

commodate 250. The bishop and fifteen clergymen were present, and 260 in the body of the church. The service was read in English and Irish, commencing with an Irish hymn, which the children did justice to. Mr. Dalles preached a most heart-stirring sermon from Zech. iv. 6, 7. The congregation on last Sabbath amounted to ninety-eight; of this number, thirty-one came to the Lord's table. There are thirty-two girls at school, and thirty-eight boys. Some of the fine boys who have learned the truth at Moyrus school have gone to the Crimea; I was deeply affected when the bade me an affectionate farewell, and said they hoped God would not only give them victory over the oppressor of Russia, but would make them instrumental in doing some good among their own countrymen. Each had his Bible in his pocket, and told me it would be their companion wherever they might go. I have had letters from them since, and give the following from one of them. In August he wrote to me, — 'I hope you are long since in your new church. I trust my mother has left that old, rotten, falling building, Babylon; that the children (his younger brothers and sisters) are good, and attending both day and Sunday school; and that you are making, or rather *getting*, more converts. If God spare me, I shall send you something if I can, to help you to give the children a good Christmas dinner. I like to see them all well looked to on that day. I have drunk no ardent spirits this long time; I get an allowance for it, but am laying it up; for drink is killing thousands of my poor comrades.'

"On the 1st *October*, this young man wrote to his younger brother, — 'My beloved brother, it has pleased God to afflict me with fever and ague; well, welcome be His blessed will! has He not been most merciful in sparing me so long? If you only knew how many have been called off in a moment; but God has never forsaken me, and will, I trust, prolong my days to see you

all once more; but if not, I know we shall meet above, if not allowed to meet on earth. What an awful scourge war is! Oh! may that happy day soon come when wars shall cease from the earth. Pray for me. Give my love to mother and all the poor children. May God bless you all. I am very weak, but I pray to God to send me His Holy Spirit. All of you pray for me.'

"*October 12.*—Thanks to the Giver of all good! I am much better. Oh! dear Val, if you saw this great city of Sebastopol on the day it was taken! I was within its walls on that evening. You would think of Sodom and Gomorrah had you seen the smoke and flames of it ascending towards heaven; and then to think of the thousands of dead all about, it would sicken your heart, and make you weep for the desolations of war—that dreadful scourge of God Almighty. My dear Val, I send you £4. I shall send you £4 more in spring, if God spare me. Be careful of this, and do not apply it to foolish purposes. I know my mother could manage well, and I hope this may be of use to you all; but I trust, Val, you will act like a man. Keep to your business, keep the children at school, improve yourself, and let the world see you can and will exert yourself, and keep out of all foolish company, and God will bless you."

One of the agents connected with the Lough Corrib district, Galway, gives a most pleasing account of the lads who have enlisted from that locality. Their letters are full of gratitude to God for His preserving care, and for all the comfort they have had in reading His Word, which they take every opportunity of reading to their comrades. They write most affectionately to their parents, and have remitted considerable sums of money to them.

A considerable number of the young men educated in the mission schools have entered the constabulary, and are conducting themselves most creditably; others have received further training,