

EXTRACTS of LETTERS relating to the death of HENRY ANSTRUTHER, Esq., 2nd Lieutenant, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, at the Battle of the Alma.

"On the heights above the River Alma, Thursday, Sept. 21st, 1854.

"Our dear Harry has fallen! His was a soldier's death; and he died surrounded by nearly the whole of his regiment, 5 of them only remaining unhurt to tell the tale. He was shot, poor fellow, right through the heart, whilst carrying the colours; so his death must have been instantaneous. He fell about forty yards from the field-work which cost so dearly. I know what a terrible shock this will be to you and his dear mother, in fact to the whole of you; but in my letter to L—I have explained why we must not mourn for him as without hope. God had dealt mercifully with him, and led him to seek a Saviour; and he did seek the Only True One earnestly. Whenever we have met lately,—and I have seen him very often the last week—we have always talked on serious subjects, and have read and prayed together. We must now remember and accept our Lord's words when He said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out."

"In position in front of the River Alma, Sept. 21, 1854.

"When we halted, my first care was to find out the 23rd, and then I heard the fatal news. By and by his great friend Bulwer came down to me, and we went together to look for him. We found him quite cold and stiff, poor boy: so I kissed him and closed his eyes. I took from him his Testament, † glass, wings and ring. We then got 4 men of his regiment to carry him to a place where there were not so many dead lying about; and there they dug a grave as deep as they could, nearly 4 feet, and wrapping him in a blanket, we laid him in it. I said a short prayer at the grave, and read those beautiful verses at the end of the 15th chapter of the First Corinthians; firmly believing that in his case death had been swallowed up in victory. The last time I saw him alive was the Monday afternoon, the day before we marched, and we went out on the hillside, and read and prayed together. He seemed to enjoy it so much; and he told me he had been meditating upon death, and that he could now look it in the face complacently. . . . Harry is deeply regretted by all our fellows, and by every one who knew him, the very least. I never knew such universal popularity, or one who deserved it more."

EXTRACTS from his own LETTERS.

"Guard's Camp, Gevrechli, Aug. 3d, 1854.

"I pray that God may take away my hard heart, and give me a heart to know and love Him, for Christ's sake."

"Camp, Monastir, Aug. 18th.

"Thank dear mother for her little tract and hymn, and tell her that I will be sure to learn it by next Sunday, as if I were going to say it to her in the sitting-room. I only wish I really was to be there; but

we can only pray that God may preserve us all to meet some day at dear old Balcaskie,* should it be His will. I ought to be very thankful to Him for having preserved me in all this sickness, as I am still very well indeed."

"Camp, on the march to Varna, Aug. 27th.

"I trust, my dearest mother, that I do think more seriously than I used to do, and I think I feel so much more comfort in my Bible; for, if I read it attentively, and look at the passages you marked in it, I always find some verse that suits my condition, when I feel rather *doon* at the thoughts that I may never see you all again.

"I cannot bear to think that this may be my last letter before going into action; but we must put our trust in God, that I may be preserved in the day of battle.

* His father's seat in Fifeshire, Scotland.

† The colour which he carried was pierced with 26 balls, and covered with his blood. The other colour received 16 balls. Mr. Butler, the officer who carried it, fell almost at the same moment with his comrade.

‡ His Testament was stained with a drop of his blood. At his last interview with the friend from whose letters these extracts are taken he had stated his intention of reading the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. His mark was at that place.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

We crowned the hard-won heights at length,
Baptized in flame and fire;
We saw the foeman's sullen strength,
That grimly made retire;

Saw close at hand, then saw more far
Beneath the battle-smoke,
The ridges of his shattered war,
That broke and ever broke.

But one, an English household's pride,
Dear many ways to me,
Who climbed that death-path by my side,
I sought, but could not see.

Last seen, what time our foremost rank
That iron tempest tore,
He touched, he scaled the rampart's bank,
Seen then, and seen no more!

One friend to aid, I measured back
With him that pathway dread;
No fear to wander from our track,
Its landmarks, English dead!

Light thickened; but our search was crowned,
As we too well divined;
And after briefest quest we found
What we most feared to find.

His bosom with one death-shot riven,
The warrior-boy lay low;
His face was turned unto the heaven,
His feet unto the foe.

As he had fallen upon the plain,
Inviol. to he lay;
No ruffian spoiler's hand profane
Has touched that noble clay.

And precious things he still retained,
Which by one distant hearth,
Loved tokens of the loved, had gained
A worth beyond all worth.

I treasured these for them, who yet
Knew not their mighty woe;
I softly sealed his eyes, and set
One kiss upon his brow.

A decent grave we scooped him, where
Less thickly lay the dead,
And decently composed him there
Within that narrow bed.

Oh! theme for manhood's bitter tears,
The beauty and the bloom
Of scarcely twenty summer years
Shut in that darksome tomb!

Of soldier sire the soldier son—
Life's honoured eventide
One lives to close in England, one
In maiden battle died:

And they that should have been the mourned
The mourners' parts obtain:
Such thoughts were ours as we returned
To earth its earth again.

Brief words we read of faith and prayer
Beside that hasty grave;
Then turned aside, and left him there,
The gentle and the brave;

I calling back with thankful heart,
With thoughts to peace allied,
Hours when we two had knelt apart
Upon the lone hill-side:

And, comforted, I praised the grace
Which him had led to be
An early seeker of that Face,
Which he should early see.

From the "Times."

R. C. T.

THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.—IN June, 1852, the Editor of this Magazine expressed himself thus respecting the attempted mission to Tierra del Fuego: "Our own faith is strong in the ultimate success of the mission. Former errors will be corrected, wiser plans arranged, by a wider experience; and, while the moral heroism of Captain Gardiner and his friends will never cease to exercise a holy influence in the world, and, both at home and abroad, will help to advance the cause of missions to the heathen, we also believe that the day may soon come when Christian Churches, gathered from the desolate lands around the stormy Cape Horn, may visit Banner Cove and the graves of those noble men, and from the touching memories which will ever cluster around them derive such lessons of disinterested love and exalted faith as may kindle a more ardent piety in their own bosoms, and fill them with a profounder gratitude for the spiritual mercies they have obtained, and for those who sacrificed themselves that these mercies should be bestowed."

The Secretary adds: "With God's help, the mission to Tierra del Fuego shall be maintained!" With all our hearts we say: "Go on, and prosper!"

Unremitting effort has been made since the date above to raise the supply of money, build the vessel, and find the company to follow in the path opened by Gardiner, and consecrated by his sufferings and prayers. How it has prospered we are now to tell the reader: 1. The money has been largely provided—*ten* pounds having been given since the martyr's death for one that was received during his lifetime: 2. The vessel, a schooner of 104 tons, has been built, launched, fitted out and despatched under the name of "Allen Gardiner." She is strong enough for an arctic voyage, and has a solid bottom. She is rigged expressly for a stormy coast, has 3 boats of whale-boat shape, and is provided with every convenience and needful store. She carries provisions of all sorts to last 15 persons 12 months. 3. The persons are found—a missionary, a catechist, a surgeon, a captain, 2 mates, 4 seamen, cook, and cabin-boy, a carpenter, a mason, and a herdsman. Of these, 8 are certainly Christian men, and have given themselves to this enterprise from pious motives.

The mission party proceed to the West Falklands, 3 days' sail from Tierra del Fuego, where they have Government authority to select suitable land to form a station. They have on board