

After the usual loyal and other toasts,

The Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, who was warmly received, said, I understand that some of our friends here have questioned the propriety of this banquet on the ground of its being too premature. But surely it is not premature but full time for this capital of the West to declare in some form or other its hearty concurrence in the objects of this great war; to declare that—before God I say it solemnly—we began it without any hostile feelings towards our old ally Russia, any love of territorial aggrandisement, far less of Mahomedan delusions, but were almost forced into it by what honestly appeared to us to be the stern necessities of political justice. We are determined not to be forced out of it by any power in courts or cabinets, or by any want of cordial support on our part, but rather to pay our last shilling and give our last soldier before we accept a peace which does not confess the continued supremacy of the West, and secure the liberties of the East. (Hear, hear.) The ravages of war are terrible, but the reign of unrighteousness is infinitely more so. Now is it premature in us to acknowledge as we have never yet done, and in a form sanctioned by the usages of all ages, our deep sense of gratitude to officers and men of both services, who have so long and so nobly maintained the honour of our national flag “amid summer’s heat and winter’s cold,” amidst battle and victory, in trench and battery, on the open field and in the deadly ramparts over which were pouring “the current of the heavy fight?” And at all events it is not premature in us “to think of those who sleep,” whose battle is over, whose gallant hearts beat no more, and to remember in silence befitting their memories those who have fallen in the Crimea! Those who have fallen! Alas, my Lord Duke, how many do those words include!

How many have fallen since the day that splendid army poured itself, like a great western wave, along the shores of Eupatoria, and dashed up the heights of the Alma; and, breaking over the embattled ridge, with a loud roar of defiance swept onward to destroy the mighty fortress, no power on earth being able as yet to say: ‘Hitherto shall thou come but no farther?’—(Cheers.) Those who have fallen were gathered, as no troops ever were before, from different regions of the Earth. The soldier from the banks of the Nile and Jordan sleeps beside those from the Po and the Seine, the Tay and the Tummel, and from a circumference which sweeps from the deserts of the East to the forests of the Far West—from Australia to the North Sea, more than ten thousand times ten thousand mourners turn their weeping eyes to one common centre dear to them all—the teeming grave-yard around Sebastopol—where beloved ones lie interred, “in one red burial sheet.” Among the fallen are men of almost every age and rank. Veterans are there who had grown grey in the service of their country; whose names were familiar in the history of the last war; who might have lived and died with honour unstained amidst the sweet scenes and domestic quiet of their happy homes, but who, with that splendid chivalry which never beat higher than it now does among our military men, went abroad at the call of duty, braved the dangers and the sufferings of the campaign with their comrades, meekly bore many a hard speech uttered against them with the quiet dignity of conscientious integrity and the self-respect that will not explain itself to injustice—until at last some, like Cathcart or Strangways, were killed in the midst of battle; others died from their wounds, or, like the noble Raglan, exhausted in body and mind, yielded to the fierce assault of disease. The young, too, are among the fallen—the pride of many a home—their ardent enthusiasm, their brilliant courage, and bright hopes and honourable distinction suddenly arrested by the cruel cannon-ball: most attractive young spirits, like one who came to me to remember the Lord, who died for him, ere he went himself to die, clasping his colours to his breast on the field of Alma.

Christian men are among the fallen, good soldiers of Jesus Christ, who were not ashamed of the Cross while they grasped the sword, but who,

in keeping their own spirits as they did, were even greater than those who take a city. Oh, my Lord Duke, from being Secretary of a Society here for supporting Missionaries in the Hospitals, reading all their journals sent to me, and also from being the Minister of the largest parish in Scotland, I have many sad opportunities of realising the breaches which have been made by war in the homes of the humble, of whose losses, however, the busy world hears little. During the last few days only I can recall a widow bowed down with grief for a most kind husband, who had survived the campaign till the last terrible assault,—and a sister, who had there, also, lost her only support,—and a mother, who had always brought me with pride her son’s letters, but who now, with sobs of agony, gave me one to read, written by a warm-hearted comrade, who told her how her son died beside him near the Redan, and who heard him say with his latest breath, “Oh, my poor mother!” I mention these things because I know that you intend the humblest soldier among the fallen to be remembered to-night as well as the most distinguished officer. (Cheers.) And can we, my Lord Duke, let me ask in conclusion, for one moment believe that those men have died in vain, and that the best blood of Europe has been poured out like water on the ground, never in any form to be gathered up again? It cannot be. I think it would be inconsistent with our faith in the wisdom and goodness of the universal Governor of the World. History itself contradicts so hopeless a view of the future, and connects too closely with righteous wars such enlarged measures of good obtained by the human race, to make us doubt for one moment that the blood of the army as well as that of martyrs, will prove to be the seeds of the Church. And it is because I believe this, because I believe that this great war, whether it ends soon or after many years, will be overruled by the Prince of Peace for advancing that “kingdom which cannot be moved,” the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy. It is because I believe that the very justice with which we have treated Turkey, and fought for her, will but more clearly demonstrate the fall of Islam to be from circumstances of the most disinterested character on our part; because I believe that the deaths of the thousands who have perished, and whose graves may be typical of more beautiful spots in the moral wilderness, and may ultimately prove the life of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of the human race in coming generations.—That as a Christian pastor and a Christian patriot, I can propose with cheerfulness a toast to the memory of those who have fallen in the Crimea. The toast was received with loud applause.

Sir JAMES ANDERSON proposed “the Clergy of Scotland.”

Principal MACFARLAN, in reply to the toast, said—We are ministers of the Gospel of peace, but we are no advocates of that pusillanimous peace which would rest contented without resistance, and sympathy for sufferers under tyranny and oppression, and which would not oppose every aggression on our civil and religious liberty (Cheers) The clergy of the Church to which I belong, I know, look back with something of conscientious satisfaction on the painful and difficult progress by which their own civil and religious liberty was established. They retain a recollection of that period when the men of Scotland, the great body of inhabitants, were forced, in order to serve their God and enjoy freedom of conscience, to betake themselves to the hill-side, the heath, and the glen, having for their companions the Bible and the broadsword. Their resistance was successful, but still they retain the same spirit of sympathy for the freedom of others, and of independence which they demand for themselves. (Cheers.) I can assure our brave defenders in arms that amid all their struggles, and all their efforts, and now in sympathy with their triumphs, they have enjoyed the prayers of the clergy of Scotland, and they still call forth their warmest interest and earnest good wishes for continued success and still more splendid achievements. (Cheers.)

GLEANINGS FROM THE WAR.

I. A CHRISTIAN HERO.—COLONEL SHADFORTH, 57TH REGIMENT.

We have no detailed record of the career of this gallant and lamented Christian officer. We cannot, however, refrain from inserting the following letter as we find it in the newspapers:

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
June 17, Nine 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 hands 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. Pardon 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, ‘They 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.”

Her Majesty, with that anxious consideration for those who have suffered in her service which has always distinguished her, has already signed a warrant, granting a pension of £200 a-year to Mrs. Shadforth, and has intimated that she will take advantage of any future opportunity which may occur to manifest her appreciation of Colonel Shadforth’s services. Colonel Shadforth had an hereditary connexion with the 57th, his father, who was severely wounded at Albuera, having served in it for thirty-two years, and two of his brothers being also officers in the same regiment.

II. FRUITS OF FRENCH EVANGELISATION IN THE CHINESE ARMY.

The following letter, which has recently appeared in the Swiss paper, *La Ecuille Religieuse du Canton de Faud*, affords a most interesting and encouraging proof of how the living blessing often rests on those humble and unpretending labours in which the pious and earnest Protestants of France are accustomed to engage:—

“In June, 1853, in the south of France, while a pious young woman was gathering mulberry leaves for silk-worms, her attention was drawn to a troop of soldiers passing, two of whom, (Joseph M.—and James N.—) apparently overcome by heat and fatigue, stopped a moment and entered into conversation with her. One of them having inquired whether she was a Protestant, she answered, ‘I am, and a Christian too,’ which was the beginning of a religious conversation. ‘We are too young,’ said Joseph, ‘to think of these things; it will be time to do so when we get old.’ And how do you know whether you will ever be old?’ said the woman. She then asked whether they ever read the Bible, and, upon their answer in the negative, offered them two religious tracts which she had in her pocket, not, however, without requiring a positive promise that they would read them. They took leave and followed their corps.

“Eighteen months had passed away, when, in the course of last winter, two young soldiers knocked at the door of the young woman’s cottage, where she was sitting alone; and, finding that she did not recognise them, one of them said, ‘You will at least recognise these little books,’ and handed over to her the two tracts. The sight of them explained all, and her eyes filled with tears. ‘It was our ardent wish,’ pur-