

from the Canons of Egbert, archbishop of York, (A.D. 750,) and from other authorities. It is, further, certain, that, though in the first instance, it was in the great churches only, where each Bishop and his clergy lived, that religious services were regularly performed; yet itinerant Presbyters were sent forth to the remoter districts; places of worship were gradually erected in the more populous parts of the country; and the Thanes, or greater Lords, founded churches throughout their extensive territories for the use of their families and dependants. Districts were thus formed, the limits of which were bounded by the extent of the manor of him by whom the church was erected; and as the different land-owners built additional churches on their several estates, the whole country became thus divided into parishes, and the tithes and offerings of each parish, which of right belonged originally to the Bishop and clergy of the Diocese at large, were applied to the maintenance of the parochial clergyman.

It is here, also, important to bear in mind that the Church which was thus settled and endowed by the land-owners of the country, was, in all essential points, the same as the present Church of England. The form of government in the Church endowed by our ancestors was that by *Bishop, Priests, and Deacons*; and with respect to those Articles of Faith peculiar to Popery—such as *The Supremacy of the Pope, The Merit of Good Works, The Seven Sacraments, Transubstantiation, The Insufficiency of Holy Scripture, The Worship of Images, &c.*—the ancient Church of this country was essentially PROTESTANT.

Such was the general condition of the Anglo-Saxon Church before it was disturbed by the Norman Conquest.

To be continued.

From the Philadelphia Observer.

SAD STEAMBOAT DISASTER.

Ohio River, steamboat Robert Emmett, Nov. 18, 1836.

Dear brother,—Your friend, the writer, trusts that he is not a Jonah in his travels, and yet from much travelling and the will of heaven he has to tell of some sad disasters. Formerly I could say, 'a night I have been in the deep,' in reference to the stranding of the steamboat 'Connecticut,' in the time of a hurricane, and then I thought the scene a dreadful one, when sixty passengers for hours were washed with swelling waves and expected a watery grave; but none of them were lost. On the 17th inst. I was roused from slumber on board the steamboat Flora, lying at a wood yard about thirty miles below Cincinnati. We had come in her from St. Louis in Missouri, in a pleasant passage of nearly five days, and had been highly gratified with the neatness of the boat, good fare, agreeable fellow-passengers, the kind attention of her captain and good order among his crew. We listened on the evening of the 16th to some sacred airs played by Mr. Benjamin Myrick, of Charlestown, Mass. on the German flute, while several joined their vocal praise to his instrumental music, and all had gone to rest in expectation of being in Cincinnati the next morning. But a noise appalling awoke me at five o'clock, A. M. and I said within myself, 'the boiler has burst.' Instantly it occurred to my mind that the danger from flying portions of iron was gone with the sound and that inhaling the steam was the worst thing subsequently to be dreaded. Holding my breath, I arose from my berth with the intention of seeking my wife and children in their state-room, which was situated almost twenty feet aloft of the place where I had slept, but the steam prevented me from seeing anything but itself, and a sense of suffocation drove me back to my berth, and the window in it which I opened, and thrust my head out to take an inhalation. Again I attempted to pass through the cabin, but met with the same powerful resistance. Then I plunged through the casement, and forcing open the side door of the cabin, opened the opposite door, when a current of air gave immediate relief. Passing around the guard to the state-room window I found my wife and two children gone, but soon found the latter in the ladies' cabin, and the former calling aloud for me near the berth in which I had reposed. Thanks to our guardian God, we were all alive and sound, while twenty of our fellow-passengers had been scalded, or wounded with broken glass. In the fright, two had jumped into the river and been taken up by the yawl.

The steamboat Mountaineer soon came along side of the Flora and towed her up to Cincinnati. Of the order of events from five o'clock until noon I can scarcely tell you any thing, except that I could not get time to put on my clothes before ten o'clock, in consequence of the numerous scalded faces, hands, arms, feet, necks, and legs, to be bathed in brandy and water, the only remedy on board, except the occasional ministration of laudanum. Two-thirds of the people on board, including all above and below, were unhurt, but not all men have sufficient presence of mind in such circumstances, and sufficient experience to be useful

surgeons and nurses. My wife and myself had before been sadly trained, by the loss of a dear child, which you may remember was burnt to her death. What could be done for the sufferers was done, but oh! how slight the relief which can be given to those whose skin hangs like white ribbands from half their external surface, and whose throats and organs of respiration have been all scalded at once! ***

Philadelphia, Dec. 12.—Returning from the borders of the grave, near which I have been confined for twenty days past, I resume my narrative through the hand of an amanuensis. Mr. McLaughlin has left a widow and a large family of children to lament his untimely death. Mr. Myrick appears to have been an amiable and pious man. On the evening preceding his death he played, among other airs, 'Courage Disconsolate,' 'Coronation,' and 'Watchman, tell us of the night.' Soon after he was scalded, I found him in my berth and bathed him. He said 'I can't live—I must die.' He had slept in the captain's state-room near the boilers, and was so scalded as to remove most of the skin of his face and all the skin and nails of his hands and feet. He suffered most, however, in his throat and lungs, and from the first was scarcely able to swallow anything. I said to him 'There is neither hope nor help for you, but in the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' He replied, 'I know it,' and having committed to me all his worldly effects, and desired that I would have him buried, he folded his bleeding hands upon his breast in prayer. In this exercise he seemed to continue resigning his soul to Jesus, until, without a struggle or a groan, he breathed his last. Moses, a waiter in the cabin, aroused from sleep by the noise, though he had slept too long and ran to light a candle and waken the steward. The steam met him and covered his mouth, face and chest with blisters. I dressed his wounds twice, but he expired the next morning.

Another deeply interesting case of suffering was that of the Hon. George L. Kinnard, member of Congress from Indiana. He was badly scalded in the face, left arm, right groin, feet and ankles. He committed to me his pocket-book and keys, and insisted on knowing the worst of his case. I told him that there were four persons worse scalded than himself. He manifested a great dread of being disfigured and maimed if he should recover. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'If I were but prepared to die, I should be resigned. I gave up all for lost, and would have thrown myself overboard in anguish and despair, but was prevented.'

So far as practicable, while bathing him, and opening his blisters, I administered to him the consolations of the gospel, and assured him that there is mercy with God, that he may be feared, and that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 'I know it, Sir,' said he, 'and for the first time have begun to pray to God to be merciful to me a sinner.' I told him that he could not offer a more suitable prayer, and that God, when thus addressed in sincerity, is ever ready to hear.

'But,' said he, 'I have long slighted all God's entreaties and abused his mercies.'

'Alas,' I answered him, 'we have all done the same in times past, but God is slow to anger and ready to forgive.'

'I have had a pious mother and sister,' said he, 'to pray for me; but I would not heed them, and now I find that all my seeming morality was no morality in God's sight.'

'True,' I answered, 'there is no real morality without true piety towards God, but I must think that God has sent this calamity on you, and is now overruling it in mercy in answer to the prayers of your pious friends.'

During our repeated conversations, he addressed many short prayers to the throne of grace.

After his removal from the boat to the hospitable mansion of the Hon. Mr. Lytle, he desired I should be sent for to pray with him. Before I knew of this request, however, I called and found him making his will. In that instrument he inserted an expression of his faith in Christ, and deep sense of his merits. When he had finished his will, he begged all present to take notice that he had been a great sinner in the sight of God, and now desired nothing so much as reconciliation to God by Jesus Christ. He entreated all to pray for him, and when I had concluded an address to the throne of grace, he besought me not to cease to pray for him while he lived. I called on him again on the morning of the Eighteenth of November, and found him in the same frame of mind, supported by hope in God. The papers have since informed us that he has been called away to his eternal home. He was evidently a man of strong, sound intellect, and who can tell but that this steamboat disaster was appointed for his everlasting salvation.—*Ezra Stiles Ely.*

THERMOMETER

At Lunenburg, marked at noon—northern exposure.

Average. Maximum. Minimum.

October.....50.....64.....36

November.....41.....56.....29

December.....32.....50.....10

January.....27.....41.....9

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

LUNENBURG, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1837.

CHURCH IN LUNENBURG (concluded).—Upon the departure of Mr. Ferryman, the Rev. Roger Aitken, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and late chaplain to his Majesty's forces at Moose Island—was appointed to the mission; and arrived at Lunenburg in the summer of 1817. He continued in charge until the year 1825, when after suffering for many months by ill health, he departed this life at Halifax, whither he had removed for the benefit of his health, and was interred in St. Paul's church yard. He was succeeded by the present incumbent, who had been assisting Mr. Aitken for some months before his death, in the duties of the parish.

In June 1826, the present Bishop, who had arrived from England in the previous November, visited Lunenburg, and consecrated the Church by the name of St. John—a ceremony, which, though the building had been so long erected, had from various causes never been performed. A confirmation was held at the same time, when nearly 200 persons presented themselves for the imposition of hands. The burial ground, which is held in common with the other congregations, was also consecrated, the ministers of the Lutheran, and German reformed churches, attending in their gowns. This was the first episcopal visit which the parish had enjoyed for the last eighteen years, and was highly gratifying to the people, and beneficial to the interests of the church, infusing new life into the slumbering energies of the parish, and renovating an attachment to the order and services of the Establishment. A congratulatory address was presented to the Bishop, by the Rector, Wardens and Vestry, and other inhabitants; and he was received with every mark of respect due to his sacred office, and to the weight of his personal character, as the untiring friend and important benefactor of the provincial church. Since that period, namely, in 1829, 1832, and 1834, his Lordship has held three confirmations in Lunenburg, at which about 200 persons received that apostolic rite;—and in July 1835, he consecrated by the name of St. James's chapel, a very neat and commodious church at Mahone Bay, which by the spirited exertions of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood, aided by the ever-bountiful Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and some subscriptions at Halifax, had been completely finished and prepared for consecration in a very short space of time, and at comparatively small expense. It contains about 600 persons, and cost little more than £400. It is "beautiful for situation," adjoining the resting place of the dead, at the head of a fine and spacious bay, and surrounded by delightful scenery—"O how amiable are thy dwellings thou Lord of hosts."—For part of 1834 and 1835 the Rector was assisted by the Rev. T. C. Leaver and Rev. W. H. Snyder, who officiated chiefly at Mahone Bay. At present he performs service there every second Sunday.

A sketch of the parochial history during the present incumbency must be left for other hands. The writer contents himself in conclusion with briefly stating the condition of the parish now. Its dimensions are about 40 miles in length, with an average breadth of about 12 miles—population about 5,000, including all persuasions. Divine service is performed always twice on Sunday in the parish church, besides the semi-monthly duty at Mahone Bay, and the congregations are generally good, with such exceptions as those who, alas! in every place, are too apt to "forsake the assembling of themselves together." There is also an evening weekly lecture, held in the winter in the school-house, and in the summer in the church. There are six country stations at which the missionary regularly officiates, besides four others where he goes occasionally, all distant from town from 33 to 7 miles. It appears from the following abstract of his report for 1836, that in that year he preached 245 times—baptized 100—buried 13—married 16—and travelled 2250 miles. The whole number of communicants is 240. Of the parochial Sunday school, containing 200 children, some notice has already appeared. There is one at Mahone Bay, and there are others at various country stations. It may be truly said that there prevails here a very general respect for, and attach-