THE Weekly Chronicle

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The Chronicle,

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Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY.	H.	SUN. S.	MOON.	H.	W.
25 Saturday,	7	26	4 59	morn.	2 57
26 Sunday,	7	25	5 1	0 39	3 43
27 Monday,	7	24	5 3	1 45	4 43
28 Tuesday,	7	23	5 4	2 51	5 53
29 Wednesday,	7	22	5 5	3 54	7 12
30 Thursday,	7	21	5 6	4 53	8 22
31 Friday,	7	20	5 7	5 55	9 18

Last Quarter, 26th. 8h. 55m. morn.

Public Institutions.

BANK OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.—Thos. Leavitt, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Notes for Discount must be left at the Bank before 3 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: John Boyd, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Henry Gilbert, Esq. President.—Discount Days, Tuesday and Friday.—Hours of business, from 10 to 3.—Bills or Notes of Discount must be lodged before 1 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: Wm. Hammond, Esq.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—(Saint John Branch.)—R. H. Liston, Esq. Manager. Discount Days, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Hours of Business, from 10 to 3. Notes and Bills for Discount to be left before 3 o'clock on the days preceding the Discount Days. Director next week: E. DeW. Ratchford, Esq.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—John M. Wilmot, Esq. President.—Office open every day, (Sundays excepted) from 11 to 1 o'clock. [All communications by mail, must be post paid.]

SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesdays. Cashier and Register, D. Jordan.

MARINE INSURANCE.—I. L. Bedell, Broker. The committee of Underwriters meet every morning at 10 o'clock, (Sundays excepted.)

MARINE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—Jas. Kirk, Esq. President.—Office open every day (Sundays excepted) from 10 to 3 o'clock. ☞ All applications for Insurance to be made in writing.

Miscellany.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISREPRESENTATION," AND "JANET."

(Continued.)

Catherine's unquiet night rendered her late that morning, and never, no, not even on the day when first sile entered on her public duties, had her toilet occupied so long a time as now. At length, the arduous task being at an end, and Bradford's patience totally exhausted, she left her chamber, and proceeded, not to the usual breakfast-room, (for Walter Saville was, she suspected, there,) but to the opposite apartment, where she remained, with varying colour and with beating heart, waiting the half-dreaded, half-wished for moment when he would join her, or she be summoned to her father's presence.

Suddenly the door of the breakfast room was opened, and a quick step crossed the hall. Catherine pressed her hand upon her heart: it was Walter Saville—a few seconds, and he would be beside her. She coloured violently: two minutes more, and she was deadly pale. Walter was gone—had left the house without seeing her. What did it mean?"

"I suppose Mrs. Hamilton will explain it all," thought Catherine, after vainly endeavouring to solve Mr. Saville's singular conduct.

But, notwithstanding her natural anxiety, she felt too nervous, too apprehensive, to ask for information; nor was it till regularly summoned that she entered the breakfast parlour; and when there, she received no clue to Mr. Saville's movements. Her father ate his meal, and read the newspaper, according to his wont. Catherine thought she could detect a shadow of annoyance on his countenance, and so, she likewise thought, she could perceive rather more of kindness in Mrs. Hamilton's manner towards her than was customary; but on the subject all fraught with interest to her she could glean no information, and she left the room, wondering at Mr. Saville's abrupt departure, and weighing in her mind the probabilities of his return.

"I think," observed Mr. Hamilton, when the door had closed upon his daughter—"I think it a great pity Kate does not fancy Mr. Saville. He has a fair fortune and better expectations, besides being closely connected with the Dashwoods. I don't believe she knows what she's about. Are you certain she considered this matter properly ore she came to a decision. What's her objection to Saville? He's a good-looking man—gentleman-like too. What's Kate's objection to him?"

"Indeed, I can't exactly say. But you know, Mr. Hamilton, I have often told you that Catherine does not wish to marry."

"Kate doesn't wish to be married! Pshaw!—all girls say the same, and nobody believes them. At any rate, she might have consulted me on the occasion; I think she might have paid me the compliment of asking my advice, and so I shall take the liberty of telling her."

"I think, Mr. Hamilton, that perhaps you would do better not to speak to Catherine at all upon the subject."

"Not speak to Catherine! And for what reason, may I ask?"

"Because you might distress her. You are aware, Catherine is very easily distressed. Her spirits are weak, and the least thing overcomes her. You know I have often told you how very little makes her cry. Besides, your speaking to your daughter would be of no use whatever—as far, at least, as Mr. Saville is concerned. He is so much hurt by his disappointment, that there does not appear the slightest chance of bringing the match about—even if Catherine should consent to change her mind, which I very much doubt, for she is not easy to persuade."

"Kate always appears to me gentleness itself."

"That may be; but the most gentle tempers are often the most obstinate."

"Well, I can only say, I'm monstrous sorry about this business. I think she has acted like a fool, and I wish with all my heart she mayn't find reason to think the same, some day or other. Twenty to one she will never meet with such another offer."

"I agree with you; it *is* very unlikely that Kate will have so good an offer again. Still, as she dislikes Mr. Saville, what was to be done? And on one account, perhaps, we ought not to be so much annoyed at her refusing him."

"What's that?"

"I question whether Mr. Saville might not have been rather exorbitant as to settlements. His offers were so liberal in that respect, that I doubt whether he would have been satisfied with less than thirty thousand pounds down."

"Thirty thousand pounds down! Thirty thousand pounds! Did Saville say that he expected thirty thousand pounds with Kate?"

"Mr. Saville did not absolutely say that he expected thirty thousand pounds as Catherine's wedding portion; in fact, no sum was specified at all; but I suspect, and you know a woman's penetration is worth something, that he would hardly have been satisfied with less."

"Hem!" said Mr. Hamilton, preparing to leave the room, "perhaps, then, it is as well that Kate refused to marry him."

"Certainly," mused Mrs. Hamilton, when her partner had withdrawn; "it is as well—it is the best thing possible both for Catherine and Arthur, that this marriage should not take place; it would have been almost robbing him; and as for Catherine, she never would be happy if she were to marry Mr. Saville; she's not calculated for married life—too indolent and spiritless, and yet," continued the mischievous stepmother, glancing towards a plate which showed every token of a scarcely tasted breakfast, "I think she looks a little disappointed; and Mr. Saville did unquestionably say that she had accepted him; or, at any rate, had expressed no disinclination to the connexion. But that must have been his conceit; young men are all so self-sufficient in these days. If a girl does but blush and look confused, instead of checking their absurdities, they immediately assume that she is in love. No, no, I can never believe that Catherine would have accepted Mr. Saville, and even referred him to her parents without mentioning the circumstance herself. He must have been mistaken. And if not, he has but to come forward again, and then, of course, I should not consider it my duty to interfere."

"I have deceived myself—yes, yes, I have deceived myself. Mr. Saville does not care for me. His words meant nothing," said Catherine, hurrying through the most sequestered walks in the shrubbery. "It was no offer he made me: his language was only that of gallantry, and his very early visit must have referred to business—something connected with this election in all probability! O yes, I have misunderstood him; what an unfortunate mistake! And he—what must he think of me?" And Catherine coloured painfully, whilst recapitulating in her mind all that had taken place between them.

And yet, although one moment she lamented her unlucky misconception, the next she almost smiled; for, in spite of her excessive diffidence, notwithstanding the singular termination of Mr. Saville's morning visit, it was impossible altogether to deny that he had made a declaration of affection; at all events, he had said that which sounded very like once, and, as the day passed on, Catherine became more calm and cheerful.

"I shall hear something more about it," she repeated to herself a hundred times. "Mr. Saville will write, or possibly he may return to dinner."

The next day hope was fainter; and the next day, fainter still. On the third Catherine heard that Walter Saville had left the neighbourhood—that he was gone abroad.

* * * * *

"Is Catherine out of health?" inquired Mr. Hamilton. "She looks frightfully pale and her dancing last night was the most inanimate, spiritless performance I ever witnessed."

"Very true, Catherine wants animation sadly—you know she always did."

"But is she in good health?"

"Catherine complains a little now and then."

"Have you spoken to any medical man, Dr. S. or Mr. R.?"

"Why, no. To say the truth, I can't help thinking that there is a little imagination in the matter—or perhaps temper. The gaieties of the palace are not exactly suited to Catherine's taste, and she fancies herself unequal to them.

"If Kate really feels her duties too much for her, she had better send in her resignation."

"Indeed, Mr. Hamilton, I should not recommend Catherine's giving up her situation; it would only serve to encourage her natural indolence."

"But if she's out of health! and to speak plainly, I am not satisfied with her appearance."

"I assure you, there is nothing more the matter than a little country air and quiet will speedily set right. Catherine longs for country air, and so, in truth, do I."

"And when do you think of leaving town? *I* am tied for the next month at least."

"We can't well go till after Lucy Darrill's marriage. The Darrills make a point of our being present; and as they are my near relations, it would be impossible to refuse them; although, to speak sincerely, I would rather a thousand times remain away. Weddings are my aversion; besides, Catherine's dress must be entirely new, and in these days dress is so expensive."

"Kate is to be bridesmaid, I find."

"Yes, out of compliment to me, I believe."

"How will Mr. Saville like that?"

"Mr. Saville is so much in love with Lucy Darrill, and so full of his approaching happiness, that I question whether he even remembers his former disappointment."

"And Kate, how does she feel about it?"

"Catherine was always a very apathetic character; and latterly, this want of energy or feeling, or whatever it may be, has singularly increased."

The wedding morning came; and Catherine, attired as bridesmaid to Walter Saville's wife, followed her mother-in-law to the carriage. Was she an apathetic being? The trembling hand, and the ashy lips, and the one bright spot of crimson on her cheek, were scarcely tokens of indifference. It could not be said she had absolutely loved Walter; but once had Catherine dreamt a dream of happiness, and he had been connected with her dream—once, in hope's dazzling mirror, she had seen a vision fraught with joyous images; and though the dream had speedily dissolved, and though the glass had long ago been shivered into dust—still, still in memory had she clung to him who conjured up the fairy spell—still, in fond fancy leant upon the hand which held the magic crystal to her gaze.

"I declare, Kate, you look quite pretty to-day," cried Arthur, who had also been invited to the wedding; and whose anxiety to witness the gay scene had, in fact, decided Mrs. Hamilton on going. "You look quite pretty in that gown, and I shouldn't wonder if you were to get married yourself some day or other."

'I have no wish to marry,' answered Kate.

"Well, if I were you, I should do everything in the world to get a husband. If I were a woman, I wouldn't be an old maid for anything."

'I shall not be an old maid,' said Catherine, sadly.

'I'm very glad to hear it;' and I tell you what, Kate, if you'll only take pains with yourself, and always wear such gowns as that—and look as pretty as you do to-day—I dare say Frank Weston will have you.'

"Frank Weston would be rather young for Catherine,' observed Mrs. Hamilton. "Six months your junior, Arthur, is he not?"

'No, five. But I don't think he would marry Kate either; she's not tall enough. Weston likes a woman to be at least five feet seven.'

'I shall not suit him, then,' said Catharine. And they reached the house just in time to see Walter Saville ente...

To be concluded next week.

THE BIRD-MESSENGER.

"The imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the olive-branch, over the still, solitary, measureless surface of the waters, gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music made by its own wings."—*Anonymous.*

Whither, oh! whither, Dove,
On lonely pinion through the trackless air,
Through sunlit skies above,
Dost thou in joyous flight alone repair?

Where is the summer strand
That waits thy coming, with its leafy flowers?
Where is the fragrant land
Of golden sunshine and of smiling flowers?

Where is thy happy grove,
The long-loved home, the nestlings of thy breast?
Speed on thy flight, thou dove!
Haste on thy journey to the promised rest!

Onward, yet onward roam;
Spread thy snow plumage to the warming sky:
Soon may the voice of home
Greet the long wanderer with a welcome cry.

But vain, oh! vain that thought,
Is it where ruin's blighting footsteps fall,
Where death and doom were wrought,
That *thou* can'st seek thy home, thy mate, thine all?

Is it where soundless waves
Dash o'er the glories of a world gone by?
Is it where ocean laves
Man's pride—his pomp—and all his misery?

How, 'mid these marks of woe,
Bird of the peaceful bosom, can'st thou flee?
Fear'st thou no dangerous foe?
Can *none* bring aught of terror here to thee?

"My message fears no ill;
Behold the peace-branch gives assurance strong
With joy my breast to fill,
Of safety—rest; then *who* can do me wrong?

"The tempest hath gone down;
The sun brought rain hath fulfill'd its hour;
Darkness and woe are flown;
And ocean's fury hath restored her power.

"And hear, yet hear my voice,
Peace hath been purchased; lo! the waves decrease;
Look forth—believe—rejoice;
Hear my last whispers; welcome! welcome Peace!"

Had I thy wings, thou dove!
Glad one! with peaceful happy promise bless'd
Soon would I flee above,
And like thee seek to be at home—at rest.

NAZARETH.—In our way we crossed Mount Tabor, where experience taught us what shall be the blessedness of the promise, "violence shall no more be heard in thy land"—(Isa. lx. 18.) We had reached the foot rather late in the day; fearing, therefore, that we might lose the magnificent view from the summit if we did not use all speed, we did not go round by the regular path, but pressed up through bushes and rocks with great difficulty to the top. We had time to see were Christ, led from the eyes of all others, is believed to have been transfigured before his three disciples, and to look down on the vast and splendid plain of Esdraelon, where the foes of Israel and of God are yet to be gathered to the slaughter. But sunset forced us to hasten down without making the circuit of the hill. At the foot, on the other side, we came upon a company of villagers, who were watching their heaps of corn; and from them we learned, that simply in consequence of our taking a trackless path and then hastening down, we had escaped a band of Arabs, who were lurking on the hill, and had plundered and killed several persons the day before. On reaching the village Deberah, where our baggage was, we found our servants, who had gone before us, despairing of our safety. But He that keepeth Israel preserved us, and put a song of praise into our lips. We felt a little of the force of Psalm xxii. 5, when safely at rest again in our tent praising the Lord. Next day a similar peril and deliverance awaited us. We reached Nazareth early and having surveyed the city where the Redeemer lived, "as a root out of dry ground," proceeded onwards by Sephoris.—*Missionary Record.*

TIBERIAS.—Jerusalem presents those scenes of intense importance, that show the saint the beginning and end of his hope, the work of Christ from his first to his second coming—while the Sea of Galilee, ever referring back to what was accomplished there, brings before the soul the common and quiet scenes of life, pervaded and hallowed by the Redeemer's work. In complete contrast, however, to these associations, we found the men of Israel at Tiberias in a state of misery, fitted to move us to prayer and labour. The town was overthrown by the earthquake two years ago, and not a house left unshaken. Here is the daughter of Zion as here literally sitting in dust. We went to the synagogues over heaps of ruins. At the same time, the Jews are the most cleanly of the population, and their synagogues, like those of Safed, especially clean, and well furnished with simple but elegant lamps. Their reading rooms also (of which they once had above thirty, and relics of which still exist throughout the town), are kept cool and pleasant; we visited one that looked out to the lake. The Jews were very respectful towards us. They knew why we came; and they gave us no more superstitious and bigoted than in Safed. Being gesticulators, more extravagant and vehement in their worship. They have five synagogues, none of them large. They were in the same state of fear from dread of the Arabs as elsewhere; many had already fled to more secure places, such as Acre and Khaifa. We saw plainly their temper and state of mind; they are sincere in their superstition and bigotry.—*Ibid.*

SWAN RIVER FLIES.—The Australian flies are bad as bare as a horse's back, and in the Swan River Region the plan of getting rid of these pests is to carry the bed and bedding and spread them near an anthill, the denizens of which will soon clear the sleeping flies and carry them off.—*Incommoding Travellers in Australia.*

A rich man's son thus early begins the world where his father left off, and ends where his father began—penniless.

SULPHURIC ACID GAS.—Sulphureous acid in the gaseous state, is invisible like air, but of a strong suffocating smell. It is very abundant in the sulphur hole, and of volcanoes. It was the vapour of sulphur and which self-seated Pluto the natural god in that situation of Vesuvius, when it destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Anxious to observe the effects of the sulphur she saw floating in the house of a friend, and paid for his temerity with his life. Sulphureous acid gas is produced by the slow combustion of sulphur. If this gas be received in water, the gas combines with it and will be the result. This gas is used by manufacturers for bleaching silk, a slow combustion of sulphur is promoted in a close chamber, and the goods are exposed to the gas as it is produced. The same process is employed to alter the hue of different colours. Thus, silks which are dyed by archil of a dark lilac, are brought to a beautiful flesh-colour by the fumes of this gas. Flesh-coloured silk stockings are coloured in this way. Sulphureous acid possesses very slight acid properties: instead of changing vegetable blues to a red, it invariably renders them white. If a red rose be held in the fumes of a brimstone match, the colour will soon begin to change, and at length the flower will have become white. By the same process, fruit-stains or iron moulds may be removed from linen or cotton-cloths, if the spots be previously moistened with water.—*Parke's Chymical Catechism.*

AMERICAN TAXATION.—It is usually considered in this country, that by going to America you avoid taxation, but such is not the case. The municipal taxes are not very light. I could not obtain any very satisfactory estimates from the other cities, but I gained thus much from Philadelphia. The assessments are on property. City tax, 70 cents upon 1,000 dollars valuation; county tax, 65 cents upon ditto; *poor's* rate 40 cents; taxes on horses, one dollar each; taxes on dogs, half a dollar each; *poll* tax, from a quarter of a dollar to four dollars each person. It is singular, that such a tax as the *poll* tax, that which created the insurrection of Wat Tyler in England, should have forced its way into a democracy. In the collection of their taxes they are quite as summary as they are in England.—*Marryatt's Diary.*

ETYMOLOGY OF THE NAMES OF COUNTRIES.

The following countries were named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. These names, in the Phœnician language, signify something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion—so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia signifies between, or in the middle—from the fact that the gengraphers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic of the country.

Spain, the country of rabbits or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals that they sued Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch—from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria also—for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

The English of Caledonia is a high hill. This was a rugged mountainous province in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin—as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica, signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footstep of man which it resembles.

Syracuse signifies bad savor, called so from the unwholesome marsh upon which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Charybdis, the holds of destruction.

Etna signifies furnace, or dark, or smoky.

From the Saint Andrews Standard.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE ST ANDREWS CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

In making the sixth annual report of the St. Andrews Church Sunday School, it is not unto ourselves, but to God, the praise is due for its continued prosperity. It is Him we have to thank, for inclining the hearts of its friends towards it, and to him alone, we have to look and pray, that he may further the usefulness of those who are actively employed in its service, so that the seed planted by one, and watered by another may by his grace, be raised into a goodly tree, producing in the lives and conversations of our youth, fruit unto holiness and righteousness, leading to everlasting life.

To the teachers we are much indebted for their kind and valuable services, and to our friends for their assistance. To the continued and punctual attendance of all concerned in the teaching and management of a Sabbath School, we anxiously look forward, as being, under God, the principal means not only of promoting the success of the institution but even of preserving its existence.

The average numbers of children in attendance during the past year, as I am happy to say, fully equaled that preceding, being of boys 27, and of girls 20; and I am confident, that the periodical visits of Teachers, to parents and friends would materially tend to increase the school not only by the good being excited by such visits, but, as opportunity bring this about, of adding exhortation, with information as may open the understanding of many, to the great value of sabbath school instruction; those parents will naturally be excited to secure the benefit of their children, by their punctual and regular attendance on it.

From the society for promoting christian knowledge, your committee have to acknowledge the receipt of a valuable present of books for the lending library, and from the church society of New Brunswick, a grant of Bibles, with a number of testaments. But, as we look at an young repair a lending library, time soon, from its nature, fall into decay, we look with confidence to the kindness of a christian and enlightened public, to enable us to renew, and add to our selves, that, while, in the Sunday School, a habit is imparted of using them aright and a principle formed which constrains the reader so to use them, that they may yield unmingled good the children, and their parents may be furnished with such books, as may not only inform the understanding but benefit the heart, kindle love, and more increase [illegible]

[illegible] is founded on [illegible] to endeavour [illegible] thing according to [illegible] of his [illegible] Jesus, and [illegible] for the effectual [illegible] the Holy Ghost. [illegible] to bring the [illegible] in the morning and [illegible] of old. [illegible] very [illegible] of the [illegible] The [illegible] teaching [illegible] the Word [illegible] to be turned to account by leading youth to the study of the Scriptures and by teaching them to look and pray to God for grace to enable them to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they read, that they may, in the power of the holy spirit, become wise unto salvation. The teaching [illegible] learning [illegible] to be [illegible] each [illegible] opinion [illegible] young mind, and the children taught to [illegible] all [illegible] the fear of God and the good of the [illegible] low creatures, so that while the learning gained at the weekly school is confined, in a great measure, to the promoting of present comfort, plenty, and happiness that which is here imparted, will last when all other learning is of no avail—that when the eye, which is now able to read, shall become dim, and the hand which now writes shall be cold the immortal soul may rejoice in its spiritual attainments, and wisdom begun in the fear of the Lord, may be perfected in endless bliss, in the presence of God; and of his Christ!

Children listen to the advice of one who is your sincere friend—let heavenly wisdom be your first care—remember, that no learning can exceed that which the bible teaches—and that you may love the gospel of your Saviour and Redeemer, fail not to pour out your young hearts in prayer to God—look upon your instructors, those who labour to impart to you spiritual and heavenly knowledge, as your best friends—believe, and obey them, while they labour for your good; in your conversation with each other be kind, in your callings diligent, and in your demeanor humble, and then look for happiness thro' the mercy of God, atonement of Christ your Redeemer.

As, in a report of this nature, a word to the young is not by any means misplaced, so may a few words of exhortation to parents be very reasonable.

Remember the words of Solomon, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Call to mind the benefit you have derived, from that portion of christian knowledge, which through God's grace, you have gained—look back to those hours of serious meditation, in trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, or in the peril of death, when this world, with its fleeting vanities have faded from your sight, and you have been enabled to view more clearly the realities of that eternal one which will succeed it, where have you found your only comfort was it not in the hope of pardon for Christ's sake, and in the prospect of enjoying for ever, the Redeemer the light of God's countenance? while you have deeply lamented the frequent neglect of such glorious objects, and have resolved, under grace, to begin anew a life, which you ought to have lived continually, namely one of faith, hope and love—have you not desired, fervently desired, that these feelings had been indulged more frequently, and been more lasting? know that it is the object of religious instruction to make such feelings habitual—to impress upon the young, that they are the servants of Christ, that he has bought them with a price, even with his most precious blood, that they might grow up to him a peculiar people zealous of good work—delighting at all times to do his pleasure—and parents, while you deeply feel these things, remember to give your dear children, the opportunity of acquiring such truly valuable and blessed instruction, and recollect that your sabbath hours at home, cannot be better employed than in sitting before them the love of their heavenly father to sinners, that they may be led, to walk with the Lord in newness of life, zealous in the performance of every good work and in their duty to God, their neighbour and themselves. Finally let all, who have leisure engage in this work, and labour of love, and be ready to teach the many children who depend on those for instructions in God's holy word and will. "Fear the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," you must teach, and enforce, by the weight of example—you are to teach by your conduct, as well as by your lips, and, my dear brethren, let all persons know that you are earnestly concerned, and thus whether they will hearken, and persevere, or be inattentive and fall away, you may at least secure the fruit of wisdom in yourselves.

JEROME ALLEY, D. D. Rector.
Jan. 1, 1840. *Superintendant.*

NEW-BRUNSWICK CHURCH SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the local committee of the above Society, held in All Saints church, St. Andrews, on Wednesday, the 15th January, 1840.

The Rev. J. Alley, D. D. in the chair.

The Meeting having been opened with prayer, and George D. Street, Esq. appointed Secretary, Dr. Alley addressed the meeting as follows:

BRETHREN

In my address of last year, I had the gratification of reporting to you the prosperous state of the church society generally, and of its local committee in this parish, and was pleased to find, that statement approved of by you, and followed up with a subscription highly creditable to us.

With respect to the operations of the church society since its annual meeting in February last, you have all been informed, by the reports placed in your hands, and I have no doubt, that viewing not only his utility, but intimate connection with the interests of our pure and apostolic church, and with the advancement of true religion and piety, amongst us and our children, you will consider its existence, as a matter of so solid moment, and will be ready to unite your exertions with those of your brethren in the church, in promoting a cause at once so interesting and important.

When we view the widely extended field of labour from east to west, in which the venerable society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts is now engaged and the admirably christian spirit of sympathy exhibited throughout the whole of Great Britain, in the spiritual instruction of our brethren in all parts of the world, and when we hear of subscriptions daily, and almost hourly pouring in from all parts of our parent land, from the offerings of the rich, to the widow's mite yet still not means enough provided for the accomplishment of its designs, surely it behoves not to be slow in uniting in this work and labour of love commenced amongst us, and, from those worldly means, with which it has pleased God to bless us, cheerfully contributing, each, our respective share to provide, for spiritual want, that the knowledge of God, and of his Christ, may be extended throughout every corner of our adopted country.

Let us then think seriously upon this subject. Let us picture to ourselves the many families in our country, who, in the midst of the wilderness, and without the means at hand, of spiritual instruction, are born, grow up, and perhaps die, without hearing the sound of the blessed gospel of Christ, or hearing it perverted to the cant of hypocrisy, or the wild ravings of fanaticism. Let us conceive, generation after generation, dropping thus into the grave, and yet, if we are made acquainted with the misery as those who [illegible] the same grounds of hope [illegible] to the se[illegible] what it is our [illegible] know[illegible] glory of e[illegible] our country [illegible] to these, who will [illegible] endeavour, [illegible] not enough [illegible] to [illegible] and encourage [illegible] correspondence [illegible] the work now set [illegible]

I offer each upon you, my dear friends to bestow with diligence, this call for our efforts of prayer and love—[illegible] and one mind, and while you [illegible] in your spiritual progress [illegible] your hearts are stored, the glory of your Redeemer manifested, and the