

Simpson, Pelissier, Bosquet, Sir Colin Campbell, Evans, Cambridge, Cathcart, and other Crimean heroes. The panneling of the east gallery was covered with the names Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman and Sebastopol, in large letters. The company, which quite filled the hall, sat down to dinner at six o'clock, and at seven the ladies were admitted to the galleries. A large number of Crimean veterans, non-commissioned officers and privates, were accommodated at the tables below the galleries.

His Grace the Duke of Hamilton occupied the chair, supported by the Duke of Montrose, the Duc De Cuiry, Lord Belhaven, Sir James Ferguson, M.P.; Sir Michael S. Stewart, M.P.; Sir William Milliken Napier, Sir James Anderson, M.P.; Capt. Blair, William Lockhart, Esq., M.P.; John McGregor, Esq. M.P. Sir Archibald Alison officiated as croupier. The Very Rev. Principal Macfarlan asked the blessing, and the Rev. N. Macleod returned thanks.

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 righteousness 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, “mid 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 heady fight?” And, at all events, it is not premature 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! how many do these words include! How many have fallen since the day that splendid army poured itself, like a great western wave, along the shores of Apatoria, and dashed up the heights of Alma, breaking over the embattled ridge with a roar of defiance, swept onwards to destroy the mighty fortress, no power on earth being able as yet to say, “Hitherto shalt 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 the Indian sleeps beside those from the Po and the Seine, the Tay and the Tummel: and from the circumference which sweeps from the deserts of the East to the forests of the far West—from Australia to the North Sea—more than a thousand times ten thousand mourners turn their weeping eyes to one common centre dear

to them all, the teeming graveyard around Sebastopol, where beloved ones lie interred “in one red burial blent.” 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 conscious 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 realizing 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 over-ruled 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 conscious 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 its 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. (Cheers.) 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.)

Death of the Honorable Thomas McKay.

We have this month to record the death of the Honorable Thomas McKay. This melancholy event took place at Rideau Hall, his late residence, near the City of Ottawa on Tuesday 9th October. He was born at Perth in Scotland on the 1st September, 1792, and his age consequently was 63 years and 39 days.

Mr. McKay’s remains were followed to the tomb by a numerous body of all classes and of all denominations of Christians, and on the following Sabbath a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Alex. Spence in St. Andrew’s Church, Ottawa City, of which Mr. McKay was an Elder and Trustee. We give the following extract from that Sermon.

“We have doubtless at the present time a call for consideration. A breach has taken place among the Office-bearers of this church and shall we not lay it to heart? If there is joy in Heaven at the sinner’s first turning unto God doubtless there is more exceeding joy when the righteous is admitted to the heavenly mansions; and, if interest is manifested in Heaven when a righteous man dies, shall we, the members of this congregation, cherish apathy or unbelief? Shall we lay ourselves open to that charge which was brought against the men of Israel of old. when the prophet said of