

Paul's Church. He has been received as a missionary within the bounds by the Presbytery of Montreal, and has preached in our city churches with much acceptance. He will be a decided acquisition to the church. With so many vacancies in our church, and with so wide a field ready for the harvest, there is great need for labourers of the right stamp. Pray, then, the Lord of the harvest that He would send labourers into His harvest.

The Rev. Andrew Bell.

It is our painful duty to announce the lamented death of the Rev. Andrew Bell, of L'Original, late the Synod Clerk. This event was anticipated by all who came in contact with him at the last meeting of Synod. His end was even then apparently spent, and the determination evinced by him to discharge in his feeble state the duties of his office, while retaining sympathy and respect, yet awakened feelings of compassion and sorrowful regret that one of the too scanty numbers on the Synod Roll was so soon to be called away, and all that could be left spared.

Died.—On the 29th Sept. last, at L'Original, Upper Canada, in the 54th year of his age, the Rev. Andrew Bell, minister of the Presbyterian Church there, in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the eldest son of the Rev. William Bell, of Perth. He was born in London, the capital of England, on the 5th Sept., 1803, and spent his infancy and childhood there. In his seventh year his parents returned to Scotland, their native country, and he, of course, along with them. The elementary part of his education was acquired at the New Grammar School, Rothsay, then, and for some years afterwards, under his father's management. In 1817 the whole family removed to Canada, his father having been called to the pastorate of the Scotch settlers in Perth and neighbourhood.

At an early age the subject of this notice was brought under the influence of religion, and from that time forward felt a strong desire to preach the gospel to others. His preparatory studies were for some years conducted by his father, there being at that time no public academy in Upper Canada to which he could resort. In 1824 he went to Glasgow, and remained three years attending the University of that city. On his return to Canada he was engaged as private tutor in the family of Leonard, Esq., at Albion Mills. Still, ever, having a strong desire to engage in the Christian ministry, he applied to the only ordained Presbytery in the Province, was examined, and, upon his trial discourses being alluded, was licensed as a Preacher of the Gospel. He soon after settled at Streetsville, and remained the pastor of a congregation that collected there. Besides the one in Streetsville, other congregations in the neighbourhood were collected by his labours. To these, namely, that in Toronto town, he removed in 1830, and there devoted himself to the duties of his sacred office. In 1832 he received a call from the united Congregations of Dundas and Ancaster, where he served diligently till he was called to L'Original in 1852.

He had been Clerk to the Synod for some time previous to his going to Dundas, and the efficacy of his labours in connection with that office, no doubt, contributed to bring the disease of which he died, in which the lungs and throat were affected.

At the very time of his death the Synod, to mark their sense of the labours of their Clerk, were preparing a valuable memorial to be presented to him as a token of their esteem. A more extended notice may be given by and by; but in the meantime this may suffice for the information of his friends at a distance that he died in peace, and in the firm faith of that Gospel which he had preached to others.—*Carlton Place Herald.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Rev. Mr. Mackenzie on his Experience in Therapia Hospital.

(Concluded from The Witness.)

These, Sir, are a few examples of the interesting and encouraging cases I met with among the men in the hospital. During the summer and autumn we had a good many naval officers, both sick and wounded. By these I was uniformly treated with courtesy and kindness, and with some of them had congenial Christian intercourse. For several weeks we had with us the chivalrous Captain Peel, youngest son of Sir Robert Peel, who had been shot through the arm in leading the scaling party in the first attack on the Redan, and I have the most pleasing recollection of his frank and kindly manners and interesting conversation. But to me the most outstanding case of interest was that of Captain Lyons of the *Miranda*, son of Sir Edmund, who, it will be remembered, after his brilliant successes in the Sea of Azoff, was severely wounded by a shell in a night engagement with the forts at Sebastopol on the 17th of June. He had been but three days in our hospital when he died of his wound, but truly I felt as if in him I had lost a much loved brother. I had received great kindness from his father when I was up at the fleet, but had only seen himself for a moment when he was pointed out to me as the man who, of all others in the fleet, was the most beloved by his own officers and crew. That testimony I subsequently heard confirmed by every one I met who knew him; and the women in our hospital who belonged to his ship spoke of him with enthusiasm. Though I myself had but two interviews with him, I may say that, as I stood by his bedside, I felt all the power of the spell that had bound so many hearts to him, and that I was in the presence of a singularly lovable and unselfish nature. Whether there had previously been more in all this than mere natural amiability, I cannot say, but I have good reason to believe that at least there was before he died. Though from the first the doctors were doubtful of saving the shattered limb, it was only the evening before that on which he died that we were told they had now but faint hopes of his life. His first lieutenant, who had just come up from Constantinople, where his ship was lying, to inquire for him, was quite overcome on hearing this unexpected report, and said he knew not how he could go back and tell it in the ship, as there had not been a dry eye among the men when their captain received his wound. Early the next morning I was greatly relieved by hearing that most of the unfavourable symptoms of the previous night had disappeared. But alas! I had been mistaken; and great was my surprise and grief when a few hours afterwards I was summoned to his room by the tidings that he was rapidly sinking. On entering I was struck with the calm and cheerful smile with which he held out his hand and told me there was now no hope; and you will believe me, Sir, when I

say that I had difficulty enough in preserving my own composure at seeing this the most rising officer in the British navy cut down in the prime of manhood, and on the threshold of a career of such brilliant promise, yet meeting his death without a murmur of regret. It were not fitting that I should here make known the details of that intensely interesting and deeply touching interview, which was necessarily brief. But this much I may surely say that I have seldom witnessed such genuine humility and such simple faith, and that as I clasped his cold damp hand in our last farewell, and with a bursting heart withdrew, I thanked God for the good hope I felt warranted to cherish that there lay a dying Christian as well as a dying hero, and that we should meet again in heaven.

The death of this gallant officer caused throughout our neighbourhood a profound sensation of regret, and of sympathy with his bereaved and honoured father. I have scarcely ever beheld so deeply sorrowful and impressive a pageant as his funeral, at which were representatives of all the allied nations in full naval and military costume. The burial service was begun in the large hall of the Police Hospital, which was crowded with mourners, including the English and French Ambassadors with their suites, Turkish pachas, and Naval officers of different ranks, while outside the banners and blue-jackets of the *Miranda* were drawn up in funeral array. As the procession moved along the shores of the Bosphorus to the straits of the Dead March in Sault, the *Miranda* bore her minute guns, and after we entered the burying ground the path to the grave was lined with hundreds of spectators, all looking deeply moved and many weeping. But the most touching part of the whole was the outdone grief of his own ship's company, especially when, at the close of the service, the officers of the ship, one by one, stepped up to the grave, and with tearful eyes took a last, fond, lingering look of the coffin in which lay all that was mortal of their much-loved captain.

And now, Moderator, I must hasten to a close, having already, I fear, presumed too much on the indulgence of the Commission. It was a month after the fall of Sebastopol that we began to think of returning home. By this time Mrs. Mackenzie was feeling so utterly prostrated by the constant strain on her activity and strength that the doctors strongly advised her having as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. As there could now be no naval engagement before the spring, as the trench work was at an end, and as the naval and marine brigades had been re-embarked, I felt that there was no adequate call for prolonging our stay, especially as we were assured by the doctors, that during the winter there would be nothing to do beyond the work supplied by the ordinary sickness in the fleet. Besides, Mrs. Mackenzie felt that she could resign her charge with entire confidence into the hands of her friend Miss Erskine, granddaughter of Sir James Mackintosh, who was willing to remain at Therapia till it was seen how matters should turn out. This lady from the first had been invaluable as a friend and coadjutor to Mrs. Mackenzie, and I am glad of this opportunity of bearing my testimony to her unobtrusive but sterling Christian worth. She made herself eminently useful among the patients, both in comforting and instructing them, being singularly gifted for such labours of love, and showed herself, in the qualities both of head and heart, to be worthy of her illustrious grandsire. We waited till the arrival of the new chaplain from England,