let us disregard these mortal remains, which are only as a speck in the immensity of space which is nothing. Do not weep too much; a few days, more or less, in this life—what are they compared to eternity? less than a drop of water in the ocean.

"This life, I sacrifice it willingly to my country—to the cause of humanity and civilisation. I am five-and-twenty years of age. I have already lived more than half the time usually looked upon as a complete career. Is it worth while lamenting an existence in which I should have most certainly met with more disappointment than pleasure? Shall I regret twenty-five years misery, when death sends me a happy eternity? I dare to hope, for I have been an

honest man and a Christian. Oh, how beautiful is that holy philosophy which gives us such grand lessons! How sweet is that sainted religion which nerves us to follow the undeviating path of duty!

"I trust, therefore, that you will find in these few lines a powerful means of consolation, and that you will say, with the deepest conviction, 'Our son is gone! God's will be done! But he died for his country; he died in the performance of his duty he died like a Christian—that is, his body alone perished, and before long we shall meet him in the abode of the happy ones.'

"All matter comes to an end! Fortune and brilliant positions, glory and success, all disappear in a short space of time. The soul only remains; and the souls of the just ones live happy.

"You will not require many souvenirs from me, for I shall ever be present to your mind. I send you very few; you will receive my epaulettes and my arms; the rest will be sold, and the money will be forwarded to you.

"If I regret life, it is only on your account, my dear parents, as well as those who educated me, and who love me; but all will be able to understand this posthumous letter, and the consolations it contains.

"Adieu, then, till we meet again; oh, my my venerated father! you, who after having been the example of military virtue, have become the model of citizens. Adieu, also, dearest mother! May these few words console your Christian motherly heart.

"I have gone over these pages once more as I did not like sealing the letter without reading them again; they are the faithful exponent of my thoughts. Adieu, dear parents, though not for ever. Adieu! dear father; adieu! dear mother; adieu! all those who love me. I will name no one, for fear I might omit any, and be considered ungrateful. I have always regretted, for your sakes, that I am an only child.

"ADRIEN P. DE LA BOISSIERE."

Similar to the above in its Christian spirit is that of Colonel Shadforth of the 57th, or "Die-hards" as they are familiarly called, who fell at his post, and seems to have felt some presentiment of his approaching fate, for he took leave of his wife and children, the night before the assault, in the following terms:—

"Before Sebastopol, June 17, 9 P.M.
My own beloved Wife and dearly beloved Children.—At one o'clock to-morrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me, but I place myself in the hand of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in Him, Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through Him. Pardou and forgive me, my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I

commend my body and soul, which are His, and should it be His will that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of my Queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be, that He, of His infinite goodness, may preserve me to you. God ever bless you my beloved Eliza, and my dearest children; and, if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our Heavenly father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me,

"Your affectionate husband and loving father,

"THOMAS SHADFORTH."

One cannot help hoping that the example of such piety, combined with valour, may have its proper effect upon the brave survivors of these truly heroic men.

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The Jews.

No. 2.

ACCORDING to promise we now proceed to give some extracts from the interesting volume of Mr. Ridley H. Herschell, on the subject of the present condition and future prospects of the Jews. We stated that Mr. Herschell himself was a Christian Israelite and from this circumstance chiefly it is that the book derives its value to us. It would appear from a statement at the commencement of the volume that the author's conversion to Christianity had been accompanied with the usual severity of trial, suffering, and persecution on the part of his brethren, who if they did not subject him to open persecution as in the case of the ill fated Leila Ada, seem to have for some time at least received him with feelings of hatred and dislike. The following is his own account of the matter:

"After the Lord through his goodness and tender mercy, had by his spirit enabled me to see that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, I was for some years cut off from all intercourse with the pious Jews of the Continent; my own dear parents and relations, who are very much devoted to the service of God being determined no longer to countenance me thinking that I had forsaken the Lord God of Israel and consequently viewing me as a heathen man. This was a very bitter cup for me to drink, but not to be compared to the joy of beholding him who is come to be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and will yet according to his own promise become 'the glory of his people Israel,' that his salvation may be unto the ends of the earth."

He states, however, in the month of June 1832, he received an affectionate letter from his father, to whom we are glad to learn he was afterwards reconciled.

Speaking of the cause of the unbelief of the Jews and their willingness to embrace Christianity, Mr. Herschell thus writes