

shall not suppose, Sir, that any apology for what I did is needed in this House beyond a simple statement of the circumstances; but these I should like to take this public opportunity of stating, to clear myself of the imputation I should be sorry to underlie, of having done anything that could bear the semblance of a repudiation of the distinctive principles of my own Church. Now it so happens that by the Articles of War, Divine service in the navy must always be conducted according to the Liturgy, and that I was not at liberty, even if so disposed, to use the Presbyterian form. But at the same time, I must in candour acknowledge that, irrespectively of this, I would have considered myself as failing in my duty, and as guilty of most unseemly sectarianism, if I had not, in a matter that involved no principle, acted on the Apostle's maxim of becoming all things to all men, and adapted myself to the tastes and habits of those to whom, in God's providence, I was called to minister. I am aware that I am bound by my ordination vow to observe uniformity of worship within this Church. But here I was called to preach the gospel to a congregation of the Church of England, among whom there was the merest sprinkling of Presbyterians. Besides, in addition to the usual hospital congregation, the morning service in the Palace hospital was regularly attended by all the British summer residents in Therapia including the Ambassador's family, by several officers of the Turkish Contingent, then encamped in the neighbourhood, and by some Anglo-Greek families. So that, in these circumstances, I scarcely think that even Jenny Geddes herself would have demurred to what I did.

My proceedings, however, were not allowed to pass unchallenged from a different quarter. Some naval chaplains, who were for several weeks in the hospital as patients, were loud in their denunciation of the sacrilegio of a Presbyterian conducting the service; and, though well enough to be present, preferred walking in the garden during the Sabbath service, and regularly absented themselves from the daily morning prayers. A certain Mr. Pyddoke, from Scutari, whom on seeing at the morning service, I had asked to officiate in the afternoon inquired of me thereafter if I was not aware that I was guilty of a breach of ecclesiastical order in presuming to read the absolution, which the Church forbade being pronounced by the inferior order of clergy or by laymen, and characterized the whole proceeding of my reading the Liturgy,—even though I did so in my own black gown, and in a place where it was notorious who and what I was,—as substantially an imposition and fraud! This personal rebuke he followed up by lodging a protest with the Admiral next day against my being allowed to officiate in the hospital, and all the more, as he expressed it, that I had not even the narrow ground to stand upon of being a minister of the Presbyterian Establishment. To this the Admiral courteously but firmly replied by denying his right of interference. But to tell the truth, Sir, these little emulets of High Church exclusiveness were to me sources of amusement rather than of annoyance, especially as they met with no sympathy, but the reverse, among my regular hearers. On the matter being referred by the Admiral to Sir Edmund Lyons and Sir Charles Wood, they both expressed their entire approval of the arrangement he had made for providing service in the hospital during the illness of the regular chaplain. I was afterwards informed by my kind and excellent friend the Rev. Dr. Blackwood of Scutari, that Mr. Pyddoke

had got himself involved in a correspondence on the subject with Lord William Paulett, the commandant at Scutari, and that it was decided in a conclave of the chaplains there to transmit the correspondence to Lord Panmure, who, unknown to them of course, was formerly one of my elders at Dunkeld. What answer was received from him I never heard; but, at all events, over the little community of Therapia the thunders of the Pyddoke Protest rolled innocuous. The last and crowning High Church attempt to bring me down, was the spreading of a report through some of the ships lying in the Bosphorus, to the effect that I was altogether a strange sort of character, and had given proof of this by marrying one of the old nurses in the hospital!

But let me now turn to more important and pleasing reminiscences. And, first of all, I may state generally, that I found the hospital to be a deeply interesting and most encouraging sphere of labour—far more so, indeed, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, than any ordinary parochial or congregational work. The condition of the men—some dying, others severely suffering or prostrated by disease, and others having had hair-breadth escapes of their lives—rendered them, of course, more than usually accessible on the subject of their spiritual interest. But, independently of this, their general frankness, civility and gratitude for the smallest attentions, made it comparatively easy and pleasant to deal with them. And here, Sir, I must express my astonishment and regret at the terms in which I find our country's defenders spoken of by an eloquent preacher in the metropolis. Dr Milman, in his thanksgiving sermon for the peace. He pronounces a glowing eulogy upon the lady nurses for confronting, among other dangers, "that most appalling danger to a modest mind of all the coarse repulsive manners and habits of the rudest and hardest of mankind,—a danger, wonderful as it might seem, averted down at once, and absolutely and without exception subdued by the unanswerable appeal to the better feelings, by the majesty of goodness, by the tenderness which made kindness more kind, and added a grace even to Christian charity." Never, Sir, was there a more complete, though, of course, unconscious misrepresentation, and I confidently take upon me, in the name of the lady nurses, to protest against all such compliments to their heroism and tenderness at the expense of the poor fellows they went out to comfort. These men I am persuaded, have far more in them of the spirit of chivalry, and know better what is due to a lady than they who are readiest to traduce them. And I will further say this, that I do not believe you will find ruder or harder specimens of humanity—coarser or more repulsive manners among that neglected and sorely tempted class more sinned against than sinning than you will find among our gospel-beaten population at home. The rudest and hardest of mankind! I can only wish that every one who has this impression of them could have seen them as I did on one occasion, when a large number of them who had been an unusually long time in the hospital and were invalided home, were taking their departure. The farewell scene between them and their comrades, some of whom they knew they were leaving there to die, was such a genuine exhibition of human nature in its softer phase as I have seldom seen in men, and which no one with human feeling could have witnessed unmoved. The cordial grasp of the hand, the words of honest kindness, and, above all the tender tones with which, as the tears glistened

in their eyes, they bade adieu to those whom they knew they were never more to see, all unmistakably proclaimed the feeling hearts possessed by these rudest and hardest of mankind, whom it has been deemed next to a miracle for even woman's tenderness to awe down and to subdue. And as for their manners, I can only say that, with very few exceptions (and I do not deny that there were exceptions), then manners were to me a refreshing novelty, and that I wish such courtesy as theirs were more common in our country. It quite went to my heart the way in which the poor fellows would express their thanks when I had read a note to them or written a letter for them to their friends; and I can truly say I have seldom known happier moments than when so engaged.

But most remarkable of all was the patience with which they bore their sufferings. The prevalent diseases during the winter, when there were but few wounded cases, were frost-bite, dysentery, and consumption; and during the summer, when there were more wounded, fever, dysentery, and consumption, with a few cases of cholera. Never can we forget these awful winter months when each morning we would enter the crowded hospital into an atmosphere that seemed at first all but unendurable, and at night return to our dreary, comfortless lodgings, sick at heart with the tales of suffering we had heard, and the sights of suffering we had seen, or deeply saddened by the unexpected relapse and death of some fine promising youth in whom we had got specially and warmly interested.

And oh! it was piteous to see the boats arriving with their living cargoes of maimed and emaciated victims from the trenches, and these borne, some on stretchers, and others on men's backs, into the hospital. Many of them had all their toes, some their fingers and some their whole feet rotting off through frost-bite. Imagine, too, what in other respects must have been the state of these persons, when for three or four months perhaps they had not once had their clothes off, nor lain in any other bed than the mud bed was affecting to hear their expressions of gratitude, when, after being washed (if that were practicable), they were laid in clean and comfortable beds, one poor fellow exclaiming in his rapture, "Oh, this is heaven at last!" So reduced were many of them by disease, that as I looked on their sunken eyes and hollow cheeks I fancied I was speaking to men of sixty, when in fact I was speaking to lads not half that age. Yet amid all their weakness and pain, I never heard an expression of fretfulness or repining, though many of gratitude toward the doctors and nurses for their kindness to them. I scarcely recall an instance of any one who seemed what is called sorry for himself or showed any unmanly craving for sympathy, but I well remember being struck with their quiet uncomplaining demeanour, and the sympathy which some of them, evidently suffering acute pain themselves, would express for the still severer sufferings of others. The wounded were generally more cheerful than the sick, not being worn down by previous long illness and it was surprising to see how little some of them seemed to think of the loss of their legs or arms. There was one remarkable case of a very young lad who was brought to the hospital in such a shattered and wasted condition that the doctors were amazed to see him alive. He had been nearly annihilated by the burning of a gun and, what with gashes and bruises, and fractures, he was altogether in a frightful state. It was towards the end of September that he