

The Press publishes the following letter recently received from one of the chaplains officiating to the army in the Crimea:—

"Highlights above Sebastopol, Nov. 20, 1854.

"It is not from forgetfulness of your kindness to me when I was in London that I have so long delayed writing to you. But I have neither had time nor opportunity before. Even now my knees form my writing-desk. I have lived a life since I saw you. I have been appointed to the Fourth Division, which you will know ere this suffered the most severely in the action of the Inkermann. Last Tuesday was a painful day here. The noble ship in which I came out (the Prince) has gone to the bottom with many others, and there has been an immense sacrifice of life. I was roused from dreams of my native land by my tent falling on me, and was completely drenched before I could get on my clothes. Even then no fires could be lighted, no tea nor anything else could be procured—dry biscuit, and glad to get it, was the state of affairs. But all this mattered little to us who were in good health. When I got to my hospital, a sight was before me which would have moved a heart of stone. The hospital marquees were all down, and the poor fellows, suffering from cholera, fever, and dysentery, were lying exposed to that merciless storm, aggravated by the most piercing sleet I ever felt, benumbing all the faculties like paralysis. I saw more than one of our men stretch themselves out on that day, under that sleet, to die! God grant I may never witness such a scene again! And yet I feel thankful that I was here. Many a rough soldier welcomed me to his side, and, as I spoke to him of the love of a crucified Redeemer, his hard hand grasped mine, and the big tear stood in his eye, and as I rolled him up in his blanket, and tried to get him as high as I could out of the slush and the dirt, I felt thankful to God who made me, unworthy sinner though I be, the minister of such a glorious gospel. I need scarcely tell you that my work in the burial-ground was heavy after such a night. The weather has been much finer since, and the health of all the regiments in the division is improved, with the exception of the 46th. Cholera, of a particularly virulent character, has broken out among them, and I have buried more than thirty of them within the last few days. The scenes I have witnessed in their hospital beggar all description. I spend a portion of every day in it; for the poor fellows (as we came out together) imagine that I belong altogether to them, and, when I enter the door of the marquee, 'Come here, sir, rescues on every side; and then you have to make your way over the floor of the tent, strewn with dying men, and as each lies in the tent, you lean on your elbow by his side, and speak into his ear the hopes of another and a better world. You can easily understand now why my promise has been delayed. Indeed, I have time for nothing but the pressing duties of my post. It is truly an arduous one, but I have no desire to change it for any other, while God grants me strength to work. We had a very large attendance at divine worship yesterday, and the attention of officers and men was most marked. I have several hospital tents under my charge. I visit three each day, and have a short service once a week in each of them, besides impressing on the hospital orderlies that if any man wishes to see me, either night or day, I am to be immediately called. The burial of the dead has been particularly heavy, but I have proposed an arrangement, which the general of the division and the commanding officers highly approve of. I attend on the burial-ground twice in each day, at eleven and three o'clock, and the dead from all the regiments are to be brought at those hours.

"God bless and keep you!"

The following interesting letter from a Sister of Charity belonging to the Church of Rome, and now ministering to the wounded at Scutari, was read from his pulpit in the Scotch National Church, Crown-court, on Sunday last, by Dr. Cumming. Before reading it, he remarked that he had often denounced the errors of the Roman Catholic Church, but had invariably added that in it, though of it, were not a few true Christians. He said, the letter he read was addressed by a Romish Sister of Charity to the wife of a Scotch Fusilier sergeant, a member of the Church of Scotland, mortally wounded at Inkermann, and since dead. He added, that he was making an effort to admit his fatherless children into the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and he expressed his earnest hope that such interesting instances of Christian ministry might not be peculiar to the members of a Church far less enlightened than Protestants:—

"Dear Mrs. G.—I promised to write and tell

you all I could about your husband. You have already heard that he was very much wounded—I believe by a shell. At first he seemed to suffer much from the wound in his body, but then he seemed to rally and we were in hope that he would recover, but God was pleased to ordain otherwise. It was found necessary to amputate his right hand; he bore the operation very well, considering his weak state, and seemed much relieved, but yesterday he got very weak and almost speechless, and so he continued gradually sinking till this afternoon about 4 o'clock, when he breathed his last. A minister of the Church of England was with him in his last moments. He expressed no particular wish to see any one, as he could not have a minister of his own religion, but he seemed to find great comfort from reading the New Testament, and had asked me to procure him one with a large print, as his sight was weak. Everything that could be done for his case was done. He had an arrow, and everything he seemed to fancy or wish for. He was very anxious to send his watch and a few other things over to you and his children. His captain has given them in charge to an invalided sergeant, who sails for England in a day or two. He begged me to be sure and write to you, if God called him, as he wished you to hear all particulars about him as soon as possible. He often spoke of you and the boys with great anxiety and affection, but he seemed quite willing to die, if such was God's holy will. He showed all along great resignation and patience, and much consideration for others. The men in the ward where he lay showed him every possible attention and respect, and did all they could to make him comfortable. I saw him every day for the last week, and did all in my power for him. It is difficult for me to try to comfort you, for I know it must indeed be a heavy blow to you. I can but advise you to let it often that God is a loving Father, and only afflicts in mercy, and that what is so great a grief to you may be a greater joy to your husband, whose resignation and charitable feelings have I trust acceptance; and I am sure you loved him too much to wish to bring him back from heaven. I can only promise my prayers for him and for you and for your children. May God bless you and comfort you all.—I am, my dear Mrs. G., yours faithfully in Christ.

"SISTER MARY GONZAGA.

"Scutari Hospital, Nov. 24."

HYMNS BY A PRINCESS.—Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, have been called to spread divine truth, and 'confound the things which are mighty.' Yet now and then we behold a bright exception. The Protestant churches of Germany possess four hymns written by a Princess, and still employed in the worship of God.

It is to be observed that no Christian nation is so rich in hymns as the German; and there is certainly no one which is so much affected by sacred song. The hymns of Paul Gerhardt have been as truly popular in Germany, as the songs of Robert Burns in Scotland. The Princess to whom reference has been made, was a contemporary of the sweet singer in Israel just named.

Louisa Henrietta, of Brandenburg, was the wife of Frederick William, commonly known as the Great Elector; his successors have borne the title of kings of Prussia. Louisa was the eldest daughter of the stadtholder of Holland, the Prince of Orange, and was born at the Hague, November 17, 1627. In her nineteenth year she was married to Frederick William, and as a matter of course, moved to Berlin. She was of a rare personal beauty, winning manners, and extraordinary accomplishments. A writer of the day describes her as possessed of 'a rare and winning eloquence, and a still rarer equanimity which neither prosperous or adverse things could shake; true Christian humility, warm piety, and tender regard for the poor, such as made her a ministering angel of her family and realm.' That she was a true child of grace, no one ever doubted who was acquainted with the productions of her pen. She died in the old town of Berlin, Cohn, on the Spree, June 3, 1687, in her fortieth year.

The four hymns of Louisa Henrietta were, after her death, published by the Elector; and two of them are as familiar to all German believers, as the hymns, 'When I can read my title clear,' or, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' are to English and American Protestants. One of these, 'Jesus my Saviour and my trust,' gives name to one of the most common chorals, and among German Christians, has been sung as often, to say the least, by dying lips, as Watts' 'Jesus can make a dying bed.' The Germans are not so scanty in their praise, nor so fearful of long hymns as we: this royal lyric has ten stanzas. A specimen follows in the version of Mrs. Carr, but immeasurably below the original:

'Jesus, my Saviour and my trust,
Still lives! What should I fear?
Can I not leave to him my dust
With confidence and cheer?
E'en Death's unknown and gloomy tale
Shall not my soul with dread assail.

• Jesus, meine Zuversicht!

Now, faith anticipates the hour
When I in flesh shall see
Jesus, who stooped from heaven's power
To bleed and die for me.
Then shall this tongue loud anthems sing,
In honor of my Saviour King.

Then laugh the gloomy grave to scorn,
Laugh, too, at death and hell;
For through the air we shall be borne
With Christ our Lord to dwell.
Then grief and care shall melt away
In the bright beams of endless day.

The acquisition by Prussia of the territory of Jable providing her with a new naval port and arsenal, appears to be an event of some importance. Jable is the name of a gulf scooped out of the small state of Oldenburg, and therefore close to our own shores, and also of a river which flows into it, and the land just acquired by Prussia is about 3,000 acres surrounding, for which she has paid 800,000 thalers, or about £80,000. The town of Jable is close to a smaller place called Fährhuk on the river, about 26 miles from the sea, and has a depth of water at low ebb, in the middle of the stream, of never less than four fathoms, and for a large part of the space, a depth of eleven to twelve fathoms. Over the broad surface of the gulf the water is nowhere less than six fathoms deep. At present the largest class of ordinary merchant ships can enter the river, and it is capable, at a comparatively small expense, of being deepened and widened so as to form, by Fährhuk, an excellent harbour. The opening of the gulf itself is protected by the island of Wangeroge, and is a safe good anchorage, equal or superior to the Nore.

The street police of Paris is about to be placed upon a similar footing with that of London. In a recent report of M. Billault, the Minister of the Interior, to the Emperor on the subject, he says:—

"Your Majesty, struck with the excellent organization of the municipal police of London, and its efficacy against malefactors, is desirous that the police of Paris should not remain inferior to it. You have especially expressed your wishes that the latter, in the details of its daily service, should be placed in a position to exercise, to the great advantage of all parties, that *bienveillance* and protection alike of person and property, the continued good effect of which renders the intervention of the 'police' (sic in the original) so popular and respected in England. With this view you have directed a comparative inquiry to be made into the two institutions, in order that such ameliorations as resulted from the investigation might be laid before you."

Sharpers and other unscrupulous persons may perhaps get something out of his Highness Prince Maharajah-Murrender-Bahadur, of Patalab, if he does not spend all his wealth before he gets here. The nabob has marked his entrance into Europe by a strange piece of eccentricity. Instead of proceeding direct to London, as had been expected, he has commenced his peregrinations in the west by the city of Bordeaux, where he disembarked some days ago. Instead of going to an hotel, he purchased a house, and has at considerable expense caused it to be furnished to his own particular taste. Next day he went to the shop of a noted cap-maker, and bought a whole carriage-full of caps. He then drove about the town, and amused himself by throwing from the window of the vehicle caps to everybody who wore hats. It was raining hard at the time, and the caps, which were waterproof, were received by the public with bursts of satisfaction.—Eng. Paper Dec. 20.

It is stated that a medal will be promptly issued to the troops serving in the Crimea. The medal will be given to all those who have been in any part of the present campaign. A clasp will be added for the Alma and one for Inkermann. The regiments engaged are to have on their colours and appointments the words "Crimea," "Alma," and "Inkermann."

A party of rich gentlemen have arrived at Jerusalem with the purpose of commencing a colony in Jericho. There are many similar projects proposed in different parts of the land. At Tyre and Sidon an architect has arrived from England, accompanied with men and means to commence a colony.

Charity is a universal duty, which it is in every man's power sometimes to practice, since every degree of assistance given to another, from proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility that he may not, on some occasion, benefit his neighbour.