

The Church.

"Her Foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 28, 1854.

No. 22

Vol. XVIII.]

Poetry.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall!
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off' rings divine!
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

BISHOP HEBER.

BELLS.

(Continued.)

ART. II.—1. *The Bell: its Origin, History, and Uses.* By the Rev. Alfred Gatty. London, 1848.

2. *Paper on Bells, with Illustrations.* By the Rev. H. T. Elcombe, in Report of Bristol Architectural Society, 1850.

Nothing is too low or ludicrous for rustic taste, and the same sort of genius which loves to embellish the leads and benches of the church with facsimiles of the soles of heavy shoes, bearing in the centre the name and age of the wearer, with the date of his carving, is equally visible in the inscriptions on bells and the epitaphs upon gravestones.

It may be presumed that the earliest use of bells in churches was to summon the congregation; and superstition soon enlisted them into her service. It then became customary at their consecration to pray that they might be endowed with power to drive away devils, and dissipate thunder-storms, hail, and tempest.* In the opinion of those who originated the practice, the evil spirits were the cause of foul weather, and, being terrified at the saintly sound of the bells, they precipitately fled. "For this reason," to give the strange delusion in the words of the eminent ritualist Durandus, "the church, when a tempest is seen to arise, rings the bells, that the fiends, hearing the trumpets of the eternal King, may flee away, and cease from raising the storm." When he wrote this in 1286, the belief had already existed for centuries, and Magius centuries afterwards gravely discussed and resolved in the affirmative the questions whether it is the fiends that brew the tempests, and whether church-bells will put to rout the fiends. There are numerous allusions to the practice in ancient manuscripts; and in parish accounts in the fifteenth century, bread, cheese, and beer are charged for the refreshments of the ringers during "thunders." It was one of the "fooleries" which Latimer exposed at the Reformation in that happy style of argument which has never been surpassed for its exact adaptation to the tastes and comprehension of illiterate hearers. "Ye know," he said, "when there was a storm or fearful weather, then we rung the holy bells: they were they that make all things well; they must drive away the devil! But I tell you, if the holy bells would serve against the devil, or that he might be put away through their sound, no doubt we would soon banish him out of all England; for I think, if all the bells in England should be rung together at a certain hour, there would be almost a place but some bells might be heard here, and so the devil should have no abiding-place in England." No disease of the body is more hereditary and inveterate than these disorders of the mind. The Bishop of Chalons christened a pea not many years since, and in a sermon which he pronounced on the occasion enforced the "fooleries" which Latimer had laughed away. "The bells," said he, "placed like sentinels on the towers, watch over us, and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as wells storms and tempests. They speak and pray for us in our troubles; they inform Heaven of the necessity of earth." If it be true, there is more virtue in the clapper of a bell than in the tongue of a prelate. So late as 1852, the Bishop of Malta ordered all the church-bells to be rung for an hour to allay a gale. Under after their death, grew out of the belief that the auspices of a hierarchy so enlightened devils troubled the expiring patient, and the custom continues to flourish in this day in wait to affect the soul at the moment in many parts of the Continent, and may when it escaped from the body; yea, occasionally even to do battle for it with good bell, and a Roman Catholic priesthood can guardian angels—a scene, by the way, even in apparently the oldest remains of Atrium, if not of Egyptian art. The tolling of the passing bell was retained at the Reformation, and the people were instructed that its use was to admonish the ring and excite them to pray for the dying. To discourage the fancy that devils could assault the liberated soul, or the jingling of bells would deter them in their purpose, only a single short peal was to be rung after death. In the articles enquired in different dioceses at various periods, inquiry is made both as to keeping up the practice of tolling the passer-bell and the continuance of the former superstitious rite. The injunction began to be neglected towards the close of the sixteenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the proper use of the term, had almost ceased to be heard. The tolling, indeed, continued in

clusiveness of the evidence. He remarks that storms sometimes travel in long and narrow zones, that the specified churches may have occupied just such a strip, that the injuries done to the ringers would be a deep impression, while the slight cracks and displaced bits of plaster in neighbouring edifices, which were equally scathed, would pass unobserved. The story indeed proves too much. If the lightning picked out the towers where the bells were rung in this complete and unerring manner, a usage which had prevailed for centuries must have destroyed half the churches and ringers in the world. A single circumstance explains the tale. The storm happened on Good Friday, when not a bell is permitted to sound. Some accident occurred, and the people at once exclaimed that it was a judgment for infringing the precepts of the church: the rest was the exaggeration of ignorance and superstition, ever ready to make a marvel. In 1769 the tower of Passy was struck during the ringing of the protecting peal, and again much was said of the mischief of the system; but this example was in direct contradiction to the legend of Brittany, for two other neighbouring towers within the limits of the storm, in which the bells were set going, remained untouched. The general result was, that educated people denounced the plan, and Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and the lower orders persevered in patronising it. The secular authorities interposed in some parts of Europe to put it down. The King of Prussia directed an ordinance, prohibiting the practice, to be read in 1783 in all the churches of his dominions, and the same was done in the Palatinate and several dioceses in France. The Prefect of Dordogne found it necessary in 1844 to repeat the order; and, to prove that pretended science can be as blind to evidence as superstition itself, he assured the people that to ring the bells was "an infallible method of causing the lightning to strike." Whether these agitations of the air have any effect upon tempests, is considered by M. Arago to be still undecided. It was till lately the usage in particular districts of France to fire small cannon or mortars to ward off such storms of hail and rain as would be destructive to the crops. The method was thought to be efficacious by those who tried it, and to indemnify them abundantly for the powder they expended. The few observations, however, of military men rather tend to the conclusion that the roar of artillery is without influence upon the weather, and, if cannon are ineffective, it would go far to show that no result has been produced by the comparatively feeble though more continuous sound of bells. On one point at least M. Arago is decided—that it has never been demonstrated that they increase the danger. In no single instance is there any valid reason to suppose that ringing has brought down lightning upon buildings which would otherwise have escaped. M. Arago points out that the ringers, nevertheless, are in a perilous position. As the highest objects are commonly struck, church-towers offer a prominent mark; the rope, moistened by the humid atmosphere, is a powerful conductor, and the charge is lodged in the man at the end of it. If no one is present, and the rope is left hanging, as is usually the case, at a certain distance from the ground, it is possible for the lightning to make the circuit of the loop at the extremity, and return by the way it came, without leaving within the tower any trace of its visit. A German savant calculated in 1783 that in the space of thirty-three years 386 towers had been damaged and 121 ringers killed. The same flash being constantly fatal to more than one of the company, the total of deaths is not the measure of the number of churches which were struck during a peal. In 1755 three ringers were killed in a belfry, together with four children who were standing underneath. In 1768 a flash was fatal to two men in a church-tower in Dauphiné, and wounded nine more. It is therefore evident that, if bells have any power whatever over storms, it is not sufficiently rapid or marked to counterbalance the risk to the ringers.

After the discovery had been made of the potency of bells in terrifying spirits, they were naturally employed in all the matters in which fiends were reputed to interfere. It was the weapon with which St. Anthony fought the legion of demons who tormented him during his long heremitical life, and in the figures which were drawn of him during the middle ages he is represented as carrying a bell in his hand, or suspended from his staff. The passing bell, which was formerly tolled for those who were dying, or passing out of the world, as well as the peal which was rung round for an hour to allay a gale. Under after their death, grew out of the belief that the auspices of a hierarchy so enlightened devils troubled the expiring patient, and the custom continues to flourish in this day in many parts of the Continent, and may when it escaped from the body; yea, occasionally even to do battle for it with good bell, and a Roman Catholic priesthood can guardian angels—a scene, by the way, even in apparently the oldest remains of Atrium, if not of Egyptian art. The tolling of the passing bell was retained at the Reformation, and the people were instructed that its use was to admonish the ring and excite them to pray for the dying. To discourage the fancy that devils could assault the liberated soul, or the jingling of bells would deter them in their purpose, only a single short peal was to be rung after death. In the articles enquired in different dioceses at various periods, inquiry is made both as to keeping up the practice of tolling the passer-bell and the continuance of the former superstitious rite. The injunction began to be neglected towards the close of the sixteenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth century, in the proper use of the term, had almost ceased to be heard. The tolling, indeed, continued in

the old fashion, but it took place after the death instead of before. The short peal that was once the peculiar signal to announce that some mortal had put on immortality, is still rung in many places as the prelude or the conclusion to the tolling, though it has no longer any meaning. It is less surprising that the usage should have been given up than that it should have lasted so long. It must often have been a bitter pang to relations to order the doom of those to be sounded whose lives were dearer to them than their own, and an aggravation of their misery to have their ears, as they sat by the dying bed, filled with the sorrowful knell. It must frequently have dismayed the patients themselves, and hastened, if it did not sometimes cause, the event it foretold. Nelson said of the dying christian, in his "Fasts and Festivals" (1732), that "heard his senses hold out so long, he can hear even his passing-bell without disturbance." Such was the case with lady Catherine Grey, who died in the Tower in 1567. The question of the Governor to one of the attendants—"Were it not best to send to the church that the bell may be rung?"—caught her ear, and she herself answered, "Good Sir Owen, let it be so." A Mrs. Margaret Duck, who departed this life in 1646, on finding her end draw near, summoned her family to take leave of her, and then gave orders herself for the bell to give out its warning note. But these were the minority, and many felt more like the swearer mentioned in the "Anatomy of Abuses," who, "hearing the toll for him, rushed up in his bed very vehemently." Now and then, in spite of the bell, the patient recovered, and of his old Fuller gives a curious instance. His father called upon Dr. Fenton, a divine, who, after some conversation, apologised for leaving him. "Mr. Fuller," said he, "hear how the passing-bell tolls for my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying; I must to my study, it being mutually agreed upon between us in our healths that the survivor of us should preach the other's funeral sermon." But "my dear friend Dr. Felton, now a-dying," recovered, and lived ten years after he had preached, in fulfilment of the compact, the funeral sermon of Dr. Fenton!

Whatever was the origin of the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, which was rung at eight o'clock as a signal for the inhabitants to put out their fires and go to bed, its object, as far as it can be traced, was exclusively social or political, and not religious. The introduction of the practice into England is usually ascribed to William the Conqueror, and the most plausible conjecture as to its purpose is, that it was to diminish the risk of extensive conflagrations at a period when houses were principally of wood. Milton has described it in a couplet sonorous and musical as the bell itself:

"On a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow, with solemn roar."

It is an instance of the tenacity with which we cling to a practice once established, that, though for centuries its only use has been to "toll the knell of parting day," it continues to be rung wherever there are funds to pay the ringer, and few who have been accustomed to its sound that would not feel, if it was hushed, that a soothing sentiment had been taken out of their lives. The manifold other purposes to which bells are applied are too familiar for description. They are the appointed voice of public rejoicing, and sound for every festive event. They ring in the new year, the new sovereign, the new mayor, the new squire, and the new rector; for hope is stronger than memory, expectation than gratitude, and the multitude feel that their life is in the future and not in the past. Often the peal breaks forth on unworthy, and in the last generation was sometimes employed on shameful occasions. Mr. Brand had known it called into requisition to celebrate the winning of a "long main" at cock-fighting. But the commonest application of its merry music is to proclaim to two lovers who have just been made happy. "Well is it," says Mr. Gatty, "when all continues to go

Merry as a marriage bell.
Alas! we have known sequels to such a beginning with which the knell had been more in unison!" So thought one Thomas Nash,* who in 1813 bequeathed fifty pounds a year to the ringers of the Abbey Church, Bath, "on condition of their ringing on the whole peal of bells, with clappers muffled, various solemn and doleful changes on the 14th of May in every year, being the anniversary of my wedding-day; and also the anniversary of my decease, to ring a grand bob-major, and merry martial peals unmuffled, in joyful commemoration of my happy release from domestic tyranny and wretchedness."

Passing from the realities of tangible bells, we may advert for a moment to the stories which belong to the regions of illusion or romance. Uhland refers to one of these traditions in his poem of "The Lost Church," which Lord Lindsay, whose translation we quote, supposes to have been founded on ancient tradition of the Sinitic peninsula:

"Oft in the forest far one hears
A passing sound of distant bells;
Nor legends old nor human wit
Can tell us whence the music swells.
From the Lost Church 'tis thought that soft
Faint ringing cometh on the wind:
Once, many pilgrims trod the path,
But no one now the way can find."

* In the days of his manesack all the visitors to the city were welcomed by a peal from the Abbey, a custom which cost them half-guineas. The company, thus apprised of every fresh arrival, used to send and inquire for whom the bells rang. Ansey describes the practice in his "New Bath Guide."

"In this city, dear mother, this city excels
In charming sweet sounds both of bell and bells.
I thought like a fool that they only would ring
For a wedding, a judge, or the birth of a king!
But I found 'twas for me that the good-matrons' people
Rung so hard that I thought they would pull down
The steeple; so I took my purse, as I hate to be shabby,
And paid all the men when they came from the abbey."

Similar legends of churches swallowed up, and of their bells sending out their wretched music on certain occasions from the depths of the earth, are attached to several localities. At a place called Fishery-Brow, near Kirby Lonsdale, there is a sort of natural basin, where, according to the *superstio loci*, a church, the clergyman, and the congregation were engulfed, and here the bells may be heard ringing on a Sunday morning by any one who puts his ear to the ground. A like fate was said to have befallen the entire village of Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire; and it was formerly the custom for the inhabitants on Christmas morning to go out to the valley and listen to the mysterious chimings of their lost parish church. According to a tradition at Tunstall, in Norfolk, the churchwardens and parson disputed for the possession of some bells which had become useless because the tower was burnt. While the tower was in progress the archbishop stepped in and carried off the bells. The parson pursued him with hot haste and much Latin, but the evil one dived into the earth with his ponderous burthen, and the place where he disappeared is marked by a boggy pool, popularly known by the name of Hell-hole. Notwithstanding the aversion of the powers of darkness to such sounds, even these bells are sometimes permitted to favour their native place with a ghostly peal. Many more such traditions, slightly varied, exist both here and abroad.

None of these histories of phantom bells, whose voice has come "upon the wind," can be more remarkable than the circumstance related by the ever agreeable author of "Eothen." He was travelling, seated on his camel, in the desert, and, having closed his eyes against the fierce glare, he gradually fell asleep. "After a while," he says, "I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blagony hills! I roused myself and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then, at least, I was well enough wakened; but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosely, steadily, yet merrily ringing 'for church.' After a while the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around us; it seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing tunc of some mere memory that could not allow myself a hope that what I had experienced was anything other than an illusion. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my forgetfulness of God's holiday."

It was impossible in Mr. Kinglake's case that the ringing in his ears could be caused by actual bells; but at sea, where there is a wide and unbroken expanse, with nothing to check the sound until it is reflected to the ears of the crew from the sails, a peal, in a favorable state of atmosphere and wind, will sometimes be heard at an enormous distance. A ship's company could distinctly distinguish the bells of Rio Janeiro when they were 70 miles from the coast.

When ships go down in a tempest a warning voice is said to be heard amid the storm: and on land it is no uncommon notion that its prophetic tongue will sometimes announce to persons who are about to die their impending doom.

The death-trance was heard to ring. An aerial voice was heard to call, And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

Rogers, in his lines on an "Old Oak," alludes to the same superstition: "There, once, the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumed helmet-toss'd;
And as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd."

Until its cause was discovered no sound could have seemed more supernatural than the note of the Campanero, or Bell-bird of Demerara, which is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spire the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes in the depths of the forest its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise like that of a convent bell. What a tale of wonder might have been founded on such sounds in such a wilderness!

The pleasant story of the Bells of Bow bringing back the poor runaway apprentice by their cheering burthen— "Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,"— seems to belong to the fabulous part of our subject; but it has, perhaps, after all, a substratum of truth, and indicates a disposition, of which there are other traces, to interpret the language of the belfry by the wishes of the heart. There is an anecdote told in many old books of a rich and well-born dame who had fallen in love with her valet, consulting a priest upon the expediency of taking the dear man for her husband. The priest hid her listen to the bells and follow their direction. With unmistakable distinctness they pealed forth in her ears, "Marry your valet, marry your valet, marry your valet." A few

weeks afterwards she reappeared before her father confessor, told him of the misery of the match, and complained that the bells had misled her. "It is you," replied he, "that must have misinterpreted the bells; go and listen again." She went accordingly, and this time they said, with vehement perspicuity, "Don't marry your valet, don't marry your valet, don't marry your valet."

From the nature of the associations connected with them, as well as from their inherent charm, it is no wonder that bells should have exerted an influence on the mind in every age and clime. "What music is there that compared may be, With well-tuned bells' enchanting melody? Breaking with their sweet sounds the willing air, They in the listening ear the soul ensnare."

These lines, which are inscribed in the belfry of St. Peter's church at Shaftesbury, first made Bowles in love with poetry. "The enchanting melody" had an Orpheus-like power over the rude pedantry of Dr. Parr. He once conceived the design of treating at large upon Campanology, and many and pressing were the calls upon the pockets of his friends for the peal at Hatton. On going to reside he made several changes, and he specifies as one of them that "Bells chime three times as long." Even the soul of the conqueror who had devastated Europe was stirred in its inmost depths by the simple sound. "When we were at Malmaison," says Bourrienne of Napoleon, "how often has the booming of the village bell broken off the most interesting conversations! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a single beat of the tones which charmed him. The influence, indeed, was so powerful that his voice trembled with emotion while he said, 'That recalls to me the first years I spent at Brienne.' None have more reason to be affected by the associations which bring back the days of comparative innocence and peace than the troubled spirits who are entangled in the labyrinths of a guilty ambition. But of all the instances of the power of bells "to touch a sympathetic chord of the heart," the most moving is the tradition told in connection with the peal of Limerick cathedral. It is said to have been brought from a convent in Italy, for which it had been manufactured by an enthusiastic native, with great labour and skill. The Italian, having afterwards acquired a competency, fixed his home near the convent cliff, and for many years enjoyed the daily chime of his beloved bells. But in some political convulsion which ensued the monks were driven from their monastery, the Italian from his home, and the bells were carried away to another land. After a long interval the course of his wanderings brought him to Limerick. On a calm and beautiful evening, as the vessel which bore him floated along the broad stream of the Shannon, he suddenly heard the bells peal forth from the cathedral tower. They were the long-lost treasures of his memory. Home, happiness, friends—all early recollections were in their sound. Crossing his arms on his breast he lay back in the boat. When the rovers looked round they saw his face still turned to the cathedral, but his eyes had closed for ever on the world.

The Ethiopians carry to this day portions of the Psalms and Prophets about with them, which reminds one of the Eunuch in Acts viii. : 27, 39. God forbid that I should consider traditions of equal authority with Holy Writ, further than as they confirm the truth contained in Holy Writ, and as giving a testimony to the real sense of a doctrine contained in the inspired text. But as Bishop Horsley well observes, "The faith of the first Christian once clearly ascertained must be allowed indeed to be unerring exposition of the written Word." And it is also to be observed that whilst we ought to be grateful to the Lord for the documents committed in writing to posterity by inspired Apostles, it cannot be denied that our Lord never commissioned the Apostles to write down the words but to teach them to observe all things. And the Apostles preached and established Churches before the Gospels were written down. But though the New Testament was written down by inspired Apostles, provoked by local circumstances, no tradition can be of any value, or of any credit as soon as it would propound doctrines not confirmed by the written Word of God.

Sir William Jones proved the value of the tradition of the Hindus in proving the general belief in the Incarnation of the Divinity; and Archbishop McGehee produced the traditions of the Greeks in support of the doctrine of the Atonement.—*Dr Wolff's Journal.*

From the Churchman.
PIOUS PROVERBS AND REFLECTIONS.
Collected for the Churchman by C. F. H.

Just is an immoderate wantonness; of the flesh, a sweet poison, a cruel pestilence; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.—*Hugo.*

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do you fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory perish with herself, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short and death is sure.—*S. Agust. Lib. Confess.*

An evil man is clay to God, and wax to the devil. God may stamp him into powder or temper him anew, but none of His means can melt him. Contrariwise, a good man is God's wax and Satan's clay; he relents at every look of God, but is not stirred at any temptation. I had rather bow than break to God; but for Satan or

the world, I had rather be broken in pieces with their violence, than suffer myself to be bowed into their obedience.—*Bishop Hall.*

They happiness is to be a creature, not a creator—a receiver and a dependant, not a ruler and an actor, for thou art in the midst of snares and temptations to error, and canst scarcely take one step of thyself that is not a false step.

Rarely promise; but, if lawful, constantly perform.—*Penn.*

From the Church Journal.
DIOCESE OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

As lay-baptism has been the subject of frequent discussion lately, we give the following interesting letter from the Bishop of Newfoundland, which tells its own story too plainly to need comment. It comes nearer to the famous "Desert Island" in the Presbyterian controversy than any other case in modern history, except that of the Pitecairn Islanders:—

St. John's, Newfoundland, Sept. 19, 1854.

Sir,—If you should consider the accompanying letter of sufficient interest and importance to deserve a place in your valuable missionary journal, I would be permitted to direct your attention and that of your readers to the two following points, on which I should be thankful for information and advice:

(1) What instructions and directions I ought to give to the worthy layman (for worthy I fully believe that he is) in reference to his affecting statement and declaration, that he is "obliged to go on the same as he has for more than forty years, although he knows it is not lawful for him to do it, to baptise children and marry couples."

(2) What instructions and directions I ought to give to those "scattering" or otherwise whom I might send (if ever I should have that privilege) to those "scattering" people, in respect of the parties so baptized or married.

I am disposed to think that answers to these questions would be interesting and useful to many missionary clergymen, bishops, as well as others.

The circumstances (I was about to say antecedents, but that word would not image half I feel on the subject of this letter and its writer, render it to myself at least) of peculiar, and I might say painful, interest.

Rocky Harbor, at the mouth of Bonna Bay, is one of several small settlements on the west coast of Newfoundland, which, until my voyage of visitation, was a desolate and almost uninhabited spot. It was discovered by the Bay of Bulls, in 1849, had never been visited by a clergyman. Mr. John Paine, the patriarch at the settlement, was married by a clergyman of the Church of England in St. John's, nearly fifty years ago. He soon after went to reside on his (western) coast, near to the Bay of Bulls, and has continued in this locality ever since; and during all those long years neither he, nor his descendants, nor his neighbours, have seen there a clergyman of our church, or, I believe, any minister of religion. That indefatigable pioneer of the church in this colony, Archbishop Wile, once penetrated as far as the Bay of Bulls, and furnished some very affecting accounts of the spiritual destitution and wretchedness of the inhabitants. He could not, however, proceed further along the shore, or he would, I think, have been much and favourably impressed with the difference of the condition and character of the inhabitants of this settlement, chiefly due, under God, to the piety and piety of one well disposed and religiously educated man. I arrived at Rocky Harbor, with two clergymen and a student, on a Sunday evening, in the Church Ship; and though nothing, I presume, could have been less expected by them, or further from their thoughts, than the visit of a clergyman, we found the families of the settlement resting from their labour, dressed in their best clothes, and in other respects, as far as we could judge, "remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy." They had already attended a service at Mr. Paine's dwelling, but quickly and eagerly assembled themselves together again on learning who we were and the object of our visit. They were quite prepared to join in the service of the church, which they had heard regularly almost every Sunday.

Many children and young persons were presented for baptism or to be received into the church, as we might advise. All had been previously baptized and the parents married by the good patriarch. I shall never forget the effect of our singing on the children and young persons in the congregation. It almost seems as if they were literally about to exclaim, what the poet so touchingly tells us of Juba's brethren, when they

"Listening, stood around,
And wondering on their faces fell," &c.

Nor was the effect of other and more important parts of the service less evident or less affecting in the older members of the settlement, and not the least in the patriarch himself. Paine's dwelling, the entrance, with tears, that a clergyman might visit them at least occasionally. Sad and shameful it is to confess that, from that day to the present, that modest wish has never been granted, and I see no prospect, I might almost say (humanly speaking), of the possibility of gratifying it. Their next petition was for books, which were able to furnish a tolerable supply, and our men, on going on shore at five o'clock on the following morning, found some of the party busily engaged in studying them.

The Rev. Mr. Moreton, to whom the letter is addressed, who accompanied me in that voyage, was kind enough to procure and send a book which Mr. Paine particularly wished to possess—I think the "New Manual." Having heard that I was expected at Forteau on the Labrador in the summer of 1853, and concluding that Mr. Moreton, as before, would accompany me, Mr. Paine contrived to forward the letter to that place; where, however, Mr. Moreton was not, and had not been, on that occasion. The letter came into the hands of Mr. Gifford, the missionary of Belle Isle Straits, and was forwarded to, and, after long delay, reached Mr. Moreton, in his mission at Grandson, on the eastern coast of Newfoundland.

I fear I have already trespassed too long on your attention, but I cannot conclude without asking you and your readers one more question easier, I would hope, to answer than the other two, "Whom shall I send as 'roving minister' to these poor 'scattering' people?" I am, Sir, Your faithful and obedient servant,
EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.

P.S.—I have forwarded, with the original letter, a copy, as the writing and spelling are, as might be expected, after forty years' residence at the back of Newfoundland, strange and incomprehensible.

Rocky Harbour, June 13 1853.

To the Reverent Mr. Moreton, Forto:

DEAR SIR: This comes with my Best Regards to you upon these few lines which I find you and Mrs. in good health as leaves me and family thanks for the acknowledgment of the Remembrance you copy [kept] of me by sending me the Book, you could not send me a better Present, as my old one was worn out. I all ways keep [keep] you in Remembrance and wish you could be Nere to

you as we have not seen any Minister since we seen the Lord Beshop and you; and scarcely herd of one except you, we here Talk of you some Times, so Jim Blige to go on the same as I have for more than forty years all-tho I kno this Not Lawful for me to Do it. To baptise children and marry couples, as it is not lawful for me to do it, is not willingly. Sir, if you think me worthy your Note you will please send me a few lines [lines] to Let me Knw [know] that the people are low scattering to have a sated [sated] one. I hope sir, you will excuse him that wish you health and Remained your humble servant,
JOHN PAINE.

Col. Ch. Chron.
[As the Bishop of Newfoundland asks for opinions as to what would be best under the circumstances, we would respectfully suggest that his ordination of John Paine as a deacon, at least, would have been probably the best, as well as speediest, and as it appears, the only practicable course. John Paine's spelling is an objection, of course; but the bishops of the church are responsible not for giving their people the best ministers possible, but only the best that can be had. And it is evident that none better than John Paine, or even as good, had yet been found.—*Eds. Ch. Journal.*

UNITED STATES.
MISSOURI.—The following account of the reception of a learned and accomplished Romish priest into the communion of the Church at St. Louis, will be read with satisfaction by all Churchmen.—*Church Journal.*

Messa. Editors.—We have had a very interesting service to-day, an account of which I know will be welcome to you, and I trust many of the readers of your excellent paper.

The service of which I speak was held in St. John's Church in this city. After Morning Prayer, which was read by the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, of Christ Church, and Rev. Wm. G. Brown, of St. George's, and after an impressive Sermon by the Bishop, the Rev. Francis J. Cleve, of St. John's, presented at the Chancel the Rev. Stephen Massock, formerly a Priest of the Roman Church, who, after answering to the several questions propounded by the Bishop in the Service for the Ordination of Priests, read his unqualified Protest against the errors of that corrupt Branch of the Church, his solemn renunciation of the ministry, and the full avowal of his belief in the doctrines of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and his determination, by God's grace, to be a faithful servant of His altars. This Protest, which was short, plain, and explicit, and was listened to with rapt attention, uttered as it was with a modest and humble, yet clear and decided tone, plainly evincing that it was no unmeaning ceremony on the part of him who made it, and a solemn and religious one, which he well knew and was determined to be willing to endure hardness, and who would not shrink from any post when duty called. Providence seems to have opened a door for him in our rapidly growing city, and before he was thus publicly received into the ministry of the Church, he had already commenced his studies at the Rev. Stephen Massock is a Hungarian by birth, and was for many years a Priest in his own country, occupying important stations, and as his letters from an Archbishop, Bishops and Priests show, enjoying their full confidence and respect. He has been in this country for some years, and well known as a man of promise, by some of the spiritual and ablest preachers of the Church in your city, who did not scruple to commend him, by the requisite testimonials, to our Bishop. He was led here, to the far-off southwest, by Providence, and here he has found a sphere of duty, which, to the united judgment of the Clergy of this city, seems to promise, by prudent, patient and preserving labor, a rich harvest. There are now residing here more than a thousand families of Bohemians, the most of whom have been educated in the Romish Church, and had already commenced their studies in infancy. He has opened a school, and some 40 or 50 children are in attendance, whom he instructs in our language, and at the same time improves the opportunity of imparting to them such religious instructions as they are capable of receiving. This school he will continue to carry on, and we hope he will soon be able to collect a congregation to whom he can steadily preach the Blessed Truths of our most Holy Faith. For the past few months he has been labouring in this field—going from house to house, and sitting down by the fireside and reading the Word of God, and expounding to them its precious truths, and a few of them have been found who have signed a Protest against the errors, and a renunciation of the Romish Church. Having received a medical education, he has been using his knowledge and skill in this particular to the benefit of the poor among his countrymen, and is the winning upon their regard and ensuring their confidence.

DENOMINATIONAL CONSISTENCY.
My dear Editor.—I wonder at your modesty in noticing, so slightly the vote of the Salem Baptist Association on the matter of denominational consistency. I endorse your approval of the "consistency" of the measure, with a handwriting as large as John Hancock's, in the Declaration of Independence. Every sect in the land ought to pass a similar resolution, and act upon it.

Boundary lines can never be too definitely drawn between religious denominations. It is the best way possible for peace to be maintained. "The bond of peace." Jealousy, heartburnings, censures, would thus soonest die away. Charity would thus have fair play in an open field. How carefully land-owners have their lines written, that each man may know and keep to his own premises. One does not pasture another's land, nor does one man's pasture and mine may feed in yours." Politeness demands no such usage. On that subject the law is "Verily and amen." In eastern lands, of olden days, the sheep knew their own master's voice, and he led them into green pastures.

It is a pseudo-liberty that gives another's errors all the force of truth. If a believer in infidelity, let me liberally to it as a matter worth believing; and let me not allow another to believe, for mere courtesy's sake, it is not of the slightest importance in the matter of a Christian title. If I believe in the immaculate conception and divine infallibility of the Virgin, let me not allow another to regard it as no consequence. If I believe in the divinity of a crucified Redeemer, let me not recognize the charity that allows another to set that divinity aside.

Every sect among us, or is supposed to have, certain distinctive principles, to which they have given their own names. If worth being maintained, let them be maintained. If not worth so much, let them be abandoned. I do not know nearly the Universalists and Unitarians assimilate to each other, but their apparent similarity would authorize the belief that they might conscientiously cast in their lot together, and all have one purpose. They both deny everlasting a divine Redeemer,—both preach mainly on the availability of good works; and, in other respects, facts answer to resemblances, no Churchman, and probably no Baptist, will object to the civility of exchanging pulpits between themselves.

It has always been by myself a secret pasturing among out, how a Presbyterian can recognize a ministerial commission in a Congregationalist, or a Baptist in either. Nor can I better understand how a Congregationalist, Baptist, or Presbyterian, could desire one of your stamp,

