

## Youth's Department.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

XXIV. MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS IN B.—CONTINUED.

288. Who was Bildad? and what were the names of the two other friends of Job who attempted to comfort him?—(Job.)

289. Who was Blastus? on whose behalf did he intercede with his royal master? and what was the peculiar judgment which in the issue overtook the King?—(Acts.)

290. Which of the Apostles were surnamed Boanerges? and what is the import of the term?—(Mark.)

291. Boaz was the kinsman of Elimelech the husband of Naomi; and he afterwards married Ruth the Moabitess.—Who was the father of Boaz? and who was his son? and how does he stand related to king David?—(Ruth.)

292. Bochim signifies weepers.—Can you mention the occasion which gave rise to the name?—(Judges.)

293. Bozrah was the capital of the Eastern Idumea. The Saviour is represented as coming with dyed garments from this royal city of Edom.—Do you recollect the passage in which this striking description occurs?—(Isaiah.)

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

Aug. 26.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.  
Sept. 2.—Twelfth do. do.  
9.—Thirteenth do. do.

## PERRANZABULOE,

OR THE LOST CHURCH FOUND.

From a work by the Rev. C. Trelawney Collins.

At the time when Christianity was first introduced into Cornwall, the people, like all the other inhabitants of the British islands, were devoted to the strange religion of the Druids,—a religion that seems to have been a singular combination of the worship of many gods with a belief in one God. They believed in some great universal Intelligence, and at the same time worshipped the hosts of heaven. Yet the sun, the moon, and the stars, were not the only objects of their veneration; the sublimest and wildest objects of nature were transformed into so many deities. Rocks, and cataracts, and torrents, and stately oak-trees, were all the abode of some supernatural intelligence. Their priests, combining in themselves all political as well as religious authority, offered human sacrifices on every altar. Cornwall, from the natural boldness and wildness of its scenery, seems to have been, more than any other portion of Britain, the favourite seat of Druidism. Hence the numerous altars, circles, basins, and cromlechs, which still abound in that interesting country, and which, through its length and its breadth, from Tintagel to Castle Trevyn, and from the frowning rocks of Carnibic to "Duloc's dark stream," proclaim, by their number and their magnitude, "there were giants in those days."

The people, no doubt, partook of the savage wildness of their mountains, and the character of their human creed; and though their intercourse with the Phœnician merchants must have largely contributed to their civilization, and rendered them more easily accessible to the early Christian missionaries, still they did not easily relinquish a religion closely associated with their wild and romantic scenery. Historians are not agreed when Christianity was first planted in Cornwall; probably, however, it was not later than early in the third century; for after the Saxons spread their conquests from east to west, "the Cornish purchased, by an annual tribute, from Cerdocius, permission still to exercise the rites of the Christian religion." We know also, that about the middle of the fourth century, Solomon, duke of Cornwall, openly professed Christianity; and the nobles, clergy and people, at the end of that century, "lived happily together in the bonds of Christian unity." The first Cornish apostle of note was Corantinus (now called Cury), born in Brittany, who first preached to his own countrymen, and then to the Irish, till, being expelled from Ireland, he settled at the foot of Meneloh, a mountain in Cornwall; and was consecrated bishop by St. Martin, bishop of Tours; and converted almost the whole of Cornwall before his death, A. D. 401.

Piramus, a man of noble family, of Ossory, now began to attract attention. He passed the first thirty years in Ireland leading a moral life, though not yet converted to Christianity. His conversion having been effected by means of a Christian laic, in 382, he went to Rome, where he was baptized, and from whence, after devoting some years to the study of the Scriptures, having, meanwhile, been consecrated a bishop, he returned to Ireland with five priests, who were afterwards bishops, viz. Lugarius, Columban, Meldanus, Lugad, and Cossan.

His first residence was in the heart of Ireland, close to a lake called Fuarar; here he built a cell for himself, to which his sanctity attracted such crowds, that a town was at last built there, called Taiger. He was very successful in converting that savage people, and among others, his master—called, according to Usher, Liadan, or, with greater probability, according to Leland, Wingela—and all his family, who constituted the clan of Osraig.

In confirmation of his doctrine, and as a proof of his sanctity, it is asserted that God wrought great miracles by his hands. His cell was thronged with visitors from all parts, which so distracted his attention, that, anxious for more retirement, he passed over into Cornwall, taking with him his mother and many others, who acquired such veneration among the people, that the Cornish have consecrated almost all their towns to the memory of Irish saints; "witness," says Camden, "St. Burian, St. Ives, St. Mewan," &c.—These missionaries took different directions. Piramus himself went to the east, and settled in a district near the sea, now known by the name of Perranzabuloe, or St. Piran in the Sand.\* Here he fixed his abode by a spring of water that still bears his name, but anciently called Fenton Berran. Here he not only instructed the people in the great truths of Christianity, but communicated to them the art of reducing from their oxides the metals which there abound. The Cornish miners have therefore always regarded him as their tutelary saint. His memory is still cherished; and on the 5th of March, the "tanners keep his feast, and hold a fair on the same day near his Church," being allowed to make merry withal in honour of St. Piranus.

The venerable saint could, in the decline of life, point to the success of his labours. Having exhorted his converts to remain steadfast in the faith, and feeling his departure at hand, he commanded his grave to be dug, and, descending into it, he knelt down, and meekly surrendered his soul

into the hands of his Creator. His flock immediately erected a Church on the spot inscribed with his name, and which became the resort of Christian worshippers from all parts of the country. The Britons in Cornwall resisted the usurpations of Rome much longer than the rest of their countrymen; and it was not until the year 905 that they surrendered any portion of their independence. At that fatal period, "Edward the Elder, with the pope's consent, settled a bishop's see among them, which by the pope's power, then greatly prevailing, in a short time reduced them, much against their wills, to submit their ancient faith to the conduct of papal discipline." During the dark and troubled times which succeeded, little is known of the history of St. Piran's Church, beyond the fact, that time did not diminish the reputation of the saint. On the contrary, his shrine became the resort of devout worshippers without number, and princes and nobles did not disdain to kneel at the tomb of the Cornish apostle. In after ages, as the Romish superstitions increased, and the merits of pilgrimages and of sin-offerings became at once an article of faith and a source of revenue to a corrupt priesthood, so were multiplied to an extraordinary extent the rich oblations that were laid on St. Piran's tomb. And it is no insignificant proof of the wealth that was thus accumulated even as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, that at that time a dean and canons were established there, and the Church was endowed with estates, and the privileges of a sanctuary. It was afterwards considered by Henry I. sufficiently valuable to be made by him a royal gift to the dean and chapter of Exeter.

The Church of St. Piran, so celebrated in Cornish annals disappeared in process of time in the most remarkable manner. The overwhelming weight of the great Western sea advanced, and invaded, year after year, the fruitful district in which it stood, and at length the Church was buried in the sand. The overflowing surge had so effectually done its work, that not a trace remained to mark the place of its entombment, save a swelling mound. Yet the neighboring tinner, as he passed the spot, seemed to feel a religious awe as he journeyed by. Their children bowed their uncovered heads; and with quickened pace and suspicious look, ran past on the other side.

Centuries rolled away, the sands deepened, and the winds and waves further encroached; so that this persecuted "parish but too well brooketh his surname 'in sabulo' for the light sand, carried by the north wind from the sea-shore, daily continueth his covering, and marring the lands adjoining; so as the distress of this deluge drove the inhabitants to remove their Church."† And we find from another ancient historian, that more than 300 years ago the parish was "almost drowned with the sea-sande, that the north-west wind whirleth and driveth to the lande in such force as the inhabitants have been once already forced to remove their Church; and yet they are so annoyed as they dayley loose their lands."‡

Such has been the melancholy condition of Perranzabuloe nearly from the time of the Norman invasion; though there is reason to believe that the church itself was not entirely buried till the twelfth century.

Many have been the attempts made from time to time by enterprising individuals to clear away the overwhelming mass, and to restore to the light of day so interesting a relic of the piety of their forefathers. At times the work seemed to prosper in their hands; and at the moment when success had almost crowned their labour, their old enemies, the waves and the winds, would mar the enterprise, and the church slept on in her sandy bed.

At length approached the year 1835, the glorious tercentenary of the unlocking of the Bible from the tongue in which it had been hidden from the people. It is a curious and memorable coincidence, that in this same year another treasure, precious to every Cornish Protestant, has also been unlocked by the single efforts of a spirited individual: Perranzabuloe—the lost has been found—the bound has been set free. A gentleman of singular enterprise and perseverance, neither deterred by difficulties, nor intimidated by former failures, resolutely put his hand to the work; and tho' the waves foamed on the neighbouring shore, and the winds with more than accustomed fury, "drove and whirled" around him the densest clouds of suffocating sand, yet, nothing dismayed, the work advanced, every obstacle was overcome, till at last he had the unspeakable honour and happiness of laying open the ancient British church, and of presenting it in all its unpretending simplicity, to the wonder of antiquarians, and the gratitude of Cornish men.

The sand that for centuries had been accumulating was carefully removed, and every part of the sacred building, though deeply enervated with the penetrating dust, was easily restored to its original state; so that, with the exception of its roof and doors, it was found to be as perfect as when first erected. The masonry of the walls is remarkably rude, but as remarkably solid and compact, and without doubt is one of the earliest specimens of stone-building that superseded the mud-walled walls of the first British churches. It appears never to have contained more than one small window, and probably never possessed a roof, or otherwise at that early time service might have been performed by the light of tapers; for we learn from an early historian, that in Achaia, in Thessaly, and Jerusalem, it was the custom to go to prayers when the candles were lighted; and likewise that in Cappadocia, Cyprus and Cæsarea, the bishops and presbyters did not expound the Scriptures till after the candles were lighted. This early practice was afterwards converted into two distinct offices in the Greek and Latin Churches; in the former it was called *luchnikon*—in the latter, *lucernarium*. It is possible, therefore, that this custom of some of the eastern churches might have been introduced at Perranzabuloe, and may thus account for the absence of windows.

The doorway is in high preservation, neatly ornamented with the Egyptian zig-zag, or arrow, waving on the key-stone of its round-headed arch a tiger's head sculptured, and two human heads on the corbels of the arch. On entering the interior, it was found to contain none of the modern accompaniments of a Roman Catholic place of worship. Here was no rood-loft for the hanging up of the host, nor the vain display of fabricated relics; no latticed confessional; no sacring-bell; no daubed and decorated images of the Virgin or of saints. There was nothing found that indicated the adoration of the wafer, or masses for the dead. The most diligent search was made for beads and rosaries, pyxes and agnus dei's, censers and crucifixes; but not the remnant of one could be discovered.

At the eastern end, in a plain unornamented chancel, stands a very neat, but simple stone altar; and in the nave

are stone seats, of the like simple construction, attached to the western, northern, and southern walls. The church originally contained a very curious stone font, which fortunately has been preserved, having been removed before the building was buried in the sand. This font was transferred to the second church mentioned by Carew and Norden, and now stands in the third, or present parish church at Sambourne. On removing the altar, three skeletons\* were discovered; one of gigantic dimensions, the second of moderate size, and the third apparently of a female. No doubt the former is that of the old saint Piranus† himself; and the latter his aged mother Wingela. They were carefully replaced in their narrow cell—there, let us hope, to remain undisturbed till that day when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."

Such are the particulars attending the discovery and restoration of Perranzabuloe—a discovery most interesting to the lover of antiquarian lore—a restoration invaluable to those who are happily within the pale of the Established Church. Legibly can we read in its history, now that it is scoured and cleared of what so long had defaced its ancient characters, the image and superscription of our pure and reformed Church; it illustrates in a manner most literally and strikingly true, the actual condition of the long-lost Church of England at the time of the Reformation, when it was not rebuilt, but restored, purged, and cleansed from those monstrous errors and incrustations which the Church of Rome, the great Western tyrant, had spread over the walls of our Zion, and by her repeated encroachments had at last entombed in the very dust and depth of her own abominations.

\* The ground around the church is now covered with human bones, which from time to time have been uncovered by the winds, and lie bleaching on the sand.

† "In sabulo positum S. Pirano sacellum."

## PASSING THOUGHTS.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

NO. XIII.

## THE GRAVE-STONE.

"It is useless to puzzle yourself any longer over what is utterly illegible—the letters are worn past all hope of deciphering a single sentence. Come away."

And thus ends the last effort of poor humanity to perpetuate its cherished sorrows, or to display its pompous boastings, in the sight of posterity. That old, grey, mossy stone, with its half-shadow of a cherub's face peeping out from the broken outline of a pair of wings; its green and yellow patches of corroded surface, where the long inscription once appeared; and its slanting position, bending forward while it sinks sideways into the soil—that is the sole surviving memento of—what? It is a memento, for it says "Remember;" but who or what is to be remembered by it, all the wit of all earth's wise ones cannot discover. Nay, though, right under the cherub's chin, we may trace the course of the "Hic jacet," by knowing where it should stand, still, no more is communicated than the bare existence of such a tablet in that place must make known. It is a grave—its inmate has long tenanted the silent dwelling; and here our information ceases.

Is it, then, idle and vain so to mark a spot, endeared, perhaps, to some fond breast far beyond all that the residue of the globe contains? No; it is comely and befitting our nature so to do; though I look on the practice not as a mere natural impulse, but as one among the multitude of unregarded evidences afforded of the doctrine of the resurrection, as having been revealed to man from the earliest period. We find the art, not only of sepulture, but of preserving the human body itself after death, carried to a pitch of perfection at which modern science can only gaze and wonder, when unrolling from its delicate wrappers the corpse of two or three thousand years' unchanged existence. It seems to bespeak a thorough conviction that the spirit would reanimate its earthly tenement; but with a total ignorance or mistrust of the Power that could gather up the scattered dust, and say,

"Lost in earth, in air, or main,  
Kindred atoms meet again!"

Probably not to one in a thousand who puts a head-stone at the grave of a departed friend does it occur that there is the remotest connexion between his act and the recognition of a great and glorious truth; yet I cannot sever them. That the custom prevails, with extravagant additions, such as the periodical digging up and cressing of the dry bones, among some people lost in the lowest depths of barbarism, and destitute even of a ray of spiritual understanding, does not militate against the supposition. It is in such circumstances that we find the rites of propitiatory sacrifice observed with jealous care, and practised with unsparring cruelty. Yet who questions the divine origin of the sacrificial rite, or fails to recognize in it a testimony to the truth of holy writ, proving that the sons of Noah, of whom the whole earth was overspread, transmitted, each to his descendants, an obligatory knowledge of the act which they with their fathers first performed upon issuing from the ark by offering on an altar the victims miraculously preserved for that purpose? I know it is a question with some, whether the doctrine of the resurrection of the body was held in the patriarchal Church; but so clear to my apprehension is the language of Scripture on this point, that I never could contrive to perplex myself with a doubt. I believe it to have been as well understood by the earliest of the Old Testament saints as the nature and end of sacrifices. I love to think so. And on an old illegible grave-stone I can find a lesson written, beyond the mere tale of how the fashion of this world passeth away.

The feeling to which I refer the origin of monuments erected on the spot where the dead moulder, is distinct from that which would record their names in historical tablets. In the former there would be something as humiliating as in the latter there is honourable distinction, were it not connected with a higher destiny. The old custom of burning the dead is far less harrowing to the mind than, on deliberate reflection, is the fearful process of gradual decomposition, and ultimate mingling with a cold damp soil. The ancients enclosed in an urn the calcined mass obtained from their funeral pyres and stored it up; but to put a mark upon the spot where corruption and the worm are fulfilling their slow, noisome task on the body of a beloved object, does really seem like a triumph of faith over sight, of hope over experience, worthy of those who have been taught concerning them that sleep in Jesus, that their scattered dust shall rise again. Then how sublime becomes the language of a grave-stone!

"Stop," says the crumbling monument of by-gone generations,—stop, passengers, and mark me. Here lies a brother of your race; I shew you precisely where he was laid under the sod. Dig now, even to the centre, in quest of the frame so fearfully and wonderfully made. Search, sift every handful of earth as you cast it forth, you shall not find a vestige of my charge. All is resolved into the parent element;

beyond the power of your keenest investigation to separate or to discern the one from the other. Yet, read me again. Here lies that mortal; and hence he shall again come forth, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump—What you toss around you is the corruptible that must put on incorruption; the mortal that must put on immortality.—Go, learn from my defaced surface a lesson of faith.—Blessed are they which believe, yet see not."

Summon me not, therefore, from gazing on this crumbling head-stone. I may rove far, and look upon many an object, before I encounter a monitor at once so humble, so venerable, so faithful, and so just.

## The Garner.

GOOD WORKS NECESSARY BUT NOT MERITORIOUS.

One reason against all merit of our good works is this: there is no just proportion between our works of righteousness, and the reward of them. Our good works are but a few seeds; but the reward is a harvest. He that sows in righteousness, shall reap and receive his reward, not according to the small proportion of the seeds of righteousness that he hath sown, but according to the measure of the divine mercy and goodness, which used superabundantly to remunerate man's slender performances. As in a good and plentiful year, the harvest or crop that is reaped, vastly exceeds the seed sown, every grain yielding many more; so, and much more it is here. What poor slender seeds of righteousness do we sow! But O the vast crop and harvest of glory that shall, through the mercy of God, spring and rise out of those seeds! It shall be so great, that when we come to reap it, we ourselves shall stand amazed at it. He, therefore, who hath sown the seeds of righteousness most plentifully, must look for his harvest of glory only from the mercy of God. He that is richest in good works, must sue for heaven in the quality of a poor worthless creature, that needs infinite mercy to bring him thither: mercy to pardon his sins done before his good works; mercy to forgive the sins and defects in his works; mercy to advance his works, (which, though supposed never so perfect, are yet finite and temporary) to the possibility of an infinite and endless reward. He must confess with St. Paul, that eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ; that it is the rich purchase of Christ's most precious blood, by which alone a covenant of eternal life was established upon the gracious condition of faith working by love; that it was the grace of the Divine Spirit, promised in the same covenant, that prevented him, and co-operated with him, and continually assisted and followed him in all his good works; and consequently, that though his crown of glory be a crown of righteousness, that is of God's righteousness, whereby he is obliged to make good his own covenant; yet that it is a crown of mercy too, because that covenant itself was a covenant of infinite grace and mercy.—Bishop Bull.

## RELIGIOUS TRIFLING.

How willing are we to engage in speculative discussions, to talk, and argue, and reason about some of the mysterious doctrines of the Gospel, and to persuade ourselves, because we are interested in these things that all is right with us. Men will argue about the state of the soul between the time of death and the time of judgment; will discuss the probability of our having the same bodies in a glorious state to which our souls are united in this world; will agitate their minds about the condition of the lost angels; and a thousand such things will draw away their thoughts from the one great question, whether the promise of the Father be yet come upon them, whether the Spirit of the Most High hath yet converted their souls, and given them power over the defilement of their hearts; over the temptations of the world, over the lusts of the flesh, over the devices of the devil.—Rev. W. Cogswell.

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EDITOR for the time being, The Rev. A. N. Bethune, to whom all communications for insertion in the paper (post paid) are to be addressed, as well as remittances of Subscription.

\* Perranzabuloe takes its name from "Piramus in sabula." Piran in the fine sand (sabulum). In the ancient Cornish language it is "Pieran in Treth."

\* Carew's survey of Cornwall.

† Norden's History of Cornwall.

‡ William Mitche's Esq. of Camperquey, near Turo.

§ A bell rung before the host.