THE Weekly Chronicle.

Terms—15 shillings per annum :) *"Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque."* *[12s. 6d. if paid in advance.*

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THE CHRONICLE,

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Weekly Almanack.

JAN.		H. SUN. S.	MOON.	H. W.
15 Saturday,	- -	7 18 4 42	8 50	1 37
16 Sunday,	-	7 17 4 43	9 52	2 9
17 Monday,	-	7 16 4 44	10 53	2 41
18 Tuesday,	-	7 15 4 45	11 57	3 18
19 Wednesday,	- -	7 14 4 46	morn	3 54
20 Thursday,	- -	7 13 4 47	1 6	4 29
21 Friday,	- -	7 13 4 47	2 15	5 41

First Quarter 19th, 4h. 4m. evening.

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 1 o'clock on the days immediately preceding the Discount days.—Director next week: W. P. Ranney, Esq.

COMMERCIAL BANK.—Lewis Burns, 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: R. M. Jarvis, Esq.

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SAVINGS BANK.—Hon. Ward Chipman, President.—Office hours, from 1 to 3 o'clock on Tuesday's. 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.

Museum of Natural History.

THE subscriber being about to open a Museum of Natural History at Saint John, begs leave to inform his friends in New-Brunswick and the neighbouring Provinces, that he will be happy to receive donations of specimens belonging to the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms: fossils, relics, works of art, ancient books and papers, models, inventions, domestic manufactures, and curiosities of all kinds.

A liberal price will be given for foreign specimens not intended as donations.

The Museum which at present consists of upwards of 4000 specimens, will be open free to persons making liberal donations.

A donation of the value of £1 wil entitle the donor to free admission for one year.

Masters and supercargoes of vessels who make donations will be entitled to free admission.

Publishers of newspapers who may insert this advertisement four times a year, will be entitled to free admission, by sending one copy of the paper and advertisement yearly to the museum

Persons who shall contribute original information in regard to the Natural History of the Provinces, shall be entitled to free admission.

Masters and supercargoes of vessels belonging to the Province, and trading to foreign ports, are respectfully requested to aid in the useful and interesting work.

The names of donors will be recorded in the catalogues opposite the names of specimens received from them.

The objects of Natural History of the Provinces will be exchanged for those of foreign countries.

November 3. A. GESNER.

WANTED FOR THE ABOVE MUSEUM.—Wolf, male and female; Lynx or Wild Cat, male and female; Red Fox, male and female; Black Fox; male and female; one male Beaver; Cacajou Glutton or Indian Devil, male and female.—The skins, jaws legs, and paws of the animals must be perfect, and forwarded to the museum immediately after they are procured.

Brown's Compound Boneset Candy,

MEDICATED.

A REMEDY that has gained a great reputation for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Whooping cough, Phthsic, sore throat, and all diseases of the lungs; also it is in extensive use for clearing the voice for vocalists and public speakers; and in consequence of the extensive sale and wonderful efficacy for curing the above complaints, has caused a number of Druggists and Confectioners to counterfeit this valuable Cough remedy. An imitation has just been shewn me with my name stamped on the candy, evidently to deceive the public. For the genuine you will call for "Wm. Brown's Boneset Candy, Medicated," and see that the direction is signed by the proprietor, and the candy stamped—"Wm. Brown."

☞The subscriber has just received a supply of the above genuine article from Boston, which he offers for sale at his store, late *Circulating Library*, Germain street. J. ELLIOTT.

24th september.

Absconded,

FROM this Office, on the 16th instant, an Indented Apprentice named *James Doak*. All persons are hereby cautioned against trusting him, and any person found harboring said Apprentice, or employing him, will be proceeded against as the law directs.

Chronicle Office, April 17, 1840.

Horse and Cattle Medicines.

THE attention of Gentlemen, Farmers, Farriers and Cartmen, is particularly requested to the valuable stock of Horse and Cattle Medicines on hand, prepared by Messrs. Harris & Co., Veterinary surgeons, London. They are applicable to all diseases to which horses and cattle are liable in this country. For sale by the subscriber.

sept 24. J. ELLIOTT. *Agent.*

Miscellany.

CATHARINE.

CHAPTER V

On the first day of November, in the year 1800, a young woman was walking up one of the narrow streets of New York, accompanied by an errand-boy who carried her portmanteau. It was about one o'clock, and the rain, which had been a mere drizzle at first, now, with a change of wind, poured down in torrents, so that it was with great difficulty that any one could proceed, even unincumbered with an umbrella. The little boy, with the sharp north-easter in his face, and wet to his skin, began to murmur; whilst the young woman, scarcely less perplexed and annoyed than himself, was endeavouring to encourage him.

Just at this instant, a noise proceeding from an opening door, made the young stranger start and turn her head, which action caused her umbrella, hitherto kept up with great skill and effort, to bend upwards, and in an instant it was shivered to pieces, and sent by the fury of the wind to a great distance. A tall, thin, elderly woman, with her head thrust out of the half-opened door whence the noise issued, seeing the distress of the stranger, begged her to come in until the rain abated. The little boy, not finding the lure of two shillings sufficiently strong to induce him to encounter further difficulties, seized this opportunity of laying down the portmanteau on the steps, and making his escape. Too much embarrassed with cold, wet garments, and painful feelings, the young woman did not at first miss the boy, but when the portmanteau was taken in and the door closed, she begged that he might be allowed to come in from the storm. After looking up and down the street to no purpose, the door was again closed, and the shivering stranger was taken to a neat, comfortable room, where there was a good fire.

'If our Elsey were at home,' said the woman,—'I could borrow a few clothes for you, for though you are much thinner, yet you are nearly of a height. I think, however, as you are so wet, that you may venture to take a pinch of snuff, Miss; it will cheer you as it often does me, and come nearer the fire until I return.'

The few articles comprised a whole suit: for the poor, young stranger had not a dry thread on her. She seemed sad and spiritless, and was scarcely able to make an apology for the trouble she gave; and on being entreated to lie down, she suffered herself to be led, unresistingly, to a bed, where she had scarcely rested a few minutes before she fell asleep.

The good-natured woman, who had thus comforted her, now hung up her wet garments, and then proceeded to the kitchen to eat her own dinner, and prepare some little refreshment for her guest when she awakened.

The dinner passed, the good woman took a peep at the bed, but her charge was still asleep.

The evening began to close, and the storm, instead of abating, seemed to increase. The boy did not make his appearance, and the young woman had been in a heavy slumber for four hours. The shutters were now closed, a candle was brought in, and a tea-table was rolled gently into the room by a little black girl, whilst the woman of the house followed her with the tea-things.

'How soundly the poor girl sleeps,' said she to the maid; 'even the creaking of the rollers has not awakened her. She must have been very tired, but the cordial that I forced her to take has helped to lull her. Take a pinch of snuff, Hetty—but, no—you are too young to snuff, or else it would be a comfort to you; but you need not now walk on tiptoe; it is time for her to awaken. Go down and bring the portmanteau.'

It was brought in and placed on a chair near the fire; and the noise that Hetty made in putting it down, caused the stranger to awaken. She raised her head, and like all persons after a harassed day and a sound sleep, seemed unable to collect her senses.

'You had a good nap, Miss,' said the woman of the house, approaching the bed.

The snuffy, discordant tone in which this was said fully awakened the young stranger. She now recollected the storm, her change of garments, and the kindness of the person who stood before her.

'I could not at first,' said she, sitting up in the bed, 'recollect where I was. How much trouble I have given you—I am quite ashamed. I must have slept a long time, for it is candle-light. Has the little boy returned?'

While she was thus hurrying through these sentences, the woman was assisting her to rise. They then approached the fire; and the black girl placed the tea-table between them.

'Your kindness oppresses me,' said the young woman; 'how can I be grateful enough to you for thus sheltering a stranger! But I must not trespass on your goodness any longer. Surely the boy will return. He cannot intend to leave me—and he alone knows the street where I am to go. What am I to do?' continued she, rising and seeming every instant to gather fresh recollection of her forlorn situation.

'What are you to do, Miss,' answered the woman, looking at her with surprise. 'Why, take a pinch of snuff, in the first place. What, you don't snuff? I wish I could say the same.—Then, in the next place, sit down and drink some tea, for you have had no dinner; and lastly, after tea, I will send old Jack (that is our old porter) to your friends, and let them know that you are safe.'

'Friends!' exclaimed the stranger; 'I have not a single friend in the world, excepting the captain with whom I came to America. We arrived this morning, and he gave me a letter to a relation of his who lives in the upper part of the city. The little errand-boy knew the house, and I was going there when you so kindly took me in from the storm.'

'Where is the note?—give it to me,' said the woman.

It was in the portmanteau, unsealed and without direction. It ran thus:

'DEAR SUSAN—The bearer of this note is a passenger of mine—a very respectable young lady. I wish her to lodge with you until I see you, which will be either this evening or to-morrow. Give the boy, that carries the portmanteau, two shillings, as I have no change. I have brought you a pretty set of tea chins. Pray, take great care of the young lady, as she is very much fatigued. Your affectionate cousin, ROBERT GRANT.'

The woman of the house turned the paper round and round, but there was no clue by which the name of the person or street could be discovered. She looked perplexed.

'And is this all you know of the person to whom you were going?'

'Yes. I may have heard her name, but I have forgotten it. The captain intended to have gone with me himself, but some gentleman came on board, on particular business, which detained him. He therefore wrote these hasty lines, and giving me in charge to the boy, who does his errands on shore, I walked on with him until I saw you. What to do I know not.'

'Why, I do; and the first thing, (as I told you before,) is to drink your tea. What, do you think that I invited you in from the storm, whilst you had day-light before you, to turn you out in a worse storm, now that it is pitch dark?'

So handing over a cup of tea and a muffin, she prevailed on the timid stranger to eat.

When the servant disappeared with the tea-things, the woman drew her chair near the stranger, first putting the candle on the mantlepiece, that the full light might fall on her face.

'It is very awkward, Miss,' began she, 'for two people to be in the same room together, without knowing each other's names.

'My name is Deidamia Witherstonfield, and I am housekeeper to Mr. Bingley; but my name being a little too long for common use, I am called Damy Field, and if you please, you may call me so.'

'Then you are not the mistress of this house?' said the young person, rising. 'I am sure that I am doing wrong in staying, for it may injure you if it be known that you have taken in an entire stranger.'

'Sit you down. What I, that have been housekeeper to Mr. Bingley for six-and-twenty years, (and that is ever since he was born;) and a kind-hearted gentleman he is too,) cannot I invite a friend in from the storm? You know but little of Mr. Bingley Miss. Besides, make yourself easy; he is from home at present, and so is Elsey, our cook; she took the opportunity of going home to see her mother; and our waiter, an impertinent fellow as ever lived, he has gone with Mr. Bingley; so that there is no one at home but the little black girl, old Jack, and myself.'

Reassured by this, the young stranger felt much relieved, and tears, for the first time fell from her eyes.

'Thank heaven for this mercy,' said she—and raising her clasped hands. 'Oh, my good Mrs. Field, I am the most friendless creature in the world; and what would have become of me if you had not given me leave to stay here this night?'

'Well don't let us talk any more about it,' said the good Damy, taking a huge pinch of snuff, for she was getting exceedingly nervous, as mental exercise always had an effect on her. 'Come let us talk of other matters. You have not told me your name.

'My name is Catharine—Catharine White, said the young woman, blushing deeply.

'Well, Miss White, you are just as welcome with a name as without one.'

'Call me only Catharine,' said she, hastily; 'I prefer it.'

Damy's eyes glanced at the portmanteau, which lay open near the hearth.

'Had you not better take out your clothes Miss Catharine? perhaps the rain may have wet them.'

The things were, however, quite dry; and as Catharine closed the trunk she observed that, she had forgotten that there were several changes of apparel in her portmanteau.

'You can easily, my dear madam imagine how much I am indebted to you. I—

'Well, well, never mind talking about it, Miss Catharine; but only hear how the wind howls!—I wish the vessels may ride out the storm.'

Catharine, mentally, offered up a prayer for the good captain Grant.

'I doubt much, however,' said Damy, 'whether all that were seen in harbour, or on the coast, will be found by morning light.'

'Oh, do not say so, my good Damy; let us hope that they may escape, unharmed. How much additional grief shall I feel, if any misfortune happens to my kind friend.'

Damy, finding that her attempts to entertain, by enlivening conversation did not operate as a cordial, tried another strain.

'Now, how very curious our Martin would be to find out who you are. I am glad that he went with Mr. Bingley. If there is any body,' continued she, snuffing prodigiously, 'if there is any body that I hate, on the face of this earth, it is our waiter. He is the most impertinent fellow that ever made tea.'

'Made tea!' said Catherine.

'Yes—made tea. He makes tea for Mr. Bingley. You must know, Miss Catherine, that I always made tea for Mr. Bingley until this disagreeable man came. There is not a copper's difference between me now and then, that I can see, and certainly Mr. Bingley is as kind to me as ever. *He* never would have told me that he preferred Martin to me, in tea-making,' continued poor Damy, twitching around on her chair, for she was on a subject most grating to her feelings. 'I might have poured out his tea to this day, but for that ugly, conceited man. Why, Miss Catherine, he calls me a race-horse'—and in the energy of her resentment, she jerked up her long body from the chair, and snuffed the candle most vehemently.

Catherine followed her figure as it rose abruptly before her, and a smile passed over her face on seeing how applicable the term was to her kind friend. With a very small head and very small features, her person was tall and gaunt. She was flat chested and narrow shouldered, and this narrowness continued below her waste, so that it was exceedingly difficult for her to keep the black calimanco petticoat, that she usually wore, on the right line to meet her short-waisted shortgown. This continual slipping down of the petticoat, therefore, made a long division between the two garments. The intermediate space was occupied by a bandana handkerchief, tied tightly round her waist; and, in Catharine's eyes, at that moment, as Damy stooped to pick up the snuffers, she looked more like a grey hound than a race-horse; but when she stalked across the floor, to call the girl, the illusion vanished, for her pace was irregular, slow, and awkward, and one shoulder after the other dropped as each foot advanced.

Her equanimity was restored when she returned to her chair; and looking at her guest, with great complacency, she offered her the snuff-box.

'Take a pinch, Miss Catharine. What, you don't snuff? Well, you are saved a great deal of trouble, I can tell you. I have lived six-and-twenty years, as I said, with Mr. Bingley, for I nursed him when he was a child, and I do just what I like. We never have a dispute but about my snuffing and sneezing, and that is a thing that I cannot help; for I defy any body to take this kind of snuff without sneezing, and I cannot take any other, so he gets used to it, as it were.'

The simple loquacity of poor Damy was not sufficient to keep Catharine from dwelling on her own singular and unhappy situation. She sighed deeply in the midst of the harangue, and the good Damy eyed her with pity.

Independently of her real good nature, she was delighted to have a companion; for she disliked to sit alone, and she loved to talk; so finding that the unpleasant reflections of her guest made her rather a poor listener, she endeavored to encourage her by a few cheering remarks.

'I dare say that it will storm away as hard to-morrow as it does now; and, in that case, you need not stir. Miss Catharine, and if it does not blow too hard, I will send old Jack to the ship, and we will get the captain here, if ship there be, which, as I said before, I very much doubt; for only listen, I do believe it hails.'

And hail it did, and the large shots came pattering against the windows.

Catharine's grief was renewed. Her own situation had power enough to distress, but the fear of losing her only friend, and the dangers into which he might now be driven, were too much for her; she wrung her hands.

Poor Damy, seeing this fresh burst of sorrow, had no other resource but her snuff-box; again she presented it, again it was refused. She had tried every effort at consolation, and had not succeeded; and she sat with a snuff-box in one hand, and a pinch of snuff in the other, looking ruefully at her young companion.

'This will never do,' thought the tender-hearted creature; 'she will kill herself if she grieves thus;' so making sundry guttural efforts, for sympathy had produced a thickness of speech, she commenced another strain.

'How beautifully your hair curls, Miss Catharine; does it curl naturally?'

'Yes, it curls naturally,' said the young woman, rousing herself.

'I do not see well by candle-light, but I think your hair is black.'

'No, Damy, my hair is brown. I suppose that the wetting it got this morning, makes it appear darker than it is.'

'Your eyes are black, however.'

'No, they are dark blue.'

'Yes,' said the simple Damy, 'I know, that being in the rain, and such a rain, too, is enough to alter any one's features. I dare say that your eyes will appear several shades lighter—*when they get dry*—she was on the point of saying, but Catharine smiled.

'Damy laughed aloud; and taking a huge pinch of snuff, indictive of her satisfaction, she continued her observation.

'It was a silly thought, that of mine; but it has served to make you smile; and such pearly white teeth I never saw, and I dare say you have a good colour'—

'When I get dry,' added Catharine, again smiling. 'No, I have not much color; I am generally pale.'

'How white your hands are, and what tiny, slender fingers you have; and for that matter, Mr. Bingley has very handsome hands, too.'

The mention of this gentleman's name brought Catharine again to a sense of her embarrassing situation. She had several times heard Mr. Bingley's name mentioned, and every time she felt that she was an intruder, and she shrunk from the bare possibility of his being displeased with Damy for giving her shelter. In her own mind, she ran hastily over the events of her brief life; for she was scarcely eighteen. She had been overwhelmed by a recent occurrence, and now, precarious as was her present shelter, she looked forward to the morning as to the commencement of new troubles, harder for her to bear than any she had yet encountered. Hiding her face with her hands, she bent down in grief.

This was more than Damy could stand; just, too, as she thought she had overcome every difficulty. All her attempts at consolation had only tended to aggravate, and she became more and more nervous; and when in this irritable state, she took, unconsciously, a prodigious quantity of snuff.—Sneezing was thus brought, which sometimes lasted an hour or two. She had been in a perplexed state all day, and her sympathies having been wrought up to the highest pitch for the interesting young woman, her malady came upon her, and the first sneeze that she gave had more power over Catharine's ear, than any thing that had hitherto been urged. It rang through her head like the slamming of doors, and the rattling of china in a dresser. It certainly was an awful sneeze—none of your little cat sneezes, but such a one as a man would exult in—one at a time—but heavens and earth, what a consternation would seize him, were he to have two—nay, three of these magnificent sneezes at a time, as was Damy's case. Neither romance nor real grief can go on whilst the parties are sneezing; even the acute sorrow under which Catharine at this time labored, was suspended whilst her friend was thus rioting.

'Have you been long addicted to this practice, Damy?'

'Why, bless you, Miss Catharine'—sneezing—'I have snuffed ever since I was a little girl'—and off she sat again, sneeze—sneeze—as if her brains would fly out.

Now, what could Catharine do? She gazed at her in astonishment at first. No sympathy could be shown or received for an affliction so preposterous; for, affliction it seemed—for Damy, as each round of sneezing went off, was forced to press her poor, thin hands tight over the bandana handkerchief, to keep her ribs in their place.

Catharine's look of amazement gave way, and the ludicrous was so apparent, that a titter seized her, and before Damy had rung half a dozen peals, she laughed aloud.

Sneeze—sneeze—continued Damy; and she stared, in the most rueful manner, at her young guest's mirth; and between every sneeze, which bent her almost double, she snatched the opportunity of turning herself quickly to stare at Catharine, who, now no longer able to restrain herself, had hidden her face in the bed-clothes.

This regular fit having subsided by degrees, Damy was able to attend a little to what was passing; but so far from feeling offended at her guest's apparent rudeness, she began to apologize for her infirmity.

'I am glad, any way, Miss Catharine, that I have made you forget your troubles; but I can tell you, that it is no laughing matter with me. Do you know that my sides are as sore as if they had been pounded? Just take a pinch of this snuff, and if it does not set you sneezing, then my name is not Damy.'

This gave the finishing stroke to Catharine's mirth, and she became almost convulsed.

'Troubles'—quoth Damy.

Catharine was in the most forlorn situation imaginable. She was homeless, friendless, almost pennyless, and yet, although under a thousand obligations to poor Damy, and towards whom she was beginning to feel a great respect and tenderness, yet, was she unable to repress her mirth at the self-inflicted and ludicrous convulsion of her friend.

'As to my snuffing,' murmured Damy, in that dubious attitude in which a person is seen who is endeavoring to catch at a sneeze—'as to my snuffing, Miss Catharine, I had weak eyes, and as boring my ears did no good, I was recommended to snuff. Do you know that if you find you are going to be balked of a sneeze, and you can only get a glimpse of the sun, that you can have the finest sneeze?'

The room fairly rang with Catharine's laughter.

Unused to excite mirth of this kind, (for poor Damy was held cheap by her fellow servants as it respected her colloquial powers,) she could not tell, exactly, how to receive this burst of gaiety.

'Why, what upon earth, Miss Catharine, can make you laugh so? One minute you are sighing and crying, as if your heart would break, and the next, you carry on as if you were at a farce. And here lies Hetty, fast asleep, on the carpet. Hetty, Hetty, get up and go to your bed.' Then, raising the sleeping girl, she dragged her out of the room, leaving Catharine to compose herself as well as she could.

Left thus to herself, and in darkness, (for Damy had taken the candle,) she quietly returned to her own melancholy thoughts; and much did she marvel how it were possible that so more a trifle could so entirely divert her thoughts from herself. She had the fear, too, of having given offence to her kind friend, and she was subdued and humble enough when Damy returned.

Too much intent on preparing another bed in the room, and in making arrangements for the night, she had no leisure to observe Catharine's altered looks. In fact, she had forgotten every thing but the delight of having a companion, and one, too, who would be likely to create some bustle and confusion.

She assisted Catharine to prepare herself for the night; and after covering the fire, and extinguishing the light, she took possession of the cot that had recently been brought in the room.

Now it was in the stillness of darkness and when the mind was quieted by prayer, that the fullness of the storm was heard. It did not seem possible that a vessel could remain safe even in the harbour.

Catharine, although much agitated by the events of the day, and vexed, too, with herself for the indecorous folly of the evening, was soon asleep, for she was exhausted by sea-sickness and her anxiety; and her laughter at Damy's propensity, although it was ludicrous enough, was as much in consequence of irritated nerves, as of the cause that excited her mirth. Her last determination, before she closed her eyes, was to return to the ship, and get fresh information from the captain; for she concluded that the boy would not return to the vessel immediately. She felt certain that the simplicity of her new friend could not be of much service in the way of advice. She knew, too, that it was improper to stay in a house whose master might be displeased with the housekeeper's hospitality. She therefore resolved on quitting Damy early in the morning.

But this was the farthest from Damy's thoughts. She, too, had her reveries, and was more impatient for the morning than poor Catharine, who certain of a shelter for the present, was in no haste to rise. and she only roused herself when Damy opened the shutters, and told her that the breakfast was ready.

(To be Continued.)

Communications.

[FOR THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE]

Messrs. EDITORS—

By giving the following a place in your paper, you will much oblige

Your obedient servant,

D. L. BURNHAM.

Secretary to the Local Committee of the Diocesan Church Society.

Digby, December 20, 1841.

DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.

A Local Committee of this Institution has been organized and established in the Town of Digby.—It held its first meeting at the Court House on the 30th ult. being the Feast of St. Andrew. There was a numerous attendance of Ladies and Gentlemen; all of whom evinced the most lively interest in the proceedings, and the results have been alike gratifying to their Pastor and promising to the Church.

The Service opened by singing the 100th Psalm, and the customary Prayer, after which, the Rector (who occupied the chair,) addressed the meeting at considerable length, detailing in the most satisfactory manner the objects of the Society, and portraying in vivid colors the advantages to be extended to others, and the reflex benefit to be secured to themselves.

The following Resolutions were then formally proposed and adopted nem. con.

1st—"That the Members of the Church in this Town do acknowledge their debt of gratitude to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in that from its earliest settlement by the loyal Refugees, they have never ceased to be the object of their care, and have been supplied by them with the means of Grace and the Ministry of the Word."

2d—"That we do cordially concur with his Lordship the Bishop, that all Churchmen are bound to further the designs of the Society to which they are so much indebted, by the propagation of the Gospel, and confidently expect by so doing to obtain a reflex benefit for ourselves."

3d—"That we do immediately form ourselves into a Society to be called the "Digby Local Committee of the Diocesan Church Society," to be based on the same foundation, and governed by the same standing Rules as the Parent Society."

4th—"That a Secretary and Treasurer be elected, and that twelve Gentlemen do compose the Local Committee, (one of whom shall be the Chairman,) by whom the business of this Branch of the Society shall be conducted.

Several Gentlemen addressed the meeting, and the utmost harmony and entire unanimity prevailed.

The interesting business closed as it commenced, with prayer and praise—the Reverend Chairman having again appealed to the audience as a sacred band of Brothers, whose chief design was to spread the truth of the Gospel abroad, and maintain the charity of the Gospel at home, and so by their zeal and piety to recommend the doctrine and fellowship of the Church of England.

190 persons have been enrolled as members of the Society, and upwards of £32 subscribed to its funds.

The following is the substance of the Address delivered by the Chairman at the opening of the meeting.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS—

The object for which we have assembled together has been distinctly and repeatedly announced to you. It was commended to your attention by our good and beloved Bishop, and I have at several times endeavored to enforce its expediency and explain its design. To form a Missionary Society in the Church to assist by your exertions and our prayers in promoting Christian Knowledge and propagating the Gospel in destitute places; to supply Books of sound doctrine, and the Ministry of a pure Church, where the means of grace and instruction are wanting, and to be a *sacred bond of Brotherhood* by which Churchmen may be better known, and more closely united to each other.

It is a matter of exultation that in this glorious work of evangelising the world, the Church of England has ever been eminently distinguished for her zeal and her success, and that for many years she stood alone, the honor'd Parent of Christian Missions: In these many years, she had indeed to struggle with many difficulties; but God made her strong in her weakness, and although her means were straightened, her achievements were marvelous, and she unfurled the Banner of the Cross, and planted the Church in every land to which her intercourse extended. But it has been left to us in these last days, to witness this missionary spirit no longer confined to a few solitary christians, and to the ministers of God, but pervading the whole mass of our Spiritual Household, and uniting Churchmen of every degree in a righteous confederacy against the powers of darkness and the superstition of the world.

Never since the days of the Reformation—never, perhaps, since the days of the Apostles, has the Church been so thoroughly awake to her responsibility, or so clearly certified of her privileges; and the old and the young, and the rich and the poor have identified themselves with her, in this gracious this glorious work. So that in every city and almost in every town and hamlet in the land, there is a Society similar to that which we have now organized and established among Churchmen here, and just in proportion to the zeal manifested for the advancement of the Gospel abroad, has been the increase of piety at home. And this will always be the result of our Missionary Society's, as surely as light and heat must spring from piling together the enkindled but scattered embers on the hearth. The gracious lover of our souls has made this merciful provision; the good we intend to others is the good we secure to ourselves. It is promised in the unfailing word. It has been realized in the experience of thousands. It has been promised and realized alike to individuals and to communities—in the common offices of life, the kindest is generally the happiest man. The dispensers to the sick are they whose own beds are made easy in their sickness, and they who comfort others are enabled to do it with the consolation wherewith they themselves are comforted. But if this be true of individuals and of those offices of mercy, which are performed for the poor and perishing body, how much does the fact rise in importance when applied to things eternal in the Church, and when the great object be Catholic prayer and united labour in the extension of the knowledge and the mercies of the salvation of God. If the Christian may be sure of any thing, it is undoubtedly of this, that upon such an occasion, his prayers and his alms may go up as a memorial before God. We have innumerable cases to exemplify this. Wherever the cause of Christian Missions is zealously maintained, the piety of the people has visibly increased, and whenever we exercise the endeavour to propagate the precious faith in which our Fathers passed to their rest, that faith will become more fervid, more potent, and more victorious in ourselves; and so plainly is this indicated, that our missionary work, altho' the work of God is no disinterested work, inasmuch as we are enabled not only to rejoice that by our means Christ is preached to others, but are privileged to appropriate the word of the Gospel to ourselves. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the Ox and the Ass."

In England the mighty object of these Societies is to send the Word of God to benighted and heathen lands, and to assist the poor Emigrants in our own Colonies with the Ministry and means of grace. For these blessings, the Church in this town has long been indebted—from its earliest settlement by your loyal fathers until this moment when I address their loyal children, you have drawn largely upon the christian love and christian liberality of England. And what is the inference?—"Freely ye have received; freely give" You are bound to show that you are not insensible to this love: You are bound to prove that you are not destitute of gratitude for this liberality. We need not describe the misery of Heathen lands to excite your sympathies and call forth your generosity:—You have only to consider the present state of your own Province, and if you have the faith of Christians you must see thousands perishing for lack of knowledge, and hear the mingled accents of supplicance and complaint. "Come over and help us, for no man careth for our souls."

I entreat you then, my friends and brethren, to unite heart and hand in this benevolent and godly work, and we shall know each other better and love each other more, and the sweet incense of your prayers and the pure offering you make to God, shall return with usury into your own bosoms, and the name of the Lord shall be great among the people, and you shall be made to know and to feel that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." I hope we shall do our part to make this memorable saying an experimental proof, and our Missionary spirit, like the word of Elias, shall burn as a lamp, and our flame thus lighted up shall run from Christian to Christian and from Church to Church, until all shall be confederated in the same sacred work, and until by our united prayers and our united labours the Gospel shall flow down like a river, and all the remote dwellers in the land shall see the salvation of God. With our limited numbers and our feeble means, I know how difficult it is to realize such glorious anticipation. But we must not despise the day of small things, and we need not despair of the day of great achievement. At this moment our Society may be like the spot which the Prophet's servant discovered in the distant horizon; to the eye of unbelief indicative of nothing: But we may look to it with the faith of the Prophet himself, and it shall gradually gain and gather, until from its pregnant bosom, it pour down upon a parched land its copious and fertilizing stream.

There is much to encourage this hope, in the success of Church Society's at home, all uniting together in the same glorious undertaking, and in the influence of their example upon the Church abroad. I now hold in my hand a document, I have this day received from Newfoundland, the scene of my former labours, and where I found a Church Society struggling for life: but by the zeal of pious christians, the care of a zealous Rector, and the influence of an enlightened Bishop, it has encreased to an unexpected magnitude: It has been the means (so this paper informs me) of assisting the building of several Churches and School Houses, and promoting education and extending the blessings of religion throughout the whole length and breadth of the land: and even this Missionary movement will be a fresh matter of congratulation to the Church, as it is a pleasing indication to myself that we shall not be the least among the thousands in Judah! To us, indeed, the Ministers of God, this is our comfort and our joy: the very object of our aim: the very recompense of our work: to preach to a lost world *The unsearchable riches of Christ!* is the solemn purport of our commission, and to this we are bound to give ourselves day and night: but day and night in such a land as this, we may labour and accomplish comparatively nothing without additional means. For much of these means we look to our brother Churchmen in our Fatherland, and some at least we must derive from you; and when we press home this sacred obligation, we aim only to put you in possession of a blessed privilege and to invest you with immortal honour We only intreat you to *do the work* of evangelists: Yes! the work of evangelists!—for you may spread the Gospel abroad, and adorn the Gospel at home without an ordination to the work of the Ministry: and these things are to be effected by the Diocesan Church Society. Most of you occupy the private and retired walks of life: you are not called to be public preachers of the Word, and your individual exertions, however great, must still be limited: the best and most favored of you can do but little while acting alone. While acting alone, the greatest efforts of human zeal—the most ardent attempts of christian love, produce only partial good; and should you thus spend all your substance, and devote all your lives to the work, you would scarcely extend the effect of your zeal beyond the distance of a day's journey, or beyond the period of a few fleeting years. But union is *strength!* and the effect to be produced by united means, united efforts, and united prayers, is immeasurable; and I do