

celts the ordinances from the English Church, yet no sooner do their own ministers arrive than they withdraw and attended the Gaelic ministry, while the Romanists adhered to his priest. Poverty and depression is another cause that has tended to prevent the increase of the Church. While the island government lasted, the governor's staff, with the troops and civil officers, with some ill-dressed soldiers and a few emigrants from New England, settled in different parts of the island—some very wide apart—formed almost the entire charge of the English clergymen; and they for the most part were obliged to come to Sydney to participate in the ordinances of the Church. Add to this, the resources of the island were not so fully developed. When the mines were wrought on a larger scale, and ten times 7,000 chaldrons of coals were raised, labourers arrived in great numbers, very few of whom professed themselves of the Church of England; and the paucity of the clergy was a barrier to conversions.

Thus the ground was occupied; and from time to time other emigrants arrived, through the representation of their friends, professing the same religious principles, and naturally attaching themselves to the same ministry. Nor should it be forgotten that they were all of the poorest class, speaking little or no English, with scarcely a single independent person among them. Nor did their habits appear to be those of industry; a proof of which, of late great numbers have emigrated, have acted as pioneers to some few who have been able to purchase their improvements, but who will continue to perpetuate the principles they originally professed. Something, doubtless, might have been gained by an industrious clergyman capable of addressing the settlers in their own language; but this was wanting, and, much as I wished it, I had neither the time nor the means necessary for acquiring it.

Selections.

The Nations of Russia and Turkey, and their Destiny.
By Ivan Golovin. Trübner and Co.

Russia and England, their Strength and Weakness.
By John Reynell Morel. Trübner and Co.

The name of Golovin is well known in England. It is that of a Russian gentleman who, being once on his travels, wrote a book which so displeased his paternal Government at home that he was ordered to return to Russia; and, disobeying that order, he has remained an exile. The present crisis may produce such a change in Russia itself as to open to him once more the way to his native hearth. We hope so with all our hearts. In the meantime, Mr. Golovin has written a clever little work. In its brief chapters, the terse sentences yield a fund of information touching, not only Russia and Turkey, but the countries influenced by their deadly feud, and also of the manners and customs of the races of which the two nations are severally composed. In these details the religious part of the question is not lost sight of. We must confine ourselves in our extracts, to a sketch of the Czar himself—that crowned miscreant who by his mendacity and his blasphemy has brought disgrace upon the name of Monarch, and who is doing his utmost to desolate Europe, that he, the outlaw of nations, may thereby selfishly profit.

"People will remember that Nicholas when at Varna prudently kept hisstedmer out of the reach of the Turkish guns. Marshal Diebitch undertook the command on condition that neither the Czar nor his brother should remain in Turkey. Since then Nicholas has yielded to the conviction that he is not able to conduct a war, and so he has contented himself with commanding at reviews, and this he does with delight and fanfaronade. He identifies himself with such manoeuvres so well that he takes them for actual engagements. He takes off his helmet once and cries out, 'Boya, God for us: into the fire!' Another time he gives his aide-de-camp an order to carry, and, forgetting that there was no danger, he says, 'Fight your way through; care not for your family—I will provide for them.' Obligated to surrender Petersburgh he puts on his cap in the capitulation, that 'The winter palace and the Imperial family shall be preserved, if not, he will fight to the last drop of his blood.' He is never victorious, but always beaten. Last year he was surrounded by General Rüdiger, and a division marched to cut off from him the last hamlet for his retreat. An aide-de-camp, and after the Minister of War himself, came to the commander of this division, to persuade him not to perform this manœuvre, but he says, in reply, that he must obey his immediate chief. Then they address the same prayer to General Rüdiger. I should like to save his Majesty (answered the old

warrior,) but how is it to be managed. Now, my weakest point is here: let the emperor attack it—let him kill my artillerymen and break through, I will do nothing to prevent it.' It happened as he advised, and the Czar full of joy said, 'Are not my soldiers a splendid idea?' In every company—namely, eleven carabineers have been appointed, whose rifles reach to the distance of 1,000 paces, in imitation of the Austrian infantry.

"At night he gives orders that the alarm shall not be sounded before eight o'clock in the morning, yet to send him reports every hour. He wraps himself up in his cloak and slumbers. The General who has to send the reports has them all in readiness and goes to bed ordering a paper to be taken every hour from his table and carried to the emperor.

"Once the Czar killed a great many horses in searching for the enemy, whom he could not meet with. He calls the commander of the detachment, and says to him, 'Why did I not see you—were you afraid?' 'I have neither cavalry nor artillery. I must keep in the forest,' answered the General. The Czar arrested him, and the general who succeeded him, in order to avoid the same fate, drove the division before the eyes of the Czar, suffered himself to be beaten, but escaped the anger of his Majesty. And such an emperor is to conquer the world!

"One evening, in the empress's drawing-room, Nicholas opened her album, and stood looking at a drawing lost in thought. His wife ventured to enquire as to the subject of his thoughts. The subject of the drawing was Godofroy de Bouillon at Jerusalem. 'I like such an enterprise (said the Czar). I understand the nature of so great a design. Yes, to go to war for the sake of an idea, to fire the nations of the world with enthusiastic ardour for it—that would please me. Everybody understood that the idea of the Czar was absolutism, but we hope that Europe will not become Cosack so soon."

We, too, hope not; but at the same time we much doubt the practicability of what Mr. Golovin fondly hopes may be the destiny of some of the lands in the east of Europe—namely, the foundation of a confederated "United States" of the Slavonians.

Mr. Morel sees Russia's weakness in the Caucasus, where 40,000 or 50,000 English and French troops, in aid of the natives, would, he thinks, tend greatly to rescue that land of heroes for ever, and might be followed by what is not at all improbable, the conquest of the Crimea. A march through Russia itself up to Moscow is pronounced as being a comparatively easy matter if the Caucasus and the Crimea be first secured. Mr. Morel sees England's weakness in her Ministry, whom he accounts of as not being sufficiently inclined to humble Russia, even if England overcome her. The best portions of Mr. Morel's book are his anecdotal chapters; these will be read with great interest and not without edification.

SUNDAY LECTURE.—Fra Rocco is the celebrated Dominican preacher of Naples. On one occasion, it is related, he preached on the whole a penitential sermon, and introduced so many illustrations of terror, that he soon brought his hearers to their knees. While they were thus shewing every sign of contrition, he cried out, "Now all of you who sincerely repent of your sins hold up your hands." Every man in that vast multitude immediately spread out both hands. "Holy Archangel Michael!" exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thine adamant sword standest at the right hand of the judgment seat of God, hew off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant every hand dropped, and Rocco, of course, poured forth a fresh torrent of eloquent invective against their sins and their deceit.

The Albany Evening Journal of Tuesday last, alluding to the effect of the storm on the telegraph wires, makes the following statement;

"While sitting in the Morse Telegraph Office this afternoon, waiting for our usual report, our ears were saluted by a report fully equal to the discharge of a horse-pistol. On examination, it was found that a relay had been torn asunder by lightning. The operator immediately set to work in cutting out all the instruments from the wire save one, which was being used by the operator in New York. He had concluded the work, and had just left the operating stand, when another explosion took place, more resembling the discharge of a musket. The last report finished up the work of telegraphing for the day.

"By this shock three relays were destroyed, the wires in the office torn asunder, and the covering burned off. The flames ran from the relays and over

the wires with great rapidity, not only destroying them but burning the wood-work over which they passed. We have frequently been in the telegraph office during a storm, and have seen the lightning flashing across the office, from one instrument to another; but the frightful havoc it performed this afternoon throws all other exhibitions in the shade."

SOME AT GALLIOLI.—On all the heights around glisten the white tents of French or English, and here and there the eye rests on their serrated lines on the encampment of some detached party posted in a recess of the hills. Faint clouds of dust, through which may be seen the glistening of steel and dark masses of uniform, blur the landscape here and there, and betray the march of troops along the sandy roads, which are exactly like those worn by the tramp of men and horses through Chobham-common, and have neither fence, boundary, metal, nor drainage. In an incredibly short time the whole aspect of the scene is changed. A violent storm of wind rushes over the face of the sea and straits, lashing them into fury and sending the Turkish boats flying with drooping peaks to the shelter of the shore. The coast is obscured by masses of black clouds, which burst into torrents of rain resembling tropical water-spouts. The French men of war in the bay send down topmasts, and the merchantmen run out cables and let go another anchor; the rays play across the fields, and crouch in holes and corners till the storm abates; and the luckless troops on their march are covered with mud in a moment by the action of the rain on the dust which has fallen upon them, and then they have to trudge along through slush and filth till they gain their tents. In such times as these canvas is a sorry shelter—the pegs "draw" from the loose soil and let in wind and rain. On Saturday tents were blown down by such a storm as this in all directions. In the two English camps about twenty were down at the same time, and exposed the men to all the drenching storm. Lady Errol's tent was one of these, and her ladyship had to crawl from under the dripping canvas through the slush in most sorry plight.

THE THIRST FOR WEALTH.—How wise is the prayer of Agur! And how few are there who imbibe its spirit, and discern the perils of riches! Insensibly the desire of wealth grows upon us, and while our convictions are all the other way, we find our hearts clinging to the world's possessions as to their best good, and our hands busily engaged in performing what the heart, wrapt in the love of the world, designs.

The desire for wealth, "covetousness which is idolatry," is one of the most dangerous and deadening influences which can affect our Christian life. It cools our charity and dampens our zeal. It closes our hearts against the appeals which must constantly be made to us, while the world is still unconverted, and there are many spots in foreign lands unvisited by the messenger of the cross, or in our own, unprovided with the stated ministrations of the gospel. If all that is unwisely hoarded, and all that is worse than foolishly expended, could be turned to the great object of evangelizing the world, if men were more intent upon building up the kingdom of Christ, and less devoted to their own selfishness and pleasures how different would be the report from the ends of the earth—and how would ignorance, vice and suffering diminish in our world.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

SUICIDE IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—We have to announce the death of Mr. Francis Norton, late clerk of the kitchen to her Majesty, who committed suicide in his own room at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday. The deceased was about fifty-five years of age, and had filled the situation of clerk of the kitchen, at a salary of £700 a year for some years past.

SCOTCH HORROR OF THE PAPER.—Touching the popular antipathy to "paper" in the pulpit, the Weekly News tells a good story.—At Kircudbright at an "inauguration," an old woman on the pulpit stair asked one of her companions if the new minister was a reader. "And how can he read, woman? (was the reply), the man's blind." To which the first made answer, "I'm glad to hear't—I wish they were a blind."

FRENCH AND ENGLISH ADMIRALS.—It appears from a calculation recently made, that the average age of the French Vice Admirals is sixty-one, and that of the Rear Admirals fifty-five. In England the average is higher by about six years. It is very seldom that an officer becomes captain of a ship in France before