

ety, the Rev. P. J. Saffery, the Secretary, related the following interesting circumstance of our soldiers now in the East.—A Christian officer who had been out reconnoitering the camp late in the evening, thought he heard singing in a ravine he was passing. He dismounted, tied his horse to a bush, and creeping slowly and gently down, saw a number of soldiers standing at the bottom singing a hymn which had been found at the close of one of the Society's tracts. When the singing was over, the soldier who had given out the hymn read the tract aloud to his comrades, and after he had finished reading, another soldier knelt down with the rest of his comrades and poured out his heart to God in fervent prayer, not only for those present, but for every soldier in the camp, for their country, and their Queen, their kindred and friends; but what touched him most deeply was, that, with faltering voice and evidently with deep emotion, he poured out his heart in prayer to God for the enemies they were about to engage.*

"It will be remembered," says the *Patriot*, "that the last act of more than one regiment which has distinguished itself in this campaign, before leaving the British shores, was a united act of public worship. During the encampment of the troops in Turkey, there were several striking religious services in which officers and men took part. In prospect of the battle of the Alma, according to the statement of one of the chaplains, they committed themselves in solemn prayer to the Divine protection. The battle of Inkerman, we now learn, was preceded by a remarkable intercessory meeting at which ministers and other persons of various denominations assembled to commend the allied arms to the blessing of the God of battles. This concert of prayer took place at Constantinople. The subject, which had been previously mentioned in private, was introduced, on the day before the battle, at a meeting for business of the American missionaries. Without any oversight, of course, of the impending action, arrangements were made for simultaneous prayer in all the Protestant congregations, native and foreign, throughout the Moslem capital. While the hostile armies were actually contending in the field, the Christians of Constantinople were thus unitedly commending them to the care and help of Heaven. Although the chaplain to the British Embassy was prevented, by the restrictions of his Church, from offering special prayer for the troops at the regular time of service, he held prayer-meeting on their behalf in the afternoon, precisely, in all probability, when they stood in most imminent need of the Divine help. Thus, during the entire progress of that tremendous conflict, and till victory crowned the cause of right, were its brave champions sustained by the intercessions of their fellow Christians, offered up in six different languages, and in twice as many separate services, in the capital of the empire whose independence is at stake. When it is remembered that, in addition to this special concert of prayer, there probably is not one acre of Protestant worship in the thousands of kingdoms, from which, during the most unpropitious stages of the protracted conflict, prayers were not ascending to Almighty God, that he would frustrate the efforts of the aggressor and succeed those of the champions of liberty and right, it is not merely warrantable to believe, but it would be impious to doubt, that the wonderful issue of so unequal a contest was in answer to prayer. While,

then, the hearts of those who unhappily deny, because they do not know, its value, are failing them for fear, let Christian patriots seeing the still accumulating difficulties of the great enterprise, not less than in the signal manner in which those arising from the immeasurable superiority of the enemy in numbers and munitions have been surmounted, only new reasons for perseverance in retarding the arbitrement of this bloody quarrel to Him who has hitherto defended the right, and who has pledged His word to break in pieces the oppressor."

The Rev. William Ross, chaplain to the Scottish Forces in the East, preached on Sabbath last in the afternoon in West Black-mall Street Church (the Rev. Dr. McCulloch's congregation), and in the evening, Gaelic Church, West Burnt Street. This large place of worship was filled to overflowing, many being unable to get admission. The services were, in themselves and in the circumstances of the young minister, peculiarly impressive; and although, with great good taste and modesty, he made no allusion to his own position, the whole was shaded over, both to preacher and hearers, by a feeling of the danger of the post he was about to occupy, and especially of the solemn and critical occupation of the brave men to whom he has been sent out to minister. The psalms which he selected and his prayers were strikingly appropriate, and his exposition of Luke xi. 21-22—"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils"—was eloquent and impressive. The reverend gentleman left this yesterday morning, and in virtue of orders from the War Office, was to proceed from Edinburgh last night with the view of embarking on the steamer *Charity* at Portsmouth to-morrow. The selection of Mr. Ross for the work he has undertaken is most judicious, as from his abilities, kindness, and high spirit, he will, we have no doubt, rapidly acquire the confidence and respect of his gallant countrymen.—*Greenock Advertiser*.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT IN LIVERPOOL.—Last week Elizabeth Curry died, at her residence in Duckenfield Street, after attaining the extraordinary age of 109 years 8 months and 7 days. She remained in possession of all her faculties, slightly impaired, up to the hour of her death. Some years ago the deceased kept an apple-stand at the corner of Parliament Street, and she then lived in Ashton Street. She took great interest in relating events which occurred a hundred years ago, and to the curious in such matters was a valuable historian. She remained a staunch member of the Kirk of Scotland, and annually visited Oldham Street School, in the latter period of her life. Her remains were interred in Oldham Street Chapel Yard, when the school children sang a hymn over the grave.—*Liverpool Albion*.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollok, has placed at the disposal of the Presbytery of Paisley, towards the liquidation of chapel debt within the bounds, the handsome sum of £400. If the other heritors of the county would only follow this example, the entire debts, amounting

to upwards of £4000, would soon be cleared off. Sir John has also subscribed £600 to the Assembly's Endowment Scheme.

Reminiscences of the West.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*.)

The distance between Halifax and Digby is 145 miles. The view is deformed with some barren spots, yet the road runs through a fine farming country, which abounds with the choicest productions of the vegetable kingdom, and which requires nothing but the dew of heaven, and the hand of industry, to give it a splendour equal to the regions of the Clyde or the Forth. The vales of Windsor, Horton, Cornwallis, and Annapolis are places of pre-eminent beauty, and are the delight and admiration of every traveller. Many striking objects attract the attention of the Tourist. Cornfields, green meadows, handsome dwelling, productive orchards, high hills and streams, dark forest, and open sea, and a golden fringe of rushing villages, which remind us of the towns of New England. The ruined towers of the garrison at Port Royal, throw back the mind to the ages of darkness and blood, when war was the applauded achievement of mankind. Silence was spread over the battlements, and the cattle were quietly feeding on the field of strife. Places renowned of old for beauty and antiquity, are known to us only by their names.—Babylon is a ruin, while her heroes are dust, and of Jerusalem, of which glorious things have been said, there is not one stone left upon another. Annapolis has remained nearly stationary for 150 years, whilst many of the surrounding villages have sprung up with the rapidity of magic. It was settled before Boston, and has been for more than 150 years, mostly in the hands of the English. The wonder is, why it should have made so little progress in such a magnificent country. It is said that the long range of water fronts on both sides of the river accounts for its slow progress, for each farmer, instead of carrying his produce to the village, has built a wharf at his own door and kept his trade at home. We hope that a brighter day may soon dawn, when it shall become the metropolis of the surrounding counties. The trade to New England in Potatoes, and cordwood (or as an Irishman would say timber and fruit), has of late years greatly enriched Horton and Cornwallis. It has enabled the farmers to pay off the mortgages which hung so heavily on the last generation, replenished their coffers, and brought them to the foreground in society. The crops of potatoes have been so abundant, that some farmers have cleared the whole of their debt with the produce of a single year. An intelligent young farmer in Cornwallis told me the other day, that the smaller coins had nearly all disappeared from their settlements, and stated that they paid their groceries and tobacco figures in gold. At one time Solomon could have paved the streets of Jerusalem with gold. All his drinking vessels were of gold, and silver was nothing accounted of in his day. It appears that potatoes have done for Kings County, what Solomon did for the Holy Land. But the flower blossoms only to fade, and all terrestrial glory shines to disappear. Solomon left an empty treasury and ten of the tribes revolted at his death. The whole road down the Annapolis river is studded with beautiful farm houses, and fine orchards. They have to buy their bread, but this is no serious matter to a farmer who can raise forty pounds