

state of the roads, has received a second visit from him on Wednesday the 18th of last month; when we are truly gratified to learn there was a considerable increase in the number of attendants both old and young.

Altogether, it affords us much pleasure to be able to state that affairs in that portion of the colonial vineyard seem to wear a most prosperous aspect, and augur well for the future.

### St. Matthew's, Halifax.

The Annual Collection in aid of the Colonial Mission of the Church of Scotland, was made in this church on Sabbath 15th, and amounted to the sum of £30, which has been transmitted to Edinburgh. Apart from their intrinsic value, this and such like contributions to the schemes of the parent church have a most beneficial influence. They strengthen the ties of sympathy and attachment, binding us closer together.

At home they are hailed as substantial evidence that their exertions are appreciated. And the Christian people there who are doing so much for the spread of the gospel, are stimulated and encouraged when they find that many thousands of miles away, they have fellow-churchmen and fellow-workers, who are uniting their prayers and means with theirs to build up the waste places of our Zion.

### LATEST INTELLIGENCE

#### Glasgow Mission to the Hospital at Scutari.

Letter from the Rev Mr Ferguson to the Secy

"SCUTARI, Monday Morning,  
12th February, 1855.

"When I arrived here on Wednesday last, the 7th inst., I found your kind and most welcome letter awaiting me. I hope you have received my note from Malta.

We sailed from Corfu on Saturday, and landed at Constantinople on Wednesday morning—a quick and pleasant passage. The number of 'sail' that were finding their way along with us in the direction of the Bosphorus, was so large that it was with difficulty we could find our way through them. We were told at Constantinople that 400 had arrived that morning, and there seemed to be nearly as many to come. They had been wind-bound in the Archipelago; and when the wind changed to south, they were all driven up the Bosphorus together.

"Praised be the Lord that, in His most merciful providence, I am again at work; for, during the past summer, to use the words of Charles Buxton, I have 'suffered much from the pain of inaction and the obscurity that hangs upon the future.' I feel grateful to the Committee for having sent me to this important field. I wish I could give you some idea of the state of things here; but, it is hopeless to attempt it, at least at the present time. A little experience of the work, I trust, leave me more leisure. So far as I have seen, the sick have every comfort.

I find that even upon the spot, as well as at home, there are many opinions. I have asked every man to whom I have spoken as to their comforts, and every one says we have everything we require. Several have spoken strongly of the kindness shewn them by all parties. But I would not speak decidedly as yet on any point. Things here are upon such a large scale, that it would require not a few days, but a few weeks, to judge correctly of the management of matters; and, besides, that is not my business.

"As this is the first of, I trust, many letters, allow me to give you a brief account of my first doings here. After a most tedious delay on board the 'Bahiana,' in expectation of a small steamer which was expected alongside, to take off the packages which were addressed to Scutari, I took a caïque across the Bosphorus, and was thankful, after a frightful tossing, as in a nut-shell, to find myself and all my baggage safe on the landing-stage. I loaded a pair of Turkish, and walked towards the Barrack hospital. On the way, an old gentleman on horseback accosted me, from whom I learned that Mr. Fraser, of the Free Church, had just arrived, having come overland. He kindly guided me to the main gateway, and told me where to find the senior chaplain and the commandant, to both of whom I wished to report myself. I afterwards learned that my unknown friend is a Mr. Bracebridge, who, with his lady, is living here with Miss Nightingale. Mr. Sabin, senior chaplain, received me most kindly, went with me to the commandant's and quartermaster's offices, and invited me to dine at six p.m. He and Mrs. S. live along with Mrs. Denny, wife of Colonel Denny, of 71st Highlanders. He could not give me a bed, as a chaplain had just arrived sick from the Crimea, to whom he had given lodging. I was turned, into my room with no other furniture than my baggage; and having unfortunately brought no bed with me, I had the prospect of spending the night upon the boards, wrapped in a plaid. I rather liked the idea of trying this sort of life. But I thought it better to accept the kind offer of a mattress and quilt from a brother chaplain next door. The officers, of course, get room; but no furniture. The consequence of not knowing this before leaving home, was a whole day spent at Pera, purchasing, through the medium of signs, a few necessities. I paid £2.5s. for a bed, mattress, and quilt; £1.7s. for two pairs of sheets; and £1.10s. for a blanket.

"I was very happy to find Mr. Drennan here, who was ordained as chaplain by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. The day after my arrival, I took a walk through part of the hospitals. You ask, 'What are my first impressions?' It is difficult to say—the vast magnitude of the whole well-nigh confounded me. I walked first round the lower corridor of the Barrack hospital, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, in a narrow passage, lined on each side by my fellow-countrymen, as closely as is possible, to allow the necessary space between each bed. The great majority are suffering from diarrhoea, some from dysentery, rheumatism, fever, &c.; some have been lying ever since the battle of Alma, with little prospect of getting better; some are dying, somewhat less of late, between fifty and sixty are laid in one grave daily; some are convalescent, and are walking about on tottering and aching limbs, and many upon crutches; some expecting soon to return to their hard labour in the trenches, or on the heights; and some to return to their native land, to tell the soldier's tale, and to reap the rewards of their honourable toils. Many are lying on their beds in good health; but with painful wounds: and some with frostbitten feet—here, a toe or more—there, nearly a whole of one, or of both, lost.

"But there is no end to the variety of their sufferings. It is truly a sad, a heart-sickening sight. And this corridor is a mere fraction of the whole. There are, I am told, from seven to eight thousand at Scutari alone, and they appear to be arriving from the Crimea almost daily. They were carrying them in on stretchers the whole day yesterday. I saw one poor fellow literally 'skin and bone,' seated on a bed, getting his entire body cleared of several months' accumulation of filth. The look of satisfaction, which shewed itself upon his spare features and hollow eyes, at once more getting a sight of his skin in its natural state, would have been a rich reward to me though I had performed the disagreeable work of scrubbing him! As I came from the hospital this afternoon, about five o'clock, I met a few artillerymen just coming from the Crimea. One poor fellow was creeping along with much difficulty. I asked him how he did, and what was going on at Sebastopol. He seemed to know little of sickness in the camp. His feet were swollen, so that his shoes would not hold them. But when I suggested that he should get a carry, he smiled, and said: 'Oh! no; I'll make it out.' "It did seem to me a puzzling task to find out a few Presbyterians among so many thousands; and the Episcopal chaplains all said they would not like to undertake it. Mr. D. and I agreed to divide the field—he taking the General hospital. Every body here is overwrought, and things in general are, of course, imperfectly attended to. I heard a medical man say yesterday, that people at home know nothing at all about the real state of matters here. Before he came out, he had said, 'Where, in the name of wonder, can all these medical men who are already at Scutari, go to? Now, he sees it is physically impossible that any man can do the work assigned to him with any satisfaction. One hundred-and-seventy patients, allowing only five minutes to each, would require fourteen hours a-day to see them all daily. No man can stand in these wards the half of that time. The orderlies are constantly being laid up with fever.

"I began my labours in the General hospital on Saturday last. On the preceding evening, a chaplain told me that he had seen that day a Presbyterian who wished much to see one of his own chaplains, as he had never seen one since he left home. I went immediately, and had a talk with him. He was able to move about, and promised to attend a meeting on Sabbath, in the chaplain's room. He had no Bible. There are very many in this state, particularly in the General hospital. It is quite distressing not to be able to put the Word of Life into their hands. If you only heard how they thank me when I promise to procure them a Bible. 'I'll be very muckle obliged to you, sir.' This case encouraged me to set to work on the following day; so, handing it over to my colleague, to whom it belonged, I went to my own division.

"Oh! when will these Testaments be here? The desponding wish: 'I had a complete