moment too soon, that we were following the bed of the Medway with a rapidity towards the sea. Mr. Lithgoe, having before observed that the lower current had a more south-easterly direction, allowed the balloon to descend within some 5000 feet of the earth, and we then pursued our journey direct to Canterbury. At this stage we had a clear view of the coast, with Sheerness Point and Whitestable and Herne Bay, the latter with its pier projecting far into the sea. We could also in the other direction discern the form of the coast from Deal towards Dover and Folkestone. The balloon passed Canterbury, and descended rapidly, a mile and a half beyond the city, into a chalk-pit, Mr. Lithgoe wisely avoiding growing crops."

Obituary Notices.

Died, at Digby, on Saturday, 3rd August, after a lingering illness, endured with resignation and christian meekness, Mrs. ADELINE MARIA FORSYTHE in the 44th year of her age. She was for several years very much afflicted, so that she had to endure wearisome days and sleepless nights; this prevented her attendance in the public services of the sanctuary, but she was favoured with the sympathies and prayers of Christian ladies who often visited her in her affliction. Sister Forsythe was truly convinced of sin by the Holy Spirit, and then became deeply anxious to obtain the possession of Justification by faith. With fervent prayer to God she perused the Holy Scriptures, and often read Mr. Wesley's hymns, and at length was enabled to declare to her pastor that she was in possession of the inward witness of Justifying faith, that God through Christ was reconciled.

W. McC.

Died, at Gabarus, on the 11th June, SARAH AYLES, widow of the late Timothy Ayles, in the 83rd year of her age. Sister A. was a member of the Methodist Society, about 34 years; having been brought to God through the instrumentality of a Local Preacher, long a resident of this place. The name of Mr. Charlton is yet loved, and will not be forgotten by many while on earth. His excellent widow, now very aged, still remains, witnessing for Jesus. Our society feels the loss of Sister Ayles, her prayers and consistent life were of vast importance to the cause of piety,—her last days were very peaceful and happy—indeed she was always a cheerful christian, because she lived daily in the favor of God. A short time before her departure she sang with much emotion, that beautiful hymn beginning,—"Come let us join our friends above,' &c. And when unable to sing, requested her daughter in law, to sing,—"I'm going home to die no more," &c. In such a state of mind it is not hard to die—rather to fall asleep in Jesus,—

"O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And dying find my latest foe,
Under my feet at last."

G. O. H.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTR. 4, 1861.

In consequence of the official relation which this paper sustains to the Conference of Eastern British America, we require that Obituary, Revival, and other notices addressed to us from any of the Circuits within the bounds of the Connexion, shall pass through the hands of the Superintendent Minister.

Communications designed for this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer in confidence.

We do not undertake to return rejected articles.

We do not assume responsibility for the opinions of our correspondents.

The American People Tried in the Furnace of Affliction.

Democracy is on trial in this war in the Great Republic, say some of the ablest of European publicists. It may or may not be so. We neither affirm it or deny it. But the *people* of the once United States are on trial. A great calamity has overtaken them. How it befell them is matter of record. How they will came out of it no mortal can forsee. How they comport themselves under it is patent to every observer. It cannot be denied that the people of both sections of that now unhappy land are exhibiting an energy and force of character worthy of the noble races from which they sprang. Alas! that such energy should be employed for mutual destruction. No Briton, whatever may be the direction in which his sympathies flow regarding the final settlement of this mighty quarrel, can contemplate the majestic uprising, the spontaneous outpouring of the Northern masses in defence of the Union, without a sentiment of profound respect. Nor will any intelligent lover of freedom, however hateful to him African bondage may be, regard with indifference the daring, the determination and self sacrifice with which, under tremendous disadvantages, the Southern people are contending for what they unquestionably believe to be their indefeasible rights.

'Tis true, other feelings beside respect for the belligerents struggle for the mastery in the breast of an impartial spectator of this unnatural strife. Respect will melt into pity for the suffering endured, for the agony to come. But even in the North where there is much to admire and esteem, much has transpired provocative of disgust and contempt. We cannot say that the bearing of the Northern people, as represented by their leaders and the exponents of their public opinion, has been worthy of their enthusiasm or equal to this sad and solemn crisis in their history.

There has been a constant exhibition of bravado and bombast and extravagant self-conceit, ill supported, as yet, by actual performance. Month after month, have we been reading, in the columns of the Northern press, the most fulsome laudation of almost everything connected with the Federal Union. The Federal Constitution, a matchless creation of political perfection. The Federal Government, the purest, the wisest, and strongest the world ever saw. The American people, faithful to the Union, the best, the noblest, the most patriotic on earth. The soldiery of the North, invincibly brave, unconquerably persistent against any numbers the South could array in opposition to them. Matchless were the generals who, mighty in stump oratory, or skilful in legal strategy, were about to lead the patriot hosts to certain victory. Upon the other hand, we were assured *ad nauseam* that the Southern rebels were the very dregs of mankind —few in number, nearly unclad, oft unfed and badly armed. Feeble in military resources, distracted and irresolute, they were doomed to early and utter discomfiture. Need we say on what a slender foundation all this boastful self-confidence was sustained.

But if there has not been that grave, sober, moderate way of thinking and speaking among the Northern people that ought to have prevailed on so solemn an occasion, neither has there been that patriotic integrity among the managers of its warlike resources that might have been expected in the presence of such almost universal and fervid enthusiasm. The spectacle of a great flock of greedy, cormorant contractors fattening upon the patriotic offerings and war appropriations of an afflicted people—contractors whose peculations rivalled the worst performances of their fraternity under the shadow of the rotting despotisms of the old world, is anything but attractive. We cannot, of course, hold an entire people responsible for the delinquencies of these unprincipled men, yet their number and the extent of their depredations are significant facts, and largely detract from the vaunted patriotism of certain boisterous sections of the war party.

Again, we have been thoroughly disgusted at the strenuous efforts made by the leading Northern journals to fasten upon the Southern army the guilt of having committed deeds of diabolical ferocity at Bull's Run. These charges were put forth on the strength of evidently lying statements of panic-stricken cowards furiously flying from a non-pursuing foe. The charges were not only made on worthless testimony in a moment of excitement; they were reiterated deliberately, and made the ground work of fiery appeals for revenge in such papers as the New York Tribune, even after the evidence of their falsity had been made public. These allegations against the Southern soldiers were of a horrible character. It was asserted that the Southern troops coolly and wantonly bayonetted the helpless wounded Northern soldiers on the field of battle—that they placed a wounded Northern officer against a target to fire at—that they lifted up a dying soldier by the hair of the head and cut his throat —that they murdered the wounded soldiers found in a church used as a hospital, burning the dying and the dead together therein, and committing other atrocities most satanic. But a short time since a number of Northern sugeons, captured at Bull's Run, were dismissed on parole. These surgeons tell authoritively, what was previously known, that all these charges are vile falsehoods. They declare that the Northern wounded soldiers have been treated by their captors with a courtesy and tenderness which go far to prove Southern chivalry is not so entirely a satiric epithet as we had been taught to believe.

And, then, what unparalleled deeds of valour were wrought at Bull's Run. The 69th Irish regiment, brave no doubt, were represented as going into action naked to the waist. The Fire Zouaves of New York had nearly annihilated the Virginian Black Horse—climbing up by the horses' tails, and slaying their riders with fabulously long knives. Batteries were stormed, and captured from the Confederate warriors—irresistible charges made, Inkermann rivalled. Well, the coats of the 69th were not found on the gory field. The Fire Zouaves broke at the first fire, and never appeared as a regiment again during the combat. The Black Horse was not annihilated. Bayonets were not crossed, Southern batteries were not captured. Masked ones were not confronted. What is the use of the brazen gasconade so loudly trumpeted through the land?

What an exhibition of patriotism was not that made by the Pennsylvania regiment and the New York battery, whose time of service had expired, when they marched from the battle field to the sound of the cannon which proclaimed that their compatriots were struggling in deadly combat with their Southern foe.

But the manifestation of Northern sentiment most repulsive to us has been exhibited in its undeserved abuse of Great Britain for assuming a position of righteous neutrality—the only position worthy of Britain and America. The example of Britain has been substantially followed by the leading European powers. This fact, however, has not shielded Britain from unmeasured vituperation and insult. A dreadful crime she has committed only to be expiated by a dreadful fate, of which American Federalists are to be the ministers. Stripped of her colonies, spoiled of her commerce, humbled in the dust by her unrelenting offspring, she will mourn the day she let her quarrelsome sons alone to settle their own affairs. Is *Jonathan*, also, among the prophets?

We are grieved to perceive that mob violence is asserting its supremacy in various places in the North. Still more sorry are we to learn that Edward Everett lends that mob the sanction of his name, and the aid of his elegant prettynesses.

Popular Literature.

In the literary world, just at present, there seems to be a lamentable scarcity of good writers, and a still more lamentable overplus of poor ones. Perhaps we should qualify this statement. Without doubt some fields of investigation are being assiduously and successfully cultivated. Science is every day asserting new claims to our admiration, and opening up new ranges of beauty and splendour to our view. History, philosophy and poetry have their earnest and gifted exponents. Macaulay and Prescott have scarcely left the field on which they won their immortality; Grote and Motley are yet alive; the graceful pens of Bulwer and Dickens are still in active use; Tennyson and Longfellow still wake their harps of melody. In view of this we can hardly complain of the dearth of good writing. More accurately speaking, there is a vast superfluity of the opposite description. An immense amount of puerility is finding its way into print. Books, absolutely not worth the paper on which they are printed, or the covers in which they shine, are as plenty as the leaves of autumn. It is well for the public to know that "publishing" has *its* "tricks of trade" as well as other branches of business. The vast majority of writers are simply working for a livelihood; and what many publishing houses require is not a man of thought and erudition—who from the fulness of his knowledge has something worthy to communicate, something which, cast into the crucible of searching criticism, will but come out the brighter—but the man who, for a trifling compensation, will array milk-and-water thoughts in the most flashy and meretricious style. Titles and certificates and puffs are matters of their own arrangement. For the moment, the public are sadly deceived. The scholar, whom an inward impulse, and no sordid hope of gain, forces into the field of authorship, is liable to be overcome by men whose only merit is their pretension, and who would be heartily ashamed, if they were not profoundly ignorant.

Time—ever impartial in its verdict—will in the end render even-handed justice to all. The hasty and ill-wrought product of ignorance and conceit will soon complete the span of ephemeral existence; the ringing coin, slowly and laboriously fashioned in the mint of thought, will gather brightness to itself as the ages pass.—For the present, however, the effect of this plethora of platitudes is singularly unhappy.—The public taste is corrupted, and instead of the wholesome food which proper mental growth requires as its condition, there is nought provided but dry and tasteless husks.

Men of knowledge and experience are in no danger of being deceived; the unerring instincts of the genuine scholar assert themselves as promptly and as truly as that which drives the wild beast of the forest from the poisonous herb. But who is to speak for the unformed mind? What guiding needle has youthful inexperience, ever ready to sink the substantial in the shining? At this day—the fact we have attempted to state being so clear as to admit of no denial—there is no more imperative duty resting on the Christian church than to make proper provision for the mental wants of its youth. We are not speaking of schools, but of *books*. In a most gratifying manner has Methodism come up to the standard of her duty in this respect. She has not folded her hands. If her youth is stunted in mind and corrupted in morals by the vapid and noxious "light literature" of the day, it will not be because she has not opened up before it purer and more sparkling fountains. She has accomplished her great work—be it borne in mind—not simply by the theological works of her mighty masters, not by biographies of her sainted dead, not by the songs of her poets, nor by the essays of her scholars, but largely through the practical operation of her *Book Rooms*. Are her people grateful? We desire them not simply to read *Methodist* books—knowledge is not sectarian—but to read good books, and to show an appreciation of the enterprise and labor which has placed these at their disposal. A really good book, one freighted with truths which it concerns men to know, is beyond all price. To be mischievous in its influence a work needs not to contain any thing bad. It may be noxious on the same principle that everything useless is. Neither does the goodness of the subject prove anything, for the worst possible result is realized when the importance of the theme is in direct proportion to the worthlessness of its treatment. This brings us to the thought in our mind when commencing this article. A dislike for the solid and enduring themes of literary compositiin once acquired—and nothing tends to the acquirement of this so surely as the stupid treatment of such themes—the trivial, penny-whistle literature, which circulates in weeklies and monthlies, is sure to captivate the youthful taste.

The withering effects of this class of writing on the youthful fancy and the youthful heart, and the positive duty of all, who value the blessings of civilization and christianity, to do all in their power to stay this spreading curse, are points on which we need scarcely insist.

We are not going to indulge in any indiscriminate denunciation of works of fiction. Utter folly would this be. Thus full often have men been taught the holiest and sublimest lessons of virtue, patience, and philanthropy. To work on human feelings and sympathies it is only necessary to exhibit the *possibilities* of human character and achievement. On what grounds, then, do we object to the class of publications referred to? Because they are full of scenes and characters utterly unnatural and impossible. They teach nothing of human nature. They sound forth none of the passions—the hope, the fear, the love, the hate, which (discordant though the strain) furnish the music to which our earthly lives must march. We find the "Crusader," the "Bandit," and the "Young Nobleman" (the favorite trio) speaking the same language, performing the same feats, nursing the same passions. Everything is as unlike the reality, and contrary to justice as possible. A beautiful angel is always ready at some opportune crisis to step across the pathway of each villainous marauder, and then through a series of dissolving views we are permitted to gaze down a long vista of unclouded happiness. Ah! wretched mockery of life, where nothing is taught save that on the great battle-field of living the scoundrel has as good a chance as the christian! Unfortunate youth who expects to find the men and women and things of the real world like the painted caricatures of his story-book! The only miracles of this world are those of patient and transforming industry;—we must not expect at every crisis an opportune assassin to despatch our rivals.

Let no man, then, who loves himself or his neighbor read or circulate these mischievous and deceptive counterfeits of life. "The pure well of English undefiled" is deep enough and accessible enough without resorting to such shallow and murky streamlets. To christian men we may use higher appeals. Them it especially concerns that no obstacle be placed in the way of their fellow-men's salvation. Do these writings do anything to ennoble that life, which to beautify and adorn and make the introduction to a life of blessedness in heaven, God's beloved Son was "obedient unto death?" After poring for hours over "The Maiden's Curse," "The Bandit's Dream," or "The Bloody Cartwheel," how are we prepared to appreciate the glowing strains of the royal Psalmist's lyre, the transporting visions of the rapt Isaiah, or the grand and moving words of Him "who spake as never man spake?"

Letter from England.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWCASTLE ON TYNE,
August 10th, 1861.

We have just closed the Conference of 1861. Within a few hours the chapel will be as silent as the grave, and some five hundred ministers will be travelling to their distant homes, full of faith and hope for the future, and gratitude for the past. There is something almost sublime in these Conference gatherings, and in the quiet submission of all these ministers to the call of the Providence of God. Many are going out they know not whither, to China, India, Fiji, Sierra Leone,—to difficult and arduous spheres of labour in their native land, some will have to travel hundreds of miles with delicate wives and children to districts which may prove fatal to health and life, but all go with heroic faith in God. It is a rare thing to hear a complaint, or a misgiving. However much of feeling or discussion may be excited during the business of "Stationing," as soon as the stations are confirmed, the heart of every man seems to settle down, and hope takes the place of doubt and fear.

The most solemn and exciting portion of the Conference business has reference to the character of the Ministers. Every name is called over solemnly, and the question is asked: Is there any objection? It is a proof of the peculiar favour of heaven that the Conference is seldom called upon to exercise its severer discipline. The cases of immorality in the Methodist ministry are very rare. One serious case called for expulsion, and the deep feeling which was excited among the brethren when one of their number was solemly put away from the ministry indicated how much the sense of justice is mingled with the emotion of pity. The case of the Rev. Nathan Rouse, who has recently published a volume of Essays in which the Wesleyan doctrine of original sin is seriously contravened, occasioned very considerable interest. Mr. Rouse met the Committee appointed on his case with great frankness and courtesy, and expressed his determination to give the whole question renewed and prayerful consideration, promising in the meanwhile to withhold his book from publication.

Several hundred names appear in the list of new supernumeraries. The Rev. R. Newstead, who has travelled forty-six years, and who has long been distinguished for his devotion to the cause of the Sabbath, is among the number. Others are there who have been stricken down in the very prime of life, and some in the very dawn of their ministry. The Rev. Wm. Naylor is now the oldest minister in the active work, and the oldest but one in the ministry. After travelling more than sixty years this venerable man is still in the harness working with a vigour which many a young man might envy.

The deaths of the year have been numerous, —but few who have passed away have held official position amongst us. One however who was present in the Conference last week when the question was asked: *Who have died this year?* has been added to the list. The Rev. Samuel Jackson,—an Ex-President of the Conference, and brother of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, was seized with paralysis, and entered into rest on Sunday last. He was one of the sagest and most able ministers of Methodism. Quiet, unobtrusive, and comparatively unknown, he was in fact one of our most distingnished men. The later years of his life have been given up to the question of educating the young for Christ. The Catechumen movement has had his most persevering support. With characteristic constancy, his dying words were: *Remember the Children!* It is a singular fact that only one Missionary has died during the year.

Upwards of forty young men were presented for ordination. The spacious chapel in which the ceremony was performed was crowded to overflowing. The charge of the Ex-President, the Rev. W. W. Stamp was full of sage counsel, and the whole service was deeply impressive. There is but one drawback to these ordination services:—they are too much of a spectacle. One cannot divest the mind of the thought that very many of the audience come merely to see a sight. It is difficult too in the midst of so much excitement, for the candidate to maintain that self-possession and abstraction of mind which are necessary to the proper consideration of the vows which are imposed upon them.

Tha usual order of Conference proceedings was somewhat interrupted by the monster Teameeting held on the evening of the Ordination day, in the large Town Hall. Though not precisely a Conference gathering, there were enough representatives of the Conference present to attract an immense crowd. The "bill of fare" was most promising,—including as it did such names as Bishop Janes, of America, Dr. Jobson, recently returned from Australia, John H. James, Gervase Smith, and William Morley Punshon. The speakers received a perfect ovation,—and though almost every person in the meeting was ready to faint with heat and excitement, it was at a very late hour that the assembly was dissolved.

One of the most interesting and affecting episodes of the Conference was the retirement of the Rev. Thomas Jackson from the Theological chair of Rochmond College. In the preparatory Committee Mr. Jackson had created deep intesest and emotion,—and his reception by the Conference was a most memorable scene. When the thanks of the Conference were presented to him, and he rose to reply, all the ministers present stood up to receive his words. Beautiful words they were. After reviewing, with almost childlike simplicity, his long life of service, he said: "Dr. Clarke used to say that he regarded the state of a Supernumerary as the state of a man who was super-miserable. I cannot say that that agrees with my own view or feeling. I was miserable until I was seventeen years of age,—until I found peace in Christ,—I have not been miserable since,—and I never expect to be miserable again,—neither in this world nor in the world to come." There were few dry eyes in the Conference as the old man eloquent took his leave of active work, and finally broke down, overcome by emotion. Such a scene has seldom been witnessed in the Conference,—and such a life has seldom been lived. Dr. Osborne rose almost above himself when he dwelt in detail upon Mr. Jackson's extraordinary services. May the old man have a blessed rest at the close of life,—preparatory to the rest of eternity!

Mr. Mason, our Book Steward—a perfect miracle of a man—*fresh* and vigorous at the age of eighty-one, gave in a very encouraging report of his department during the year. The sale of Hymn Books has been 139,100, with nearly 90,000 Sunday School Hymn Books. The monthly sale of the Sixpenny Magazine has been 18,500; the Shilling Magazine 10,500; the Miscellany 57,000; the Sunday School Magazine 36,000, and the Early Days 58,000. All these items, with one exception, exhibit a very encouraging increase upon the former year. In the Tract Department there had been a sale of nearly *fourteen million* pages.

At the meeting of the Annuitant Society it was announced that the Rev. J. P. Haswell wished to retire from the Treasurership of the Fund. The Rev. Charles Hayden was appointed his successor. The Rev. John Lomas was unanimously chosen as Mr. Jackson's successor at Richmond. One may well wish that Mr. Lomas may renew his youth as the eagle, and be spared for many years to adorn his Professorship as he has adorned every position which he has held in life. The Rev. W. B. Boyce, not unknown to the readers of the *Provincial Wesleyan*, was chosen as the fourth Missionary Secretary, it having been represented that the large increase of business at the Mission House demands an addition to the staff. Mr. Boyce has been acting virtually as Secretary for the last last two years. The Aldershott Camp appointment has caused us some trouble. There are legal difficulties in the way of appointing Dr. Rule a fourth year. He is therefore sent to Chatham, where he will meet with large numbers of soldiers, and be able to overlook the mission at Aldershott as well.

The Stations were confirmed on Friday evening. There was the usual difficulty,—but it was born with patience, and finally overcome with great good humour. Temporary indignation on the part of some of the brethren, and incipient rebellion on the part of others, tamed down into a quiet trust in God's good Providence; and if all are not satisfied, they are at least resigned.

The public services on Sunday last were very largely attended. Brunswick Chapel was filled in the morning two hours before service. Some adventurous spirits, impatient of the delay at the doors, obtained ladders, and scrambled in through the wiudows. The preacher was Mr. Punshon. His sermon was electrical in its results,—and the crowd went away astonished at his eloquence. The sermons of the Rev. Alfred Barnett, and the Rev. William Arthur have been mentioned as peculiarly rich. At the conclusion of Mr. Arthur's sermon in the evening, a good old Methodist Prayer Meeting was held, and many penitents professed to find peace with God.

On the whole, the Conference of 1861 has been tamer than in years gone by. Perhaps this is owing to the absense of stirring questions, and perhaps mainly to the press of business. Speech making is out of fashion, there isn't time for it. There have been one or two brilliant skirmishes however, one on the Church rate question, and another of rather a personal character on the subject of canvassing for the Chair. These have varied the monotony but not really interrupted the harmony of the service.

The ministers have been received with the greatest hospitality by the Newcastle friends. The News Rooms and Museums of the town have been thrown open to the members of the Conference by the authorities,—and everything has been done to make the session agreeable. Unfortunately there has been a great deal of sickness,—amounting almost to an epidemic,—among the ministers. Nearly fifty were under the care of one medical man at the same time.

A telegram has just arrived announcing the death of the excellent Bishop of Durham,—Dr. Montague Villiers. His lordship was prayed for in all the chapels last Sunday.

Letter from the Rev. J. P. Newman

DAMASCUS—RUINS OF THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER.

On the last Steamer we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Rev. J. P. Newman the accomplished Eastern correspondent of the N. Y. Methodist. We gladly insert his last letter.—ED.

Previous to the terrible massacre of May, 1860, the poulation of Damascus numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom, fifteen thousand were Christians, but the murders, captivities and dispersions incident to that dreadful tragedy, have reduced the Christian population to less than two thirds its original number. The Christians were among the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens; their dwellings and churches were of the most splendid order, and by their thrift and industry they added immensely to the revenues of the city. But the fanaticism of the Moslems culminated in a murderous assault, the results of which are too well known. In company with a friend I spent a day among the ruins of the Christian Quarter, and witnessed a melancholy spectacle. A third of the city, and by far the most elegant portion, is a vast field of half-consumed and half-fallen buildings. Magnificent cathedrals, stately monasteries, and splendid private residences are heaps of shapeless ruins.

Everywhere were to be seen broken fountains, shattered vases, fragments of mosaic pavements, tesselated marble walls and arabasqued ceilings, with ruined furniture strewed about in utter confusion. For hours we passed from mansion to mansion, pausing to view some architectural gems which had escaped the fury of the mob, or listen to the recital of some ghastly tale of human suffering involving the loss of virtue and of life. Even the little stone house which tradition had consecrated as the home of the good Ananias, has suffered from the torch of persecution. In the beautiful residence of the American missionaries, I saw portions of their library scattered among the *debris* of their home. Among the books were fragments of an English and Arabic Bible, a copy of Shakspeare, Upham's Philosophy, and Harper's New Monthly.

In the afternoon we called upon Dr. Mashaka, our vice-consul, one of the most eminent of living Arabic scholars. His ample fortune allows him to live in princely style, and his family is the most accomplished I have met with in the East. His residence was the third point of attack on that memorable day. He has prepared a carefully written history of the massacre, which may yet be of service to the Church. He relatad many thrilling incidents, and not the least so, the attack upon his own person, and the heroic behavior of his Mohammedan Cawass. His little daughter was severely wounded, his son was lost for three days, and the person and life of his excellent wife were rescued from the licentious and murderous attacks of the fanatic Moslems by the timely interposition of a female friend Five hundred of the fair daughters and sisters of those Damascenes who have survived the massacre are missing, and who are supposed to be in the mountains, carried there by the wild Bedouins. Thousands of Christian families remain abroad as fugitives, their homes, fortunes, and hopes forever ruined. The Christian missions are broken up, and their church, in which four hundred worshippers assembled on the Sabbath in the enjoyment of a pure faith, is among the ruins. The missionaries have left, and Damascus seems given over to Mohammed and the Devil. A quarter of a century will not be time enough to restore to the city what has been sacrificed to the folly of a religious persecution. But Mohammedanism will be the greatest sufferer in the end. The Crescent is an unfortunate symbol of the Prophet; it is the crescent phase of the old moon—a sign of waning power. Through the politeness of our Consul I had an interview with Abd-el-Kader, the celebrated Algerian chieftain, whose efforts to save the Christians will long be remembered with delight.

After waiting in a reception-room plainly furnished, for a few minutes, while the servant announced our names, the Emir appeared at the fountain in a spacious court, and invited us to seats in an elegant apartment, on divans of embroidered satin. Small cups of Mocha coffee were passed, the invariable etiquette of a Moslem house. The conversation which had been general now turned upon the recent massacre, and the noble part he had acted in the sad drama. His modesty, however, allowed him to say but little, but he kindly showed us the different national presents he had received as testimonials of his generous deeds. Greece had sent him two gold stars, on one of which was a medallion likeness of King Otho, and on the other were the words: "Thy right hand O Lord! is glorified." Turkey had presented him with two massive siver stars, bearing the inscription: "Protection, Zeal and Fidelity." France had conferred on him the "Cross of the Legion of Honor," encircled with emeralds and diamonds, and surmounted with a gold crown; the "Free and Accepted Masons," had bestowed upon him the symbols of their Order; Sardinia and Russia and Prussia and Austria, had honored him with gold stars set with jewels; and from the United States, he had received a magnificent brace of revolvers, of which he seemed justly proud. Though thus honored by all these great powers, yet he had received no gift from England; and when assured by an English gentleman present, that the present had been talked about, the Emir quietly replied: "I prefer works to words." This failure on the part of England to recognize the humane deeds of this extraordinary man is inexplicable. By the Turks it is interpreted as an acquiescence in the fearful slaughter, but this is unjust; the cause, however, is to be found in a truckling policy to the Turkish empire, and an unwillingness to offend the religious sensibilities of the inhuman Moslem.

Abd-el-Kader is now in the prime of life, of full habit, above the medium height, with a full face, large head, high round forehead, eyes large, black and lustrous, beard slight and dark, and his expression of countenance, when in repose, is that of benevolence and kindliness, but the peculiar form of his mouth, together with his general air, indicate decision, courage, and the capability of being when circumstances demand, impetuous and even desperate. He is famous for the terrible wars he waged against the French in Algiers, and at present is confined to the limits of Damascus as a prisoner of war. His protection of the Christians has rendered him unpopular among the Moslems of Damascus, and he has asked permission of France to reside in Egypt. He is a devout Mohammedan, but were he a Christian, what a splendid leader he would be to unite and lead the Syrian Christians to victory.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

I left Damascus with feelings akin to those which overwhelmed my heart on leaving Jerusalem. The conversion and character and ministry of St. Paul had impressed me as never before, and from the white limestone cliffs which overhang the plain of Merj on the west, I looked down, for the last time, upon the scene of that stupendous miracle which gave light to his soul, and gave to the Church the greatest of inspired apostles, earnestly praying for the gift of the same Spirit that impelled, controlled, and crowned with success that wonderful man. We were now on a tour to the last of Bible scenes. We had travelled from "Dan to Beersheba," and even beyond those proverbial boundaries, enjoying with pious delight our visit to those places rendered sacred by the occurrence of the grand facts in the history of Christianity, and it seemed appropriate to terminate our journeyings in the Holy Land on those mountains which God had praised for their strength und grandeur, and in those forests the trees of which are the inspired symbols of so many religious truths. Our path lay along the winding banks of Ahara, lined with dropping willows and brilliant oleanders. Its waters are cool and sweet, and the river contracts and expands according to the nature of the soil through which it flows. Stopping over night at Suk Wady Barada, near which is the ancient Abilene, at noon next day we entered the beautiful upland plain of Zebdany, the heart of the Anti-Lebanon. In a small lake on the west is the highest source of the Abana, and a few miles beyond is the watershed between the plains of Damascus and the Bukâ'a. On our right the mountains rose to the hight of seven thousand feet, and on one of the noblest summits of the Anti-Lebanon was the charming village of Bludan, the paradise of Syria, and the Saratago of the Damascenes. That night we lodged amid the stupendous and splendid ruins of Ba'albek, the Heliopolis of Antoninus Pius, and the rival of Athens in the grand proportions of its temples and in the admiration excited in the mind of the traveller. Spending a day in examining its wonderful ruins, on which we never wearied looking, late in the afternoon we crossed the northern limits of the Bukâ'a, and in the shades of the evening began the ascent of Lebanon.—From the little town of Dier el-Ahmar, our path lay up a ravine thickly dotted with dwarf oaks and hawthorn, beyond which it lay up and down a succession of hills and dales, the former rough and rocky, the latter green and fertile. After nightfall we reached 'Ain 'Ata, a small hamlet in the mountains, two thousand feet above the sea, and upon request obtained permission to lodge in a wretched Arab hut, but which was so beset with vermin that sleep was the exception and not the rule of the night.

Starting at three o'clock the next morning, we began the toilsome ascent of Lebanon. Following a dashing torrent, we ascended sharp mountain spurs, then crossing upland plateaus, and again clambering up rugged rocks, we reached the region of snow in one hour from 'Ain 'Ata. The path now became almost perpendicular, and it was with difficulty we ascended, as the mountain's top was covered with small rolling stones, yielding at every step. Now, we entered a field of snow reaching to the very summit, stretching north and south for miles, and one hundred feet in depth. Despite our caution and that of the guide's, we sank into the soft snow several feet, and one hour later it would have been impossito have crossed. Occasionally resting in a snowbank to take breath, we toiled upward, and as the morning sun rose upon the ruins of Ba'albek we gained the summit of this sacred mountain.

Lebanon was that goodly mountain that Moses desired to see, and as a symbol of grandeur and strength was frequently employed by the Psalmist and other inspired writers. Its central ridge is smooth, barren and rounded, without beauty, but vast in extent, and grand of form. Rising seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, the prospect afforded is varied and glorious.—Far to the west down its rugged slopes we looked on the white shores of the Mediterranean, and a boundless sea beyond, while to the east was the green plain of the Bukâ'a, bounded by the long and peaked ledge of Anti-Lebanon, terminating in the snowy heights of Hermon. To the south was Sunnin, nine thousand feet high; to the north was Mukhmel, the culminating point of Lebanon, having an altitude of eleven thousand feet, while Hermon ranks second in height of the Syrian mountains, being ten thousand feet above the sea. A strong south-west wind did not allow us to remain long upon the summit, and we soon began to descend to the plateau on which stands the remnant of the once immense cedar forest of Lebanon. Descending over a vast field of snow, already softened by the morning sun, one thousand feet below the pass we reached the sacred grove. Here, at the head of Wady Kadisha, in a vast but secluded recess, formed by the loftiest of the Lebanon summits, is the little forest of four hundred cedars of all sizes and ages. The destroying axe of the builder and the ruthless destruction of the peasants have done done much to reduce these once grand forests to a little clump of trees, to preserve which the mountains seem to have gathered round, covering them from the gaze of the destroyer. Their solitude strangely affected me; they stand alone without another tree in sight, or a patch of verdure on the surrounding acclivities. They cover the sides and summit of a pretty knoll. Some of them are in the vigor of their growth, and others gnarled and venerable. In form they are perfect images of grace and majesty. They are tall and straight, with fan-like branches, contracting like a cone toward the top. The shag bark is coarse and heavy; the leaves small and of a sombre color; in most cases their banches shoot out horizontally from the parent trunk, one above another, forming beautiful circles. On the summit are several patriarchal ones forty feet in girth, and on the north side of the knoll is one the very image of strength and grandeur; its branches are larger than ordinary trees, and its majestic limbs stretching out over a vast area, afforded a most grateful shade. In the heart of the grove is one more venerable than the rest. Its trunk is gnarled, its strongest branches have fallen off, and its once majestic form bends toward the earth under the weight of years. As I stood beneath its patriarchal shade, feeling of its aged trunk, I could but ask, "How old art thou?" for it seemed to have come down from the days of the ancient seers. What visions of sacred history rose up before my mind while I lingered in that sacred grove. These are "the trees of the Lord," the "cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted;" here is the remnant of that forest out of which the Holy Temple was built; these are Isaiah's inspired emblems of grandeur, power and glory. "For the day of the Lord of Hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty." "Upon the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up." Here is the scene of the Psalmist's conception of Jehovah's majesty.—"The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon." And here, too, was the figure of that precious promise: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon"—*N. Y. Methodist.*

Liverpool District.

The Financial Meeting of the Liverpool District, will be held, (D. V.,) in the Wesleyan Church at Shelburne, on Wednesday, Sept. 25th, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. The Ministers and Circuit Stewards, of the respective Circuits, are expected to attend.

GEORGE JOHNSON, Chairman.

Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 30, 1861.

Charlottetown District, P. E. I.

The Financial meeting of the Charlottetown District will be held at Charlottetown on Wednesday, the 11th Sept., at 9 o'clock, a.m. All the Ministers Preachers on Trial, and Circuit Stewards of the several Circuits in the District, are requested to attend.

HENRY DANIEL, *Chairman.*

General Intelligence.

Colonial.

Domestic.

RELIGIOUS AND CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.—We understand that the late W. K. Reynolds, Esq., has left about £2,500 for charitable purposes in this city,—namely, £1,000 to the officiating Ministers of Saint Paul's, Saint Luke's, and St Matthew's, the interest to be applied to the relief of the poor in the winter season; £500 each to the National and Acadian Schools, the interest to go for the instruction of a certain number of poor childern, and £500 to the Deaf and Dumb Institution for the like purpose. We rejoice at this munificence on the part of our late fellow citizen, and trust the noble example will be followed by others, only we agree with a contemporary, that it would be "better still to do such things in the life-time of the owner," who would then see the good of his donations, and enjoy the luxury of the act, as well as stir up, by the sight of the *living* benefactor of his race, those who might not be moved by his posthumous example.

The following, refering to the bequests of the late Charles Inglis, Esq., we copy from the *Church Record* of yesterday:

"Considerable advantage will be derived to the Church by the last will and testament of the late Charles Inglis, the son of one Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the grandson of another; by which he has bequeathed the valuable estate of Clermont to King's College, Windsor, in which he was educated, and for which all his life time he cherished an unfaltering affection. By the same instrument he has devised to the Parish of Aylesford all that tract of land known as Gulhill Farm; the former legacy is to be specially appropriated to the support and encouragement of young men prepared for Holy Orders; the other to the sustenance of the clergyman, and the support of the Sunday-school, and both are placed under the control of the Bishop of the Diocese. He has also bequeathed to the college one thousand volumes of books, and made that Institution his residuary legatee. The executors are Judge Wilkins, Lawrence Hartshorne, and Henry Pryor. And we understand that the property is estimated at the value of five or six thousand pounds."

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Halifax August 24th, 1861.—His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, by the advice of the Executive Council, has been pleased to make the following appointments:

In the County of Annapolis:—Robert Parker and William Weatherspoon to be Commissioners of School Lands for the Township of Granville. Israel Gilliatt and Elisha Woodbury to be Commissioners of Sewers for Dugan's Marsh.

AUGUST 28, 1861.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to recognise James E. Vinton, Esquire, as the appointed Consul of the United States of America at Halifax, pending the receipt of the usual Exequatur, of which due notice will be given.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, by the advice of the Executive Council, has been pleased to establish the Port of Pugwash, in the County of Cumberland, to be a Free Warehousing Port; and to authorize the employment of the Red Store on Pineo's Wharf as a Public Warehouse.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that the wife of Ezra Churchill, Esq., M.P.P. for North Hants, met her death yesterday afternoon under the following melancholy circumstances. It appears she started from home, at Hantsport, on that afternoon, in a horse and waggon, for the purpose of meeting her husband at the Depot in Windsor, on his return from this city. When about half way between Hantsport and Windsor, the horse took fright and ran off, throwing her with great force to the ground. On being taken up, her head was found to be terribly bruised, and she quite insensible. She remained in this state until this morning, when she rallied a short time, spoke a few words, and expired. Mrs. C. leaves a large family.

GALLANT CONDUCT OF A NAVAL OFFICER.—Last Sunday evening about nine o'clock a man belonging to H. M. S. *Spiteful*, (which vessel is lying at the Dock Yard Jetty) accidentally fell overboard and would have been drowned but for Lieut. Cameron of H. M. Gun Boat *Steady*, who upon hearing the cries of the drowning man, immediately jumped overboard from the stern of his vessel and succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate man from a watery grave. The marine could not swim, and he was sinking for the last time when the Lieutenant caught him by the hair and brought him to a stage, from which he was lifted out of the water by some of the