

had overthrown the whole Papacy, with her brotherhoods, pardons, religious orders, relics, ceremonies, invocation of saints, purgatory, masses, watching, vows and infinite other like abominations. But they leaving off the preaching of faith and true Christian righteousness, have gone another way to work, to the great hindrance both of sound doctrine, and of the Church."—*Martin Luther.*

GENERAL NOTICE.

FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

DEVOTION.

"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—*St. John, xvi. 24.*

SAVIOUR of all, in prayer to Thee,
Before Thy throne I bend my knee:
In mercy hear me while I claim
The promise in Thy precious name.

I ask not earth's abundant cheer,
Nor wish in splendor to appear;
All I desire is for my soul,
Thy pard'ning love to make me whole.

'Tis much to ask, my sins outrun
The daily marchings of the Sun;
But love exhaustless as his ray,
Can blot them as a cloud away.

'Tis much to ask; my heart is weak,
And falters when for aid I seek,
But Thou shalt inward strength supply,
And pray the Father lest I die.

Teach me to pray, O Uncreate!
Thou all-prevailing Advocate;
Confirm and crown th' unfeeling plea,
"Thy precious blood was shed for me."

O fill my heart with love Divine,
And make my joy resemble Thine;
Fullness of joy, which Angels share,
When sinners name Thy name in prayer.

W. B.

* Gospel for the day.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

MR. EDITOR—

You perhaps know Three Fathom Harbour well. I was there a little time ago. The settlement near the entrance is small and scattered, and the dozen huts and stores clustered upon the beach near the eastern side of the channel, show that fishing is the prevailing occupation of the people. The harbour derives its shelter from Shut-in-Island, which lays out to the S. W., and which is nearly joined by a reef to the main land of Graham's Head. The island is low and rocky, but two families have managed to live and thrive upon it for years, who are principally supported by their fishing. Some good and fairly cultivated land appears on Graham's Head, the high hill on the western side of the harbour, and up the harbour there are green fields and good houses. The navigation is embarrassed by flats, and the channels are deep but intricate. It was the Lord's Day, and the weather being remarkably fine, I was glad to proceed partly by boat and partly by land, to a pretty and beautifully built Church, in which I was told there would be a morning service. As I approached the Church the houses were more grouped together, and the land bore the appearance of more careful cultivation. The congregation had all assembled, and as I entered the building the clergyman in a clear melodious voice, and with a manner highly reverential and appropriate, was delivering the beautiful exhortation at the commencement of the morning service. The church was well filled, perhaps 150 persons were present, and during the service the congregation appeared attentive, but were painfully silent as to responses—that work seemed abandoned to the church. The clergyman appeared somewhat aged, but his voice and manner were well adapted to impress and instruct his hearers. His style was natural, simple, and solemn. I have seldom heard the beautiful prayers of our church so feelingly and so solemnly addressed to God as by this minister, and forming one of a congregation greatly in contrast by education and pursuits, to the polished wanner and cultivated mind of the minister, it was very delightful to find him in every part of the Service, habitually reverential, and studiously careful to do all with earnestness and feeling. After an apology for the non-appearance of a written sermon, which appeared to have been mislaid, the worthy man opened upon the parable of the ten virgins in the Gospel of St. Matthew, and gave us a useful practical discourse, perhaps all the more attractive and better attended to because not read. I was sorry to hear that owing to the number of stations to be served, this interesting place has only the privilege of the missionary attendance once a month, and that no service was held on other Sundays. The permanency and growth of the church

would be most desirable in all similar stations, both that service should be held every Sabbath, and that as a matter of the highest importance, the lambs of the flock should be gathered together for Sabbath School instruction. But I suppose the paucity of ministers prevents the one, and the want of competent teachers the other.

A. LAYMAN.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

NEWS FROM LUNenburg.—The little fleet of fishing vessels have all returned in safety. Some have done well; some not so well, others but little. But altogether, they will bring their thousands of pounds into Lunenburg. Success to the fisheries.

Our fishermen without exception speak in the highest terms of Captain Daly, commander of the Cutter Daring. They report him to have been at his post morning, noon, and even at midnight. The Yankees would leave and sneak out of port at night, in the hope of taking lots of bloaters before the Cutter would be on the ground in the morning, but to their great surprise as daylight appeared, there was that watchful Daring in the midst of them, with his brass pieces pointed at them, giving them notice to quit, so that they were obliged to take their walking ticket in double quick time. The fishermen express the hope that the government will reward Capt. Daly for the noble way in which he has discharged his duty to the public in thus protecting the fishermen and fisheries of this Province. If not, they are determined to petition the House of Assembly in his favor. Success to Captain Daly.

Our fishermen anticipate great fishing next season, so much so, that they are now putting up several clippers. The schr Helen Maud, owned by Joshua Kaulback, Esq., and schr Rose, owned by William Ross, Esq., will challenge any vessel in the province. WELL DONE LUNENBURG!! NEWSMONGER.

N. B.—At a future day I will send you a list of all our fishing vessels with their cargoes. Many of our fishermen have cleared their £50 this season. This is another proof that lots of pure gold are to be fish'd from deeps around the shores of Nova Scotia, without going all the way to Australia.

News Department.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Tucker, Rector of St. George's Bermuda, to the Bishop of Newfoundland, dated—September 22, 1853.

MY DEAR LORD.

I have just received your note from Exploits, but how can I sit down to acknowledge it in the midst of this desolation? On the 1st of this month the yellow fever burst out on board the *Thames* bulk in St. George's, caused, it is supposed, by the mud and filth around the ship fermenting in the hot sun. All the convicts except 19 caught it; then it spread among the poor Europeans in the low streets in that neighbourhood; thence it attacked the soldiers, and, at a round guess, by this day it has carried off 230 persons in St. George's. As you may suppose, what with visiting the sick and burying the dead, I have scarcely had time to breathe. It is by God's mercy that I have now strength to write: I have several times been almost ready to give up. I dare not ask the other clergy to help me, for the risk is great, as we have scarcely a stranger that has not been seized, and I should dread its spreading to the other parts of the country.—Colonel Phillpotts is dead—so are Colonel Robe, Mrs. Oakley, Capt. and Mrs. Hare, Dr. Lawson, Lieutenant Woodford, Ensign Thackeray, six or seven Sergeants, Mr. Nash, (Storekeeper,) Miss Nash, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, with their son and one of their daughters, Mr. Tapp, Seth Harvey's only son, &c. I saw much of Colonel Phillpotts, and have just written to prevent his family coming on hither. He and Colonel Robe both died as true Christians, Major Oakley is ill, but I hope improving, Major Byles is now in command. The troops are encamped at the Ferry, the Barracks deserted. The new military Chapel used as a Hospital, as well as the verandahs of the hospitals filled. Some of the dead are buried with, and some without, coffins. No honours paid to officers—the bodies brought on ammunition carts, and with just enough persons to put them in their graves. One man had to assist some boys to bring his own wife.—The Church-yard is so full that after burying one or two in the paths, the Board of Health has taken a piece of the Park for the cemetery; and from the rapidity of decomposition burial takes place, if possible, within an hour of death, so that no hour can be fixed for inter-

ments; and I can scarcely get from one ground to the other fast enough, though I have more than once buried six or seven in one grave or pit. You may imagine after this description, that I am filled with thankfulness that I and my family are all spared so far, though we truly "know not what will be on the morrow."—All schools are closed—business at a stand: in short, you must imagine, for I cannot describe, the rest.—Miss Blackman arrived by the mail yesterday on a visit to the Whitmores. I went on board, and telling her it would not be hospitality but cruelty to invite her to any house in this town, sent her to Ireland Island to Capt. and Mrs. White. The Whitmores are both ill and insensible. Yesterday we thought he would die and she recover. To-day the expectation is just the reverse. Mrs. Whitmore was confined in her fever, the child, a girl, baptized, and it died. The fever is confined to St. George's, and I trust is now abating somewhat. The last thing Col. Phillpotts did, was to attempt (but in vain) to sign a proclamation for tomorrow, the 23rd, to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer, that God would be pleased to accept our humiliation and remove His heavy hand from us. In the short space of time I could seize (in time for the Clergy to give notice thereof in the Churches on Sunday last) I recommended to use the Communion Service, with the psalms and lessons you selected on the 9th of June, 1847; and I hope the feeling is general to observe the day with due sincerity.

Give me and my poor flock your prayers, my dear Bishop, and believe me,

My dear Lord, yours affectionately.

H. T. TUCKER.

UNITED STATES.

RENUNCIATION OF ROMANISM, AND LIBERAL DONATION TO THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Mr. George W. Beck, of Prospect Hill, Somerville, Mass., made a public renunciation of Romanism, and a declaration of adherence to the Communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the United States of America, on Sunday morning last, at Christ Church, in this city. The form was administered interrogatively, by the Rev. W. T. Smith, and witnessed by the Rev. Dr. Eaton, as the present and past Rectors of this ancient parish, of which, in early life, Mr. Beck had been a parishioner and Sunday scholar. He therefore only returns to the bosom of his mother, the church of his first love, after a vain search elsewhere for that unity of sentiment and holiness of life which too many suppose exist to perfection in that body of which he has been for many years a nominal member.

With this public demonstration of his faith and sentiments, Mr. Beck has given a substantial proof of his disinterestedness and sincerity. He has conveyed to the Bishop of this Diocese, the Rector of Christ Church, Boston, (*ex officio*) and the Rev. Drs. Wells and Eaton, and the Hon. William Appleton, as a Board of Trustees (the three latter to be succeeded by elective members, subject to the approval of the Diocesan Convention),—the establishment, long known as the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Prospect Hill, Somerville. This property, valued at a sum between \$5,000 and \$6,000, Mr. Beck has given in trust for the same purpose as it was originally designed for, "the education of orphans," but hereafter in the doctrine, discipline, and worship of this Reformed branch of the Holy Catholic Church.—*New York paper.*

ARREST OF TWO ROMISH PRIESTS.—Night before last says the *Cincinnati Times* of the 9th inst., a lady residing in the Sixth Ward, found two boys, 11 and 12 years of age, in her yard; and as they said they had no place to sleep, she took them into her house. As the conduct of the boys was somewhat strange she concluded to place them in charge of an officer, and immediately took them to the residence of watchman Thayer. This officer was at home, and questioned the boys closely, and finally succeeded in drawing from them the fact that they had that day run away from the St. Aloysius Orphan Asylum—an institution sustained by the German Catholics of this city. They gave as a reason for leaving the institution, the brutal treatment they had received. They were dressed in the clothes of the institution, and both are forlorn orphans, without home or friends.

They stated that they were often severely flogged with a cowhide, for the most trivial offences, and on the day they left, they were whipped so hard that they could not stand. They were then cowhided for the following offences: they had been ordered to scrub the School-room, which they did, the best they could. Some spots of ink they could not get out of the floor, which the officers of the institution observed.