

*Extracts from Archdeacon Wix's Journal.*

## NEW FOUNDLAND.

March 22, 1836, (Sexages Sunday.)—There were 14 communicants after morning service at church, and I also administered the sacrament to an aged person, a man of seventy-seven, in his own house, who remembered the French being in Trinity Bay in 1766. I held two full services, baptized two children at church, and one in private. As there was no stove in the church which could be lighted, and the weather was exceedingly cold, we suffered much during the service. After the two services I walked to Dildo Cove, by a church-path made by the people, which is very creditable to the devotional feeling of the settlers. Here the weather detained me at the house of Samuel Pretty, a respectable old planter. It was delightful to hear this old churchman contrast, with gratitude, the spiritual condition of the people in this part of the island now, with what it was when he first came out from Chard, in Somersetshire, sixty years ago:—

'It is bad enough, now, Sir; but then, twelve months and twelve months would pass without our hearing a word of a book, or any talk about a church.' New Harbour and Dildo Cove, are places which present fine scenery to the admirer of nature; yet I learned that, before Mr. Pretty came thither, they had been the scenes of some very savage murders, into which, such was the imperfect state of the magistracy of Newfoundland at that period, no inquiry whatever was made. Indeed, in some parts of the island which I have visited, infanticide, and violence, terminating in death, would scarcely create inquiry now.'

Monday 30.—Called at Brunette Island, twelve miles, at half past two, P.M., and after holding full service to eighteen persons, and baptizing five children, weighed anchor at six P.M. Here we saw the wreck of the Royal Nigger, a fine vessel of the Messrs. Newman, which had run ashore at this place on her way to St. John's, about Christmas last; and which, I regret to say, the people, instead of protecting as they might have done for its owners, had been unprincipled enough to plunder and break up.

Wednesday, April 1.—It did not clear up till ten, A. M., when I started in the Paul Pry sloop, accompanied by Mr. Gallop, and Mr. Thomas Gaden the sub-collector of His Majesty's Customs, who had come on with me from Harbour Briton. I passed Furby's Cove, sending the inhabitants notice of my intention to hold service there in the evening, upon my return; and I proceeded eight miles to Olave's Cove, which I reached before the sloop, in Mr. Gallop's light eight-oared gig, and had assembled the three resident families for service by the time of her arrival:—baptized five children in full service. I was glad to find here a few copies of Bishop Blomfield's Prayers, and some other books of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. A Clergyman in the neighbourhood of Sturminster had sent them out to one of the planters, who had very profitably dispersed them among the settlers around him. How much, under God, do this and similar societies effect towards keeping up a knowledge of Christian doctrine, and Christian requirements in these spiritually destitute settlements! I left this place at four, and got to Furby's Cove by five P.M. I held full service to sixty persons; baptizing fifteen children. The people of this neighbourhood are very warmly attached to the Church of their fathers, and, when asked respecting their creed, say, they belong to 'the good old English religion;' and I believe that, in the main, removed as they are from all social means of edification, some of them really adorn their good profession, although the too general prevalence of spirit-drinking, even among the females, is much to be lamented. When it is considered in England, that the original settlers of some of these places possessed, on coming out to this country, only the common modicum of attainments which fell to the lot of the inhabitants of English villages, before the institution of Sunday schools, it may be conceived, what the third and fourth generations in many such places are likely to be.

Wednesday, April 22.—Off at five, A. M., in a very heavy swell; the wind contrary and bitterly piercing. I reached W. Strickland's, however, at Long Island Harbour, by half-past seven, A. M. There was much 'swish ice' in the Harbour which we left,

and we found much of the same here also. The people, being upon their fishing-ground outside, had seen us go into their harbour, so they returned, on so unusual an event as the entrance of a strange boat to their harbour, and assembled for full service. I had one baptism, and was much pleased with their simple manner of singing. Sir Thomas J. Cockrane, the late excellent governor of Newfoundland, having put into Deer Island, White Bear Bay, while this Strickland and his brother John lived there, found them engaged, as is their custom, in reading prayers to their own and the neighbours' families on the Lord's day; and his Excellency presented him with a fine octavo prayer book, with the stamp of the Prayer Book, and Homily Society. Strickland is very proud of his treasure. When he showed it to me, he begged with much humility, that I would point out to him those parts of the public service which a lay-reader might use in a congregation. 'We never saw a church,' said he, 'or were where a church was, or got any schooling, for reading is hard to be got in these parts; but we taught ourselves, and go through the prayers alternate,' (he and his brother, he meant) 'morning and evening, each Sunday.' I promised to comply with a request which he, and scores similarly situated, made of me, that I would, soon after my return, send round some suitable sermons for his public reading, and I reminded him of the gracious promise of our Lord, that where two or three are gathered together in his name, there he will be in the midst of them. The younger branches of the families of these good men could all read. A reference to the report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the year 1830, will introduce the reader to a patriarch of the same name. I found him employed in the same useful way at the Borgeo Islands. His seed, it will be seen, from this description of two of the younger branches of the same stock, are likely to be blessed. At little Bay, close to this place, so plentiful is the fish all the year round, that the women and children cut holes in the salt water ice, and catch great quantities of codfish all through the winter. Left Long Island after service. Three hours cold rowing against nearly a head wind, attended with snow squalls, brought me to Pushtrough, Grand Jervis, upon the main. There I assembled a large congregation in the house of Charles King and his wife, whom I had visited in 1830. Nothing could exceed the joy with which this good pair welcomed this my second appearance among them. The increase of the population in settlements of this description, is most rapid. I baptized twenty-two children here, all of whom had been born since my last visit, and there were some young children besides, who, from the absence of their parents or sponsors, or other reasons, were not now presented for this sacrament. How needful are scriptural schools in these rapidly increasing settlements! A 'New Manual,' which, with some other good books, was in possession of my venerable hostess, was much and deservedly prized by the old lady. There had not been a single instance of mortality in this settlement since my last visit. Engaged a young man of superior education, whom I found here, lately from Jersey, to read to the people on Sundays, and promised to supply him with proper books for the purpose.

Thursday 23.—Although I could not retire to bed until one, A. M. I was up by half-past five A. M., and off by eight, for Bonne Bay, four miles, which I reached by ten. My host here had been thirty-three years in Newfoundland, and had never in that time seen any minister of religion. Full service in the evening, and eighteen baptisms. There was, I regret to state, a case in this settlement, of habitual intemperance in a female.

## ANECDOTE.

Sir James Thornbull was the man who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back gradually to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eye intently on the painting) that he was gone almost to the edge of the scaffold without perceiving it. Had he continued to retreat, half a minute more would have completed his destruction, and he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present who saw the great danger the great artist was in, had the

happy presence of mind suddenly to snatch up one of the brushes and spoil the painting by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage soon turned into thanks when the person told him, "Sir by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter. You were advancing to the extremity of the scaffold without knowing it. Had I called out to you to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you; and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation would have made you fall indeed. I had therefore no other method of retrieving you but by acting as I did." Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with his people. We are all naturally fond of our own performances. We admire them to our own ruin unless the Holy Spirit retrieves us from our folly.—This he does by showing us the insufficiency of our works to justify us before God, and that "by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified."—*N. Y. Ch. Intel.*

He who teaches religion without exemplifying it, loses the advantage of its best argument.—*Gilpin.*

We write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former.—*Bp. Hall.*

*For the Colonial Churchman.*

## ON CHRISTIAN POLITENESS IN CHURCH.

## "BE COURTEOUS."

Such will all be who have the spirit of Christ. It has often been remarked that *that* spirit tends to polish the outward, as well as to sanctify the inward man,—to make those meek and gentle and kind in their behaviour, who were naturally the reverse.—And if there be one place more than another where christian courtesy should be conspicuous, surely it ought to be in the House of God. There is reason to fear, however, that sometimes its exercise is forgotten. I speak not of that courtesy which we sometimes see there, but which is most unseemly in the House of Prayer—the smiles and the bows which are exchanged as people enter or leave it—the '*how do ye do's*'—the shaking of hands—and how is Mrs. B. to-day and all the little ones?—or such leanings over pews as we see as soon as the service is over, with the audible whisperings of '*how dreadful cold the Church is to-day!*'—'*what a long sermon we have had!*'—'*what a beautiful bonnet Miss G. has on!*'—is the packet coming? &c. These things seem to betray ignorance that the '*Lord is in this place,*' and the sooner such courtesies are stopped the better. In solemn silence should we rise from our knees when the service is ended, after asking the Divine blessing on what has been said, and the Divine forgiveness for what has been amiss; and in silence retire from the presence of the great Jehovah—pondering on His word that has been read and preached in our ears.

But by the exercise of christian politeness in the Church, to which I allude, I mean that attention to the accommodation of others, especially of strangers, which is so becoming, but the absence of which is sometimes complained of in our congregations.—How painful it is to see a stranger enter a church and stand in the aisle, or walk slowly through it, vainly hoping for the christian courtesy of seeing a pew door opened to receive him and enable him to join in the worship of God. Still more painful is it to see owners of pews so tenacious of their property as to turn out those who may have ventured to enter in where a vacant seat appeared, and either drive them from the church, or leave them to beg from door to door for the charity which they have denied. Surely it cannot be considered how thereby the feelings of a fellow christian are wounded; it cannot be remembered that God is no respecter of persons, and that He is the owner of every pew and of every owner, and cannot be pleased when the humblest worshipper in His courts is refused a place there. It cannot be considered that in driving persons from our pews we may be driving them from the last opportunity they would have had of hearing that Word which is able to save their souls.—If the heart is filled with the right spirit, will we not give up our