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The Atlantic Telegraph.

FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.
ANTICIPATED QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON THE WIRE THAT IS TO CONNECT ENGLAND AND CANADA.
Long had Acadia been unknown,
Her forests long reposing,
Her coasts with roughest rocks all strewn,
Her lands more costly needling.
Rich in her minerals, and her food,
Where choicest food is growing,
Rich in her stately ships of wood,
Her seamen's skill still proving—
And rich in Freedom's glorious might—
No slaves within her border—
And rich in Britain's joyous right
From all her foes to ward her—

But such unknown to brightest minds
In England's land residing,
But when the wires each country binds
They'll take in us a priding.

Then o'er the wires shall questions go,
And find a ready greeting,
Such as our muse shall quickly show,
The answers too repeating.

The wires shall bring to nearest minds
By ocean's wild and parted;
As ear to hear old friendship finds
When the swift lightnings started!

They'll talk through ocean's vastest deeps
Where Leviathan is creeping;
The thought with quickest lightning leaps
Down where the water's sleeping!

Reader, just listen now to hear
A talk across the ocean;
His angry voice you need not fear,
Far from his surface motion.

Have you a poet in your land,
Through rocks old forests peeping,
Or seated by the ocean grand,
For lack of fame just weeping—
Some youthful Burns by genius fired,
With soul all ardent, tender;
By nature's beauties eye inspired,
Their tuneful, warm, and tender?

Have you a Byron in the bud,
His heart with thought distending,
Who loves to trace the mountain flood
Or hills with teapost rendering?

A Scott, with love of legends fraught,
To give of ancient story
Lessons that old times have taught,
From hall, or field all glory?

No Burns nor Byron have we got
To rouse our souls to gladness,
Or, in their pages eye to blot,
To shade our hearts with sadness!

No Scott with graphic power to make
The past a present scene;
And from our Indian legends take
Some tales to solace reason?

We'll send a sketch of Katanam's lay
Beneath the heavy billow;
Along the line the strain shall play
"She sang beneath the willow!"

A strain so sweet to England's shore
Shall win the heart of feeling;
Old genius too shall scan it o'er,
His tears deep joy revealing.

Or set our ladies well can use
The lyre to sounds of gladness,
Or set our souls of woes to muse,
And fill the heart with sadness.

If such a strain New Scotia's shore
Can boast,—"her daughter's singing—
Some day she'll send to Britain o'er
A song of louder ringing!"

A lay the world may gladly hear
By genius formed all rightly,
Such as were made some favor'd year
When fancy plowed most brightly!

When Milton sang with stately muse,
Or Hope's fall no tears flowing;
Or Campbell's first themes did choose,
The joys of Hope bright showing.

Why do ye dark slaves upon your land,
With souls crushed out by sorrow,
That never feel a joy at hand,
Or blessing for to-morrow?

Are ye with Freedom's States so blind
That ye can see no treason,
Against the right of human kind,
For slavery to reason?"

Why ask ye this?—The red cross waves
O'er all our land of blessing;
Let States united bind their slaves,
"Old Liberty" caring!

We see their stripes with proud disdain
O'er boasting freedom's flag,
While they the stripes of flesh maintain
On backs of negroes dying!

A nation bold "tis said to see,
More aud than slavery's pleader;
Hail to the day that kept us free,
Though Washington was leader!

And freedom from their land debar'd
Shall live beneath our banner;
Our flag its cause must ever guard
With free and gallant manner.

Old tyrant Russia saw it wave
Before her bulwarks proudly,
Float o'er the land they could not save,
Midst ordinance booming loudly.

We love the arm that crush'd this foe
That keeps its people mourning—
That would its trammels wider throw,
More tribes of earth still owning.

Have ye great statesmen in your halls,
To shape the future nation;
Whose eloquence with wisdom calls
To men of every station?"

The Song of the Hundred Forty and Four Thousand.

We had a full choir one day, about forty in all. It was well balanced in several parts, and well directed. In its appearance, and power it was a country luxury. It was no hired quartette. They sang for the love of it. And doubtless the music was sweeter and richer to my ear, because some prominent voices there had just begun to make melody in their new hearts unto God. They were the first fruits of my labor here. The choir was in the midst of the psalm beginning:

"High in the heaven, Eternal God,
Thy goodness is full glory shines."
They were singing it to "Old Hundred."

The grand old music filled the house, and with it the thoughts and devotion of the psalm were lifting the hearts of true worshippers to heaven. It was good to be there. Beside me sat an aged and honored home missionary, "Father H." Almost three-score and ten, and worn with deep trials and heavy toils, he yet had his thirty preaching stations, and his ten churches, to whom he administered the ordinances of his Master. I saw that his soul was rising. Now he sang a note or two; now he beat the time, and now his eyes wandered from the choir to the heavens. I knew where his thoughts were. They had outrun his weary feet in life-pilgrimage. The singing had done its service for him. I saw that his ear was opened to other music. And so I whispered to him, "What singing that will be of the hundred forty and four thousand?"

"I expect to hear them," was his thoughtful, earnest reply. His eyes filled with tears, and I think the deep joy of faith and hope never shone purer ones.

Good old man, and toil-worn servant of God, I think he will hear them. How often since have those words come to my mind, "I expect to hear them!"

Is this your expectation? You love music, and perhaps a member of the choir, sing in social worship, partake of the social mania for reformed vocalists, are excited to raptures by a full orchestra. And it is well.

Do you expect to hear the choir of the "hundred forty and four thousand," and their "new song"—*N. Y. Observer.*

Home Influence.

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still,
Lest, and flower, and laden bough are preaching,
This is our answer, though humble, yet to fill.

Truly it has been said, that "our duties are like the circles of a whirlpool the innermost includes home." A modern writer has designated home "heaven's fallen sister," and a melancholy truth lies shrouded in those few words. Our home influence is not a passing but an abiding one; and all powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which number of the family group can say, I have no influence? What sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power of each!

"A lighted lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise; yet it gives light to all who are within the house." And so there is a quiet influence, which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to "a carpet, soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a creaking sound, it is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head, and forgets half its misery." This influence falls as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sunbeams, the fertilizing shower, shining on the withered tree, in one soft tint many of the discordant hues of a family picture.

A Glorified Spirit.

Would you know where I am? I am at home in my Father's house, in the house prepared for me there. I am where I would be, where I have long and often desired to be; no longer on a stormy sea, but in a safe and quiet harbor. My working time is done, I am resting; my sowing time is done, I am reaping; my joy is at the time of harvest.

Would you know how it is with me? I am made perfect in holiness; grace is swallowed up in glory; the top-stone of the building is brought forth.

Would you know what company I have? Blessed company, better than the best on earth—here are the holy angels and the spirits of just men made perfect. I am set down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, with the blessed Paul and Peter, and all the saints; and here I meet with many of my old acquaintances that I fasted and prayed with, who got before me hither.

And lastly, would you consider how long this is to continue? It is a garland that never withers; a crown of glory that fades not away; after millions of millions of ages, it will be as fresh as it is now; and, therefore, weep not for me.—*Matthew Henry.*

The Source of Comfort.

The well-known missionary, Campbell, for many years after his conversion had neither peace nor joy in believing. His faith was not subjective, that objective. Doubts, fears, and actual backslidings had often shaken his hope and driven him almost to despair, even at the time he was regarded by other Christians as a pattern. At last, as he said in a letter to the venerable John Newton, "The cloud which covered the mercy-seat fled away, and Jesus appeared as he is: my eyes were not turned inward, but outward. The Gospel was the glass in which I beheld Him. I now stand upon a shore of comparative rest. When in search of comfort I resort to the testimony of God, this is the field which contains the pearl of great price. Frames and feelings are, like other created comforts, passing away. What utter source of consolation is it that the foundation of our faith and hope is immutably the same, the sacrifice of Jesus as acceptable to the Father as ever it was!"

Formerly the major part of my thoughts centered either upon the darkness I felt of the light I enjoyed. Now they are mainly directed to Jesus, what He hath done, suffered, and promised.

A Methodist Bishop Rebukes Political Preaching.

At the late Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for East Maine, Bishop Morris, being about to announce the appointment of preachers to their several stations and circuits, gave his views—very briefly, and in kindly terms—upon the interference of ministers of the gospel with political affairs. We deem the present a very fit time for giving his remarks to our readers. The political excitement which brought so many New England clergymen into the partisan field has passed away, and ministers and laymen are speaking with calmness and candor to the influence which has resulted from political preaching. They find churches divided and distracted, pews deserted, treasuries empty, and the hearts of the people cold and unresponsive. Some of them, with commendable devotion to the Christian cause, have set about the work necessary to restore the good feeling which prevailed in former years, and who had been driven from their houses of worship by the partisan abuse of their public devotions, and are again hoping for a season of religious enjoyment. Perhaps, at such a time, both minister and people will derive pleasure and profit from the gentle counsels in the remarks above referred to. In the course of them, Bishop Morris said:

"I deem it not unimportant or out of place to address a few words to you, my brethren, upon a subject which is attracting considerable attention at the present time—namely, as to how far a minister of the gospel ought to take part in the politics of the day. When a minister goes into the pulpit to address his congregation composed of men of different political parties; and if he publicly becomes the partisan of one or the other, there will of necessity spring up a coldness towards him in a part of the congregation, which will diminish his influence. I feel convinced, from what I have observed, that the only respect that can be expected from a minister taking part in the political contests and discussions of the day will be to engender strife and hard feeling in his congregation."

"But some may ask whether we are not citizens like other men, and have not duties to perform as such? Most certainly we are, and I have not proved recalcitrant to the obligations resting upon me as a citizen, although I have not for the forty years that I have been in the ministry, ever entered a political meeting, or spent above five minutes at any election. I have always made it a point to go to the polls at the most quiet time of the day, when there was likely to be the least excitement, to deposit my ballot in an unostentatious manner, and to return home as I have never seen the time when I thought I was called upon as a citizen to do more than this. I know not how it may be with others, but I have always found enough to do in the duties of my calling. I am willing to let the 'posters' strive to win the postures, but prefer myself to attend to the duties of my calling as a minister of Christ. I recollect an anecdote of a Methodist brother who was stationed to preach the gospel to the people in Fountain Head Circuit, near the Hermitage of the late President Jackson, in the exciting political times of his second election. Party zeal was just then at its height, and each party wanted every one to be on its side. He sought out the newly arrived minister, and eagerly inquired of him on whose side he was? "I am on the side of the Lord, and Fountain-Head Circuit," was the reply.

"Which of the candidates do you intend to vote for?" "I trust I shall be found on my knees praying to God for the conversion of sinners and the upbuilding of Zion in Fountain-Head Circuit. However, if they might question the devoted minister, he would wisely answer that he meant to do his duty to one another—it is the law of Christ. And let the true brotherhood of religion be cultivated and cherished more and more.—*Morning Star.*

Power of a Mother's Prayer.

An aged, pious woman had one son. She used every means in her power to lead him to the Saviour, but to grow up gay and dissipated. She still followed him with prayers and entreaties, faithfully warned him of his awful state as a sinner before God, and told him what his end would be, dying in that condition. But all seemed alike unavailing. He one day said, "Mother, let me have my best clothes; I am going to a ball to-night."

She expostulated with him, and urged him not to go; but all in vain. "Mother, let me have my best clothes; I will go; it is useless to say anything about it." He put on his clothes, and was going out. She stopped him, and said, "My child, do not go." He still persisted; when she said, "My son, remember, when you are dancing with your companions in the ball-room, I shall be out in that wilderness, praying to the Lord to convert your soul." The youth went to the ball, and the dancing commenced; but instead of the usual gaiety, an unaccountable gloom pervaded the whole assembly. One said, "we never had so dull a meeting in our lives." Another observed, "I wish we had not come: we have no life; we cannot get along." A third continued, "I cannot think what is the matter." The young man, in question, felt a conscience smitten, and bursting into tears, said, "I know what is the matter: my poor old mother is now praying in your wilderness for her ungodly son." He took his hat, and said, "I will never be found in such a place as this again." From that night he began to pray for mercy; his mother's prayer was heard for his conversion; and he gave evidence that he was become a new creature in Christ Jesus.—*Rev. J. Young.*

None Liveth for Himself.

None liveth for himself. God has written upon the flowers that sweeten the air on the breeze that rocks the flowers upon the stem—upon the rain-drop that refreshes the spring of moss that lifts its head in the desert upon deep chambers upon every peep of the deep, no less than upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers millions of creatures which lives in its light—upon all his works he has written, "None liveth to himself."

The Precious Blood of Christ.

Most of our young readers have heard of the rock Gibraltar. It is a high, rugged rock, being connected with Spain only by a low, narrow isthmus. This isthmus, and the whole rock, are completely undermined, so as to form underground magazines and batteries.

Two soldiers were one night guarding the passage under this isthmus, when an officer returned from the main land, and descended the watch-tower. One of the sentinels had just become a Christian, and deeply absorbed in his meditations on the love of Christ, exclaimed, "The precious blood of Christ." Then immediately recollecting himself, he replied correctly, "But his words, the precious blood of Christ, were not lost on his companion. They brought relief to his burdened heart, he found his Saviour, and soon after being sent to Ceylon, he obtained a discharge from the army, and completed the translation of the Bible into the language of the Ceylonese."

Al! how many aching hearts have those words, the precious blood of Christ, brought relief! When the soul has been wrung with anguish on account of its sin, when it has quailed before its offended God, and nothing seemed left but despair—the precious blood of Christ, burst in like sunshine through the clouds, and diffused a peace passing all understanding! "Tell us that again," cried the Greenlanders, as the faithful Moravians preached to them of this precious blood. "O, that is the very Saviour I have all my life been seeking," exclaimed the Hindoo who for years had rolled himself on the ground, and now first heard of Jesus from the lips of Schwartz. The precious blood of Christ! How many sins has it covered, how many sorrows wiped away, how many tear-streams dried? What but this "can do helpless sinners good?"

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"Last Friday evening the Principal came into my room, saying he wished to see me in No. 6. I went down, but to my astonishment said he wished Mr. Woods and me to go and hold a meeting next Sunday evening at Acadia. He informed me that you, (his father), had told him of my conviction of duty in reference to preaching. He advised me to make a trial, and gave me instructions how to conduct the service. We concluded, in the name of the Lord, to go. We united in prayer and asked counsel and aid of God. We found the people very friendly. I spoke to them of the evil and extent of sin—that Christ died for our sins—that pardon must be sought through faith in his name—that if they were not cleansed from sin through the blood of the Lamb, no Heaven was theirs—lost without Christ. I never felt so happy in my life! Every eye was fixed upon me, and I saw the tears steal down many cheeks. To his name be all the praise."

This letter is dated "March 31st 1835," and a better testimony would not be borne to the character of the Sackville Academy than the above. Here is a young man of superior mental abilities, thirsting for knowledge. He solicits his parents to allow him to leave the plough and enter, as he speaks in another letter, "the halls of learning." His first letters from the Academy speak of his ambitious views to be a scholar and to excel. He writes home as one before whose intellectual vision the great world of literature opens in sublime grandeur, inviting his choice and stimulating his endeavours. "But what my future may be I know not; but I am determined to fit myself for any position." He speaks of the ambition of his friend Frederick Woods, "how determined they are to climb 'fame's steep mountain, and carve their name on a pinnacle of the temple there.' But there comes a change. Another world, another sphere of duty, before them. "Translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son." He sees a field of labour, a scene of conflict, triumph and eternal glory, compared with which all earth's wisdom, power and fame are cast into the shade. His decision is made. In the spirit of Christian consecration he approaches the altar of God, his soul finds relief in the following sentiments.

"My talents, gifts, and grace, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to please thy word,
And only to thy glory live.
My every moment at thy feet,
In praising the name of Jesus."

Another interesting feature of his correspondence was at the Academy is the view given to the Father, and the support of him as a simple honest lad who tells every thing just as it is. These letters were never designed for any other eye than that of a parent. He opens his heart and tells all the doings and sayings of the Students, the Teachers, the Principal, and Governor and Chaplain; the food, the beds, the hours of rest, the general habits of the inmates of the Institution. In one letter we find the influence, the healthy and powerful influence of the public examination upon the minds of the Students. Did the public, and the friends in general know how their visit, presence, and opinion, were looked forward to by the Students for the examination, they would as the friends of aspiring youth, rejoice in bestowing patronage so valuable. Next to the impetus given to the Students by the hope of appearing well before the public examination, the female Academy stands prominently forth. A spirit of pure and lofty emulation appears to exist between the two Institutions. "What will they say if the ladies beat us?" appears to be a common inquiry among the chums. He writes home, "There was a good degree of excitement between the classes of the different Academies: with the exception of the first French Class, we did better than the ladies. They also claim the victory in Chemistry. But we have every reason to dispute the ground they took. In Mental Philosophy our class certainly ranked with the first ever taught in the Academy."

These things are mentioned because it is gratifying to the Father, and supporters of the Wesleyan Institution in Sackville, to find, amidst a voluminous private correspondence, such frequent testimonies to the good order, the peace and harmony, the inestimable value, and, (what is best of all) the christian piety of the establishment. One would naturally suppose that in a score or two of letters written by a youth in his party there would be a few things mentioned in which might not be prudent to speak out in public. But there is not a single record in the whole correspondence that might not safely be published to the credit of the Academy. The spirit of piety and holy emulation, the excellence of the food, and the comfort of the apartments, the kindness and attention shown to all without partiality on the part of the Principal and every other officer, are topics touched upon in every letter during a two years' residence in the Academy. How gratifying to the thousands of our "Israel" to know that

"Letters, Dec. 24, 1834. March 31, 1835. May 18, 1836. & Dec. 29, 1836."

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My every moment at thy feet,
In praising the name of Jesus."

Another interesting feature of his correspondence was at the Academy is the view given to the Father, and the support of him as a simple honest lad who tells every thing just as it is. These letters were never designed for any other eye than that of a parent. He opens his heart and tells all the doings and sayings of the Students, the Teachers, the Principal, and Governor and Chaplain; the food, the beds, the hours of rest, the general habits of the inmates of the Institution. In one letter we find the influence, the healthy and powerful influence of the public examination upon the minds of the Students. Did the public, and the friends in general know how their visit, presence, and opinion, were looked forward to by the Students for the examination, they would as the friends of aspiring youth, rejoice in bestowing patronage so valuable. Next to the impetus given to the Students by the hope of appearing well before the public examination, the female Academy stands prominently forth. A spirit of pure and lofty emulation appears to exist between the two Institutions. "What will they say if the ladies beat us?" appears to be a common inquiry among the chums. He writes home, "There was a good degree of excitement between the classes of the different Academies: with the exception of the first French Class, we did better than the ladies. They also claim the victory in Chemistry. But we have every reason to dispute the ground they took. In Mental Philosophy our class certainly ranked with the first ever taught in the Academy."

These things are mentioned because it is gratifying to the Father, and supporters of the Wesleyan Institution in Sackville, to find, amidst a voluminous private correspondence, such frequent testimonies to the good order, the peace and harmony, the inestimable value, and, (what is best of all) the christian piety of the establishment. One would naturally suppose that in a score or two of letters written by a youth in his party there would be a few things mentioned in which might not be prudent to speak out in public. But there is not a single record in the whole correspondence that might not safely be published to the credit of the Academy. The spirit of piety and holy emulation, the excellence of the food, and the comfort of the apartments, the kindness and attention shown to all without partiality on the part of the Principal and every other officer, are topics touched upon in every letter during a two years' residence in the Academy. How gratifying to the thousands of our "Israel" to know that

"Letters, Dec. 24, 1834. March 31, 1835. May 18, 1836. & Dec. 29, 1836."

Biographical.

SAMUEL ANNETT.

Died, on Saturday, 11th inst., at the residence of his father, on Kiswick Bridge, Samuel Annett, junr. Samuel was a student in Sackville Academy in the years, 1833-45. During a revival of religion in that institution, 1834, he was brought in to the full enjoyment of Salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. While in the Academy he pursued his studies with great ardor and perseverance, and bade fair to rise in any station of life Divine Providence should place him. Some time after his conversion, he received a call from God to enter into the work of the ministry. He had been troubled with doubts and fears on this great point of Christian duty, and struggled much against the deep convictions of his own unworthiness and inability. In letters to his parents he dwelt very largely upon his call to the Ministry, and earnestly requested them to pray for him. It appears from his letters that there was one companion among the students for whom he felt a sincere attachment. He mentions his arrival, speaks of their mutual intercourse in their studies and labours, and of the sympathy and aid he meets with in his young friend's company. Writing to his parents on the important work of the Ministry, he says—

"Last Friday evening the Principal came into my room, saying he wished to see me in No. 6. I went down, but to my astonishment said he wished Mr. Woods and me to go and hold a meeting next Sunday evening at Acadia. He informed me that you, (his father), had told him of my conviction of duty in reference to preaching. He advised me to make a trial, and gave me instructions how to conduct the service. We concluded, in the name of the Lord, to go. We united in prayer and asked counsel and aid of God. We found the people very friendly. I spoke to them of the evil and extent of sin—that Christ died for our sins—that pardon must be sought through faith in his name—that if they were not cleansed from sin through the blood of the Lamb, no Heaven was theirs—lost without Christ. I never felt so happy in my life! Every eye was fixed upon me, and I saw the tears steal down many cheeks. To his name be all the praise."

This letter is dated "March 31st 1835," and a better testimony would not be borne to the character of the Sackville Academy than the above. Here is a young man of superior mental abilities, thirsting for knowledge. He solicits his parents to allow him to leave the plough and enter, as he speaks in another letter, "the halls of learning." His first letters from the Academy speak of his ambitious views to be a scholar and to excel. He writes home as one before whose intellectual vision the great world of literature opens in sublime grandeur, inviting his choice and stimulating his endeavours. "But what my future may be I know not; but I am determined to fit myself for any position." He speaks of the ambition of his friend Frederick Woods, "how determined they are to climb 'fame's steep mountain, and carve their name on a pinnacle of the temple there.' But there comes a change. Another world, another sphere of duty, before them. "Translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son." He sees a field of labour, a scene of conflict, triumph and eternal glory, compared with which all earth

Great Britain and the Continent of Europe. NEW YORK, July 8.—There are not many matters in the proceedings of Parliament which call for comment.

Great Britain. NEW YORK, July 8.—There are not many matters in the proceedings of Parliament which call for comment.

Sudden Death. A SEAMAN FROM DARTMOUTH KILLED. The sad duty devolves upon us of communicating intelligence, received in a letter without date, but having the post mark "Carlton, Gaspe, July 7," of the death, on the 18th ult., of a seaman named MICHAEL McGRATH.

Canada.—Attorney General Macdonald has sailed in the Anglo-Saxon, for England. Various conjectures have been hazarded with respect to the object of his mission.

Shipping News. PORT OF HALIFAX. ARRIVED. WEDNESDAY, July 29. R.M. Steamer Europa, Litch, Liverpool.

Camp Meeting! A CAMP MEETING will be held (D.V.) on the grounds of Mr. J. H. Jones, head of the Tide Water, on Wednesday, WEDNESDAY, 29th of August, at 9 o'clock, P.M. and continue six days.

New Advertisements. Mary, Forward and Delta. THE Subscriber has received, by the Mary, from the Rev. Mr. J. H. Jones, head of the Tide Water, a copy of the following works.

Archbishop Hughes.—The New York Times says that Archbishop Hughes has fallen under the displeasure of the Papal authorities of Rome, who may possibly depose him.

India. A fortnight ago we were informed by the Indian papers that the Bengal army had lost 8,000 men by mutiny and desertion.

Wesleyan Conference Office. LETTERS AND NOTES RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST. The current volume (No. 46) of Rev. W. Wilson (new ed.) Rev. E. J. Potter (100s. for B.R.—the order will be filled as far as possible, and the matter referred to receive careful attention.

Commercial. Halifax Markets. Corrected for the "Provincial Westgate" up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, August 5th.

Mount Allison Female Academy, Sackville, New Brunswick. THE Summer and Fall term of this Academy will commence on Thursday, August 13th, 1857.

Wesleyan Aid Society. THE Committee of the Ladies Wesleyan Aid Society propose holding a sale of fancy and useful articles in the latter part of the month.

More Proof! Rev. Mr. JACKSON, Baptist Clergyman, writing from St. Martins, in reference to the Worm Lozenges, says: "I am glad to hear that you are so successful in your efforts to destroy the worm."

Private companies and private enterprises have essayed so far in vain to effect this great object, but it is one which is too vast for any individual or small group of individuals to accomplish.

Two of the witnesses on the Mayo Petition, we should have remarked, have been barbarously treated for daring to give evidence against the priests, of which outrage complaint having been made by the Committee, the Attorney General for Ireland persuaded the House to leave it in his hands, and has set out on a bold expedition to put the law in force against the culprits, with what effect we shall know in time.

Prices at the Farmers' Market, corrected up to 4 o'clock, Wednesday, August 5th. Oats, per bushel 4s. Fresh Beef, per cwt. 4s. Bacon, per lb. 8d. Lamb, 5s. 6d. Call-cans, 8s. Yarn, 2s. 6d. Butter, fresh, 4s. 1d. to 4s. 11d. Potatoes, per bushel 5s. Eggs, per dozen 10s. Honeypot Cloth (wool) per yard, 2s. 6d. Do. (cotton and wool) 1s. 9d.

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