

presented Greece. How opposite the circumstances in which the Son of Man poured his faithful sweat, and Isaiah and Jeremiah poured forth their fearful denunciations of popular sin! The most superb of modern historians confesses the flutter which he felt when the last line of his task was written, and he thought that perhaps his fame was established. A more important history concludes:—"These things are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." And some of you will remember the proud *faute* in which the Roman lyric predicts for himself immortal celebrity. Alongside of his oblique but egotistic valuation you cannot do better than read the last words of Israel's sweet singer:—"His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun; and men shall be blessed in Him; all nations shall call Him blessed. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things; and blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen, and Amen. The prayers of David the Son of Jesse, are ended."

"DO MY DUTY IN THAT STATE OF LIFE UNTO WHICH IT SHALL PLEASE GOD TO CALL ME.—We have learnt these words as children, and repeated them many, many times; but when we have attained to manhood's years; when our actions are under our own control, how is the maxim practised? Do our own duties present themselves before us? and, if they do, is it easy to perform them? Are we not much more ready to perceive our neighbor's duties? to remark to ourselves, or comment to others on his neglect of them? and to think, if we were in his place, how much better we should do this or that? I have often asked myself these questions, and repeated the well-known precept; and if these few lines should cause others to do so also, I pray God's Holy Spirit will bless the inquiry. Sufficient for you to examine with the greatest care your own path through life, wherever it may be marked out; diligently to search out every little duty, and cheerfully to take up every cross. Judge yourself as strictly, as severely as you can; but judge not others. In our passage through this world we must see many characters, and form many opinions regarding them; but always keep in mind that, "charity thinketh no evil." Ascribe no motives for the action of others; you are almost sure to attribute one entirely opposite to the reality; and then will have most unintentionally broken the ninth commandment.

Above all things, cultivate a contented spirit. Never for a moment allow yourself to think you could lead a better life in a different station to that wherein you are placed; or that, if you possessed some great object of your desire, you would then be able to serve God better than you now do. Complain not that you are more severely tried than others: that your afflictions are greater than you can contend with; but remember, it is the great and merciful God who places every man in the situation best fitted for him; gives to each the duties he knows him best able to perform, and the trials most suited to lead him, in humility and faith, to his Maker, through Christ, who "will always with the temptation make a way to escape, that he may be able to bear it."

SHALL I PRAY TO CHANCE?—An English lady, who had forsaken her God and the Bible, for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a pious sailor one morning how long they should be out. "In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool," answered the sailor. "If it is God's will," said the lady; "what a senseless expression; don't you know that all comes by chance?"

In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.

"What do you think," said she; "will the storm soon be over?" "It seems likely to last for some time, madam." "Oh," she cried, "pray that we may not be lost." "It is only and calm reply was, "Shall I pray to chance?"—*Am. Messenger.*

VICIOUS PLEASURES.—Centries, or wooden frames, are put under the arches of a bridge, to remain no longer than till the latter are consolidated. Even so pleasures are the devil's scaffolding to build a habit upon: that formed and steady, the pleasures are sent for firewood, and the hell begins in this life.

What hope can I have, if God does not forgive what I am, as well as what I have been?—II.

## Correspondence.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

SIR.—The following sketch was contained in a letter from a relative in England, who was travelling last year in France. I forward it to you as a narrative of general interest, and I doubt not your readers will assent to, and unite in, the pious sentiment with which the statement closes:—

Yours, &amp;c.,

L.

FUNERAL AT MARSILLAS.—One morning in October last, whilst strolling before breakfast, along the streets of Marsillan, I met a procession of Canning School boys, each boy carrying a wand, and a larger boy in advance supporting a silver crucifix at the extremity of a long stick. I was induced to follow them through several streets, when at last my curiosity was gratified by beholding a large concourse of persons collected in front of a house, evidently one of mourning, as indicated by two men representing mutes at each side of the entrance, and several candles burning in the passage. On the pavement opposite was arranged another set of school-boys, dressed and provided like the others, with wands, whilst about a dozen priests in their Canonicals, and each provided with a book and with their heads uncovered, were standing together at no great distance. In front of the house was standing what I at first supposed to be the coffin containing the remains of the deceased, placed on a bier, but which as afterwards appeared was only the "cail" in which the coffin was subsequently placed through the side, which opened on hinges.

On observing most of the persons in the crowd as well as all the priests writing in two books exposed on two small tables at each side of the doorway, I enquired of a bystander what it meant. I was informed, that in them the friends of the family inserted their names as expressive of their sympathy in their bereavement. From the same source I ascertained that the deceased was "très riche," and that the priests and school-boys were engaged by the family at considerable expense. After some delay the coffin, containing the remains of the deceased, was placed in the bier or shroud; each boy was supplied with a candle to be attached to his wand, the mourners were arranged behind the corpse; and finally the procession was formed by the boys walking in pairs, each boy being separated from his fellow by a space of five or six feet, whilst the boy carrying the crucifix occupied the centre in front of his several school. The priests similarly arranged then followed, and behind them a band, consisting of three or four brazen instruments, which immediately preceded the corpse. The procession then advanced, whilst the priests with one voice began chanting the Service. At the completion of the sentence it was taken up by the band, which in their turn was followed by the boys in front in a clear tenor.—The effect was almost overpowering, and it was not without an effort I turned away to return to my hotel. Whilst following at the side of the procession, I watched the various manners with which it was received by the passers-by; and observed that whilst many of the respectably-dressed persons passed it unheeded, the majority raised their hats as the crucifix approached. The next class, for the most part, received it on their knees, whilst they made the sign of the cross. The lowest classes, however, in some instances, prostrate themselves on the ground in reverence.

As I turned away I thanked God that I had been taught to look to the Great High Priest, whose intercession can ever be obtained, not only by the rich and noble, but without money and without price by the lowliest of his creatures.

## News Department.

From Papers by R. M. S. America, Oct. 14.

## SKETCH OF THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

The despatches from the French and English commanders of the allied army in the Crimea, have brought us interesting and graphic details of the great battle of the Alma. It was on the 14th of September, be it remembered, that the landing in the Crimea commenced; and it was on the 19th that the Allies marched from their first encampment to act upon the offensive against the Russians. Wearisome and most oppressive was that march beneath the rays of a burning sun, and through a tract of country where not a drop of water was to be obtained to slake the thirst, until after many a tedious mile being accomplished, the small but welcome rivulet of Balganak was reached. The armies moved on towards the river Alma, in the neighbourhood of which they halted for the night, the Russians being in front of them, and a tremendous conflict being therefore a certainty for the morrow. On the southern side of the Alma, the land rises gradually at first—then sinks into a valley—and then rises again until it reaches an elevation forming a mountainous ridge of altitudes varying from four hundred to six hundred feet. There are numerous houses, with spacious gardens, interspersed about the valley and on the banks of the river itself, which is a little stream whose frequent sinuosities add to the picturesque appearance of the entire scene where a memorable battle has so recently been fought.

Prince Mentschikoff, the Russian General, not having dared to risk a pitched battle on the ground where

the landing of the Allies was accomplished, took up his position on the heights of the Alma—conceiving it to be one that would enable him to check the advance of the enemy far at least three weeks, and even hoping that such would be the inevitable result of his tactics. His army consisted of about 60,000 men, of whom 3000 were cavalry; he had a formidable array of artillery and a numerous corps of sharpshooters. In addition to the natural defences of his position, he threw up strong entrenchments and redoubts, and was enabled so to place his artillery that it swept as it were the whole range of the Alma's line. In the valley he posted numbers of his sharpshooters, who stationed or concealed themselves in the houses, the groves, and the gardens interspersed about. Strong as his position was in every point, its greatest strength nevertheless existed at the eastern extremity of the mountains, which ended abruptly and precipitously on that point like the flanking tower of a wall of fortification. In front of this eminence the Russians had dug a deep trench, behind which they raised a covered battery as well as a redoubt; and hereupon rested their extreme right. Their left reached that western end of the mountainous ridge where it touched upon the sea-coast. Such was the position of the Russian forces, and such the strength of the line of operations which they occupied; and if my readers will follow these details by the aid of a pencil and piece of paper, they will acquire an adequate idea of the proceedings of the battle of Alma. The position of the Allies, on the northern bank of the river, has now to be described. The French formed the right wing—the British the left; and the whole line extended two miles and a half. On the extreme right was General Bosquet's division of French and Ottomans; then came the centre under Marshal St. Arnaud in person; and then Prince Napoleon's division. Next to this was Sir de Lucy Evans' division, covered by General England's corps, while Sir George Brown's division, covered by that of the Duke of Cambridge, formed the extreme left of the Allied army. General Cathcart's body of reserve, and the cavalry under Lord Lucan, were kept at hand to be in readiness to protect the left flank.

The battle began as early as six in the morning of the 20th, by the advance of General Bosquet's division, on the extreme right of the Allies, to turn the left flank of the Russians. While this movement was being commenced, the Ottoman troops, under Suleiman Pacha, were posted so as to protect it in the rear; and eight French war steamers threw their shells upon the Russians on the heights. The manœuvre was executed with a rapidity and a dauntlessness that went far to herald the event of that great day. Not only were the Russians vanquished and pushed back on the heights, which General Bosquet's division thus secured at the point of the bayonet, but they were driven upon their centre; so that the effects of that first shock were felt far along the Russian lines.—According to previous arrangements, it was settled that the English, on the left, should effect against the Russian right, a similar manœuvre to that which was accomplished by General Bosquet. But the British had farther to march in the morning in order to take up their position; and thus it was not until past ten o'clock that their attempt could be made. It was not over again the strongest point of the Russian position—namely, the precipitous extremity of the ridge, the redoubt, the covered battery, and the trench—that the movement was to be undertaken. The Alma was, however crossed in splendid style, notwithstanding the terrific play of the Russian artillery; and after an ineffectual endeavour to turn the enemy's flank, according to previous arrangement, the British joined in the general attack. This took place about one in the afternoon, when General Bosquet's troops appeared on the heights; and the conflict speedily became general. The Russian artillery and the galling fire of the sharpshooters in the gardens failed to arrest the progress of the allies.

Prince Napoleon's division took possession of and occupied the village of Alma; while the British advanced to storm the strongest point of the Russian position—that one which has been so particularly described.—Marshal St. Arnaud's despatch says, "The English encountered a very solidly organized resistance; the combat that ensued was one of the hottest, and reflects the highest honour on our brave allies." It was in this grand exploit that the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd regiments suffered such terrific loss. Indeed it would be almost impossible to conceive the disadvantages under which the British had to advance—Sir George Brown's division having to cross the river where the banks were of a broken and rugged nature, and where trees, felled by the enemy, formed additional obstacles—Sir de Lucy Evans' division having to pass at a deep and difficult ford in the neighborhood of the village of Boulouk, which the enemy had set on fire—and all these operations being accomplished amidst the sharp continuous volleys of grape and musketry poured forth by the Russians. Those divisions, however, were speedily succoured by the Foot Guards and the Highland Brigade; and between three and four o'clock the strong entrenched positions of the Russians were everywhere carried. Had the allies possessed more cavalry the retreat of the Russian army would have been converted into a perfect rout, from which it never could have recovered; but even as it was, Prince Mentschikoff had to fly precipitately with his broken corps and shattered bands—leaving ten thousand knapsacks and five thousand muskets behind upon the scene of battle, his own tent, carriage, and portfolio, the whole of his dead, and a large portion of his wounded;—and, by six o'clock, in the evening of that memorable day,