

THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

VOLUME IV.

LUNENBURG, N. S. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1839.

NUMBER 23.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

ORIGIN OF CHURCH PROPERTY IN ENGLAND.

When did the State give its property to the Church? Where is the Act of Parliament that gave it? The history of Church property may be briefly told. This country (England), like most others, was converted on the primitive model. A missionary bishop came here attended by his clergy. They lived together in the towns; and on the Sundays the clergy went forth into the villages to preach the Gospel, and administer the ordinances of religion. When unable to find a building sufficiently large to meet in, they would erect a small stone cross on a common, to mark the place to which the people were to resort. Some of these crosses are still in existence in our own country. And so things went on for some time, until in the seventh century, Theodore, a Greek, was Archbishop of Canterbury, and he organized our present parochial system, by encouraging the great landholders to build and endow churches on their estates, by giving to them the perpetual advowson of the living. The kind of endowment, universally adopted, the Old Testament affording the model, was tithes: and if an estate on which a church was, was afterwards sold, it was sold subject to the payment of the tithes which had been previously given. This accounts for the difference in the size of different parishes; the large ones were originally one large estate, and the small ones were formed from smaller estates. About two centuries after, Athelstane, a wise Saxon king, determined to carry out Archbishop Theodore's scheme. And how did he do it? Finding that several large districts were without churches, he encouraged the building of churches by enacting that whosoever should build and endow a church on his estate should become a Thane, or one of the order of nobility. And the consequence was, that the generality of our parochial churches were thus endowed before the Norman conquest. This is a simple history of church endowments in England, which are to be attributed not to state policy, but to the benevolence and piety of individuals. During the last century many dissenting meeting-houses were endowed in a similar manner, by the piety and benevolence of individuals: the only difference between their endowments and ours being, that theirs are modern and ours ancient.—But it is said, "It may be very true that this is the early history of these endowments, but then they were taken from one Church, and given to another Church at the Reformation." By what Act of Parliament was this done? We can name the Acts of Parliament which sanctioned the proceedings of the bishops and clergy of the Church of England, when they corrected the abuses which had crept into their Church, but we defy our enemies to show an act by which the property was taken from one church and given to another. Between the reigns of William I. and Henry VIII., many superstitious practices had crept into the Church, and many erroneous opinions were rife. And in the reigns of Henry, Edward, and Elizabeth, these superstitious practices were abolished, these erroneous doctrines protested against, and the Church was brought back as nearly as possible to the state it was in when it was originally endowed. Surely we can see the difference between reforming an old edifice, and building a new one—between reformation and destruction. The Church may be compared to a goodly edifice. At the time of the Reformation it stood a goodly edifice. It was much out of repair, and it was much polluted with corruptions. We swept the edifice clean, and we repaired it; but it was substantially the same edifice which had been endowed by our ancestors.—*Dr. W. F. Hook.*

BISHOP WISHART.

George Wishart, Bishop of Edinburgh, was of the family of Logie, in the county of Angus. He first was minister of North Leith, but was deposed by the Covenanters in 1638, for refusing to take the Covenant.—The insurgents who were then in possession of the government, discovered that he had corresponded with the royalists, and in consequence they plundered him of all his goods, and imprisoned him in Haddo's-hole. Haddo's-hole, or the thieves' hole, was the nastiest and worst part of the common goal of Edinburgh, and was so denominated from the circumstance of Sir John Gordon of Haddo having been shut up in it for his loyalty to Charles I.—Wishart was immured in this loathsome dungeon for seven months, and during all that time was only allowed once to change his linen. While in Haddo's-hole he ran some risk of being devoured by rats, the marks of whose voracity he bore on his face to the grave. On his discharge from this abominable place, he went abroad with the marquis of Montrose.—After the fall of that illustrious nobleman he became Chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, sister to Charles I., and in that capacity accompanied his royal mistress into England in 1660, to visit her nephew after his happy restoration. He was presented to the church and rectory of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he lived much respected. On the restoration of the Church of Scotland he was preferred to the see of Edinburgh as a reward for his loyalty and former sufferings. He was consecrated at St Andrews, and held the see of Edinburgh till his death, in 1671.—He was buried in the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, where an elegant monument was erected to his memory. He was a man of true religion and piety; and never forgot his own sufferings in Haddo's-hole; but felt for those who inhabited that abode of wretchedness and misery. In pursuance of this charitable sympathy it was his daily practice to send provisions from his own kitchen, all the time he sat bishop of Edinburgh, to the prisoners. In particular, he nearly killed the west land Whigs, taken at Pentland, with over-repletion. Burnet himself admits that the prisoners were in greater danger from full feeding than they had been during their short campaign. He wrote the History of the War in Scotland under the great Montrose, a book to which all historians are indebted for the true history of that period.—*Stephen's Life of Archbishop Sharp (of St. Andrews.)*

WILLIAM COLLINS.

My last interview was on the 30th day of September, 1815, when, accompanied by Mrs. Bowles, the Rev. Mr. Skinner, and the Bishop of the Diocese (Bath and Wells,) I again visited the abode of this sole survivor of a whole buried generation of the parish. (Uphill in Somersetshire.) He was seated near the window, by a small fire, and seemed more collected than when I last saw him, though now turned of ninety years. He instantly remembered me, and pressed my hand, which he held in his for some time, with tears in his eyes.—His voice was clear and distinct. His daughter was with him. The inside of the cottage was very neat, and on the table, amongst a few other books, an old Bible was conspicuous, near which stood, most appropriately, an HOUR GLASS. I made some religious reflections on the silent sands of life, slowly passing away, and on THE BOOK which, when these sands are all shed, sets before us the "sure and certain hope of eternal life," and I never shall forget the words and actions of my most benevolent friend the Bishop, who appeared deeply interested in the scene. "My good old man," he said, with a gentle smile, "in the present days, I fear, a bishop's blessing may not

be thought so valuable, as it has been in ages past, but," placing his hand on the old man's head, he added, in a manner and voice most affecting, "such as it is, it is given most warmly."

Piously and placidly, this humble and ancient servant of Christ now waits the end of his long and weary journey upon earth, an "exile hastening to be loosed," in "the full assurance" of "faith" and "hope." Baptized and brought up in the bosom of the church, from which, in his maturity, and in old age, he never departed, we trust that at his last hour, when that awful hour approaches, and his last sand is shed, with his trembling hand clasping the Bible to his heart, through repentance and grace, he may be enabled to lift up his eyes to heaven, and faintly utter, "Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh Grave, where is thy victory?" We looked on his countenance some time in silence, and then departed with a blessing and a prayer.

We left his solitary abode, not without boding feelings, as, in all human probability, we should see his face no more.—*Rev. W. Bowles.*

GOOD OLD FATHER NASH.*

The venerable Daniel Nash, for nearly forty years a faithful missionary in the counties of Otsego and Chenango, was, about four months since, taken to his rest. He received Deacons' Orders from the first bishop of this Diocese, and went immediately to the extensive field of labor in which, with a perseverance and fidelity, wherein he set to his younger brethren a most worthy example, he continued to the last. The face of the country, the state of society, the congregations which he served, all underwent great changes; but still the good man was there, faithful to his post, true to his obligations, and eminently useful in his labors. The young loved him, the mature confided in him, the aged sought in his counsels and example right guidance in the short remainder of their pilgrimage. Parish after parish was built up on foundations laid by him. Younger brethren came in to relieve him of their more immediate charge; but still the good old man was there, laboring to the last among them; and long after physical debility forbade very frequent public ministrations, he would go from house to house, gathering the inmates around the domestic altar; giving heed to that important branch of pastoral duty which he always loved, and in which he was eminently successful, *catechizing the children*; and having some word of warning, encouragement, reproof, consolation, or edification, for each, as each had need. It was so ordered, in the course of Providence, that I was, soon after his decease, in the district of country which had so long been the scene of his faithful labors; and truly gratified was I to witness that best of testimonies to the virtues of the man, the Christian, and the pastor, which was found in the full hearts and tender and reverential expressions of the multitudes who, to use the affectionate epithet with which, for years, they had delighted to know him, had been bereft of *good old father Nash*.

New Churches.—The Bishop of Winchester lately said—During the few years he had been Diocesan of Winchester, it had fallen to his lot to consecrate sixty three new churches, and he expressed a hope that, ere long, he would have the same sacred duty to perform for thirty-three others, which are now in advanced stages of building. Besides, a great number of churches and chapels had been enlarged considerably in most instances.

* Selected for the Colonial Churchman, from Bishop Onderdonk's address to the New York Convention, October, 1836.