

coffin containing the body of the deceased soldier was borne. Then followed the firing party, composed of twelve soldiers, carrying their guns reversed; and then a few others to assist in the burial. At the close of the funeral service, the firing party, at the command of the officer in charge, fired three volleys over the grave of their departed comrade, and then he was left to rest amongst the many weary ones who had gone before. Sometimes a few sorrowing relatives would accompany the funeral party, but this happened very seldom in the case of our Presbyterian soldiers, as being mostly Scotchmen, or belonging to that other stronghold of Presbyterianism, the north of Ireland, their relatives were at too great a distance, and so they had to be laid in the grave by strangers and comrades, far from dearly loved ones, and the homes of their childhood, which they longed once more, but were not permitted, to behold.

That large Military Hospital at Netley, where I laboured for a number of years before coming out to this country, is a place of great interest. It was built a few years after the Crimean war, on the proposal of the lamented husband of our Queen, the late Prince Albert, for the reception of all Invalid soldiers taken home to England from India, Canada, New Zealand, Malta, Gibraltar, and all our other foreign stations; but mostly from India, where large numbers of British troops have always to be kept. It is one of the largest and most beautiful buildings of the kind in Europe, about a quarter of a mile in length, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Southampton Water, and capable of accommodating about 1500 Invalids, besides a large number of Medical officers, nurses, and other attendants.

Many thousands of Invalid soldiers have I seen arriving there, sometimes six or eight hundred at a time; many of them comparatively well after their long sea voyage; many with their constitutions impaired for life by the hardships they had undergone, and often also by recklessness and imprudence and vices which are alas! only too common amongst our soldiers; and many many faint and weary ones showing death in their countenances, and longing wistfully for a place of rest whereon to lay their weary heads and die. It is then, when

their different wards and beds are assigned to them, and they have rested a little after the fatigues of their voyage, that the Chaplain's intercourse with them begins. There is very much to interest him as he goes from bed to bed and converses with the weary sick ones laid down thereafter coming from the toils and hardships and, it may be, battle fields of a foreign land; coming amongst complete strangers in a strange place, and far away from their homes and loved ones whom they are eager to behold once more but cannot. One is surprised to find how much difference there exists amongst them intellectually and morally; some so intelligent and seriously inclined, while others seem utterly indifferent and callous about everything except about getting their animal wants supplied. Alas! I have seen very many with about as little intelligence as the brute beasts in the fields, and with as little anxiety about the future, sinking fast and passing away in utter darkness, and some even with curses declaring that they cared not what became of them. But many kindred spirits have I found there as I have passed from bed to bed, and from ward to ward; men who may have been wild and reckless in their youth but who had come to see the error of their ways, and were steadily persevering in the right path amid all the temptations to which they in the army are peculiarly exposed. It was most interesting and affecting to converse with such, to listen to them as they recounted their adventures and hardships and even their follies, and to hear of the means by which they had been led to think seriously of their spiritual condition. I frequently found that the kindly ministrations of Chaplains in foreign lands had been thus instrumental for good, and this encouraged me to hope, amid much discouragement, that my labours amongst them might not be without fruit.

My labours during the week consisted chiefly in visiting those who were confined to bed, and in administering spiritual consolation to the anxious and the dying. On Sundays, after officiating to the troops at a garrison station about 15 miles from Netley, I returned and conducted Divine Service in the chapel there for those of our Invalids who felt well enough to attend, and other Presbyterians living in the neighborhood. I have in my recollection many