

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1857. VOL. XI.—NO. 1.

Choice Extracts from Christmas

Evans.
I see the wicked spirit, like a winged dragon, having a long tail, drawing circles and flying in the air, in search of a dwelling-place. Casting his fiery look upon a certain neighborhood, he spies a young man, in the bloom of his days, and in the strength of his powers, sitting on the box of his cart, going for lime. "There he is," says the old fishy dragon; "his veins are full of blood, and his bones are full of marrow; I will cast the sparks into his bosom, and will set all his lusts on fire: I will lead him on from bad to worse, until he commit every sin. I will make him a murderer, and will plunge his soul for ever beneath the boiling billows of the great fiery furnace." With this, I see him descending in all the vehemence of his character—but when close by the lad, the dragon hears him sing.
"When on the cross the Saviour hung,
The mid-day sun in midnight gloom;
When guilty sinners were redeemed,
The midnight burst in mid-day bloom."
Upon which the dragon cries out, "This place is too dry for me,—and away he flies. I see him again, a second time, hovering in the air, and seeking for a resting place. In a flowery meadow, by a river of clear water, he sees a maiden, eighteen years of age, among the kine, picking up some beautiful flowers here and there. "Behold her," says Apollyon, full of hellish joy; "I will poison her mind, and lead her astray from the paths of the Almighty enemy; I will make her a harlot, and will ultimately cast her over the precipice, until she sink forever in the furnace of divine wrath." He hustens down; and, approaching the maiden, finds her singing the following stanzas, in a heavenly, transporting frame of mind, and with a voice that might almost melt the rocks:
"Unto the righteous will arrive,
A day of rest serene,
When to their joy they see the Lord,
Without a veil between."
"Then from the grave I shall arise,
And take my joyful stand
Among the saints who dwell on high,
Received at God's right hand."
"This place is too dry for me," says the dragon, and off he flies.
From the meadow he ascends like a great balloon, with renewed rage, blowing smoke and fire from his mouth, and threatening damnation to all creation. "I will have a place to rest and dwell in," says Apollyon, "in spite of the purpose, covenant, and grace of God!" With this he espies an aged woman, sitting at the door of her cot, and spinning on her little wheel. "Ah, she is ripe for destruction," says the dragon; "I will give her a taste of the burning gall of damnation, and will cast her into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." With this she descends on the eaves of the cot, and hears the old woman, with a trembling voice, but with heavenly feelings, repeat the following beautiful passage: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." "This place is too dry for me," says the dragon, and is off again.
It might be thought that all these disappointments would discourage him from prosecuting his infernal designs further; but not so: he is determined, if possible, to find a dwelling place. For this purpose he rises again, to mark some spot where he may alight and find a welcome. He sees in a small village a neat and decent house of refreshment. "There," says he, "will I dwell, and lead to bondage every one that shall cross the threshold, and make him fast in eternal fetters." He flies down like lightning, enters the house, and walks into the parlor; but there he finds a company of ministers of the New Testament, returning from an Association, who are talking about the victory of Calvary, and exchanging appointments with each other. The wicked spirit cannot stay within the sound of their voice, but retreats with hasty steps, muttering and growling as he goes. "This place is too dry for me, I will return to my house from which I came out!"

The late David Watkinson.

The Hartford papers publish a statement of the bequest of the late David Watkinson, a wealthy merchant of that city, who died on the Sabbath, December 16th, at the age of eighty.
After legacies to his nephews and nieces, numbering over thirty, of \$10,000 each, and to his adopted daughter, \$20,000, the Will gives, for the establishment of a Library of Reference in connection with the Connecticut Historical Society, \$100,000; to the Hartford Hospital, \$40,000; for the establishment of a Juvenile Asylum, and Farm School, his Pavilion property, (10 acres) valued at \$40,000, and \$20,000 in cash; for the establishment of a Fund for the support of Indigent Orphans, and other children, in connection with the Hartford Orphan Asylum, \$30,000; to the Retreat for the Insane, \$3,000; to the Wadsworth Atheneum, the Young Men's Institute, and the Connecticut Historical Society, each, \$1,000; to the A. B. C. F. M., American Home Missionary Society, American Bible Society, American Tract Society, and American Sunday School

Union, each \$500; to the Hartford Female

Beneficial Society, and the Hartford Orphan Asylum, each \$100; to the Church in Leavenham, Eng., (Mr. Watkinson was born in England), £100.
Besides the above, there are the following legacies to individuals: Ezra Clark, \$1,000; Rev. Dr. Hawes, Barzillai Hudson, William Hudson, and Mrs. Turner, wife of Rev. W. W. Turner, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, each \$500. The Executors also are to receive, besides charges, each, \$500. In case his estate is not sufficient to pay these legacies, the bequests to his blood relatives are to be reduced thirty per cent. The foregoing legacies and bequests make up a total of considerably over half a million of dollars.
Mr. Watkinson, it need hardly be said, had practiced much benevolence in the use of his property during his long life. His wife had deceased before him, and he had no children. His example, remains to instruct and encourage others, whom God has entrusted with large substance, in considering carefully what account of their stewardship they may finally render.

Slavery a Perpetual Robbery.

In one of Dr. Cheever's sermons lately published in the *Tribune*, we find an overwhelming demonstration that slavery is a perpetual robbery. It begins in robbery on the coast of Africa; and no right of ownership can ever be acquired in stolen property, though it can change hands a thousand times. Dr. Cheever's argument should be circulated far and wide. At the risk, however, of detracting somewhat from its originality, we give a similar argument presented twenty years ago, by Rev. Dr. Cox, in a letter to Dr. Jona. A. Allen, Middlebury, Vermont. If Dr. Cox has changed his opinions, we presume he will send, by his logic, and even if he will not, his logic will stand without him.
"In what remains of this paper, I would dwell on the enormity of the whole system of slavery; both as to its original sin, and as to our innumerable actual transgressions that flow from it. It is founded in man-stealing, which is high felony and piracy by the laws of all civilized nations. The ancestors of all our colored brethren were diabolically stolen in Africa, cruelly forced over the ocean and sold, because they were brought in our country; and their offspring with them, prospectively, to the last generation of time, were purchased and confirmed to their owners and their heirs forever. Now, as to their equity of the title. Trace the stream to its source. Can man-steal make equity?—
"Appropos it is just a year, on the 3d, instant, since the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, of New York, known and honored for his hearty faithfulness in this, and every other good cause, and myself, were taking tea in that city, at the house of one of my beloved families; for I was then a pastor, when a villain or two slipped into the hall and stole our overcoats, in the twinkling of an eye. The next day we entered a description of them at the police office; in some dubious hopes of their restoration. About three days after I called alone, and had the pleasure to identify his, in their capacious wardrobe. It was strangely found. One of the thieves actually brought the other, with Mr. Ludlow's coat on him, to the office, complaining, virtually, as the event showed, that his co-thief was not equitable in dividing the booty; when they were both taken into custody, and the coat restored to its owner.
"But where, said I, is my new Boston wrapper for which I paid a round sum the previous week? These were the thieves that took it also, and at the same time. "Very like it, sir, said the officers, "you will never find it. They probably sold it to some equally honest purchaser, who encourages the trade; and there are many such in the city. But if sold from one to another a thousand times, and we find it at last, we will take it all hazards, and restore it to you; for stealing, you know, can never make a title; and buying stolen goods, is no lawful possession."
Well, thought I, let my wrapper go—and gone it is, to this day. But let me see—stealing can never make a title to a suit or a wrapper. What then if I had been in it myself—if I had been stolen and sold successively to a thousand purchasers, would not my present owner have an equitable title at last? Why, no!—a man is as important as a wrapper. I have only room to say,
"Yours in love,
SAMUEL H. COX."
We trust that Dr. Cox will yet recover that good old Boston wrapper of 1836.—N. Y. Independent.

An Unexpected and Delightful

Visit.
The late Rev. Christopher Anderson, of Edinburgh, was, probably, the most eloquent Baptist minister which Scotland ever furnished; and few men were more useful in his day. He was at once the Christian, the scholar, and the orator. Whoever he was known he was highly esteemed, and his spirit of piety and urbanity, combined with admirable conversational powers, led multitudes to covet his society, so that not unfrequently he found himself here, but few of his Baptist brethren were ever invited.
In one of his often repeated visits to England, he was travelling in a stage coach to fulfil an engagement to preach at a public meeting. When, to use an old English phrase, "the coach stopped to dine" at an

in a market town, Mr. Anderson's attention

was attracted by a carriage elegantly fitted with horses, harness, coachman and footman, bearing a coat of arms belonging to a distinguished noble family. As he was about to examine the arms, and to read its motto, with the wish to ascertain to whom it belonged, he was surprised to hear the footman asking the driver of the stage if the Rev. Mr. Anderson was travelling with him, and at once told the footman he was the person who bore that name. A note was now put into his hand, written by a well known nobleman, saying that he had heard Mr. Anderson was travelling that way, and had sent his carriage in the hope that he might be journeying in the stage, and entreating him to spend a few hours with him and a few Christian friends at his mansion some four or five miles from the town, engaging at the same time that early on the following morning he would accompany him to the service in which he had to take a part.

The nobleman, except by reputation, was unknown to the preacher, who felt at the moment uncertain as to what he had better do. At length he determined to accept the invitation, and transferred himself and his luggage to the carriage. Arrived at the lordly mansion, his lordship most cordially welcomed him, and in a short time introduced him to lords and ladies, to counts and countesses almost without number, who all soon found themselves around the dinner-table, with the Baptist minister for their chaplain; and case and dignity were combined, and the preacher soon felt himself entirely at home. The dinner-table being cleared, his lordship informed his guest that he had invited "these dear Christian friends" to meet him, and proposed that an hour or two should be spent in devotional exercises, Mr. Anderson favoring them with an exposition of some portion of scripture. If the surprise of the Baptist preacher was great before, it was vastly increased now, but feeling he was unexpectedly called to an important duty, he consented without an apology, only requesting his lordship to commence the meeting just as though he alone had to conduct it. The nobleman showed himself to be entirely at home, while Mr. Anderson and he placed themselves at the head of the table, the former looking round on the audience with surprise and delight that such persons should have met on such an occasion. His lordship had by this time taken up his hymn book, and threw Anderson into tears of rapture by reading the hymn beginning—
"Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,"

Prayer, offered by several of the company, followed, and Mr. Anderson said that never in his life had he been so eminently favored with divine help in expounding the Scriptures, as in that extemporaneous address. Except as a matter of the devout feeling of gratitude, he forgot the rank of his hearers, and went on as though he were addressing twenty or thirty of his poor people in his vestry. The evening was most delightfully spent, and on the following morning his lordship, according to his promise, accompanied him to "the Baptist meeting," and liberally contributed to the collection. [Watchman and Reflector.]

A Beautiful Thought.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burnt dimly in the recess of his chamber.
But alas, dark night was now abroad upon the earth. A moral darkness involved the nations in its benighted shadows. Reason sheds a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his path to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.
It was at this period, two forms of ethereal mould hovered over the land of God's people. They seemed like sister angels sent to the earth on some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and with well formed limbs which her snowy drapery hardly concealed as she impressively pointed upwards where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion; while on her left reposed her delicate companion in form and countenance, the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like the flower when moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from Heaven, and Faith and Hope hailed with exultant songs the ascending Star of Bethlehem.
Years rolled away, and a stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose whole happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were traces of sorrow on His countenance, though no one knew why He grieved, for He lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By and by it was rumored that the blind Stranger worked miracles! That the blind saw, the dumb spoke, and the dead leaped to life at His touch! That when He commanded, ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunders articulated He is the Son of God. Envy assailed Him with the charge of sorcery, and the voice of impious judges condemned Him to death. Slowly and thickly guarded He ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent Him to the earth.

But Faith leaned upon His arm, and Hope

dipping her pinions in His blood, mounted to the skies.

INDIA.

From various private letters we extract the following further details of the progress of events in different parts of India:—
DELHI AND NEIGHBORHOOD.
The precise number of men slain and wounded at Delhi stands as follows:—"During the assault, 1170 men, 66 officers; during the siege and assault, 4000 men, 220. The original force was only 3000 men and 160 officers, and the number of officers never reached 400.

MASSACRE OF THE BENGAL RESIDENTS OF

AGRA.

The following account of the massacre of the Bengalee residents of Agra is furnished by a native eye witness, whose wife, daughter, and son in law have all died by the hands of the mutineers:—
"On the breaking out of the mutiny the portion of the Bengalee residents had got hold of a strongly built house, and instead of throwing themselves openly at the mercy of the mutineers, shut themselves up within the house. But when the place was thrown open one of the inmates placed at the feet of the mutineers all the ornaments of their women and other valuable articles, and asked them in the most piteous terms to spare their lives. But they only inquired for their female companions, and at last made out their hiding place. The women, who had till this time stifled their feelings, now shrieked out in loud lamentations and piteous cries, but the scoundrels remained untouched, insulted them in the grossest manner, and then put them to death. The men were also butchered, but three did escape by hiding for some time in a large hole made under the ground. When they emerged from their hiding place, they found all rolling in blood, but a grandson of one of the survivors was alive. This was a babe; it had not been touched, and it was lying by the dead body of its mother, perfectly unconscious of what had taken place. Three of the survivors, with the babe, taking advantage of the darkness of the night, fled from the place, and, after suffering intolerable hardships, arrived within a few days at Benares."

EXECUTION OF MUTINEERS.

The following is a painfully graphic account of a public execution in India:—
"Ahmedabad, Oct. 26.
"I have just returned from the calm eye witnessing of a sight of which, not many months ago, it would have sickened me even to hear. I shall never see such another, nor you ever see such a one at all; and, as all scenes have their profit, I will fix it while the details are fresh.
You know, generally, what I am going to describe. It is the result of more than a week's continuous court-martial, in which eighteen men were sentenced to death. They suffered this morning.
I rode down at five, and day dawned as I cantored along. I know nothing so sad as that slow drawing on of the sunrise which is to be the signal for an execution. There were many groups of natives moving towards the parade ground, which is four miles from the city, and every now and then a carriage with the lamps still lit.
When I reached the ground the bugles were sounding, and there was little to be seen but the galleys with ten nooses, and the miserable prisoners seated in a double row in front of it. I rode slowly past them, and could see no signs of emotion, except that one or two were very pale.
The regiment in which the mutiny occurred was the first to take up its ground, opposite to the galleys. The other native regiment drew up at right angles to it, and the English regiments, behind the galleys, completed the third side of a square. Between them were four guns. At the fourth side were drawn up five guns, pointing outward, across the flat level. To these the sentenced men were to be bound. The area of the square was now covered with mounted officers, a few civilians, the General, and his staff.
The whole eighteen prisoners were marched before the native regiments, and their offence and sentence read in a clear voice, which reached all the spectators. This over, the last terrible preparations were commenced.
The ten mounted to their places on the drop, and stood there white and shadowy against the pale sky, but firm and quiet, their faces hidden in white caps. A firing party of twelve moved up to a spot within twenty yards of the place where I stood, facing outward, as the guns did, but behind them, further back into the square, the three men who were to be shot were placed in front, and fearfully near them, not more than twelve paces from the muzzles of the muskets. They knelt down, their eyes were bandaged, and their hands tied. Meanwhile the doomed five had been marched to the five fatal guns. They were bound by the arms to the wheels, but their legs were free, and the end man—the only one whom I could entirely see from my place on the flank—leaned his back against the muzzle, as loungers against a mantel piece.
I fixed my eyes intently on that man, not fifty yards away, and in a moment the signal was given. There was a roar, and the whizzing of a bullet, far away from the firing party; a bank of white smoke, and a jet and

shower of black fragments, sharp and clear,

which leaped and bound in the air; and this and a fearful sound from the spectators, as if the reality had far exceeded all previous fancy that it was intolerable; then a dead stillness.

I walked straight to the scattered and smoking floor before the guns. I came first to an arm, torn off above the elbow, the fist clinched, the bone projecting several inches, bare. Then the ground sown with red, grisly fragments, then a black-haired head and the other arm still held together. This was the man I had watched; close by lay the lower half of the body of the next man quite in two, and long coils of entrails twined on the ground. Then a long cloth in which one had been dressed rolled open like a floor cloth and on fire. One man lay in a complete and shattered heap, all but the arms; the legs were straddled wide apart, and the smashed body on the middle of them; the spine exposed; the head lay close by, too. The last body was that of a native officer, who was the arch fiend of the mutiny; he was a short man, with a cruel face. His head had been cut clean off, but the muscles of the neck had contracted round the throat like a frill. His face was half upturned and calm, the eyes shut. I saw no expression of pain on any of them. What had been his body lay on its face, the legs, as usual, not shattered, but all the flesh torn like cloth from a sharp angle in the hollow of the back, off and off, till it merged in one mangled heap.
I turned next to the three who had been shot. One had been struck in the heart, and only bowed slowly over on his face. The others had been pistolled afterwards through the head. All I think, however, had been badly hit, as all were prostrate when I ran forward to the guns.
And only now—there was so much more terrible—did I look up to the ten white figures slowly swinging and revolving over this scene of blood. I hope they died quickly, but the ropes were very short.
The troops immediately marched off, and I rode home at speed, and when I dismounted the dogs came and licked my feet."

MISCELLANEOUS.

END OF THE GREAT TELEGRAM CONTROVERSY.

—We understand that Messrs. Longman, have taken the advice of the highest authorities of the present day upon questions relating to the English language and literature, have signified their intention of having the word "telegram" henceforth in all dictionaries published by them, and it will accordingly appear as a recognised term in the forthcoming edition of "Johnson's Dictionary," which is to be published under the superintendence of Dr. Latham. We suppose that this practical decision will finally close this controversy.

ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

—The well-informed Washington correspondent of the *New York Courier and Enquirer* has received evidence that the negotiation for the acquisition of Cuba has been renewed, and that a sum has been named so enormous, as to stagger even Castilian pride, in view of the necessities of Spain.

How should a husband speak to a scolding wife?

"My dear I love you still."

The Queen has signified her royal

pleasure to raise to the dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom Generals Wilson and Havelock, by the titles of Sir Archdale Wilson of Delhi, and Sir Henry Havelock of Lucknow. There is a talk in French official circles of the Emperor intending to confer upon the gallant Havelock the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

No less than fifty seven men of war

were in the China seas on the 15th of October.

It is estimated that as many as twenty

seven thousand Mormons have emigrated from Europe to the United States within the past sixteen years.

The freight charged for the specie

which was sent out in the India mail packet on the 4th inst., amounted to about \$25,000 sterling.

METHOD STATISTICS.

—The membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States is said to be 820,519—an increase of 20,192 over last year. The number of travelling preachers is 7,134, and of local preachers, 7,169. The number of churches is 8,335; and the probable value of the churches and parsonages is estimated at \$17,908,184.

MODERN SERMONS.

—The Rev. Mr. Ryle thus describes a modern sermon:—"A modern sermon is too often a dull, tame, pointless, religious essay, full of measured, round sentences, Johnsonian English, bold platitudes, timid statements, and elaborate connected milk and water. It is a leaden sword, without edge or point—a heavy weapon, and little likely to do much execution."

THE POPE'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE INDIAN

RELIEF FUND.—We are authorised to announce that the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen has received 1,000 francs from his Holiness the Pope, and 600 from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, to be applied to the relief of the sufferers in India from the Sepoy mutiny.—[Dublin Freeman.]

Charles Mackay visited one of the primary

schools for girls in New York, Friday, and was welcomed with his own song of "The

Good Time Coming," sung by 500 voices.

He told the girls a new fairy tale, and promised to make them an original song. The interview was delightful to all concerned.

The Globe states that the real roll of the

late Earl Fitzwilliam, including his large Irish estates, amounted to above £200,000 a year. The Northamptonshire property, said to be full £30,000; is left to the second son; and the North Riding property, about £20,000 to the youngest, besides leaving heavy legacies.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—ST. LOUIS, Wed-

nesday, Dec. 23, 1857.—The express just arrived at Leavenworth from the Utah expedition, brings information that the whole force, with the exception of Col. Cook and his command, had concentrated at Black's Fork, and were moving toward Fort Bridger. Their progress was very slow, only two or three miles a day being sometimes made. The animals were giving out hourly, and it was thought that all would perish this winter. The supply trains were all up with the military, and provisions were abundant. The report that two companies of infantry had met with reverses on the route to Utah is without foundation. Five companies of Col. Sumner's regiment (the First Cavalry) had recently taken up winter quarters at Fort Riley.

ELECTION RIOT IN CANADA.—TORONTO,

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1857.—A serious affray occurred at the election in Forgus, to-day, in which a man named Farrell was shot and instantly killed, and another, named O'Callaghan, stabbed.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN WESTFIELD, MASS.

—WESTFIELD, MASS., Wednesday, Dec. 23.—The wife and children of Albert Stoube were found this morning murdered in their house. The children were in bed with their throats cut, and Mrs. Stoube was lying on the floor with her throat cut. They are supposed to have been murdered a week ago Monday night.

Mr. Stoube's clothes were found covered

with blood. He was seen to leave the house last Tuesday, since which time nothing has been seen of him. The neighbors, suspecting something wrong had occurred, climbed up to the bedroom window, and discovered the murder. Stoube is a native of Switzerland, and a cigar maker by trade.

Correspondence.

PUGWASH, 11th December, 1857.

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you have the kindness to give the following remarks—which I cut from the *New York Chronicle*—a place in your paper, and permit me to say to the friends of the Bible Union in New Brunswick, that notwithstanding the hard times, we shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to call upon them very soon to solicit a continuance of their benevolence.

During my former visits I was everywhere received with the greatest kindness, and most everywhere the people seemed willing to contribute as God gave them ability, for these and many other tokens of goodness on the part of God and his people, I feel grateful, and pray that the Lord may abundantly reward them for their kindness.

Yours, in the Gospel,
W. H. ROGERS,
Agent American Bible Union.

These Hard Times.

Though the times are hard, I will not forget the cause of the Master. I will, if possible, give more liberally than ever.

1st.—Because some of my brethren feel the pressure more heavily than myself, and cannot do as much as in better times.

2nd.—Because some of my brethren have lost everything; and the Church, the Missionary, and the Bible enterprises, the Tract and the Colporteur Societies, will feel the need of the sums that my unfortunate brethren cannot now pay to them.

Especially to the American Bible Union I will give liberally now.

1st.—Because its object is great and noble, it is the cause of God, and the purity of His own work of eternal truth is involved in the work.

2nd.—Because it needs my help now.—Its final committee are working—working day and night for the accomplishment of an object for which I have long been praying; and they need to be sustained.

St. JOHN, December 14th, 1857.

DEAR EDITOR,—I have just returned from

a visit to West Isles of about eight weeks.—At Eastport, Deer Island, Indian Island, Campobello, and Grand Manan, I preached thirty times. The pastor of the Baptist Church at Eastport, Elder C. M. Willard, kindly on all occasions when I was with him offered me the privilege of preaching to his interesting church and congregation. I preached for him some seven times and enjoyed the sweet influences of our holy religion. Preached once in Eastport for the Rev. Mr. Hosmer, congregational minister. During my mission agency I baptized one, held one social conference, visited 250 families, collected over £20 for the *Visitor*, and £15 for my mission. I was kindly treated every where by all classes of the people.—All the ministers of the different sects of Baptists at West Isles received me with marked attention. Elders J. Barnaby, A. Green-