

## ORIGINAL.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE PARISH OF ST. STEPHEN  
IN THE TOWNSHIP OF CHESTER.

Messrs. Editors,

Although some brief account of each Parish in the Diocese of Nova Scotia, together with the zealous exertions of the missionaries for the advancement of the sacred cause in which they were engaged, might be collected from the reports regularly offered to the public through the yearly Abstract of the proceedings of the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, still much that would be interesting to both Clergy and Laity, must be treasured up in memories of the aged friends of the Church, who yet remain scattered throughout the different parishes—but which, if not soon elicited will necessarily, ere many more years be numbered with those already gone,—sink with them into the silent grave—the land where all things are forgotten.

With a view to induce the Clergy, or some respectable lay member in each parish to preserve such information from oblivion, and present it to the public through the medium of your journal,—I forward for insertion the following Historical Notice of this Church and Parish. A review of this kind must necessarily bring to the mind of every reflecting person much that is pleasing, melancholy and profitable,—pleasing, in that it proves to him the providence of God, in the rise and gradual increase of his own particular church, no less signally displayed, than in the peculiar care which that same watchful providence has ever exercised over His universal church from one age to another, and to which cause alone, can be ascribed the preservation and continuance of the Church of Christ amidst all the commotions which have happened on the earth. This thought must always afford to the pious follower of the Lamb in every time of doubt and difficulty, an assurance that Sion's God is ever mindful of His promise—“I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day.” Such a review is also melancholy, as it brings to the remembrance many, once dear and beloved, whose faces shall be seen, and whose voices on earth be heard no more. It is profitable, since from the graves of the departed, a voice of admonition comes to the living, warning them to “prepare to meet their God.” and to labour while yet they have time, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth, and for the temporal and spiritual interests of His spouse the Church, in whose safety and welfare He is engaged, and in whose peace and prosperity He at all times rejoices.

The town of Chester is built upon a peninsula on the north side of Mahone Bay. The Church is very appropriately situated on a hill, in the centre of the town, from which there is a delightful prospect of the Bay interspersed with numerous islands, many of them cultivated and inhabited while many others remain in their natural state, with trees of various kinds whose verdure in summer, when compared with the rich appearance of those that are cultivated, and the clear and beautiful water of the Bay, present altogether a scenery equal, if not superior to any in the province. The church is a small building of wood, 40 feet in length and 30 in breadth, with a chancel: it is nearly surrounded by the graves of those who once worshipped within its walls—a circumstance which tends not a little to impress upon the minds of all, as they are going up to the temple of the Lord, to offer their morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise,—serious and becoming thoughts, and of which more will be said hereafter.

The first record in the Vestry Book is as follows:—

Deo Farente—

“The Protestant Episcopal Church at Chester, in the County of Lunenburg and Province of Nova Scotia, was built in the year of our Lord 1795 by the liberal subscriptions of friends of religion, and of the Church of England as by law established.—Our church is on the foundation

I thought of the bush in which I had lodged the night before, spread out a few of the coverlets, crawled in among them, and in a few moments the Dead Sea, and the Holy Land, and every other land and sea were nothing to me.

## THE WIDOW.

It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow, driven by the furious north wind, was piled into broad and deep banks along our streets. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget. In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone and yet not alone.

During the weary day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone, or to communicate her want to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed—and none heeded her destitution. She sat at evening, by her small fire, half famished with hunger—from exhaustion unable to sleep—preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she should be spared.

She had prayed that morning, in full faith “Give me this day my daily bread,” but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and her faithful prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard the door suddenly open, and as suddenly shut again, and found deposited in her entry by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food, which had all the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night, God only knows! but they were such as arise up to Him—the Great Deliverer and Provider—from ten thousand hearts every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learned through what messenger God had sent to her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish that that poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, could share some of her numerous comforts and good cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion; and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode, with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God! An angel, with noiseless wing, came down and stirred the peaceful breast of a pure hearted child, and with no pomp or circumstance of the outward miracle—the widow's prayer was answered.—*The Watchtower.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Yarmouth, 6th January, 1839.

Messrs. Editors,

In compliance with a wish expressed in your paper, I transmit a memorandum of our Sunday School for the year just expired—Children actually at school during the year 1838, from 70 to 90.

The average has been—

Six classes of boys containing 25 in actual attendance.  
Twelve classes of girls „ 55 in actual attendance.

Total, 80  
Teachers, 15

95

We have a small library of upwards of 160 volumes bound, and nearly double that number of unbound books.

Can any of your correspondents inform me why boys generally quit the Sunday School at the very period when their attendance would be most beneficial to themselves and most satisfactory to their teachers? If their attendance is compulsory, why cannot the compulsion be extended? If voluntary, why cannot they be induced to stay?

If we found them employing the time properly, there perhaps would be less reason to complain; but when we know that attendance at the Sunday School is exchanged for the ramble or the sail on the Sunday afternoon, we have too great reason to fear that all our labour has been expended in vain. If the fault lies with the teachers, can you point out the remedy? A TEACHER.

up sand, like that of the mountains on each side; that they failed in finding bottom but once, that place there were large bubbles all around them, rising probably from a spring; that the place they found on the bank a hot sulphur spring; that at the southern extremity Mr. Costigan for the River of Dogs, but did not find it; in four different places they found ruins, and clearly distinguish large hewn stones, which used to have been used for buildings; and in one place they saw ruins which Mr. Costigan said were ruins of Gomorrah. Now I have no doubt that Costigan talked with him as they went along, and I am what he told me; and that Mr. Costigan persuaded himself that he did see the ruins of a city; he may have been deceived, and probably; but it must have been the most intensely interesting illusion that ever any man had. But of this I say no more; or what Paul and I had imagined to be; He said they too had noticed it particular; when they came towards the southern extremity of the lake, found that it was an optical deception, led by a tongue of high land, that put out for a distance from the middle of the southern extremity, as in the map; and being much higher than the valley beyond it interrupted the view in the way we had both noticed; this tongue of land he said was composed of solid salt, tending to confirm the assertion of Strabo, to which I referred in my journey through Idumea, that in the great valley south of the Dead Sea, there were formerly large cities entirely of salt. The reader will take this for granted; it is at least new, and it comes from the only man living who has explored the lake. He told me some other particulars; that the boat, empty, floated a palm higher out of the water on the Mediterranean; and that Costigan lay in the water, and picked a foul, and tried to induce me to come in; that it was in the month of July, from nine to five dreadfully hot, and every night the wind blew, and the waves were worse than in the Gulf of Lions; and, in reference to their peculiar exposures, and the circumstances that hurried Costigan to his unhappy fate, he said that they suffered exceedingly from the heat, the first five days Costigan taking his turn at the oars, that on the sixth day their water was exhausted, and Costigan went out; that on the seventh day they were obliged to drink the water of the sea; and on the eighth day they were near the head of the lake, and he was exhausted, and unable any longer to pull an oar. There he made coffee from the water of the lake, and a favorable wind springing up, for the first time they hoisted their sail, and in a few hours reached the head of the lake; that, feeble as he was, he got off for Jericho, and, in the mean time, the unhappy Costigan was found by the Arabs on the shore, a dead man, and, by the intercession of the old man, carried to Jericho. I ought to add, that the time he came to me, like Goose Gibbie, he had whether the money I gave him was good, and decided a great many things he had forgotten before.

The reader cannot feel the same interest in that which I did, and therefore I will not detain him long. In three hours, crossing a rich and fertile country, where flowers were blooming, and Arab herds were pasturing their flocks of sheep and goats, we had descended the bed of a ravine, where Cedron passes from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea, the foot of the mountains of Santa Saba. It was when we arrived; and, groping our way by the uncertain light of the moon, we arrived at the foot of the convent, a lofty and gigantic structure, of stories or terraces, one above the other, at the sides of the mountain to its very top; and crowned with turrets that, from the base where we stood, seemed, like the tower at which the wicked of man was confounded, striving to reach to heaven. “knocked, and it was opened to us;” ascending in three flights of steps, climbed up a ladder, and through a small door, only large enough to admit one at a time, and found ourselves in an ante-chamber, surrounded by more than a hundred Greek monks. A monk conducted us up two or three flights of steps to a neat little room, with a dishevelled large pile of coverlets.