

Foreign Parts, so that it may be enabled to enlarge the sphere of its action in some degree in proportion to the increasing demands upon it.

"The nature and extent of those demands are sufficiently explained in her Majesty's letter; and I feel assured that if the members of our Church at home were better acquainted with the spiritual destitution of their brethren abroad, they would not be backward to unite in an earnest effort to relieve their pressing wants.

"There is no doubt that this end would be far more effectually attained by means of the quiet and continuous agency of parochial collections, than by raising larger sums at uncertain intervals in any other mode. Nor is it unreasonable to believe that an increased development of pious zeal in behalf of our destitute brethren and heathen subjects in foreign lands would be attended, under the Divine blessing, with a deeper attachment to the principles of our holy faith, and a larger measure of the fruits of righteousness among ourselves.

"You are desired, within three weeks after the collection, to remit the amount to James Heywood Markland, Esq., treasurer to the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, in the accompanying letter, filled up according to the directions—From your affectionate brother,
E. SARUM."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

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

PERRANZABULOE;

OR, THE LOST CHURCH FOUND.

The Church of St. Piran's, so celebrated in Cornish annals, disappeared 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 neighbouring 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 too well brooketh his surname "in sabulo;" for the light sand, carried by the north wind from the seashore, daily continueth his covering, and marring the lands adjoint; so as the distresses of this deluge drave the inhabitants to remove their Church." And we find from another ancient historian, that more than three hundred years ago the parish was "almost drowned with the sea sande, that the northwest 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 day ley loose their lande."

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 attempt 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 anniversary 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 though 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 Cornishmen.

The sand that for centuries had been accumulating, was carefully removed, and every part of the sacred building, though deeply encrusted 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-wattled walls of the 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 Caesarea, 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, *lucerna-rium*. 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, having on the key-stone of its sound-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 room-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 restor-

* A bell rung before the host.
† 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."

ation invaluable to those who are within the pale of the Established Church. Legibly can we read in its history, now that it is secured 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 encrustations 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 BISHOP OF LONDON AND DR. CHALMERS.

The Bishop of London is a great admirer of Dr. Chalmers and his productions. And yet we know of no two writers whose tone of language is more totally dissimilar. Both are men of consummate talents, and masters of composition in their respective manners; but they are the very antipodes of style. Dr. Chalmers is seldom contented without setting forth the same conceptions in a hundred different lights: the Bishop puts his ideas once in a striking point of view, and leaves them to make their way. Dr. Chalmers sometimes overlays his speculations with the weight and multiplicity of magnificent words: in the Bishop all is pith and narrow,—there is no padding or stuffing—nothing which does tell. Dr. Chalmers has more of rich imagery, and minute description and splendid embellishment, tending, however, to that vicious excess which may afford a false pattern for imitation: the Bishop, formed upon a more classical model, combines with the modern range of thought almost the antique simplicity of expression. The one spreads himself out as an expanding lake, the mirror of many beauties: the other rushes forward as a bright and rapid stream; the swiftness of the course not disturbing the transparent clearness of the waters. The one reminds us of Venetian painting; the other of Grecian sculpture. The one has the gorgeousness, the graphic glow, the picturesque animation, the variety, the blended lights and shades, which the pencil alone can give: the other has the severer grace, the statue-like purity, the exact precision of outline, which belong rather to the chisel. The one occasionally errs by a brilliant superfluity and a florid diffuseness; the other, perhaps, sometimes just borders upon nakedness, and coldness, and rigidity of diction.—*British Critic.*

THE GOSPEL MUST BE PREACHED.

It is obvious that there can be no effective results from a ministry which does not set forth faithfully those vital truths which lay bare the natural helplessness of man, and shew him how he may be made wise unto salvation. Mere ethics, and dry ratiocination, and the inculcation of virtue as its own reward, will neither make men Christians nor keep them so. The basis of our preaching must be the doctrine of the Bible. Our Sermons must speak the Gospel fully, intelligibly, unmixedly, uncompromisingly. Christ must be magnified in all his offices, as our crucified Saviour and risen Lord—Head over all things to his Church. The work of the Holy Spirit in conversion, sanctification, and instruction, must be at the root of all our teaching.—*Dr. Sumner Bishop of Winchester.*

AN EVENING AFTER A SNOW STORM.

The wind and snow, which on the hedge-row clings,
Have been at play, and shapes of beautiful mould
Their tricks of vagrant fantasy unfold;
Flap in semblance of celestial things,
O'er all the Sun his parting lustre flings,
Careful to spare, innocuous and cold;
He sees all silvery here below, and brings
His skies in gentle rivalry to gold.
Purpling the clouds which tend his evening bowers,
O Lord, if thus so marvellously fair
The things thou doest for one fleeting hour,
So delicately gentle, soft, and pure,
Then what must be those scenes which shall endure,
And those Thy mansions which eternal are!