





ably and again made his escape. Luckily he had just gone for, as I looked around, I caught sight of Master Joe making off on all fours, and with great speed, across the little prairie for a clump of trees.

I called the men up, and we gave chase. He saw us in advance who he could head him off for another clump. This we surrounded. He did not ascend a tree, but stood defiantly at the border of the wood. About one hundred and fifty of us surrounded him. As we moved up he began to yell, and made a sudden dash upon a poor fellow who was in the line, and tumbled down on his side, and by his fall escaped, but also detaining us sufficiently long for the nets to be brought to bear upon him.

Four of us again bore him struggling into the village. This time I would not trust him to the cage, but had a little light chain fastened around his neck. This operation he resisted with all his might, and it took us quite an hour to securely chain the little fellow, whose strength was something marvellous.

Ten days after he was thus chained he died suddenly. He was in good health, and ate plentifully of his natural food, which was brought every day for him, and did not seem to sicken until two days before his death, and died in some pain. To the last he continued untamable; and when his chains were on, added the vice of treachery to his others. He would come sometimes quite readily to eat out of my hand, but while I stood by him would suddenly—looking me all the time in the face to keep my attention—put out his foot and grasp at my leg. Several times he tore my pantaloons in this manner, quick retreat on my part saving my person; till at last I was obliged to be very careful in my approaches. The negroes could not come near him at all without setting him in a rage. He knew us very well, and treated me, he evidently always cherished a feeling of revenge even toward me.

After he was chained, I filled a half barrel with hay and set it near him for his bed. He recognized it as such, and it was pretty to see him shake up the hay and creep into this nest when he was tired. At night he always again shook it up, and then took some hay in his hands, with which he would cover himself when he was snug in his barrel.

Obituary Notices.

Died, of Intermittent Fever, on the 29th July, Cecilia, wife of Zechariah Mayhew, of Cornwall, aged 51 years.

Our departed sister emigrated to this island from England, upwards of thirty years ago—Under the ministry of the Rev. F. Smallwood she was convinced of sin, and after a severe mental struggle was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable. Her illness began in May of the present year. It was soon apparent that her constitution—once vigorous, but now almost prostrated—was but feebly struggling with the malady; and it was feared that soon it must succumb. The sufferer had but one wish. A life of devotedness to the cares of the household, with the anxious solicitude of a most tender parent to provide for the future wants of a numerous family, had occupied her attention so far as to exclude partially the bright atmosphere of heaven, which had signalled her conversion to God. Of this loss she was thoroughly and painfully conscious; and her reigning desire was for its full restoration ere the valley of the shadow of death opened for her exit into eternity. "Where is now your hope?" said her anxious partner, as he stooped over her couch of pain during her conflict with the last enemy—"Where could it be," she asked in reply, "but in Christ? I have always loved him and he has always loved me." The termination of her disease was accompanied by lingering pain and suffering; so much so that at different times she looked up anxiously into her husband's countenance, and, as if apprehending that his urgent supplications before God might have averted the death which she earnestly desired, she would say, "Do give me up!" Nature was soon exhausted. Each successive flash only reduced the strength of life's faint, flickering taper. Her intellect became clearer as her body failed, until at length a simple sign was all that was left to express the spirit's utterances. This was literally ebbed out. The tide of existence receded gradually, constantly and visibly, till it reached the lowest possible point, and then commenced its eternal progression in another, brighter, better world. Her surviving friends need but little consolation beyond that which her triumphant death affords them. A. W. N.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 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 that Conference, must be sent through the hands of the Superintendent Minister. Communications designated 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.

We confess to a disappointment with which many of our readers will sympathize, in not having received by the last mail the promised and expected letter of "Our Own Correspondent." We have waited for this until it is too late to prepare a summary or digest of the proceedings of the late British Conference—of which the missing letter would have given us ample information; we have, however, selected two addresses, which will be read with deep interest; the one the address of Bishop Jones from America; the other Dr. Johnson's very interesting account of his visit as a deputation to the Australian Conference.

Bishop Jones' Address at the Conference Tea Meeting at Newcastle.

The Rev. Bishop Jones (introduced by the Chairman as one of the seven Bishops of the Episcopal Church of America) next addressed the audience. He said—Your President, in his opening remarks, made a statement sufficient to relieve every speaker from any embarrassment. He stated to us that his only duty this evening was to conduct the meeting to a happy conclusion. If that is all that he desires, he takes from us all responsibility. He is not a Christian philosopher who, in his religious theories, ignores the social elements of humanity. In my judgment, it has been one of the reasons for the success of that form of Christianity which we call Methodism, that it provides largely for the exercise of the social feelings. Our Class Meetings, our Love Feasts, and, most of all, our Social Meetings, are well adapted to cultivate and encourage Christian fellowship and social feelings, and the interchange of the higher and holier affections of our nature. You have here, thus far, this evening, united the social with the devotional, and if this is the general character of your tea-meetings in England, I most heartily approve of them, this being the first that I have

ever witnessed. The Christian religion is not only experimental, and social; it is also highly practical, and it enjoins on all its subjects—Christianity—religious service—and these do not pertain exclusively to the Ministers of religion. The laity of the Church are called to perform these activities, and every one is expected to contribute in some way to the power and progress of the cause. No one can be excused from giving to this work the power of a holy life; and in these Christian examples there is a power and influence for good which have never been properly estimated. We can all give to the cause of religion, and therefore none can be excused from giving it a testimony of earnest sympathy and deep abiding interest, in all its claims and in all its agencies; and besides this we can give our private or public intercession. I think it pertinent to relate here the history of one Christian family; I do not know how many it was composed, and I do not know the name of the family. I have no doubt it is recorded in the Book of Life; but I doubt whether it is on the record of any church on earth. A few years ago, a young man native of Russia, came to the United States. He was a German scholar. A short time after he reached the United States, he was converted in one of our Missions, and he soon became himself a German Missionary. Some three years since, his father wrote from Russia, desiring that he should be sent to Bulgaria, as one of our Missionaries, his father learning that he had Missionaries in that country. We judged that his knowledge of the Russian language, and of the German language, would be special advantages to him in that work, and that otherwise he was well fitted for it, and we appointed him to it. That young man, in visiting the southern part of Russia, was much surprised to find there a people who entertained very similar religious sentiments with himself. The more he travelled amongst them, the more he was surprised to find the many who accorded with him so fully in his views of religious experience. In his surprise, he began to make inquiry as to where they received these religious doctrines and sentiments, and he learned this fact, that more than ninety years ago the Russian Embassy to the Court of St. James brought with them an English family, or a family that could speak the English language, and that family here, in England, became acquainted with a people who prayed without the Prayer-Book, who preached in private houses, and some other peculiarities of a people that lived near, which I need not narrate. This family, when the Russian Embassy returned, returned with them. Having received the light of the Gospel themselves, they began to speak of it to others, and that Missionary has ascertained that there are now in the south of Russia, a people numbering five millions, who have all been modified in their religious sentiments, and many of them in their religious experience, by the influence of that one family. The result of our acquaintance with them we cannot foresee. Our anticipations, however, are very large and extensive. The social character of Christianity is not, however, limited to individuals and communities. The first speaker this evening very clearly intimated that the Anglo-Saxon race was only one nation, let them live where they would, and the President told us that we were not to forget to be social whether we would or not. I do not see how England and America can help being very social. There are so many kindred interests; there are so many kindred ties; that I cannot see how they can do otherwise than keep their neighbourhood with each other, for neighbours we certainly are; and though the one grand experiment to talk across the ocean has only partially succeeded, I have no doubt that the time is very near when, from London or Liverpool, you will whisper to the people in New York. Our navigation, also, has become so perfect, and so rapid, that it really is a small matter to come from one continent to the other, to interchange neighbourhood views. But there are higher considerations than these. There is no law in heaven or earth more imperative than the law of affinity, and this law makes England and America one. I have been grateful for the interest which has been expressed for my beloved country since I have been in England, and the strong sympathy which has been expressed for our land in its present hour of trial. I knew from what has been intimated, that I should disappoint this audience to-night if I did not refer to our national difficulties. And yet it is no light matter for a man to speak of such interests, in such a presence as this. Some persons, in some places, can speak without much responsibility, but I am conscious that what I say here ought to be said with care. Our national difficulty is one of great magnitude, the cause of it is one of gigantic stature. I express it as my opinion, with my clear discernment, that our present national difficulties have arisen out of the one question—Slavery. True, politicians have attempted to assign other reasons. Reference has been made sometimes to the tariff. The leaders of the Secession Movement refer to our fiscal laws, and they refer to some legislation in Congress, which they say was unfriendly to their peculiar interests. The Vice-President of the self-styled Confederate States stated publicly, in his own State, Georgia, when he returned from his seat in Congress last fall, after the presidential election, that the South had no reason to complain of the Tariff, for that South Carolina and cotton with Massachusetts in every Tariff Bill which had been passed; and I think upon that question he was good authority. He also stated that, so far as the fishing laws were concerned, there was no ground of complaint; because the Southern States had got as good right to send out ships to the fishing banks as the Northern States, and if they did not avail themselves of the opportunity it was nobody else's fault. And he made this declaration, that the Government of which they were complaining, was the most benign Government in the world; and that the Southern States themselves, under that Government, had unparalleled prosperity. That was the statement of the Vice-President of the Confederate States. Previous to the last presidential campaign, the Republican party, in their national Convention, when they made their nomination, put into their platform as they call it, this—"No more Slave Territories." The present President, when he accepted the nomination, accepted that platform. I rejoice that, having first adopted this, together with the other principles laid down by the Convention, he was elected. The one question of the extension of Slavery was the one that has brought about this conflict. The Free States did not claim the right to control slavery in the States where it existed; the Constitution making that a State institution. The Free States did claim the right to control the Territories where slavery did not exist, and prevent any new slave States. So that the South had no right to complain of any action whatever touching the existence of slavery in the States, and it was the one question of the extension of slavery that was the cause of this war. The object of the war is another thing. The Southern States, for the reasons I have stated, claimed a right to secede from the Union, and having passed an ordinance of secession seized the property of the Federal Government in those States. It was clear, to all intelligent citizens, that, if one State could

secede, all States could secede. If the State could secede from the Federal Government, then the County could secede from the State Government. If the County could secede from the State Government, then the town could secede from the County, and consequently there was no law or Government. Our citizens could not admit that principle, and consequently our Government determined to maintain its authority, and the object of the war. As to the cause of the war, I do not think anyone can see or divine them. One thing is clear, however, to my mind at least, and that is that the result must be damaging to Slavery. I am satisfied that the people of the Free States who have taken the position they have, and entered upon it with the spirit they have, will never recede from that position—"No more Slave Territories—no more Slave States!" As to the issue of the war, I am not well qualified to speak, as I have no military knowledge. I cannot well see, however, how ten millions of people, with a domestic enemy among them, can successfully contend with twenty millions. I cannot see how, with their ports closed, and their commerce destroyed, they can sustain themselves against a people whose ports are open, and whose commerce is as free as it has ever been. With these statements, the audience can judge of the aspects of this question, perhaps, as well as I can, or as well as any of the citizens of the United States who are not in the secret of the Government. The question is one which, I think, claims the sympathy, interest, and prayers of all philanthropists, and I believe I am justified in saying that, in the United States, one of the principal apprehensions that they have felt has been, that there might be an unhappy influence on the question from this country. We knew that Victoria was Queen, but some said that Cotton was King, even in England. (Loud cries of "No, no.") Very well, if you do not acknowledge his authority, all right. (Continued cries of "No, no.") I ought, however, to say that this apprehension has been lessened very much by the recent action of the Government, and also by the tone of your public press. I have not time to relate what I witnessed of Mohammedan fanaticism in Egypt, or to describe my impressions when I saw the vast forms of the old Pyramids, which, as beheld through the haze of an Egyptian atmosphere, loomed before me like huge antediluvian things, or as gigantic remnants of a former world—but all I present will be glad to know that, in the region where God's chosen people toiled in cruel bondage, and into which the young child Jesus and his Virgin Mother went down to escape from the hands of a royal assassin, there is now scriptural Christianity. Not only is there the Episcopal Church, where are our friends, the Leaders, but there is a good American Missionary, who preaches to Egyptians, and has them regularly under his instruction. And more than this, at old Cairo, near to Egyptian Babylon, where it is said Peter wrote one of his Epistles, there is a Coptic Church, said to have been planted by the Apostles, which has continued through successive centuries down to the present time—some what defiled and polluted, it is true, but believing in Christ, and assembling in a curious old building, which has stood for hundreds of years, to hear His Gospel daily read. The contrast of the state of that Church through all changes and amid Mohammedan rage, is a marvel. Its emblem is in the bush unconsumed by fire. I wish you could send into Egypt a pure Christianity, that the Copts or Greeks supply, with Hassan-in-Effendi, I implore the Conference to do so. In Ceylon, I found a more lovely island than the exhaustive volumes of Sir Emerson Tennent had led me to expect. Its pear-like form was covered over with luxuriant foliage of the richest hues. Its shores were strewn with snow white masses of coral. Its roads were shaded by tall, over-arching cocoa-nut trees, it was washed all round with pure blue water, and it was camped to the very edge with overhanging palms. Through my wanderings in Ceylon, there were scenes of loveliness and of romantic grandeur impressed upon my mind which will never be effaced. I cannot say that the first sight of the natives was as pleasant to me,—the men all looked like women. I must explain my fear by describing them. They are fine in figure and form, of rich bronze color; but the men had their dark, black hair turned up behind in a twisted roll, and held up by large tortoise-shell combs; and their front hair was turned back and held by another large comb. They are bare down to the loins, and very cleanly; but around the loins and on their limbs they are wound about with long flowing petticoats of white or pink. And, though it is more pleasing to see females in their own dress rather than in Bloomer costume, yet it is not so pleasant to see men dressed as women. But there are other things in Ceylon more unpleasant still. There are Buddhist temples on almost every high hill. You meet saffron-robed priests on almost every road. You hear the monotonous tom-toms sounding both day and night, and wherever you pass, you see natives chalked with marks of devil worship.—Indeed, in travelling in that island, I found myself repeating the lines of Heber—

Interesting Speech of Dr. Johnson.

THE LATE DEPUTATION TO AUSTRALIA—BEFORE THE LATE BRITISH CONFERENCE.

The Secretary introduced Dr. Johnson as the Deputation of a Conference at our Antipodes. The Secretary read the Address from the Australian Conference which was heartily received. Dr. Johnson, who, on rising, was met with protracted cheers from the Conference, said—Ourselves, the appointment to attend the Australian Conference, and to visit as many of the principal Societies in it as my circumstances would allow, I lost no time in endeavouring to fill that appointment, but, on inquiring at the office of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, I found, from the large number of places taken beforehand, that if I would be at Sydney by the time the Conference was to commence, I must leave England by the 20th of September, and that then I could not proceed direct, but must stay some days in Egypt, and some days at Ceylon, waiting for steamships which would take me forward in my course. This early departure was inconvenient both to myself and Mrs. Johnson, but as the Mission to Australia was the great work to me for the year, I bore the inconvenience, and left England on that date. This arrangement afterwards proved to be the best, both for health and the objects of my mission. The few days respite in Egypt proved most opportune at the time when Eastern sickness fell upon me. The delay in Egypt enabled me to visit and inspect our Missions in the island, and the early arrival in Australia served for my acquaintance with the working of Methodism there before I attended the Conference. So that in this arrangement, as well as afterwards in all my course, I found reason to adore the wisdom and goodness of Divine providence towards me. And, in remembrance of this I would now do, in the presence of those who sent me forth to the ends of the earth,—and after my long travel of 30,000 miles, in thirteen different steamships, and on inland roads, primitive and perilous, what I have done daily in my cabin during more than four months at sea, and what I have often found in the house of God and the gate of heaven—gratefully acknowledge the signal favour and blessing shown to me and mine,—and here, in the presence of God and his servants, I dedicate my body and soul to Him. I ardently pray that the living sacrifice now presented at the altar may be accepted. (Amen! Amen!) I observe that some of my communications have been published, so that I need not repeat in speech what has been made known through the press. I may, however, be allowed to add to what I have written on the satisfactory and creditable state of the Mission at Gibraltar—a Mission which has a large commodious chapel with a good Mission-house, good class and reading-rooms, and where 500 attend for worship on the Sabbath morning, and the military are present, and a considerable number on the Sabbath evening, when the military are absent,—that from the view of the motley inhabitants of the fortress-rock, gathered from all the nations around the Mediterranean, I was deeply impressed with the importance of our Mission there, not only in relation to the present, but also in relation to future enlarged operations. I was glad to learn

from the Missionary Committee's Minutes read yesterday, that it was intended to send a Mission to Madrid; for it was impossible to travel to that region, and converse with observant and religious men, and not learn how they were the need, in Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, and Barbary, for scriptural Christianity. I was glad to find that the number of religious travellers was on the increase. I have been Chaplain in each of the thirteen different steamships in which I have sailed, and in every one have found persons fearing God and working righteousness; and from some of them I have learned that at Madrid there were Christian persons longing for a Protestant Missionary, and ready to aid him in personal efforts, as well as by pecuniary contributions. In delase-I and M'homedan Egypt, I found a meeting of Methodism springing up in the house of the Pasha's naval architect. The person referred to was a thorough Egyptian, in a clean and handsome. He was dark complexion, had a red cap, with a purple silk sash, embroidered jacket, a huge thick belt, baggy trousers, and red-shippers, turned up at their pointed toes. Yet, under his jacket and belt he cherished ardent love for Methodism, having been made acquainted with it in England, when here for education, and having heard such of its Ministers as Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Robert Newton, and James Hunting. And now, in Egypt, he obtains John Mason's publications, and reads regularly your Missionary Reports and Notices, and tells his Egyptian neighbours what a generous and noble people the Methodists are. Hassan-in-Effendi, who for his contempt for Mohammedanism has more than once suffered persecution down to the brink of the gallows, and whose former school-teacher, who travelled with Mrs. Johnson and myself upon the sofa, to talk of England, most earnestly desires that you should send to Cairo, now the vice-regent of Egypt, a Methodist Missionary, to preach to his marvellous multitudes the Gospel of the Son of God. I wish that the Conference could fulfill his desire. At least it might put the name of Egypt on the list, and print against it, not only "one wanted," but "one asked." I have not time to relate what I witnessed of Mohammedan fanaticism in Egypt, or to describe my impressions when I saw the vast forms of the old Pyramids, which, as beheld through the haze of an Egyptian atmosphere, loomed before me like huge antediluvian things, or as gigantic remnants of a former world—but all I present will be glad to know that, in the region where God's chosen people toiled in cruel bondage, and into which the young child Jesus and his Virgin Mother went down to escape from the hands of a royal assassin, there is now scriptural Christianity. Not only is there the Episcopal Church, where are our friends, the Leaders, but there is a good American Missionary, who preaches to Egyptians, and has them regularly under his instruction. 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For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Bazaar at Avondale.

MR. EDITOR.—Permit me through the Provincial Wesleyan to remind the public that, according to previous notice the Avondale Bazaar will be held in that place on Tuesday, the 17th of September. Our friends in this village, as well as in the adjoining neighbourhood, have been much engaged for some time in preparing for this—to them—new and somewhat important event. Articles, both useful and fancy, have been, and still are being, prepared by busy hands and inventive minds; while such accompaniments as dinner and refreshment tables will be abundantly supplied by the several committees.

Now, dear Sir, as the object is good—namely, the redemption of our chapel from debt—I feel anxious that we may have a large gathering of our friends on the occasion. Avondale is a growing village, opposite the town of Windsor, from which place, with the accommodation the committee will provide, the location of the Bazaar may be reached in twenty minutes, while from the Dale it is but a short distance to Palmouth, from whence all who wish to come from Horton, Cornwallis, &c., may be conveyed by boat in a few minutes.

Revival Meetings on board the Great Eastern.

MR. HAMMOND the American evangelist, whose labours, during a sojourn in Glasgow were largely blessed, took his homeward voyage in the Great Eastern, accompanying the British reinforcements to Canada. He writes to a friend, giving some account of his work during the passage.

Great Eastern, July 2, 1861. My dear — Here I am away off the banks of Newfoundland, amid fogs and icebergs. I have been hard at work day and night distributing thousands of tracts and about 1,200 Bibles, and holding meetings. We have had large and deeply solemn meetings every day since Sabbath (30th). We would not see our way to commence these meetings till then. We had first to secure the consent and co-operation of the captain on board, and also of the captain of the ship, and the two colonels of the 30th and 60th Regiments. All this was accomplished by one of the officers of the 30th, a decided Christian, to whom Captain Blackwood, whose letter was read in your daily prayer meeting, introduced me. This dear officer has been most active. Last night we had the first inquiry meeting. I gave it no name, but after addressing them, just went down amongst them at once; nearly all remained, and many were the anxious questioning Christians, to have gone among the soldiers, to take them by the hand, and kindly point them to Jesus! A number of Romanists were among the awakened. About half of the 30th, I am told, are of that persuasion. I suppose I have given away at least 5,000 tracts and books, which are pursued for hours at a time by the soldiers. Only one man refused a tract or a book. Some of the officers are in an anxious state of mind, and have been in my room of their knees seeking for peace in Jesus. We have often been in danger, but not in despair. Yesterday morning we were near a collision with the steam-ship Arabia. There was a dense fog, and we were near running into several icebergs. While writing a Roman Catholic came to ask me for a Bible. His very looks indicated that he was anxious about his soul. His lip quivered as he said, "I have had no peace since I heard your address on Sabbath last. I am a great sinner. What shall I do? I have been worshipping images too long—all the time neglecting Jesus. Pray for

me." We knelt and prayed. It would have melted a hard heart to have heard him asking for mercy. I am confident he has found Jesus, and will be the last to be found in him. Friday, July 5th. It is a glorious morning. We have just entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It would have done your heart good to have seen our steamer last night. It seems that nearly all the three thousand were listening. The power of God's spirit was felt, and the inquiry meeting that followed showed that many were awakened. It was truly touching to see some of these strong soldiers wounded by the sword of the Spirit. I thought of the words, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee." Though half the 10th Regiment are Roman Catholics, all came to the meetings and read the tracts.

Proposed Week of Special Prayer.

At the Commencement of the Year 1862. A CIRCULAR has been issued by the Committee of the Evangelical Alliance, suggesting the following as topics suited for a prominent place in exhortations and prayers on successive days. If adopted, they will serve to give unity to our services.—If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. Sunday, January 5.—Sermons on the Holy Spirit: His divinity and personality—His gifts and operations. Prayer for the Lord's blessing upon the services of the year.

General Intelligence.

Domestic.

The schooner Beverly, belonging to Mr. S. F. Bars, of this city, arrived here yesterday morning from North Carolina with a cargo of naval stores. This schooner left here a few weeks ago with a cargo of Newfoundland herring, and succeeded in running the blockade; and, after disposing of her cargo at a large profit, took a cargo and arrived here safely. We have no doubt but that the owner will make a very handsome profit out of the business, and he certainly deserves it for his enterprise in running such a risk. In reference to the blockade the Springfield Republican, a Government paper, says—"Our coast blockade of North Carolina is complete fare, and the laugh comes in at the administration for leaving so many rebel rat holes unstoppered."

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A PRIVATEER OFF HALIFAX.—Capt. Dexter, of the British schooner Favorite, at this port from Fictou, reports July 20th, 60 miles east of

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