

The principal object the Presbytery had in view was to urge the congregation to pay the arrears due to their late pastor, and thus pave the way for giving a call to the Rev. W. G. Forbes. After much reasoning a considerable sum was subscribed. The Presbytery appointed the 26th October, noon, as the time for moderation in a call, Rev Donald McKenzie to preach and preside.

A call from the congregation of Mabou in favor of Rev William Sinclair, was sustained and placed in his hands. Mr Sinclair, having signified his acceptance of the call, trials were prescribed to be given in on the 26th inst.

At a meeting of the Presbytery held on the 23rd August, the Rev M Stewart tendered his resignation of the congregation of West Bay. The chief ground for this step was the utterly inadequate support afforded to him by the people. The presbytery appointed the Rev Mr Forbes to visit the West Bay congregation and intimate this fact, and report to next meeting. Mr Forbes reported at a subsequent meeting (on the 2-nd Sept., at River Dennis) that he had visited West Bay, and that a deputation from the congregation were then present. From this deputation the Presbytery were glad to learn that since Mr Forbes' visit, the congregation have paid \$200, and that the sum of \$440 was secured in the shape of reliable subscriptions. The Presbytery allowed Rev Mr Stewart's resignation to lie on the table with the hope that he would see his way clear to withdraw it.

The next meeting of the Presbytery will be held on the 26th October, at Whycomagh.—Witness, Oct. 14.

Dalhousie College.

This institution was opened on Wednesday the 18th ult. Professor Macdonald delivered the inaugural address. The number of students is larger than on any previous year. Public expectations are high in regard to this institution, and there is a fair prospect of their being realized. The Professors are Principal Ross, Dr. Lall, Dr. Lawson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. McDonald, and Mr. DeMill.

Fire-side Reading.

Hope for the Lost.

In the July number of Dr. Guthrie's *Sunday Magazine*, the editor says he can fancy nothing better calculated to encourage the reader to pray and labor and hope for the lost, than a case which Captain Maconochie relates as follows:—

Charles Anderson, the son of a sailor

who was drowned, being left an orphan at his mother's death, was reared in a work-house. After serving his apprenticeship in a collier, he joined a man-of-war, and, being severely wounded in the head at the battle of Navarino, was ever afterwards liable to be thrown into violent fits of excitement, by drink or irritation. Getting drunk in a scarp in Devonshire, Anderson engaged in a street disturbance with some other sailors; and some shops having been broken into on the occasion, he, though quite unconscious of any participation in the crime, was tried and sentenced to seven years' transportation. He was sent, as a convict, to New South Wales. Believing himself unjustly punished, a bitter hostility against mankind took possession of him. Mentally and morally ignorant, he had no idea of patient submission; but, though his floggings were innumerable, punishment had no effect on him. Hurfulness could neither bend nor break his spirit; and kindness was never dreamt of. Sent to Goat Island (an insulated rock in Sydney Harbor,) the poor fellow was sentenced, for some offence, to wear irons for a whole twelvemonth—a period which he completed, but not till his back had been gashed by twelve hundred lashes. At length for new offences—some very trivial, such as looking round from his work, and some very natural, such as attempting to escape—he was sentenced, after receiving in all three hundred lashes, to be chained to a rock for two years. To the wretched man was fastened by his waist with a chain twenty-six feet long, with irons on his legs, and barely a rag to cover him. His only bed was a hollow scooped out in the rock; and he had no other shelter than a wooden lid perforated with hoist, which was locked at night and removed in the morning. Had he been, not a man, but a wild beast, he could not have been worse treated. The vessel containing his food was pushed towards him by means of a pole; and though people who passed in boats occasionally threw him pieces of bread or biscuit, no person was permitted to approach or speak to him. Without clothing on his back or shoulders, which were raw with the sores of repeated floggings, maggots, rapidly engendered in a hot climate, fed upon his flesh; and, denied water to bathe his wounds, when rain fell, he would lie and roll in it in his agony. At length Anderson was sent to Norfolk Island, to work in chains for life. On his arrival, Captain Maconochie found him there with the worst of characters for insolence, for violence, and insubordination, looking, though only twenty-four, as if he were forty years old. With boundless faith in the power of wise, firm, but kind and christian treatment, Capt. Maconochie set himself to reclaim this wretched and wicked creature.