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MEMOIR

Of the Life and Episcopate of

EDWARD FIELD, D.D.

BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND,

1844—1876.









Your faithful  
friend & brother in Christ  
Edw Newfoundland

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1844—1876.

BY THE

REV. H. W. TUCKER, M.A.

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Secretary to the Associates of the late Rev. Dr. Bray,  
Author of "Under His Banner," etc.*

*"Non est Episcopatus artificium transigendæ vitæ fallacis."*

S. AUGUSTINE, Ep. lxxxv. ad Paulum.

WITH PORTRAIT AND MAP.

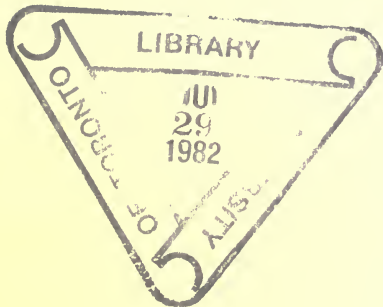
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“ Οὐ τοι ἄνευ Θεοῦ ἔπτατο δεξιὸς ὄρνις.”

ODYSSEY : O. 530.

## PREFACE.

THE memory of a great man is not public property in the sense which would justify any one in assuming uninvited the office of his biographer. I certainly should not have ventured to have compiled the present book had I not been requested to do so by those who were nearest to the great Bishop of Newfoundland, who loved him best and to whom his memory is most dear. To have been, however unworthy, the chronicler of an Episcopate so noble, and of a life so saintly, has been to me a precious privilege, a labour of love and of solemn interest.

I desired to add to my own record of his manifold labours some independent testimony to the value of such a faithful, chivalrous life to the Church, both at home and abroad, and I sought for it from that eminent statesman, who, amid the manifold cares of his high position, has always found time in which to promote the best interests of religion, and by his office of Treasurer to the Colonial Bishops' Fund since its establishment in 1841 to the present time, has shown continued sympathy with the extension of the Church of which he is a devout and faithful son. By the kindness of Mr. Gladstone I

am permitted to publish the following letter, written in answer to my request, and the opinion of such a man, "simply as one of the public," is the very testimony which I desired.

"HAWARDEN, *September 18, 1876.*

"Dear Sir,—I was not personally acquainted with Bishop Feild, and I am, in regard to him, simply one of the public: any sketch, therefore, drawn by me would be wholly wanting in the vital condition of individuality, nor would this defect be compensated by my cordial admiration for his character.

"It is, indeed, I fear, true that not the whole, but a part, of our Colonial Episcopate has sunk below the level established for it thirty and thirty-five years ago by the Bishops of those days. But how high a level it was! And how it lifted the entire heart of the Church of England! so that he who with content and a noble thankfulness buried himself for life in the frost and fog of Newfoundland was in truth one of the most effective labourers in, as well as for, the Church at home.

"Many and many a Bishop at home has set, and sets, us a high example; but so high as Bishop Feild in labour and sacrifice for Christ it is hardly, from their position, given them to rise. May his memory long be as bright as his rest is blessed!

"Believe me, faithfully yours,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

Five-and-twenty years ago the name of Bishop Feild was suggestive of hope and comfort to many who, amid the controversies of the Mother Church, looked abroad



and found in Newfoundland the pledge and token of a living Church and a vigorous Apostolate. I cannot but fear that while recent biographies have been written to keep before the Church the memories of Armstrong, of Mackenzie, of Patteson, of Gray, and of Cotton, these pages may, for the first time, bring before the present generation the labours of one who was still earlier in the field, but inferior to none of these great men in the works of his vocation. It ought to be to us a source of thankfulness that an Episcopate once so widely known and esteemed should, in the space of so few years, have been to some extent crowded out of men's thoughts by instances of like zeal and self-sacrifice in Africa, in Asia, and in Melanesia. While the revival of the life of the Mother Church has been mercifully vouchsafed by God to the labours of a faithful Priesthood, the extended frontiers of the Churches of our communion in either hemisphere, their happy organization into Dioceses and Provinces consolidated and ruled by Synodical action, their independence of secular interference and patronage, their self-contained, self-supporting, and self-controlled condition, seem with equal plainness to have been vouchsafed to the labours of a faithful Episcopate.

There is nothing in the career of Bishop Feild of the sensational element which wins sympathy for those who labour among Hindoos or Kafirs or Chinese. His work was what the world would call eminently "commonplace." He braved no perils among the heathen; he had not to contend with systems of unbelief, whose very antiquity makes them venerable; he met with no ethnological or linguistic problems on which to exercise his mind as he

went among his people; he lighted on no ruined temples or shrines which in certain lands set men speculating on their origin, their antiquity, their uses: while labourers in other parts of the mission field are led to see the utmost height to which civilisation, unaided by Christianity, can raise mankind, as well as the depths to which heathenism and barbarism can degrade—a bishop of Newfoundland has only to minister to those who by baptism are of the household of faith, but who, if neglected by their spiritual mother, are in a fair way to become as the heathen. While the missionary in India discovers with keen delight the trace of a long defunct language in the speech of some native with whom he converses or argues, and on such a foundation weaves for himself many an airy theory on the origin of his race, and its migrations and vicissitudes, a bishop of Newfoundland has sometimes to pause and translate for himself the provincialisms of his poor fisher flock; while, instead of trying to discover in an antique superstition some semblance of common ground on which to rest his argument for the truth, his labour must often be to discover words sufficiently simple in which to convey the rudiments of Christian teaching to unlettered but not unwilling hearers.

All the more honour to those who for the love of God and of souls undertake work which in itself is so humble, and which must be carried on under conditions so arduous and adverse. In this respect Bishop Feild differs from those mentioned above: he shows us that among our colonists, quite as much as among the heathen, there is room for the exercise of the highest courage, the practice of the greatest endurance, the devo-

tion of all gifts and talents, although there may be wanting the applause of those who have ear and heart and purse ever open for the heathen, but little care for the English-speaking and Christian Colonist. It is on this among other grounds that the great Bishop of Newfoundland challenges our respectful admiration—that while by his manifold gifts he was qualified for the highest places in the world and in the Church, he without murmur devoted all his powers to the spiritual good of the poor neglected fishermen who were given to him as his charge.

It happens that I send my book to press on this day when the Church commemorates all who have fallen asleep in the true faith, the small as well as the great, the unknown as well as the known, the martyr and confessor as well as the hidden saint; and as, ere I finally lay down my pen, I once more think of him, whom for many years I have held in reverent honour, and whose works and words and writings have latterly occupied much of my thoughts, I cannot but quote, and apply to him, the words of a living writer on one who was a conspicuous character in the Mediæval Church, and which seem to describe his present place “in the noble company of the strong and meek, who have not been afraid of the mightiest and have not disclaimed to work for and with the lowliest; capable of the highest things, content as living before Him, with whom there is neither high nor low, to minister in the humblest.”<sup>1</sup>

It remains only for me to thank those (too numerous in all cases to be specified) who, by contributing their

<sup>1</sup> Dean Church on S. Anselm.

personal reminiscences, or by the loan of letters and documents, have rendered my task comparatively easy, and have given to this biography whatever of interest or merit may be found in its compilation; especially I desire to record my obligations to the Most Rev. the Primus of Scotland, the Bishops of Chester and Salisbury, the Dean of Wells, the Rev. G. D. Adams, Vicar of East Budleigh; the Rev. E. J. Beck, Rector of Rotherhithe; the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, Vicar of Long Wittenham; the Rev. W. Falconer, Rector of Bushey; the Rev. J. C. Harvey, of Port de Grave; the Rev. G. M. Johnson, Rector of Barningham Parva; the Rev. L. Lough, Rector of Paget, Bermuda; the Rev. E. Machen, of Eastbach Court; the Rev. A. W. Mountain, Vicar of S. Mary's, Stony Stratford; the Rev. J. Rigaud, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; the Rev. U. Z. Rule, formerly Missionary at the Bay of Islands; the Rev. Canon Seymour, of Worcester; the Rev. R. H. Taylor, of Brigus; and the Rev. Cecil Wray, formerly Vicar of S. Martin's, Liverpool.

LONDON, *All Saints' Day*, 1876.





# LIFE OF EDWARD FEILD,

BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

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## CHAPTER I.

[1801—1843.]

“ Mark'st thou in him no token true  
Of Heaven's own Priests, both old and new,  
In penitential garb austere  
Fix'd in the wild, from year to year,  
The lessons of stern love to teach,  
To penitents, and to children preach,  
Bold words and eager glances stay,  
And gently level Jesu's way ! ”

*Lyra Innocentium.*

EDWARD FEILD, the subject of this memoir, was born at Worcester, on June 7, 1801, the third son of James Feild, Esq., the representative of an ancient family long settled in the county of Worcester. Nothing specially worthy of notice has been chronicled concerning his boyhood ; the performances of maturer years are generally in inverse proportion to the promises of a precocious childhood, and it is not surprising that, in the case of one whose subsequent life was so exceptionally noble, his nearest surviving relative should say that in his early years

there was nothing remarkable about him. Having spent some years at a school at Bewdley, he went in 1814 to Rugby, and in 1820 carried off the first prize out of four awarded for Latin composition, the subject being, "*Mulierum legatio ad M. Coriolanum patriæ suæ arma inferentem.*" From Rugby he took an Exhibition to Queen's College, Oxford, where he gained a Michel Scholarship. He graduated B.A. in Easter Term, 1823, obtaining a second class in the classical school, and his name stands alone in the first class of the mathematical school. He became a Fellow on the Michel Foundation as a matter of course, and in due time was appointed Lecturer of the college. The present Dean of Wells,<sup>1</sup> who shared his labours in that capacity, says, "I recollect very well that he worked very hard, and threw a deal of vigour into the system as far as was possible in the then state of things. There was one tutor and three lecturers, and the system was as bad as could be." For the system it is obvious that the lecturers were not responsible.

In the spring of 1826 he was an unsuccessful candidate for a Fellowship at Oriel; there were two vacancies and twelve competitors, the fortunate ones being Richard Hurrell Froude, and Robert Isaac Wilberforce.<sup>2</sup> But it is with his life and work as priest and bishop that these pages are

<sup>1</sup> Very Rev. G. H. S. Johnson.

<sup>2</sup> The Bishop of Salisbury, himself an unsuccessful competitor on this occasion, has kindly given me some interesting particulars of this contest. His lordship writes:—The candidates were "versified" by Mr. James, of Oriel, as follows:—

Ἄνερεις οἶδε δυώδεκ' ἐπ' Ὀριέλ ἦλθον ἀγῶνα,  
<sup>1</sup> Φρουδος, <sup>2</sup> Τοξοφόρος, κ' Ἀλέκτορες, <sup>3</sup> Ἰχθύος ᾧα, <sup>4</sup>  
 Καλὸν ὄρος, <sup>5</sup> Δισσαὶ πέτραι, <sup>6</sup> Δρυοεἰκελος, <sup>7</sup> Ἄγρος, <sup>8</sup>  
 Κρὶ ἀμάων, <sup>9</sup> Βιότου τ' ὁ γ' ἐπάνυμος ἡμετέροιο, <sup>10</sup>  
 Ὄρας τ' οἴνομ' ἔχων, <sup>11</sup> καὶ ἐκὼν ἀέκοντι δὲ θυμῷ. <sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Froude.

<sup>4</sup> Rowe.

<sup>7</sup> Oakeley.

<sup>10</sup> Cobham.

<sup>2</sup> Bowman.

<sup>6</sup> Beaumont.

<sup>8</sup> Feild.

<sup>11</sup> Carey.

<sup>3</sup> Cox.

<sup>9</sup> Copleston.

<sup>9</sup> Moberly.

<sup>12</sup> Wilberforce.

Mr. James, the writer, was vicar of Cobham, which explains No. 10.



chiefly concerned; on May 21, 1826, he was admitted to the Diaconate by Bishop Legge, then Bishop of Oxford, his fellowship being his title; at Christmas, 1827, he was ordained priest by Bishop Lloyd, having a few weeks previously been licensed to the curacy of Kidlington; and here commenced that course of ministerial activity, guided by profound learning and simple devotion to duty so undeviating and unhesitating as to seem to have been rendered without effort, which marked his whole career of service for nearly fifty years.

These pages will have been written to little purpose if they do not show how, at all times, and in all respects, he was in advance of his contemporaries in his estimate of duty and in his treatment of the many problems, social and political, as well as moral and ecclesiastical, which must occupy the thoughts of every intelligent clergyman, however humble may be his sphere. The standard of ministerial obligations in 1827 was very different from that which is demanded now; fifty years ago even those saintly men, with whose memories we connect the origin of that glorious movement which, under God, has made the Church what now we see it, were content to reside in Oxford, going out to their parishes, in some instances twelve or fifteen miles away, for their Sunday duties, and when otherwise required by their parishioners. But Mr. Feild set a better example; although his parish was only five miles distant he made it his chief work and lived on the spot, coming to Oxford for his lectures, which he regarded as a parergon. A friend writes to me, "When I went into residence at Wadham in 1829 Mr. Feild was soon pointed out to me riding past the college every morning from one of the northern parishes, of which he was curate, reversing the practice of clerical fellows, for instead of living in college he lodged in his curacy."

The result of his residence and his teaching was

remarkable. At this distance of time it may be stated, without offence it is hoped to any, that Kidlington was reputed to be a bad parish; its village green was noted for fights, and these the courageous curate made a point of attending; and at length, by suasion, by force of personal influence, by loving interference, and where all other means failed, by the strong arm of the law, he wrought a real change in this and other respects among his parishioners. He was a pioneer in the work of education, and built schools at Kidlington which were regarded as models for the neighbourhood. I am indebted to the kindness of a contemporary of Mr. Feild's<sup>1</sup> for the following account of his work in this his first charge:—

“The energy with which Feild commenced his work rather grated on the good, though high and dry feelings of his rector; nevertheless he had no reason to complain of want of support and assistance either from him or the college. When I accepted this small college living (and before that), I was anxious to learn lessons in school keeping, of which I had already seen something elsewhere, but which was then completely in its infancy. I paid many visits to Kidlington. Feild did not rest till he had seen efficient schools built. He was the master, and, so to speak, the mistress of the schools. His influence over the children was surprising. Infant schools were then few and far between. From what I saw at Kidlington I at once organized one when I became vicar here. Whenever I think of infant schools, which I have always made an indispensable part of the school system here, I think of Feild and his, so to speak, magical power over the infants; his whole soul seemed to be cast into the work. I feel sure that I never should have done what I have done in that direction but for him at starting. A visit to Kidlington was always one of the bright days of his visit to England, as, no doubt

<sup>1</sup> Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck, vicar of Long Wittenham.

the well-being of the parish was the object of his prayers. I fancy that I can now see the infant children in the school contending for his caresses whilst he held one in his arms."

Another friend<sup>1</sup> writes—

"I visited his schools at Kidlington, and at times met him at the house of the late Rector of Exeter College. I used also to see him often, but as we both had our own work to do, and he never lost time, little then passed between us. He readily made up his mind, and was firm in execution; he was no talker, made no display, and all proceeded from him earnestly indeed, but naturally from the sober temperament and habit of his mind. He was what the French would call '*entier*'; but in the best sense.

"I was remarking upon the difficulty I found in composition, making frequent corrections, &c. 'I never,' said he, 'change what I write, and could not do so.' At the time I was much surprised at his answer, but I afterwards thought it characteristic of himself."

Those were stirring times, and Mr. Feild's active mind was keen to take in all that was going on around him and to direct the minds of his parishioners. The "Swing Riots" were in full vigour, and burnings, and other acts of violence were of frequent occurrence. None occurred in Kidlington, but the neighbouring parishes were not so exempt. Cavalry were stationed at Otmoor and elsewhere, and the whole of the rural population was in a state of ferment. In the schools which he had been instrumental in building, he was wont to assemble his people and to deliver to them addresses on subjects in which they were concerned, but which were not so suitable for being dealt with in the pulpit. On November 28, 1830, he delivered an address on the state of the country, in which the prevalent delusions concerning the mischievous effects of the use of agricultural machinery were exposed with manly courage and cool

<sup>1</sup> Rev. W. Falconer, rector of Bushey.

common sense. The address was printed, and found readers far beyond the circle for which it was written, running through six editions.

The whole pamphlet is full of the soundest political economy, and shows how in all matters the future bishop was in advance of the position which the clergy of those days assumed. The address was given at a period of unusual panic, and in their fear passion usurped the function of argument among all classes; but the curate of Kidlington was quite calm, and was able to appeal to principles. In the first place he appealed to the patriotism of the villagers. "It used to be our boast and our blessing that every one in this free land could go where he pleased, and act as he pleased, without fear of danger or interruption. Every one could lie down at night and rise in the morning secure both of his life and his property. But now matters seem for a moment to be very much changed; every day brings us some fresh account of property destroyed and of lives threatened: the soldiers are called out to protect us, and almost every second man, who can be trusted, is sworn to act as a constable for the preservation of the king's peace and the general safety of us all." He then showed that whatever the distress of individuals might be, the destruction of the food of the people must increase that distress, and that, as the immediate consequence of these disturbances, labour was at a standstill, the farmer was driven from his property, labourers were without employment, the well-to-do people quitted the country for the towns, and only desolation and nakedness were to be seen. "For myself," he said, "nothing, I hope and believe, would drive me from my post; and as long as I can serve any of you I am bound to do it, and, by God's help, so I will; but if such disturbances should happen here as have happened in some places, could I, with any propriety, keep the rest of my family here? Could any

ladies remain here? and if all these should remove to the neighbouring town, would not the poor man lose many a kind and valuable friend?" Some people drew a distinction between destroying corn and burning or breaking machines; Mr. Feild could see none. "A man's machine," said he, "is his property, and what right can I or any person have to destroy another man's property? . . . What country is this to live in, if a man's property is to be destroyed at the whim of every ignorant and selfish person who would bring all men to a level, not by raising himself but by keeping every one else down? It would be quite as wise and quite as just to say to some man of great talents and great education, 'Sir, I find your head is a much better head than mine, for I find that you are getting rich by it, while I remain poor; and therefore I desire you will use your headpiece no more, for if you do I shall certainly come and break it.' . . . You say liberty! liberty! and I say liberty! liberty! but what liberty is that when a man may not keep his own property, or use his own machines, or enrich himself by his own inventions?"

He then proceeded to prove that machines were a blessing to the country, and that if they injured the poor, although that circumstance would not lead him to assist in their destruction, yet it would certainly make him regret their introduction; but he was convinced that so far from injuring they greatly benefited the poor, and this he proved by the history of printing, by which where 1,000 persons were formerly engaged in writing books, 10,000 were now engaged in printing them. So with spinning, paper-making and the like, the increased facility of production caused increased expenditure, so that before the introduction of printing-presses there were probably not more than four Bibles in Kidlington, and any one who could read was regarded as a wonder. Now there were at least 400 Bibles and everybody could learn to read, and almost

all were able to do so. So with clothing: the poorest now had articles which but a few years before were to be obtained only by people of property. "Last winter," he said, "I sold a blanket to a poor person between sixty and seventy years of age, who told me she never before had possessed one in her life. And how is it that you can possess these comforts which your fathers could not? Why, they are cheap! And what has made them cheap? Why, machines."

The lecturer went on to prove that if machines were destroyed the manufactures would go to France and Germany and other foreign countries. "You have heard, and heard truly," he said, "that England is the richest country in the world. But what has made her so? Why, chiefly her machinery. I have travelled myself in other countries where machines are not so much used, and the poor there are beyond comparison worse fed and worse clothed than in our own country. In some parts of France all the poor wear wooden shoes. Would you like to wear wooden shoes? I am sure you would not. Yet these people have few machines; if they had more machines they would buy the other necessaries of life cheaper and would have more money to spare for shoes; so you see how much better we are off with machines than they without." These were easy lessons in the first principles of political economy, but they were such as only an able man would have dared to give. It will be observed that the arguments used were such as would fall within the experience of the audience, who literally would know where the shoe pinched. The lecturer next tried to show that the obnoxious thrashing-machines themselves were a direct benefit to the poor, and to enforce his argument he quoted facts within the cognizance of all. He said—

"You all know very well that soon after harvest you generally find your bread rise somewhat in price; sometimes a penny, sometimes three-halfpence, sometimes two-

pence the loaf. You don't like this advance in price. I have often heard you complain of it. But what is the occasion of such a rise in price just at the time when we should suppose corn was most plentiful? The occasion is that it is impossible to get the grain to market so fast as it is wanted for use, and so the price rises of course. Labourers are employed, some getting in the late harvest, some ploughing, some in other field work; and they don't like to be shut up in the barn at that season of the year. Some labourers, I know, refuse to thrash during the season of harvest. What then is to be done? The corn rises in price, and this, of course, is very unpleasant, but especially to the poor man. To remedy this evil thrashing-machines were invented, which can bring a large quantity of corn into the market in a short time, and so help to lower the price and save us from want, and I believe if they were laid aside we should all suffer more or less in consequence."

But having exhausted all the arguments which political economy supplied, Mr. Feild took higher ground, and appealed to the Christian fellowship which they were bound to recognize as binding all classes together in the only sure bonds, and so his well-meant lecture in politics developed, as was right and proper, into a terse and practical sermon on the duties of Christian citizenship. Mr. Feild's arguments are not yet obsolete, and his lecture might in the present day be circulated with advantage among the thoughtful but discontented and illogical people who organize strikes and trade unions. While wholly on the side of order and law, his sympathies were ever with the poor; no pseudo-aristocratic prejudices warped his judgment or influenced his mind as he studied the social problems of the day.

He took a keen interest in the then new Poor Laws, which were the outcome of the Swing Riots, and his answers to

questions of the Commissioners on the Poor Laws appear in the First Report of that body. The questions were forty-six in number, the last in the series being, "Can you give the Commissioners any information respecting the causes and consequences of the agricultural riots and burnings of 1830 and 1831?" The answers given to so very wide a question are, as may be supposed, extremely varied in terms and character, but having looked through some hundreds I have not found one which for boldness and acuteness approaches Mr. Feild's. It was as follows: "The causes appear to have been the mal-administration of the Poor Law, and the inefficiency of the clergy: the consequences, however injurious to individuals, have beyond question been greatly beneficial to the community."

In June 1831 he delivered another address in the school-room, which was also printed and largely circulated. A labouring man in an adjoining parish, stung by the reproaches of his wife and of his own conscience, but unable to conquer his intemperate habits, which had brought his family to beggary, had committed suicide, calmly and deliberately. The sad event made a great impression and the zealous curate seized the occasion, "to say things which could not so properly have been said in church, but which are nevertheless of the utmost importance to your best and everlasting interests." And as in his previous address he had advanced principles which subsequent events have proved to have been sound, so now he pleads for wholesome liberty, and looks to moral improvement rather than to Acts of Parliament to lessen the crime of drunkenness.

"Many persons ask, What shall we do to check the evil? Shall we ask Parliament to make beer dear again, and to put down the beer-houses? Shall we put our hands to a paper saying we think cheap beer a nuisance and the beer-houses a nuisance? I know many good and worthy persons



have done so, and already many petitions have been forwarded to Parliament; but I have never signed any such petition and I never will. I always rejoice and always shall rejoice, when any of the necessaries or comforts of life are brought within reach of the poor, and therefore instead of wishing to make beer dearer, I heartily hope it may be cheaper still. . . . I don't, however, mean to deny that the cheapness of beer may for a time encourage and increase the mischief.

If you have curbed in a horse too tight, when you loosen the rein it is likely he will at first go a little too free; but this is soon over, and when we see his powerful action and free paces, who will not confess that he goes better and safer now than when curbed and cramped and deprived of his liberty? It is just so when an indulgence has been newly granted to those who have been deprived of it too long; but let them have time to recover themselves and to understand their privileges, and the mischief will cease. The good will overcome the evil."

The sanguine hopes of the curate of Kidlington in 1831 have not, it is to be feared, been realized, but it will be observed that a famous dictum of the present Bishop of Peterborough, when speaking on this subject in the House of Lords, was but an echo (unconscious no doubt) of the words of Mr. Feild spoken more than forty years previously. His great antipathy to what he called "the self-righteous absurdities of teetotalism," appears on several occasions in his letters and reports: intemperance caused him great anxiety both in England and in Newfoundland, and he was himself almost a total abstainer, but he objected to the pledge as superfluous and immoral.

In 1834 he became rector of English Bicknor, a college living in the most beautiful part of Gloucestershire. It seemed as though this were likely to be the scene of his life's labours; unselfish to the last degree, without any thought

of worldly advancement, and happy in the sphere in which he found himself, it may truly be said of him

“ The calm delights  
Of unambitious piety he chose,  
And learning’s solid dignity.”

Within the limits of this parish and in the performance of his pastoral duties, he found occupation that amply satisfied his highest ambition, and here the next ten years of his life were spent. They were not uneventful years, and his peculiar gifts were called forth for the benefit of an area much wider than that of his small parish ; he pursued as rector the same policy which had marked his residence at Kidlington. His successor, the Rev. J. Burdon, who is still rector of English Bicknor, has been so good as to send me the following description of the results and traditions of Mr. Feild’s incumbency :—

“ The bishop is remembered with affectionate regard to this day by a great many people of the neighbourhood. His great influence was through schools, which he built at a time when nobody troubled themselves about such things, and he exercised wonderful influence over the children, though strict even to severity in his management of the school. They were afraid of him, and yet they liked him very much. The last time he was over, several of the rather elderly people had stories about their school days, and how the bishop had thrashed them, and such like agreeable reminiscences, which I retailed to the bishop, greatly to his amusement. Some of them he remembered. He listened to the stories with a quiet smile, half grim and half jocose, which one often noticed in him. He had a very strong sense of humour.

“ One fact I remember regarding his management of the school, which has always struck me as very singular. He had not the slightest ear for music, and yet he contrived to teach the children music by *note*. They sang in parts, and

formed the choir. None but the children sang in church, and really the singing was very fair. The schoolmaster had little or nothing to do with the singing, the bishop did it all or nearly all himself, and yet he was utterly deficient both in voice and ear. He had printed a little book for teaching singing, of which I think I still have copies by me. This was quite of a piece with his character, which took delight in grappling with difficulties.

“I should think there were no such schools in Gloucestershire as these at Bicknor while under the bishop’s superintendence, and yet if any clergyman attempted to carry out so strict a discipline in these days he would be had up before a magistrate before three months were over. Nevertheless his pupils remember him with the utmost respect.”

From another correspondent, a lady well qualified to give an opinion, I have received testimony to his labours as a parish priest, which is the more valuable as it gives the impression made by them on the mind of a young child:—

“My recollections of Bishop Feild, as rector of English Bicknor, are those of a little child, who delighted in him as the most genial and pleasant of playfellows—and who was more proud of than frightened at being catechized by him with the village children, ‘after the second Lesson at Evening Prayer’ on the Sundays in Lent. This catechizing was of the simplest and most literal kind, ‘saying the Catechism’ in fact—yet it was the revival of that strict and accurate attention to the rubrics of the Prayer-book, love for and obedience to which he was the first to instil into the minds of many children of the Church. This description of his catechizing in church would give little notion of his powers of teaching, which of course was one of his special gifts in those days, and which I even can recollect in Sunday school lessons when I was often present. He

not only organized, but created schools—day and Sunday schools, unknown in this district till he came into it. His love for children was intense, he never passed one without a smile or a pat; at the same time even with little children he could be severe, when occasion required. His own energy and power of work was so great that he was apt to be exacting, perhaps, from others of feebler powers both as pupils and as workers in the parish; he could not tolerate work of any sort imperfectly or half done, if it was possible for the doer to do it better. He never spared himself, and the stern self-denial so conspicuous in his long and noble episcopate was equally remarkable in the softer, easier life of his much-loved parish.”

The Rev. E. Machen, of Eastbach Court, has enabled me to add his reminiscences of the bishop as a parish priest, and the testimony thus collected from three distinct sources will, it is supposed, clearly show what proof he made of his ministry as an English vicar:—

“My earliest remembrances of Bishop Feild date from the year 1834, when he came to take possession of the rectory of English Bicknor. It was very soon seen what manner of man he was. He had not been many weeks in the parish before all felt that they had a real man among them, to whom they could look up with respect and reverence; but it was only by degrees that the gentle tender nature made itself felt through a certain sternness and ruggedness of exterior, and we found that we could not only esteem him highly but love him heartily. I was a boy at Rugby at the time, and he delighted me by his ready sympathy with all Rugby doings and pursuits. He would look over the Oxford class-lists with great interest, and take delight in finding the names of any Rugbeians who had been doing honour to the old school. Shortly after his arrival, I remember, he was invited to preach a school anniversary sermon at a neighbouring church. I have no recollection

of the sermon, except that he drew a comparison between the waste uncultured forest land around and the barren untaught minds of children who were receiving no religious instruction. There was a large gathering of the neighbouring clergy and gentry, and all were invited, the preacher of course amongst the rest, by the clergyman of the parish to luncheon. But Feild declined. He had heard of a sick person in a distant part of his own parish, which he had not yet explored, and I well remember his asking me to point out the road to it. This may seem a trifle to put on record. But it exactly shows the manner of the man—always duty put before pleasure in small things as well as great. He built schools in English Bicknor, at considerable cost to himself (there had been no day-school before his time), rebuilt the church, and left many external marks of his ten years' residence in the parish. But he left far deeper, more enduring marks in the hearts and affections of those committed to his charge, many of whom to this day, after an interval of thirty-five years love to dwell upon his sayings and doings. He had a very special love for children. I often now meet with rugged men and toilworn women who speak of lessons learned from Mr. Feild at Bicknor School. He could be severe at times, he may occasionally have erred on the side of severity—for his righteous soul was specially vexed at anything like deceit or falsehood or irreverence in a child.

“Mr. Feild was a man of very strong constitution and active habits, but the parish of English Bicknor is a widely scattered one, and many of the hamlets and outlying cottages can only be reached by very rough and steep roads, so that he employed a curate during the greater part of his incumbency, and two or three young men to whom he gave a title have ever had reason to bless the day in which they became associated with Feild in the charge of a parish. He taught them their work—saw that

they were diligent and regular in their visits to the sick-bed and the school, and did not shrink from criticizing their sermons, and pointing out any deficiencies in statements of doctrine, and any errors in matters of taste. Nor did he take it too much to heart if they sometimes winced a little under his treatment.

“I can well remember the universal and genuine regret that were felt and expressed throughout the parish, when it became known that he had decided to accept the Bishopric of Newfoundland. Rich and poor alike felt that they were losing a true pastor and a friend indeed. The state of society at English Bicknor, when Feild came to the parish, was at a very low ebb. There were two or three disreputable public-houses, and the noisy contention of drunken men in the streets was by no means uncommon. The farmers did not generally set a good example—the ringers and singers were a troublesome lot. He had to do a good deal of rough work, and his unflinching courage—his utter contempt for what is commonly called popularity, his steady purpose in all that he did and said to please God rather than man, exactly fitted him for it. It had long been the wish of his heart to obtain possession of the ‘Old Bear,’ a public-house close to the church and the rectory (and which was the scene of frequent drunken brawls) for the purpose of building almshouses on the site. This wish was never accomplished during his stay at Bicknor, but when he paid one of his rare and hasty visits to England, he had the pleasure of seeing a suitable and commodious building, erected on the site of the ‘Old Bear,’ tenanted by six aged parishioners, who were spending a peaceful old age, ‘fast by the church, whose aisles in youth they trod.’ This was a great satisfaction to him, and he often used to say playfully, ‘that when he was worn out and past work he should ask for a room in the Bicknor almshouses in which to end his days.’”

The fame of his powers in school matters was now widely spread. Education was becoming, what it has since continued to be, a foremost and pressing question. Existing schools were known to be as bad as it was possible to conceive; the teachers were ignorant, and aimed at nothing beyond teaching by rote; Diocesan Boards of Education had begun to be established in several places, and the National Society determined to appoint a number of inspectors whose duty it should be to visit all the schools in a particular diocese with the sanction of the bishop. The *first* person selected for this tentative position was Mr. Feild. From May 10 to August 19, 1840, he was engaged in the diocese of Salisbury, and on October 9 in the same year until May 31, 1841, he was engaged in similar work in the diocese of Worcester. Thus he gained experience both in a rural and in a manufacturing diocese. He considered his duties to be, "(1) to ascertain the actual state of each school; (2) by encouragement and counsel to suggest remedies for apparent defects or deficiencies as experience might enable him, remembering always *that an inspector should know the difficulties and hindrances of parochial education as only a parish minister can.*" How true is the foregoing passage many a school manager will feel who has smarted under the unsympathetic demand of a Government Inspector to whom, although perhaps in Holy Orders, none of the trials and difficulties of parochial life are known. How sore was the need of some inspection may be gathered from Mr. Feild's report, that in many places no registers of attendances were kept, and no explanation was given of what was read. "Often master and children stand aghast together when I propound any question; the very easiest, being new and strange, are difficult to them."

The inspection was thorough and minute, extending to questions of drainage, ventilation (little thought of in those

days), even to the supply of hat-pegs, and the like: in every school he inquired about the private prayers of each child, and found that in Dorsetshire they generally said the Lord's Prayer, the Creed (which was regarded as a prayer, the children kneeling and holding up their hands while repeating it), and one of the many versions of "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John:" these versions were so many and different that he made a collection of them, which finds a place in the Appendix of his report. In Warwickshire he was "pained to hear of the spread of Teetotalism among the schoolmasters;" one refused to continue to communicate because he was pledged to total abstinence, and another "suspended in his schoolroom a sheet almanac headed (with a kind of parody on the sacred title of all Christian almanacs) 'The Temperance Almanac, in the Year of Total Abstinence, 8.' Surely persons of such unstable minds (he adds) are most unfit to be intrusted with the education of children in the obligations of the Christian covenant."

His two reports (which were in addition to the confidential reports sent to the bishop on each parish) occupy 27 and 76 pages of closely-printed matter in the Reports of the National Society for 1840 and 1841 respectively, and it may fairly be doubted whether the Privy Council Office contains more statesmanlike documents on the great question with which they deal; certainly the armed host of Inspectors who are sent out from Whitehall with all the authority which the State can give them, might study with advantage both to their own work and to the schools which they visit, these two reports of Mr. Feild. The documents, it is fair to add, brought to the writer an offer of a Government Inspectorship, which he declined, stating as his reason that he had resolved to give himself up wholly to what he conceived to be his proper work. There is a tradition among his friends that the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had no personal knowledge of him, was so struck by the



reports, and his conduct in refusing the Government appointment, that he said, "this man ought to be a bishop."

In other parts of the country where education was attracting the thoughts of the clergy, men looked to Mr. Feild and his experience before venturing on plans of their own. Among those who thus sat at his feet was the writer of the following letter, now the honoured Primus of Scotland, and the friendship thus commenced secured, as will be seen hereafter, the most valuable sympathy and material assistance when the famous Inspector became Bishop of Newfoundland. Bishop Eden writes to me thus:—

"I had been for some time joint secretary with the present Dean of Winchester of the Essex Board of Education, when the late Bishop of London (Blomfield) asked me to inspect the schools in Essex. At that time there was no Government Inspection of schools. Mr. Feild, the first inspector of schools, was just then engaged in his inspection of the schools in the diocese of Worcester. I had heard of the admirable way in which he had accomplished his work the year before, and I asked the Bishop of London to allow me to go down to the diocese of Worcester, and, with Mr. Feild's permission, to accompany him for a short time, that I might learn the then novel lesson of school inspection before venturing to undertake the task to which he had invited me. The bishop most readily entered into the proposal, and having obtained Mr. Feild's permission, I went down and accompanied him in his inspection of several schools. He was a most kind instructor, and as able as he was kind. His system of inspection was at once so simple and so thorough, that he soon made me master of it; and thus armed, I was emboldened to accede to my bishop's request, and conducted my inspection entirely in accordance with the 'Feild Organization.' So thorough was his system that he examined, I may say, every child in each class, beginning from the lowest to the

highest, dismissing from the school each class as he examined it, and having given occupation to the other children who were not under examination. He entered the result of his examination of each class when he had completed it, in a little paper book which he had prepared under different headings, and from these books he framed the daily report of each school."

The diocese of Worcester having been thus inspected, Mr. Feild returned to his parish in 1841, and there continued until, in 1844, he was summoned to Newfoundland, where for thirty-two years he was abundant in labours which may, without exaggeration, be said to have been uninterrupted and unparalleled.

On the fact of his nomination being known, offers of material help came to him from all sides. The Provost and Fellows of his college immediately commenced the formation of a fund for ecclesiastical purposes, to be placed at his disposal, "feeling confident that the well-known character of Mr. Feild, his sound judgment and discretion, his past labours in the Church, and his zealous performance of the duties of a parish priest for many years, afford a sufficient guarantee that his office as chief pastor will be efficiently discharged whilst health and strength are afforded him, and that the sum placed in his hands will be employed in the best way calculated to advance the spiritual welfare of those committed to his charge." This was testimony as creditable to those who offered it as to him who was the subject of it; and certainly, if faithful and long-continued labours for God and the Church, if simple piety and hardness endured not only voluntarily but without complaint, if statesmanlike forethought, and practical wisdom in the founding and subsequent government of a church, and a life lived as in the very presence of God and guided always by the Spirit and teaching of the Gospel, be subjects of legitimate admiration to those who witness them, Queen's

College, Oxford, has had no nobler or more distinguished member in this generation than he to whom his contemporaries united in doing honour before he left his native country for the sterile shores of Newfoundland.

To the fund thus raised his parishioners contributed largely; but his letter of thanks and acknowledgement shows that, pressed for money as all colonial bishops are, specially at the commencement of their work, he valued the prayers and intercessions of his poor village flock far above silver and gold. Thus he wrote:—

“ ENGLISH BICKNOR,  
*April 2, 1844.*

“ My dear Friends and Parishioners,

“ I desire to thank you most heartily and sincerely for your very liberal contribution to the fund for ecclesiastical purposes in my future charge, and for the affectionate declaration of your regard and good wishes which accompanies it. This is not an occasion for many words; if you do not give me credit for feeling, deeply and gratefully, you would not, I am sure, be better convinced and satisfied by set forms and phrases. I can but thank you, and you will believe I do it from the bottom of my heart, in all simplicity and sincerity.

I must be allowed, however, to assure you, that the amount of your donation, and the manner of collecting and presenting it, are very gratifying to me. While so considerable a sum of money (78*l.*) will materially assist the good works which our brethren in Newfoundland, my appointed future charge, have in hand (and such assistance is greatly needed), the long list of contributors, names so familiar and dear to me, will remain in my possession a pleasing memorial of your dutiful regard and goodwill. I can honestly assure you no piece of silver or gold plate, however costly or beautiful, could be regarded by me with more gratitude and satisfaction, or preserved with greater care, than this simple record of so many dear friends and parishioners, of every rank and degree, associated in a common design of acknowledging my past poor services

stress of these things it became grim, but it was simply proof against all the conditions which, in ordinary men, would have extinguished it; to this must be added a keen love of nature, which discovered beauties in the most desolate scenes: the other gifts and graces which marked his daily life, both public and private, his voluntary endurance of hardness, his forgetfulness of self, his indifference to discomfort, his munificent charities—these will appear from time to time in the following pages. With this not unnecessary digression we go back to the commencement of his episcopate.

He was consecrated in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, on April 28, 1844, the sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Richard Davies, Rector of Staunton, from *Rev.* xiii. 10, "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints." Mr. Davies and the bishop had been at Rugby together, and they remained fast and attached friends through life—and the rector of the quiet little English parish always felt the warmest sympathy with the great work which was being carried on by his old friend and neighbour on the bleak shores of Newfoundland. This sympathy and interest were a great support and comfort to the bishop, and he acknowledges in most grateful terms the receipt of long letters from Mr. Davies, containing often copious extracts from new publications, elaborate discussions on the various questions of the day, as well as minute and various particulars of all that was going on among his old friends and parishioners in English Bicknor. Mr. Davies died in 1857, and the bishop's letters on that occasion show that distance and separation had by no means chilled the warmth of his regard and esteem for his departed brother.

On June 4, the bishop sailed from Liverpool in the *Acadia*. He had the privilege of celebrating Holy Communion in S. Martin's, Liverpool, the church of which his friend the Rev. Cecil Wray was vicar, and a large body of

churchmen went with him immediately after the service to the ship. A fortnight was spent at Halifax for the purpose of conferring with the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and it is characteristic of his unfailing love of children that amid the many distractions of his novel position the bishop should have found time to write the following letter:—

“HALIFAX, *July 1, 1844.*”

“Dear Friends,—The almanac this morning carries me in thought and good wishes to your happy home and nursery, for I promised your little girl that I would remember her on her birthday, a promise easily kept, for from the time of making it to this, the season for its fulfilment, scarcely a day has passed without my thinking of you and your hospitable house, and all the kindness you showed me for our common Master's and His Church's sake. May there be to all of you many happy returns of this day.”

On July 4, he landed at S. John's amid signs and ceremonies of welcome which were eminently distasteful to him, but which he accepted for the sake of the kindly spirit which prompted them.

“I found,” he wrote, “to my surprise, great preparations had been made to receive me. Two boats came off to meet the packet on her entering the harbour: one containing the clergy of S. John's, with their churchwardens and some other respectable inhabitants, the other from H.M.S. *Eurydice*, having on board the Governor's son and private secretary. I was directed to enter the latter, into which also the two clergymen (for, alas! there are but two in the district of S. John's, containing nearly 20,000 souls widely scattered,) entered, having first ascended the packet to salute me. In three or four minutes we were at the wharf, and there I found the Royal Newfoundland Companies, with their officers, drawn up to receive me, who

expect that my consecration will take place at Lambeth the 21st or 28th of April."

The bishop was jealous of the manner in which his name was spelt, and was always ready to defend it. In the "Table Talk" of the *Guardian* newspaper for August 11, 1875, there appeared the following Epitaph, which occurs in S. Giles's Church, Norwich:—

"My name speaks what I was, and am, and have,  
A Bedding Field, a piece of earth, a grave,  
Where I expect, untill my Soul shall bring  
Unto the Field an everlasting Spring,  
For Rayse, and Rayse out of the earth and slime,  
God did the first, and will the second Time.

"Obijt die 10 Maij, 1637.

"Elisabetha Bedingfield, Sorori Francesce sue.—S. R. Q. P."

The Editor of the *Guardian* added the following paragraph:—

"The same correspondent notices that 'for some reason or other the present family of Bedingfield always drop the letter *i* in the last syllable, but so far as I know, it is a novelty introduced of late years.'"

On September 29 the *Guardian* contained the following rejoinder:—

"SIR,—Observing in the 'Table Talk' of the *Guardian* of August 11 an epitaph containing a play on the name of 'A. Feild,' the person buried, I send you herewith a copy of a like display of wit (on the same name and about the same date) on the monument of a Bishop of Hereford, by name Theophilus Feild, in Hereford Cathedral. It appears that the see of Hereford was the *third* in succession the Bishop had occupied, which gave occasion for still further exercise of that wit, which in those days so often found expression in epitaphs or obituary verses:—

" 'The sun, that light unto three Churches gave,  
Is set, the Feild is buried in a grave;  
This sun shall rise, his Feild resume its flowers,  
Their sweetness breathe for ages, not for hours.'

"Attached to the epitaph on the monument is the following:—  
'Anagram: He fail'd not any,' which I should be glad to see explained. Your correspondent speaks of dropping the letter *i* in the word usually spelt 'field' as a novelty, which in these days it is; but such (feld) was the original spelling: and when the *i* was introduced different parties placed it differently, some before, others after the *e*. I contend that after the *e* (feild) is the more correct. Not only the occupant of three sees in succession so spelt his name, but the learned author also of the *Book of the Church*, Richard Feild, Dean of Gloucester. I observe that in the title-page of Professor Brewer's edition of that useful book the author's name is spelt 'Field'—an error which the Professor might have avoided (if not for other and better reasons) out of respect for his old tutor, Ed. Newfoundland.

"*S. John's, Newfoundland, Sept. 9, 1875.*"

The bishop's name provoked witticisms at all periods of his life: in his Rugby days he was the subject of two lines still remembered by Rugbeians, and perhaps intelligible only to those who know the phrases in use at the School:—

"Ecce tremendus Ager, pugno metuendus ovino,  
Dilectus Muisis, et tibi, Phœbe Pater."

## CHAPTER II.

[1844.]

“ Go to the harvest-whitened West,  
Ye surpliced Priests of God,  
In all the Christian armour drest,  
And with the Gospel shod :  
Go, for the midnight wanes apace,  
The Sun himself is nigh !  
Go to the wild and lonely place,  
And in the desert cry.”

BISHOP CLEVELAND COXE.

THE Island of Newfoundland in its early days had suffered, perhaps irretrievably, from the neglect of the Mother Church. As long ago as 1704 there were English clergy settled in the country and ministering to the resident population, then very limited in numbers, and to the thousands of sea-faring folk who in the fishing season crowded the harbours with their ships. These for the most part came from Dorsetshire, Devonshire, and the Channel Islands; there has always been likewise a considerable influx of Irish immigrants. Ecclesiastically, Newfoundland was a part of the diocese of Nova Scotia, but it may be truly said that its fruition of episcopal care was wholly nominal, for although the See of Nova Scotia was established in 1787, it was not until forty years had elapsed that a bishop of that diocese was enabled to visit this distant portion of his charge.

Whatever was done in those days was the result of private devotion and zeal. In 1823, a Newfoundland merchant, Samuel Codner, grieved at the lamentable state of ignorance in which the people were living, and the more lamentable prospects of the next generation, founded a School Society for the education of poor children. This society, commenced with such excellent intentions, has not always been managed wisely, or for the good of the Church, and it often gave infinite trouble to the bishop; but it was at this time the means of bringing into the country a body of Christian teachers, although of humble attainments, and it had an interest of its own in being the free-will offering of a layman in days of great spiritual apathy.<sup>1</sup> In 1830 a courageous clergyman, Archdeacon Wix, whose honourable career as a pioneer of the Church of Christ is worthy of a more formal chronicle than this passing allusion, made a tour of the southern shore of the island, and a considerable tract of the Labrador coast. In 1835 he spent six months in similar labours, and appears to have made a complete visitation of the whole coast-line. Newfoundland has been well described as a "rough shore with no interior;" and this is true, for although in area it is equal to Ireland, there are no roads except in the neighbourhood of the capital; the queen's highway is to be found only on the water and, in the winter, on the ice; a glance at the map shows a jagged coast-line marking a series of coves and creeks, and lanes of water locally called "Tickles," and these separated from each other in a way that renders communication between the populations of the several coves a matter of much difficulty, while inland it is an untraversed

<sup>1</sup> This organization has been known under many names which it has adopted in succession. Beginning as the "Newfoundland School Society," it has in turn passed under the following titles:—"School Society for Newfoundland and British North America," "The Church of England School Society for Newfoundland and the Colonies," "The Colonial Church and School Society," and "The Colonial and Continental Church Society."



and almost unknown country, abounding with bogs and rocks ; isolation is a fruitful source of ignorance and vice, and Mr. Wix' account of his experience is in all respects consistent with what we should expect to find. He wrote :—

“ I was frequently, during my journey, struck with surprise at the very marked difference which might be observed between the inhabitants of places only separated by a few leagues from each other. The difference of extraction has occasioned, as may be supposed, a marked dissimilarity between the descendants of Jersey-men, Frenchmen, Irish, Scotch, and English people. The people, too, with whom the first settlers and their immediate descendants may have had contact or intercourse have contributed much to the formation of the dialect, character, and habits of the present settlers. The inhabitants of Conception Bay, although a neck of land of only a few miles in extent separates them from Trinity Bay, differ from the inhabitants of the latter as much as if they were a distant nation ; the same may be said of the difference between those who live in Placentia and those who live in Fortune Bay. But a single league may often carry the traveller upon the same shore, from a people whose habits are extremely coarse and revolting, to a population which has suffered nothing—perhaps has gained—from its being far removed from the seat of advanced civilization and refinement. Much of the character of a settlement must, of course, depend, for several generations, on the character of its original settlers. The descendants of some profane run-away man-of-war's man, or of some other character as regardless or ignorant of decorum and delicacy, are likely to show, to a third and fourth generation, a general licentiousness of conversation and conduct which betray the foul origin of their stock. Between the people of the Bay of Islands, and those of Bay St. George, there was a difference as wide as between

the untutored Indian and the more favoured child of refinement. There were acts of profligacy practised, indeed, in this bay, at which the Micmac Indians expressed to me their horror and disgust. I met with more feminine delicacy, I must further own, in the wigwams of the Micmac and Canokok Indians than in the tilts of many of our own people. Except some sympathy be excited for the improvement of our people in this and like places, they must fast merge into a state similar to that in which the first missionaries found the inhabitants of the islands in the South Seas; unless, indeed, which seems not improbable, nature vindicates herself, and the vices and excesses by which their natural vigour and constitutional energies do seem already impaired, shall, in a generation or two, exterminate them as completely as drunkenness has some of the tribes of Indians."

It was to a country whose inhabitants could be thus described without exaggeration, and whose physical features, combined with a winter of six months' duration, tend to make it a place of residence unattractive to the last degree to all save the seekers of gold or of souls, that in 1839 the episcopate was tardily given. Bishop Spencer, who is better known to the present generation as having for many years held the See of Jamaica, became first Bishop of Newfoundland. To him belongs the credit of first grappling with the confusion and chaos in which all ecclesiastical matters were involved; he made two long visitations by sea, for the most part in open boats; he found alarming spiritual destitution everywhere; the means of education were insufficient, but the absolute dearth of clergy induced him to admit to the Diaconate some of the schoolmasters of the Newfoundland School Society, already mentioned, with the understanding that they would continue as deacons their work as schoolmasters; he confirmed nearly 3,000 persons; he mapped out the diocese into rural deaneries

for the better administration of ecclesiastical matters ; he established a seminary for Divinity students, which became the nucleus of a Theological College, and raised a considerable sum of money with the hope of building a Cathedral, the first stone of which he laid before quitting the diocese. The severity of the climate, however, combined with the difficulty of locomotion to one who had not a ship always at his command, and the thought that even with such a possession there would be many harbours and settlements utterly beyond his reach, seem to have disheartened him, and his translation to the See of Jamaica, in 1839, was welcomed as a relief from a burden under which he was evidently sinking.

He left Newfoundland too late in the year to allow of a successor being sent out until the following spring ; the authorities of the Mother Church had, therefore, ample time in which to make their selection, and for their guidance Bishop Spencer wrote the following memorandum :—“The Missionary in Newfoundland has certainly greater hardships to endure and more difficult obstacles to surmount than those which await the messenger of the Gospel in New Zealand or India, or perhaps any field of Christian labour yet opened to the known world. He must have strength of constitution to support him under a climate as rigorous as that of Iceland : a stomach insensible to the attacks of sea-sickness ; pedestrian powers beyond those of an Irish Gossoon, and an ability to rest occasionally on the bed of a fisherman or the hard boards in a woodman’s tilt. With these physical capabilities he must combine a patient temper, an energetic spirit, a facility to adapt his speech to the lowest grade of intellect, a ready power of illustrating and explaining the leading doctrines of the Gospel and the Church to the earnest though dull and ill-informed inquirer, and a thorough preparation for controversy with the Romanist, together

with the discretion and charity which will induce him to live, as far as may be possible, peaceably with all men."

This passage has been quoted at length. Those who know what manner of man was the second Bishop of Newfoundland, well know that all the qualifications described above were found in him; nor were these all: others he possessed, not less valuable, although more uncommon. With profound learning he combined humility and simplicity of character which made even his admirers occasionally smile. "If there is one man's character and memory which I revere more than another's," writes the Rev. Edward Coleridge, "it is that of the guileless saint who has just ended his earthly labours. He spent his last Sunday with us at Eton [in 1847] and I shall not forget the impression of sincerity, *ἐλικρινεΐα*, which he made on us all." Undaunted in spirit, clear in his convictions and sense of duty, he never hesitated as to his action, and this not from an impulsive temper, but from a habit of instinctively and promptly following what his conscience told him was his duty: full of the spirit of his Mother Church and thoroughly trained in her discipline and laws, he simply followed this Divine leading; I suppose he never for a moment thought of paring down and adjusting the faith or practice of the Church to conciliate the world or to satisfy the unbeliever; and it would be inconceivable to any who knew him that he should have changed his course by a hair's-breadth through fear of what the world or uninstructed public opinion would say. Whether as priest or bishop, he had the grace to disregard and even despise popularity, and so he escaped the snare which in the present day especially hinders ministerial usefulness in the highest as well as in the humblest positions. "If I were popular," he wrote on one occasion, "I could do much—much to exalt myself, degrade the Church, and ruin souls;" but having valued popularity at its true worth he went on his

way, and in time, as ever happens, he gained, not indeed the indiscriminating applause of the vulgar and irreligious, but the respect and affection of all good men—and the respect thus acquired was not merely for his personal character, which to a right-minded man is a secondary matter altogether, but was extended to the Church whose servant he was. It seems well here to give the impartial judgment of a military critic, who nearly thirty years later formed his estimate of the bishop and his episcopate during a protracted residence in the island:—

“ In truth it was not long before I found the good bishop was either loved or respected by the whole community. The secret simply lay in a conviction now firmly rooted, but long time struggling for growth in a rocky ungenial soil, that in striving after the glory of his Master and the good of his fellows, the man had forgotten his own self and his own pleasure. He had, in as much as he could, obeyed that Divine yet hard command, to forsake his own home, his own comforts, his own belongings, to follow, amid much opportunity for the dazzling things of earth, a self-denying pathway. That path men saw that he kept straight towards his end, doing the allotted work along its narrow sides, nobly, honestly to all; without fear or affection undue to any. It was said of him that he had engaged in the labour not willingly; but that having accepted it, he took up the burden and heat of the day at once, calling on and expecting others in his vineyard to do likewise.”<sup>1</sup>

Among the minor gifts which he possessed was one not to be undervalued as a sustaining power under continual discouragements, a sense of humour which was simply un-failing; it appears in all his letters, and sparkled in his conversation; always playful, nothing interrupted it; however sore were his discouragements and anxieties, under

<sup>1</sup> *Lost Amid the Fogs*, by Lieut.-Col. R. B. Macrae. London: Sampson Low.

stress of these things it became grim, but it was simply proof against all the conditions which, in ordinary men, would have extinguished it; to this must be added a keen love of nature, which discovered beauties in the most desolate scenes: the other gifts and graces which marked his daily life, both public and private, his voluntary endurance of hardness, his forgetfulness of self, his indifference to discomfort, his munificent charities—these will appear from time to time in the following pages. With this not unnecessary digression we go back to the commencement of his episcopate.

He was consecrated in the chapel of Lambeth Palace, on April 28, 1844, the sermon on the occasion being preached by the Rev. Richard Davies, Rector of Staunton, from *Rev.* xiii. 10, "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints." Mr. Davies and the bishop had been at Rugby together, and they remained fast and attached friends through life—and the rector of the quiet little English parish always felt the warmest sympathy with the great work which was being carried on by his old friend and neighbour on the bleak shores of Newfoundland. This sympathy and interest were a great support and comfort to the bishop, and he acknowledges in most grateful terms the receipt of long letters from Mr. Davies, containing often copious extracts from new publications, elaborate discussions on the various questions of the day, as well as minute and various particulars of all that was going on among his old friends and parishioners in English Bicknor. Mr. Davies died in 1857, and the bishop's letters on that occasion show that distance and separation had by no means chilled the warmth of his regard and esteem for his departed brother.

On June 4, the bishop sailed from Liverpool in the *Acadia*. He had the privilege of celebrating Holy Communion in S. Martin's, Liverpool, the church of which his friend the Rev. Cecil Wray was vicar, and a large body of

churchmen went with him immediately after the service to the ship. A fortnight was spent at Halifax for the purpose of conferring with the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and it is characteristic of his unfailing love of children that amid the many distractions of his novel position the bishop should have found time to write the following letter:—

“HALIFAX, July 1, 1844.

“Dear Friends,—The almanac this morning carries me in thought and good wishes to your happy home and nursery, for I promised your little girl that I would remember her on her birthday, a promise easily kept, for from the time of making it to this, the season for its fulfilment, scarcely a day has passed without my thinking of you and your hospitable house, and all the kindness you showed me for our common Master’s and His Church’s sake. May there be to all of you many happy returns of this day.”

On July 4, he landed at S. John’s amid signs and ceremonies of welcome which were eminently distasteful to him, but which he accepted for the sake of the kindly spirit which prompted them.

“I found,” he wrote, “to my surprise, great preparations had been made to receive me. Two boats came off to meet the packet on her entering the harbour: one containing the clergy of S. John’s, with their churchwardens and some other respectable inhabitants, the other from H.M.S. *Eurydice*, having on board the Governor’s son and private secretary. I was directed to enter the latter, into which also the two clergymen (for, alas! there are but two in the district of S. John’s, containing nearly 20,000 souls widely scattered,) entered, having first ascended the packet to salute me. In three or four minutes we were at the wharf, and there I found the Royal Newfoundland Companies, with their officers, drawn up to receive me, who

presented arms on my landing, and the officers most kindly and courteously welcomed me to Newfoundland. I hardly knew how to acknowledge such novel and unexpected salutations, but having done what I could, I was directed to Lady Harvey's carriage, waiting for me at the head of the wharf. The two clergymen still accompanied me, and we soon reached Government House, where I was received by his Excellency, Sir John Harvey, the Governor of Newfoundland. . . . .

“Such was my introduction to my diocese ; not, it is too manifest, in primitive or apostolic fashion, yet so, I should hope, as not to give offence to any charitable right-minded Christians. The respect and ceremony were paid to me as a bishop of the Church ; and though I should have preferred a procession with litanies and holy services attended by priests and choristers leading me to the church, yet, where none could be found to make or understand such ceremonies, the mixture of secular with ecclesiastical respect was not to be contemptuously rejected. To me, personally, the whole proceedings were as distasteful as they were unsought for and unexpected,—which helped to reconcile me to them, and made me hope they might have a good effect upon others, if God will.”

Little time was lost in making plans : but before any schemes were published for the good of the diocese, the spiritual life of the capital was at once cared for. The new bishop immediately commenced daily morning prayer in S. Thomas' Church, and announced that as soon as he could take possession of his own home—for at first he was the guest of the Governor—he should have daily evensong as well ; and it may here be stated, that this rule of the Church has been the diligently observed rule of the diocese. In S. Thomas' Church there was no font ; and pulpit, desk, and clerk's desk occupied the centre of the church, obscuring the altar : as a Visitation of the clergy and an Ordination were



to be held in this church in September, the bishop determined at once to make such alterations as might "exhibit to the clergy the proper arrangements of a church." His own house was no sooner occupied than he opened a school for children of the upper classes, who attended church in the morning: this, the bishop thought, would "prevent the establishment or mitigate the evil of a public academy on liberal principles (*i.e.* religion excluded), for the establishment of which an Act had already passed the House of Assembly."

The Theological Seminary which his predecessor had established was found to be a poor wooden building in which six students attended daily to receive instruction from the clergyman of S. Thomas' Church: they lived in lodgings, and were under no surveillance. These the bishop required to attend daily prayers in church, and he caused them to be instructed in church-music, that they might take part in the services. He saw the need of their living under collegiate discipline, and in time a theological college was established, which has trained many clergy for the diocese, and by the bishop's exertions was ultimately endowed to the amount of 7,500*l.* Amid his many plans he felt the obvious necessity for more clergy; but although fresh from England with her endowments, he was quite free from the feeling which, then more than now, led churchmen to look to Government or to England for help. He consistently, and from the very beginning, insisted on churchmen helping themselves. "No assistance," he wrote, "can be expected from the Government either at home or here, except clogged with conditions, or followed by consequences which do more harm than their money can do good."

By the kindness of the present Primus of Scotland, then rector of Leigh in Essex, the bishop was not allowed to suffer, as his predecessor had suffered, for lack of a suitable vessel in which to make his visitations. Mr. Eden

presented to the diocese the *Emma Eden*, a brig of 80 tons which should be the Church ship ; but as her rig and size did not fit her for the new work for which she was intended, the generous donor allowed her to be sold, and with the proceeds a smaller, but more handy vessel, the *Hawk*, was purchased. This was arranged before the bishop left England, but the necessary alterations detained the vessel in the Thames for some weeks. At length all was ready, and Bishop Blomfield, who amid all the great and varied works which he originated or directed for the good of the Church at home, ever found time for the interests of the Colonial Churches, visited the ship at Blackwall on August 10, and held a solemn and impressive service of dedication on board. Her voyage was prosperous, and the bishop welcomed her and her precious freight of missionaries, present and prospective, with thankfulness. The cost of her alteration and outfit had been great, and already expenses were pressing on the bishop and making him anxious. It may be here stated that his episcopal income was 1,200*l.* per annum, of which 500*l.* were granted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and 700*l.* from parliamentary and colonial funds. The following letter will serve as an instance of the profuse liberality with which he ever spent all that he had for the good of the Church and the glory of God, while his personal expenditure was altogether insignificant :—

“ S. JOHN’S, *September 6, 1844.*

“ While I have any grace left I hope I shall never speak or think of any of your labours or proceedings on my behalf but with the sincerest and warmest gratitude ; but what is to be done respecting these bills ? . . . .

“ I am obliged to put some furniture into my house and to provide for housekeeping ; and though all is done in the most economical way, there will and must be an outlay of nearly 300*l.*, no very large sum for-furnishing an episcopal

residence for a bishop, chaplain, schoolmaster, two catechists and two students. I have bought nothing new but of plain deal, and have no curtains in the house—no looking-glasses, except little hand-mirrors stuck against the walls—no carpets upstairs. Then I am just about to open the Collegiate School, and am obliged to pay for all books and furniture and to take another house on my own risk and responsibility. At this time I have not a farthing of money either private or episcopal. My goods and effects were only just enough to pay my debts in England.”

The first Visitation was held on S. Matthew's Day. An Ordination had been held on the previous Sunday; twenty-four out of twenty-five clergymen of the diocese had attended and received their bishop's charge and experienced his hospitality; and these events over, the bishop turned his attention to another and very dissimilar part of his diocese.

## CHAPTER III.

[1845-1846.]

“ Where the remote Bermudas ride  
In Ocean’s bosom unespied.”

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE Bermudas, or Somers Islands, which had formed part of the original diocese of Nova Scotia, were added to the charge of the Bishop of Newfoundland when that See was founded. They are a cluster of islets, connected by bridges, in the midst of the great Atlantic, extending from one end to the other for about twenty-five miles, while nowhere are they more than three miles in breadth. To most persons it would have been a welcome change to spend the winter in these sunny islands, and to leave the larger and more important Island of Newfoundland to the mercy of fog and storm and ice; to Bishop Feild it was a perpetual source of regret to have to make a long voyage of more than 1,200 miles across the Atlantic, and to be distracted by the thought that the diocese must at all times suffer loss in one extremity or the other by the absence of its chief pastor. “It is quite outrageous,” he wrote, “to tie Bermuda and Newfoundland together;

‘ Nequidquam Deus abscidit  
Prudens oceano dissociabili  
Terras,’

“if these regions with so little in common are to form one diocese.” He offered thus early in his episcopate to give up the portion of his income which was attached to the Archdeaconry of Bermuda if only a new See might be

founded: on a subsequent occasion he offered to give up one half of his income if his diocese might be thus divided, and to take either portion of the divided See, "expressing and, if possible, exhibiting no preference," and after longer experience of the difficulties of his position he expressed a wish to resign the whole diocese with its income, and to continue to act as coadjutor and rector of S. John's. But although a diocese thus widely severed in its component parts can never be satisfactory, the evils were reduced to a minimum by the zeal and devoted care of the bishop. His rule was to visit Bermuda every alternate winter, and in course of time he saw reasons to modify materially his objection to the arrangement: but as his sojourns in the islands rarely lasted more than ten or twelve weeks, his visits exposed him to two voyages of an especially dangerous character at the very worst seasons of the year. In the autumn of 1844 his first visit enabled him thoroughly to grasp the needs of the island, and largely to supply them. He wrote—

"During the months of November and December, 1844, I remained in S. George's, the garrison town and ancient seat of Government. At the commencement of the year I removed to the parish of Warwick, a central spot, and near to the town of Hamilton, and residence of the Governor. There I remained during the rest of my stay in Bermuda, except a few days which I spent in the parish of Somerset, at the western extremity of the colony. I thus became acquainted with every parish and part of the islands, which, indeed, is no very difficult or long task.

"I preached three times in each of the churches but one, and in that twice, and in S. George's, in Paget's, and in Warwick, much more frequently.

"I visited and preached in each of the three convict hulks; visited all the parochial and free schools, and carefully examined the children; baptized four adult negroes, confirmed eight times, in as many different

churches; held a Visitation of the Clergy of the Islands, when I delivered a Charge which was printed at their request. I addressed copious articles of inquiry to all the clergy, both rectors of parishes and chaplains of the hulks, and in other ways endeavoured to make myself acquainted with their circumstances and proceedings, and have offered such advice, and given such directions, as seemed to me necessary in each case."

Two sermons, preached on S. Matthias' Day and the Feast of the Annunciation respectively, were printed; in the one "plainness of speech," in the other the observance of Saints' Days was insisted on.

His work in Bermuda was characteristic of his whole episcopate; nothing was overlooked; none were too poor or too degraded—indeed, poverty and degradation seem ever to have called forth his special sympathy and care. There was much in the condition of the Church to discourage him; the Governor alone issued marriage licences "as Sole Ordinary in and over these Islands;" the clergy were accustomed to marry in private houses and at any hour, and Holy Matrimony was supplanted by profane wedlock, which was regarded only as a civil contract. His efforts to adjust these anomalies were very offensive to the Governor, who conceived his dignity to be compromised by the proposal to curtail his functions, but by the clergy and laity the bishop's action was cordially approved. The negroes of the island and their efforts to raise themselves socially were matters of real concern to him; he saw that they would in time become a powerful section of the population, and was most anxious that suitable education should be provided for them. "At present," he wrote, "their sole possessions are their clothes, and on Sundays these, it must be confessed, are gaudy enough." Early in the spring of 1845 he returned to S. John's, there to discover that he had not yet learned the limits of his diocese. Were ever

Letters Patent issued yet without a blunder? Hardly a diocese is to be found that has not its own story or tradition of errors, geographical or otherwise, in these now happily obsolete documents. He wrote to one to whom he was wont to have recourse in all his difficulties:—

“Do tell me whether or not the coast of Labrador is part of my diocese? *It is not mentioned in my commission.* I am frequently entreated to send a clergyman there, but I need not tell you that I have no ability even if I have authority. But can I refer the poor people to any other bishop; and is it really so, that no clergyman of the Church of England can be found to put his life in his hand and go forth among them for Christ and His Church’s sake? Hundreds of our people go to the Labrador with their families every summer, and never see a church or a clergyman during their stay. Then I have applications from all parts of this island, and what can I do? Nothing but hurry skurry, run and drive here and there, which indeed is worse than nothing, and after all nothing done.”

This picture of a bishop overwhelmed with work which only himself could do, and harassed still more by demands for ministrations which it was out of his power to supply, is surely one that merits sympathy. The bishop himself wasted no time in vain regrets,—what man could do he did. As soon as the waters were open, the *Hawk* was put in commission, and the bishop visited the eastern coast as far as Twillingate and Fogo. The church ship was received with all the tokens of welcome usual among seafaring people; flags were hoisted and guns fired, and on all sides warm greetings were offered and given. At Fogo and Twillingate churches were consecrated: already had the bishop made his influence to be felt, and, at his desire, the people who had been accustomed to possess pews, which were bought and sold as private property, now made the buildings over to himself, in trust, for the perpetual use of

all the inhabitants. After a week spent in S. John's the *Hawk* again spread her wings, and the bishop was carried along the southern shore as far as S. George's Bay. Much of the voyage was made through "ever brooding, all concealing fog," but when Cape Ray was reached, on Sunday July 27, the weather became clear and warm, "adding much to the enjoyment of the services of that holy day." Sandy Point, the extreme limit of S. George's Bay, was the limit of this voyage, and here "the church, school, and mission-house were seen lying together in that happy alliance which forms such an interesting feature, and promises such manifold blessings in many English parishes." Well may the good bishop sigh after his own church and parsonage and goodly schools, in which he took such pride in the distant valley of the Wye, yet the circumstances of Sandy Point may have reconciled him to his position and his work, for many of the inhabitants a few years ago had never seen a church or a clergyman, and now there was among them a Bishop of the Church, with two priests and a deacon, solemnly setting apart this temple, their work and offering, to the honour and service of Almighty God. The next morning the bishop confirmed sixty-two persons, and then, with mutual prayers and blessings, took his leave of the promising settlement.

The southern shore was visited carefully on the return voyage, it having been impossible to land in the fog which prevailed on the outward voyage. Here the bishop came on coves and settlements whose inhabitants were seventy miles from the nearest clergyman; he found traces of Archdeacon Wix' visit of ten years before, the people repeating the prayers which he had taught them, and showing the Bibles and Prayer-books which he had given to them, cheering instances of seed scattered but not in vain. In some places he found spiritual life sustained by the piety of the resident agent of the merchants, who read



prayers in his house every Sunday, and welcomed all who would join him, but the lack of religious instruction and the means of grace, in these distant settlements, (no Bishop of the Church had ever visited beyond Placentia Bay,) was upon the whole distressing. Thousands of church-people were scattered along the coast, literally as sheep without a shepherd. Between the heads of S. George's and Placentia Bays—a line of coast probably of 400 miles in extent, calculating the various bays and harbours, all more or less inhabited—there was one only clergyman. It will be believed that this was no pleasure excursion to the bishop, when he was continually solicited, *even with tears*, to provide some remedy or relief for this wretched destitution of all Christian privileges and means of grace, but at least he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not spared himself. He had sailed 1,600 miles, and had been afloat three months, and everywhere had visited the sick, baptized, confirmed, and made such provision as was possible for their spiritual needs. What his own impressions were may be judged by the following letter addressed to the Rev. Cecil Wray:—

“ S. JOHN'S, *Sept.* 24, 1845.

“ Can you by any possibility find any men who, for love of souls and Christ's sake, will come over and help us in this most forlorn and forsaken colony? Oh that the men who are tearing the bowels of our dear Mother (none of them caring or thinking to say

‘ Nequeo lacrymas perferre parentis, ’)

would direct their zeal and devotion to the relief of our suffering and sorrowing brethren—brethren in Christ as well as in race! I have visited thousands who have not seen a clergyman for two, three, five, twelve years; and I can truly say, simply and sincerely desiring to be instructed and to hold the truth in righteousness. For 500 miles of

stormy coast I have two deacons and one priest, and all these a short time ago (one of them still) Newfoundland schoolmasters! One clergyman represents the missionary zeal of the two famous Universities, as far as my diocese is concerned. One of our little company is gone home ill; one has asked and obtained leave to go to England to settle his son after a long absence, worn down with toil; two more, at least, are going away ill, while I am looking out for eight more, and there is none—not one. Pray for us. My poor blessing to you and all yours.”

But while thus appealing to the chivalrous devotion of the Mother Church, the farseeing bishop knew full well that if the Church of Newfoundland would flourish and extend her borders she must trust to herself. He wrote, “Until the Church is thrown much more upon the people than at present, it cannot be in a sound or safe condition.” It is a cruel policy which long maintains for a colonial population the blessings of religion. From the very first the young colony should be compelled to make some efforts for itself, and at the earliest possible day it should be left to provide all that is needful for the sustenance of the Church and her priesthood; as it is, emigrants have so long been accustomed to the endowments which the Church possesses at home, that they are slow to learn the lesson (which Nonconformists instinctively acquire), that if they will have the ministrations of religion they must provide themselves with them. Bishop Feild, with his wonted courage, laid on every parish the obligation of doing its part, and by the establishment of a central fund he obviated the evils of Congregationalism. In a pastoral letter he wrote thus: <sup>1</sup>—“The duty of impressing these truths on the people is incumbent on the clergy; they

<sup>1</sup> Circular to the Clergy of the Diocese, 1845.

must declare, they must carry it into operation, it is a duty not to or for themselves only, but to their people,—nay, I will add, to their God and Saviour also. No part of the collection will arise from pew-rents or assessments—all must be received directly from heads of families or individuals, who of course will be entitled, for their payments, severally and collectively, to the ministrations of the clergyman and Church. I have now only to entreat you, for Christ's and the Church's sake, to use your endeavours, with prayers for God's help and blessing, to render this plan as general and effective as possible. You cannot feel more strongly than I do that a very laborious and irksome service will be superadded to duties already sufficiently onerous and ill requited; but if it be, as indeed it is, for the honour of God and His Church, and the maintenance of Scriptural truth and Apostolic order in this country, I confidently expect you will not shrink from performing or attempting it. As far as possible, I am prepared to share with you all the unpopularity or other pain which may at first attach to this new and unexpected demand."

He insisted with all his power on the Church Society being supported throughout the diocese as the financial machinery of the whole Church, and he endeavoured, spite of unceasing opposition, to make the pledge to contribute to this the sign of Church-membership and of the desire to receive the ministrations of the clergy.

Here were sound principles, both of finance and of something far higher and more important, and high must have been the courage of the bishop who, after little more than twelve months' acquaintance with his people, made such sweeping changes: but the bishop ever acted on principle, and where it was a question of right or wrong he knew no fear. No doubt his popularity was shipwrecked by the line he took, but popularity, as has been already stated more than once, he held very cheaply, and,

as always happens when men fearlessly do the right, they gain not only their end, but the respect of their fellows. Thus it has come to pass that in Newfoundland, with its exceptional poverty, the Church has developed a spirit of self-sacrifice and independence; while in the wealthiest diocese of Australia the recent withdrawal, after more than twenty years' enjoyment, and with five years' notice, of a Government subsidy of no less than 23,000*l.* per annum, made churchmen, both clerical and lay, to wring their hands in despair, no remedy being apparently left to them but shamelessly to beg from England, and to reprehend the indifference of the civil power which would no longer deprive the Church of its highest privilege.

The immediate need of clergy pressed sorely upon the bishop at this time, and, as always, he was forward to make any personal sacrifice. To the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel he offered to give up the 500*l.* per annum which that Society paid to himself, if by so doing five clergymen could be procured, to whom he said he could promise that they should live as well as he did. He was perpetually challenging men to come forward in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and he had little patience with those who were not content to live as plainly and even as hardly as their bishop. Of a Scripture Reader who had obtained ordination and then disappointed him, he wrote: "Mr. — is constantly telling me that he is called to preach the Gospel to every creature, but he seems to have no intention of preaching it, even to a small flock, for less than 200*l.* a year and a house." Certainly he never tried to bribe men by drawing bright pictures: he insisted on the healthiness of the country, and declared that a missionary had everything supplied to him that was requisite. At the same time he wrote to a correspondent who was searching for fitting men the following graphic picture of a Newfoundland clergyman's lot:—

“What is 150*l.* per annum for a man and family?—a mere maintenance—bread and fish—a lodging and clothes. Wine and beer are out of his reach, and generally, I believe, out of his thoughts (we have none of either in my house); fresh meat for some months in the out harbours cannot be purchased; fresh butter in many cases is almost equally scarce, and ‘bread’ means ‘biscuit’ only (there is a tub of them always standing in my dining-room); bacon is almost as great a rarity as fresh meat, for native pork can never be eaten but by natives, and American is not much better. What is used generally comes from Hamburg. . . . I am not without hopes of men devoting themselves to the missionary work in our Church without any desire or necessity of more than food and raiment for themselves—willing, nay rejoicing, to be put into situations of difficulty and privation for Christ’s and His Church’s sake. Is it vain or presumptuous to hope that we may yet have better, more able, and more devoted men in proportion to the decrease of worldly preferment and recompense? If it be vain, alas for the Church in Newfoundland! alas for the Church of England! If the bishops and pastors of the flock would (as privately as the occasion would allow) require a certain number (say twenty) of promising young men from the universities, or two from each diocese, to undertake a mission of peculiar difficulty and privation, with no prospect of worldly preferment or recompense, but to be content for this life with food and raiment, I presume to think that some noble and ardent spirits would still be found ready to spend and be spent, here and elsewhere,

‘ Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw,  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.’

“I had really and truly no intention, no thought of writing in this way on this subject, but these are the

spontaneous expressions of my most deep-rooted convictions, of my hopes and fears; I might truly say—

‘Of hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng.’”

In the spring of 1846 the bishop was in Bermuda: the *Hawk* was put in commission early and fetched him back to S. John's in May. His own report stated that the “voyage was made without any discomfort, *although I gave up my cabin to a gentleman and lady*; God bless those, and especially the one who gave me such accommodation in the good ship *Hawk*.”

On arriving at S. John's he found an offer awaiting him, the refusal of which utterly destroyed for him all chance of popularity for some years: this was the offer of the Presidentship of the Local Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He declined the office, stating the ground of his refusal in a printed address “to my own flock and friends, and all friends of the Church in Newfoundland.” He justified his refusal by showing (1) that there was no necessity for the existence of such a Society in the Island, as the Sacred Scriptures were already to be procured at the cheapest possible rate; and (2) that the organization of the Society was not such as a churchman could consistently join. The Bishop of Salisbury (Denison) had years before withdrawn from the Society, and the Bishop of Newfoundland availed himself of his English brother's example. He summed up his address with these two conclusions:—

“1st.—That if a bishop of the Church, of great wisdom, piety and experience, is constrained to withdraw from the Society, knowing its nature and practical working, a younger bishop may well be excused if he hesitates to join or support it.

2nd.—If one bishop is constrained to withdraw from

the Society, and not one, but many, hesitate to join or support it, and your own clergy, influenced by these and other reasons, all reject it; you, as churchmen and friends of the Church, must reflect and pause; especially when you have another Society, long established among you, pursuing the same object, sanctioned and supported by your own bishop and clergy, and by nearly all the bishops and clergy of the Church of England."

The matter was in itself unimportant, but it rightly finds a place here as an instance of the conscientious courage which never failed him.

On Trinity Sunday an Ordination was held, and the bishop was preparing for his next cruise, when a calamity befel the whole community at S. John's, which has since formed an era from which the good people fix all their dates. "The year of the fire" is a well-understood chronological fact even to those who have since been born; but the story shall be told as the bishop told it to a frequent correspondent.

*" June 12, 1846.*

"Little did I think when on Sunday last I ordained two priests and eight deacons in our old church, and complained that such a structure, so mean and miserable, was ill adapted to the sacred services, that I should never officiate again there, and that in two days not a vestige of the building would remain, and I should wish in vain for half the accommodation I perhaps too lightly esteemed! But such, alas! and far more dreadful and extensive than I can describe, is the destruction wrought in one day by a furious and fatal fire."

In fact, not only the church, but by far the larger portion of the city was destroyed; the distress of the 12,000 poor houseless people was of course excessive, and for the poor bishop the prospect of that self-support which

he had so earnestly pressed on the people seemed dark indeed. Then the claims from the neglected Labrador were pressing upon him, and his voyage of Visitation could not be delayed unless the summer was to be lost. On July 10, the *Hawk* again sailed for the north, and the bishop reached as far as Greenspond, everywhere examining schools, visiting the sick, confirming, baptizing, preaching: the wind being dead ahead, he ran back to S. John's after three weeks, his presence being much needed in the distressing condition of the people; but on August 18 he again sailed with a fair wind, and this time reached Twillingate and Fogo on September 2. Meanwhile kindly aid was coming from England in answer to the bishop's sorrowful letters, and while lying at Fogo he wrote to the Rev. E. Coleridge of Eton the following letter:—

“THE CHURCH SHIP, FOGO, *Sept.* 2, 1846.

“My dear Friend,—Your letter, full of words of comfort, and reporting the substantial acts of kindness to me and my afflicted flock in S. John's of many fellow-helpers, overtook me, to cheer and refresh my heart in my Visitation, about 200 miles from the capital. You are of course aware that I perform my Visitation, only and entirely by sea; none of the people living more than two or three miles, and very few even one mile, from the shore, and there being no roads from one settlement to another, except in the neighbourhood of S. John's. Indeed, most of the settlements are on separate islands, and therefore can be approached only by sea. The most barren and unpoetical imagination could hardly descend to a scene so bare and desolate as this island of Fogo—a mere rock of bluff heads and huge boulders, with occasional patches of grass in the valleys, but not a tree or shrub of any kind. The houses are all of wood, and generally coloured red, and all stand, as do the churches and other buildings, on sticks or shores; and the fish-stages and



flakes in like manner, supported from rock to rock, and running into the sea, present an appearance and scene which is so foreign and strange, that no description could, I think, make you understand it. The people of course are all fishermen, or in some way connected with the fishing trade, and they have no other occupation, except that of building their houses, boats, and stages. Many of them retire into the distant woods in winter for shelter and fuel. Even at this time there are some huge icebergs at the mouth of the harbour, so that you will easily understand they seldom lose sight of snow and ice during the whole year. But if you were to think of the people, as in like manner strange and different in their thoughts and feelings from the rest of mankind, or from your poor English neighbours, those particularly of Dorset and Devonshire, you might err and do them wrong. There are upwards of 1,200 church-people in this Mission, the poor of this world indeed, but as capable of instruction, and generally as willing to receive it, as the like number in any of your rich and fruitful and quiet parishes. Their misfortune is, that being so scattered in different bays and creeks, and even, in this one mission, on different islands, they can but seldom receive the visits of their missionary, or attend the services of the Church. One church is completed and two more in progress in this mission—all of wood. I expect to confirm some seventy candidates in the finished church this morning. This circumstance will account for, and I hope partly excuse, my wandering from the subject, which you will perhaps think ought solely or primarily to occupy my thoughts, and receive notice in writing to you—I mean, your very great kindness in appealing to so many of your good Christian friends to pity and succour my suffering flock in S. John's, and their equally great generosity in answering that appeal. I cannot pretend to thank you and them as I ought and

would wish to do. I can but return you my poor blessing, and assure you of remembrance, not in my prayers only, but in those of many comforted and assisted, together with me, by your truly Christian sympathy.

“There will be now no difficulty or delay (except what may arise from our long, long winter) in at least commencing a church, to be an enduring memorial of your piety and charity, and in which many generations, I trust, of devout worshippers may enjoy communion with their Christian friends and fellow-helpers, and may requite your liberality in prayers and blessings. Nearly 5,000*l.* have already been contributed in England, and we have stone on the spot of the value of 2,000*l.*, and I have good hopes that both in this country and from other quarters, considerable additions may be made. It must not, however, be concealed, at least from our friends in this country, that nearly or quite double the amount now subscribed will be required to erect the plainest church, sufficiently capacious and substantial. No persons who are not well acquainted with the country and climate can form any idea of the difficulty in erecting a large stone structure, which must be two or three years in progress, and be exposed in an unfinished state to the frost and snow of our inclement winter. We must expect also all expenses to be increased by the increased demand for workmen and materials. But having such succour, nay, having but the assurance of the sympathy of so many Christian friends, we thank God and take courage. You, my dear friend, who know so well how to awaken the concern and benevolence of the brethren, will best know, or better at least than I, how to assure them of my most sincere and earnest gratitude. God bless and recompense you and them for His dear Son’s sake.

“Ever your most affectionate brother and friend,  
“EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.”

On his return to S. John's, the bishop was urged by the clergy and laity to visit England and secure substantial aid for the impoverished Church and people. He hesitated much—but not for long; he saw it was the proper course, and forthwith the *Hawk* was put in requisition. An invalid clergyman, a theological student, and two other persons who wanted a passage, were the bishop's guests. The *Hawk* was graciously preserved in a hurricane which "strewed the Atlantic with wreck," and on Oct. 6, she made Torbay, having lost mainsail, gaff, topmast, and staysail; her bulwarks were started in several places, and other damage was done; she therefore was laid up at Teignmouth for rest and repairs, having been in commission for six months, and having sailed in a direct course 5,000 miles. The rest of this year this bishop devoted to the necessities of his flock, and gained sympathy money, and what was more precious, fellow-labourers for his diocese.

## CHAPTER IV.

[1847-1848.]

“ . . . . There are who roam  
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ Mother, some Hand, through sky, o'er sea,  
Leads wandering birds protectingly  
'Mid floating piles and ocean dark.”

*Lyra Apostolica.*

IN the first days of 1847 the bishop was again on the Atlantic, returning to his diocese and his work. He had made known the wants of his people with a force of which he was the last person to be conscious, and although he was disheartened at his failure in regard to finding clergy, he had attracted several young men who lived to do good service under him in his barren diocese. One there was, indeed, the young clergyman mentioned in the letter which follows, who, in a spirit of entire self-sacrifice, threw in his lot with the bishop, and for the rest of his too brief life set a brilliant example of primitive simplicity and apostolic zeal to which it would be difficult in any land or age to find a parallel. The toilsome career of the Rev. Jacob G. Mountain in the Mission of Harbour Briton has been chronicled elsewhere, and need not be repeated here: his example provoked many, and while he laboured

with all his strength, and beyond his strength, in visiting the scattered settlements up and down his vast Mission, he was training others who carried on his work when he himself was removed.

While on board the steamer bound to Halifax, the bishop wrote the following account of what he had done in England, and proposed to do in his diocese.

“ ‘THE HIBERNIA,’  
Lat. 49° 50' N., Long. 40° 8' W.,  
Jan. 14, 1847.

. . . . “After inquiring and proposing in every way and direction which I thought properly open to me, I have not been able absolutely to secure for my diocese the services of one *clergyman*, or of one person regularly educated for the sacred office.<sup>1</sup> One clergyman, indeed, of high promise, and the best expectations at home, has expressed his determination to join and assist me in the spring, unless he is called in another direction, and to a different, but not less arduous, sphere of labour, by those who have stronger claims on his devoted service. Others have declared a similar purpose and desire, if friends would allow it. But, at present, not one clergyman is absolutely engaged, while many have been obliged, very lately, to remove. One valuable young man, ordained on last Trinity Sunday, came home just before my departure; exhausted, I fear, by his previous labours as a schoolmaster, and never likely to return to labour in my diocese. A large bay, of nearly two thousand members of our Church, is thus deprived of all religious superintendence and instruction. Three priests and three deacons have also been removed during the year.

In default of clergymen and fully educated persons, able and willing to serve in my destitute diocese, I am desirous

<sup>1</sup> Events proved that the bishop had secured one clergyman, eight candidates for holy orders, and one schoolmaster.

of engaging some young men who have been occupied as Scripture Readers, or have been otherwise prepared, or have prepared themselves, for ministerial duty. Several such have been found, in nothing deficient but in that learned education which our universities only can supply.

Four or five will be able to go over in the Church ship, and will be educated with the students of the Theological Institution till I think fit to ordain them. Until their departure in spring, I propose to place them with a clergyman. One or two will, I hope, obtain admission at S. Augustine's College as soon as it is opened. Some may be profitably occupied for a season as schoolmasters, improving and preparing themselves all the while, with a view to holy orders.

I have perhaps erred in setting forth too strongly (what, however, once were considered the honours and rewards of Missionary life) the privations and difficulties of the service; and too sternly, it may be, bid the candidates for employment and duty there, 'having food and raiment, therewith to be content.' The circumstances of the Church in the present day may not appear to require such strict and self-denying devotion: and it is certain there are many things to mitigate the Missionary's labours and trials in my diocese.

Yet, surely, some should be found in all ages of the Church who may say for their Master's sake, and in answer to his call, 'Behold we have left all,' &c. And if men of high gifts and attainments are needed to maintain, with God's blessing, a well-established Church, surely much more to nourish and build it up.

It has been my fortune, in this journey across the Atlantic, to accompany the Governor-General of Her Majesty's North American Colonies, hastening in this inclement season to cross the Canadian snows, that he may enter, without delay, upon his arduous and important

office. Honour to his patriotism! and may his mission, for his country's sake, be blessed with abundant success! He is attended by three aides-de-camp, and two more have preceded him, all of noble families. I have reason to suppose that more than one of these attend at their own and their friends' request, without any call or appointment, and without any prospect of remuneration or preferment; and His Excellency himself informed me that he had received a hundred applications for similar employments from persons of all ranks, some desiring, but many regardless of, salary. It is their own and their friends' wish that they may be trained in a service of honour, and be prepared for future usefulness for their country's sake.

It might, perhaps, provoke a smile, if I should appear to compare the wants and requirements of a Colonial Bishop with those of Governors and Queen's representatives. I have no intention of doing so; but I may be permitted, in all simplicity, to ask whence this mighty disparity between, and applications for employment in, a Governor's court and retinue, for honour it may be, and our dear country's sake, and the neglect and drawing back when any are invited to devote themselves, for Christ's sake, to the Missionary life? Why, in plain language, do hundreds of all ranks seek and ask for themselves and children such employment, while a Colonial Bishop must return, after inquiry and petition in all quarters, without any—I will not say to attend and assist him, but—to share his labours, and learn with him to serve God and the Church, in humbler and easier duties, as the proper school and preparation for the more anxious and responsible?

It is plain that it is not the separation only from friends and home,—that is no bar in the case of secular office; it is not the poor payments,—for none is needed in many instances; it is not the trying climate and its effects

upon the constitution,—these do not keep at home soldiers or civil officers. How many sons and brothers are cheerfully sent to the camp on the Sutlej, or in New Zealand, with the clear prospect of war added to the trials of a new country and climate!

Let such persons ask themselves, (for it is indeed hard to answer for them,) why they do not desire and propose that these sons and brothers should go into these same countries as soldiers of the cross, in the more sacred and blessed office of Missionaries—as it is written, ‘How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!’ I said, Why do Christian parents not desire and propose such employment for their sons? but I should rather ask, Why do they withdraw them from it, and put impediments in their way? as I have found unhappily the case. The question ought to be answered, and the cause or causes of the difference and disparity I have alluded to impartially weighed, by all who would not come under the censure of loving son and brother (nay, should we not rather say, of loving this world and its honours?) more than Christ.

But my feelings, I am afraid, are carrying me too far; and I am sadly conscious that I am not in a condition to discuss such a subject, and its circumstances, calmly, and with moderation. I ought, perhaps, to have avoided touching upon it, if I only and my diocese could complain of such desertion; but is it not a still more affecting view of the case when we look at almost all other professions overstocked, but the ministry of the Church quite unequal to the calls upon it, both abroad and at home? Is the Church alone, or shall I say the Church of England alone, condemned to the ‘barren womb’ and ‘dry breasts?’ Will not our rulers desire and devise some remedy before it is too late?



I write with great difficulty, in a ship labouring with a heavy sea and head wind."

It was characteristic of the bishop thus to exalt the service of the Church, and to mourn that others did not, like himself, regard the hardest post of Missionary labour as the post of special honour, and therefore to be coveted by all chivalrous souls; but while throughout his whole episcopate there was rarely any point of time at which the diocese was adequately supplied with clergy, a comparison with other dioceses would show that, while the attractions of Newfoundland were the fewest of any, other more favourably-conditioned countries have experienced a greater ministerial dearth, and it may with truth be said that nowhere have the clergy been more patient, more contented, more united among themselves, and more devoted to their work, than in this desolate island. Of those now labouring in the diocese, many have been trained under the bishop's eye in the Theological College of S. John's, which he built on the foundation of a Seminary established by his predecessor, and for which he was enabled, in the course of years, to provide a suitable endowment; and whatever be the merits or demerits of an hereditary priesthood, it is a creditable fact that the clergy in many instances have sought no more prosperous career for their sons than a succession to their own ministerial toils and corresponding poverty. Bishop Feild, with the simplicity that adorned his character, never suspected that the power which kept these men contentedly at their post was the example of his own hard and devoted life; nor when, as happened more than once, or twice, or thrice, men were led to make sacrifices and to leave England for hard and voluntary service in Newfoundland, that the real magnet which attracted them was himself. It may be well here to give a layman's estimate of the clergy of this diocese. The

following quotation is from a book which has already been mentioned in these pages:—<sup>1</sup>

“In the faces of all the men I saw engaged in this work contentment and peace were unmistakeably stamped. Nor is it alone to poor living, mere absence of comfort, their hard lot extends. This might be borne amid humble domestic joys and a circle of duty close at hand; but that circle extends for decades upon decades of weary, inhospitable miles, from fishing cove to fishing cove, where the Sunday services come round to each once in so many weeks or months. Upon the instant must the parson rouse and trudge through snow and ice, no matter the weather, no matter the distance, on a summons from a parishioner.”

The same writer says elsewhere:—“The influence of good as of evil is contagious, and the chief Missionary who gave up his delights in the fairest vale of earth has not wanted followers, even in this sacrifice.”

He describes a picnic party of which he was a member, and which brought him face to face with an example of the devotion of which he had heard:—

“Suddenly from behind a fir-grove was heard the tinkling, tinkling, tinkling of a vesper-bell, gently bidding all good folks and wayfarers to come and join its modest worship. Except from a Roman source it was almost the last thing one might have expected to hear in such a place, and yet we soon found that this invitation came from an orthodox offshoot of the ‘Anglican branch of the Catholic faith,’ as some folk here so love to style it. Just as we entered the portals of the neat wooden edifice, a thin, elderly man, who had been tolling his own summons, ascended the lectern and began to read the daily Evening Service of the Church. None but ourselves, chance visitors, were there; and we, who came not to scoff, remained with that simple, trusting man to pray. After service my friend

<sup>1</sup> *Lost Amid the Fogs*, by Colonel Macrae.

whispered to me that this was another blessing to the Church brought by the influence of the bishop. They were personal friends, and first-class men at Oxford, and, like the bishop, this man, besides being the possessor of ample private means, gave up his living in England to come out and work under his old college friend in this remote fishing-village on the edge of the wild Atlantic, where his intercourse with the great civilized world beyond was but scant indeed. While he told us this simple tale of loving faith, its hero joined us close outside his cottage-presbytery, which he asked us to enter. What a strange interior it was! Boxes, trunks, deal chests by dozens, lying about in every direction, tables and chairs, littered with pamphlets and letters, scattered broadcast around. It was a literary chaos, through which one could barely move, a true picture of a man without a helpmeet, of a house which was not a home. The uncarpeted room served both for parlour and kitchen, and the parson's humble fare—tea, bread, two eggs, boiled with his own hands, and a large basin of butter cut with a spoon—soon appeared on the table. Thus the hermit lived, keeping no servant, but depending for a scrub to his house, for the making of his bed, and, indeed, almost for the simple necessaries of daily food, on his friends in the village below. If they came to his need, well and good; if not, he rubbed on without thinking much of or heeding his necessities, so that he might have health and strength to ring his little bell<sup>1</sup> for matins and evensong, and watch over the sick beds

<sup>1</sup> This church must have been furnished on a scale of unusual luxury, for the "sound of the churchgoing bell" is rarely heard in Newfoundland. The usual means of summoning people to church is a flag, which is hoisted an hour before service, half-masted after half an hour has elapsed, and struck when it is time for service to commence. This is said to be both a cheap and an effectual, and certainly a picturesque mode of summoning the worshippers; it falls in with their daily habits, and the abundant breezes of the country, while they frequently cause a bell to be inaudible to windward, always blow out a flag only too well.

of all who wanted him. This is no solitary case; stronger can be put on record."

On January 29 the bishop arrived at S. John's to find an exceptionally severe winter and much suffering among the people. On landing he wrote to a friend in England:—

. . . . "I will say nothing of the discomfort (I might add danger) of my voyage to Halifax, but joyfully and thankfully inform you that, what I dreaded the most (so faithless and faint-hearted am I), the passage from Halifax to S. John's in the sailing vessel was unusually quick and favourable. . . . I was only an hour on shore at Halifax, but had the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of Nova Scotia and his amiable family. His lordship is in good health, and seems not much to regard the severe weather. The thermometer was considerably below zero on our arrival, and a sharp wind was blowing, which I found some difficulty in facing. Our steamer was covered with ice, externally, and on the decks the weight of it must have been immense. We were in a similar condition on our arrival at S. John's, and as the wind was blowing out of harbour we were obliged to leave our vessel and enter by boats, which was a service of some difficulty in consequence of the floating ice driving out before the wind.

Before we landed our pilots had told of past trials and disasters in the tempestuous weather of last week. Three vessels had actually been driven from their anchors in harbour (one of them with a cargo of coal on board) and lost at sea—a circumstance not remembered by the oldest inhabitant—and the winter had set in with unusual severity. During the heavy gales of last week people were afraid to put their faces out of their dwellings—and the Newfoundland 'barber' was never so severe. Several persons have told me they never remember a season so cold, or at least in which the cold was so piercingly bitter. In my own drawing-room during the night the thermometer

fell to  $3^{\circ}$  below zero, and the water has frozen on the table while we were dining. The poor people suffer much from the absence of snow, of which there has been almost none till within the last two days, *i.e.* since my arrival. The absence of snow both makes their dwellings colder—or leaves them unprotected—and prevents their going into the woods with their ‘cats’<sup>1</sup> and dogs to procure fuel. The sufferings of the people in the out-harbours are, I fear, even greater than at S. John’s, in consequence partly of the failure of the fishery and partly of the great destruction of life and property in that fearful hurricane. Forty-five fishermen lost their lives at one harbour (Burin) in Placentia Bay, and you know there is no clergyman in the whole of that Bay. Well, these were sad reports on my arrival; but I was comforted by finding most of my friends and all the clergy in S. John’s in good health; and we had chanted the Psalms together at night, and had thanked God for permitting us to meet once more; and I had laid me down to rest and was soon wrapped in profound repose (though getting into bed is something like plunging into a cold bath) when I was roused up by the discharge of two guns from the Fort—announcing a fire. To my dismay I beheld from my windows the house of an excellent friend and near neighbour enveloped in flames. It was Captain Spearman’s, the Collector of Customs. In two hours it was utterly destroyed, with all the furniture; scarcely an article was saved—so rapidly and fiercely do these wooden houses consume and perish, and (if I might say it without appearing to quote Holy Scripture lightly I would add) come to a fearful end. The Collegiate School and the house I have taken for the students were in great peril—being very close—and the wind was blowing in that direction. For two hours the burning flakes and embers fell in showers on the latter

<sup>1</sup> Catamarans or sledges.

and on the stable of the Collegiate School; but through God's goodness in answer to our prayers they were saved. The chief protection arose from the water poured on the roof instantly becoming ice; so that the burning flakes not only met with a cold reception, but could not, in fact, reach the wooden shingles. It is very sad to see a void smoking space where a few hours before one of the best houses of the colony stood, and stood always ready to receive and welcome me; and, close by, the ruins of a large brick dwelling thrown down by the hurricane—sad mementoes of fire and tempest which have been such scourges.

“In the midst of such general and public calamities and trials I ought not to think or say much of my own difficulties and disappointments. I have already mentioned that the clergy of S. John's, and as far as I know of the out-harbours, are generally in good health, and proceeding with their duties diligently. God be praised!”

To another friend, to whom he gave a description of the cold, he wrote with his usual indifference to hardship:—“For a fortnight and upwards the thermometer was every morning at half-past seven o'clock 4° below zero at least; twice I saw it 8°, once 12°, and one evening 14° below the cypher, but this degree of cold is not much regarded when the winds are hushed, and it sounds worse than it really is; for during this extreme cold we have been twice every day to church (I speak of myself, clergy, students, and some boys of my Collegiate School) without any fire except on Sundays, and I have no fire in my bedroom. I have been once frost-burnt on the cheek, but by rubbing in snow in time the plague-spot soon disappears; colds and coughs disappear in the severe frost to return with the thaw and milder weather. Thank God, my household and clergy are well in health, and only cast down in spirits by the feebleness and inefficiency of our services through want of an adequate supply of labourers. Thousands and

thousands of our communion have not seen the shape or heard the voice of a clergyman of their Church for the last twelve months. Mr. Bridge, the rector of S. John's, performs four services every Sunday: the first at a hamlet two miles off, where he commences at eight o'clock; then three full services in his schoolroom—full, in every sense, for there is not room enough for the people, who are driven to the meeting-houses in consequence. Mr. Tuckwell has five churches or parishes under his charge, assisted by a deacon—the nearest is eight miles off. He is also Master of the Collegiate School, in which there are seventeen boys, and six of them boarders; he has the whole care and chief instruction, assisted by myself, of the theological students. *He is a great Pluralist and a great Hero!* Last Sunday morning Mr. Bridge was driving in his sleigh along a frozen lake at half-past seven o'clock to his first service and communion. Mr. Tuckwell, about the same time, was starting over the snow to a service in a private house eleven miles off, the church not being finished. Mr. Tremlett, the deacon, was off even earlier on foot to his duty ten miles off, and returned the same evening, drawn about half way by two dogs on a slide or catamaran. Such is a specimen of our Sunday labours. We should be content if even thus, or any way, we could reach the hearts and ears of half our people."

The bishop now had his hands unusually full; he was expecting the Church ship, with her passengers, and was preparing for the erection of at least the nave of a Cathedral Church: in finances too he was endeavouring to make sweeping reforms: he desired that the grants of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the clergy might be reduced one-half, his own income not to be excepted from this treatment: he saw in this the only way of making the Church support herself, and of making the rule of the Church Society to be observed, by which every

member of the Church was pledged to contribute towards the maintenance of church and clergy, as has been already mentioned.

Money had been raised in England by the authority of a Queen's Letter for the relief of the sufferers by the fire in the previous year, and it had been announced at the time that a portion of whatever sums might be contributed would be spent on rebuilding the destroyed church. As usually happens where money is to be dispensed, the competitors were many; and in a place where religious divisions were strongly marked there was naturally some warmth of feeling displayed. The money contributed in England was given by English Churchmen: but the majority of the sufferers were Romanists. The Roman Catholic Bishop took, as was natural, an active part against the Anglican one, but no opposition could blunt Bishop Feild's sense of justice: and he wrote of his opponent:—"He is to my mind cast in the very type of a primitive bishop, and mark you! he will return with men; the Protestant Bishop comes back with money! *His* priests are indefatigable, postponing everything to making converts; mine have to make provision for wives and children." What provision it was that the poor clergy could make it seems hard to say, for to the same letter he added a postscript:—"Our poor in the out-harbours are in a wretched state for want of food. I dined yesterday (Sunday) with a clergyman who had nothing to give me or himself but bread and rice: even the fish is exhausted."

It was the apathy of the laity—the apathy which is begotten by having everything provided by endowments at home, and which is fatal in the colonies where endowments are not—that the bishop was determined to conquer; and this he thought could only be done by the clergy voluntarily reducing the portion of their incomes which they derived from England and throwing themselves for their mainte-



nance on their flocks. The problem of combining with Voluntaryism an absence of the evils of Congregationalism has in later times been solved in many a colonial diocese from which in time to come perhaps the Mother Church will have to take a lesson. Bishop Feild wrote :—“ Why should a Protestant Bishop who is mocked by some 25,000<sup>1</sup> pretended Church-people be indulged with a larger income than the Roman Bishop who reigns over the hearts and wills of 50,000 devoted adherents? Why should a Protestant Missionary require double what is sufficient for a Roman Catholic Priest? Above all, why should my people be pampered and petted till in spiritual things they wax fat and kick, while the poorer Romanists pay, and pay cheerfully, for many hard blows, spend and are spent for the Church and clergy? . . . If you knew half the grief and anxiety I suffer about it,—but I forbear.”

In the midst of writing this letter he changes his tone for one of abundant thankfulness. He had been anxious for days and even weeks about the *Hawk* with her freight of missionaries. There had been a terrific hurricane, many ships were overdue, and not a few were never seen again. “ My hand shakes and my heart quakes,” wrote the bishop, all the tendernesses of his warm heart breaking through their accustomed barriers : “ Could I remain here, if she should be lost with all her precious cargo?” And then on May 25th he wrote :—“ Oh joy ! I must leave all other subjects to tell you of my, of our, joy and thankfulness on the arrival of the dear Church ship, with all her precious cargo, safe and sound—I mean her cargo safe and sound, for the little bird herself has been sadly beaten and battered. I went on board, and welcomed my friends and co-mates with my episcopal blessing. I brought them

<sup>1</sup> The Church population now (1876) is about 60,000, and the income of the Roman Catholic Bishop of S. John's is probably many times as large as that of the Bishop of Newfoundland.

ashore, and it being Whitsun-Tuesday we attended at the Central School the proper service, and I celebrated the Holy Communion and administered to them all. Another auspicious event marked the day : we began to-day to dig out the foundations of the cathedral, and I had as many as fifty men giving voluntary labour, and, I trust, shall have nearly as many men every day this week. The church would be very beautiful, but I really do not see the use of talking about the choir and sacarium, as if I should ever have anything to do with them. Mr. H—— says the nave alone would cost 15,000*l.* in England, and that would be 25,000*l.* in Newfoundland. This appears to me Midsummer madness. Even if we had the money, would it be right to spend such an enormous sum on the material temple, while bodies and souls are starving for lack of necessary food? S. Wulstan is said to have wept when he saw the great pile of his cathedral going up, because, he said, they had left building temples of men to build one of stones. But surely there is more occasion to weep when we build of stone before we have built of men.”

The work of the builders of the new cathedral was pressed on until the frost and snow compelled them to desist: the walls were carefully sheltered from the weather until the next brief summer should make it possible to resume operations. The edifying of the spiritual building was never neglected: the busy bishop was now contemplating the establishment of a girls' school, and inviting teachers from England; but the most urgent work was the establishment of the Theological College and School, to be called QUEEN'S COLLEGE, with Episcopal Residence and all necessary surroundings. The scheme was an ambitious one, and has only been realized so far as the excellent Theological College may be said to have been the outcome of the effort.

The terms in which the bishop propounded his scheme are worthy of being recorded:—

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

*“ Ad laudem, gloriam, et honorem Nominis CRUCIFIXI, ad sustentationem et exaltationem Fidei Christianæ, et ad Ecclesiæ Sanctæ profectum.”*

EDWARD, Bishop of Newfoundland, To his Brethren and Friends of dear Mother Church in England, sends health and greeting in the Lord.

“ In furtherance of the erection of a College in my diocese, recommended and promoted by many kind and judicious friends, for the training and instruction particularly of theological students and candidates for Holy Orders, and, with them, of any young men desirous of a liberal and enlarged education, I have purchased a very eligible piece of ground as a site for the necessary buildings. The situation is healthy and convenient; removed from the business and bustle of the town, and yet within a stone's cast of the Church of S. Thomas, and of the land granted for an episcopal residence. There is space enough for a college and collegiate school, with a useful garden.

Now, then, dear friends and brethren, we have the much desired opportunity of giving to the College and its schools in Newfoundland a local habitation and a name.

A Theological Institution and Collegiate School, it should be observed, have been for some time in operation, and are a source of much present satisfaction, and full promise of further usefulness and success, but both are much hindered and degraded by being carried on in small hired houses, not contiguous, and very deficient in accommodation. Both these houses are hired at my own cost and charge. The school does not pay its expenses, giving a small salary to only one master. For the theological institution there

is no payment or provision, beyond the exhibition to each student from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The theological students pass to the school-house, where the master resides, for their lectures and meals; which, though the distance is not great, is often painful, and sometimes almost hazardous in the snows and frosts of this severe and changeable climate. Moreover, the students have but one small sitting-room in common for study, and no clergyman or tutor can reside with them.

My wish is, therefore, to erect on the ground now purchased plain but characteristic buildings, (of wood or stone, according to our means,) sufficient for a small college and collegiate school, with a chapel, hall, library, and lodgings for tutors, &c.

The episcopal residence, if ever erected, on the site granted for that purpose, will be so near, that the bishop and clergy living with him might easily take part in the oversight and instruction of the students. (They even now come to me every morning, at nine o'clock, for a lecture in Divinity.)

I would submit to my friends the propriety of naming the new establishment Queen's College, (if such a title can be permitted and sanctioned,) for the following reasons:—

(1) In duty and devotion to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen VICTORIA, whom God preserve; and for perpetual testimony of the loyalty and attachment to the sacred and paternal form of monarchical government ever to be inculcated in both college and school.

(2) In respectful recognition of benefits conferred on the Church in Newfoundland by Her Majesty the Queen Dowager.

(3) In testimony of my reverent and grateful esteem of the Queen's College in Oxford, at which I was educated, and at and from which I have received so many undeserved kindnesses and benefits, from the day of my entrance there

to this very time: and to bespeak, if it may be, the favour and love of that society, with its fellows and scholars of both foundations, towards its name-sake; as a parent towards its child.

(4) In humble imitation of the college at Windsor, in the diocese of Nova Scotia, which sought and obtained the honour, under a Royal Charter, of being called 'King's College.'

If this name should be approved and allowed, I should wish the chief officer, who would always be a clergyman in priest's orders, to be called the Provost. He would be constantly resident, and with two Fellows, also resident, might conduct all the business of the college and school, in regard both of instruction and discipline. The Provost might be married, but the two fellows must be unmarried. One at least of the resident fellows should always be in holy orders, and have the title and authority of Vice-provost.

There should be three Honorary Fellows, who, together with the Provost and resident Fellows, should form a Council, to advise the bishop in framing and altering rules, &c., and in the absence of the bishop carry on all the concerns of the college and school.

The bishop should be the Visitor, and have power to appoint, and remove, all the officers of the establishment, and to make, alter, and rescind the rules, &c.

Rooms should be provided for twelve resident students in the college. Six of these would be exhibitioners of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, preparing for holy orders. One, or more of these, would be required to assist in the instruction of the boys in the school; and all would work in the garden, both for recreation, and for training in an occupation which may be useful to themselves and others in new settlements.

In the school also there should be accommodation for

twelve boarders. Any number of day-scholars may attend to receive instruction with them.

The students of the college and boys of the school would be together at chapel and hall: but at other times would be quite separate, and live and be instructed apart.

To carry this most desirable plan into successful operation, it is obvious that the first and most essential requisite is an endowment: even more essential than the collegiate buildings. With funds, a hired house, though inconvenient and inappropriate, might be made sufficient, but without them the best buildings would be rather a burden than a benefit. It might be possible to commence with the Provost and one resident Fellow. An endowment for these, with funds to sustain the buildings themselves, pay insurance, &c., would fill us with joy and hope, and, with God's blessing, would soon render the whole establishment useful and acceptable. It must be remembered that in the college there would not be, for some years, more than two or three independent students, and the charge for their education must be very low. In an entirely commercial community a prolonged and enlarged education is seldom required or desired.

It is especially intended that the sons of the clergy should profit by the school and college. The school also should be understood to lead on to the college; so that in filling up the vacant exhibitions, the deserving scholars would always have a preference.

Now, should there be such prospect of a permanent endowment as to justify the undertaking, it would be very expedient to lay the foundations, and make other preparations for the buildings this year, in order that next year they may be completed; to whatever extent it may be prudent at that time to go.

Simple plans and drawings for the buildings in wood, stone, or brick, *with estimates*, &c., would be very acceptable.

It seems right and necessary to put the friends and promoters of this great work in possession of as many particulars as possible; and, with that purpose, this long detail will not, I trust, be considered tedious or superfluous.

I would now humbly commend the good and great work, and all who befriend it, to the favour and blessing of Almighty God. May the Queen's College in Newfoundland be the honoured, though humble, instrument of promoting learning and loyalty, charity and piety, duty to God and man. 'And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us, yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.'

A long winter over, and the *Hawk* was put in commission for a four months' cruise, in which the bishop hoped at last to reach the remote settlements on the Labrador, concerning his responsibility for which he had inquired in 1845, and now accepted for himself, on the ground of their being within the civil Government of Newfoundland. The Government of Canada, and consequently the diocese of Quebec, ends at Blanc Sablon, and from this point to Baffin's Bay, or without limit northwards, if any bishop was to care for the people, it must have been the Bishop of Newfoundland. On July 6 the *Hawk* then set forth on her unknown course: the bishop making the following entry in his log:—

"*July 6.*—I was attended by the clergy to the place of embarkation; and on the wharf I found several friends waiting to take leave, and to wish me good luck in the name of the Lord; whose greetings and good wishes were much appreciated, being, as I have reason to believe, for His sake, and in His name, Whose I am and Whom I serve. Several of my friends accompanied me on board, who departed on the ship getting under way, not without a blessing.

"My companions and co-mates on this occasion are the Rev. J. Cunningham, with his wife and their baby (*to*

*whom I have given up my cabin*), destined for the Mission of Burgeo; the Rev. Mr. Addington, going to serve as deacon and curate in Fortune Bay; the Rev. Messrs. Hoyles and Harvey, who will attend me through my voyage, partly as my chaplains, and partly for the benefit of their health; and Mr. Brown, one of the students of the Theological Institution, also an invalid; in all, with myself, eight souls. *Mr. Cunningham's furniture and supplies are stowed in both cabins and on the deck.* My friends in England, could they peep within, would see that the schooner *Hawk* is not regarded or used as (by some persons unjustly called) the bishop's yacht, but serves the purpose, and deserves, as she glories in, the name of the Newfoundland Church ship. While the primary object of visitation is kept in view and fully attained, the benefit of the Church and clergy, as much as possible, through her instrumentality, is on this occasion, as in many former instances, gladly promoted."

Head-winds prevailing, they determined to put into Harbour Briton and spend a Sunday ashore. Here the meeting, so full of joy to all, took place, which the bishop thus describes:—"Suddenly is seen, pacing to and fro on the wharf, with downcast look, a cassocked figure, and by his side one of equally contemplative manner and mien, both *ἀπροσδιόνυσοι*, harmonising ill with the surrounding scenery, whether I looked to the lofty uncultivated hills, or the fish flakes, or the great stores. I soon recognised the 'Mountain' priest—the faithful priest—who quitted the pleasures and refinements of a happy home to minister to these poor fishermen and watch for their souls, and his chosen Silas (Mr. Colley), no less devoted to his Master's service, though in a humbler office and sphere, and making, it may be, as great a sacrifice, according to his circumstances and condition in life. I was presently saluted and welcomed by both on the deck of the Church ship,



in which they had come together from England in the spring of last year."

The wind continued contrary, and so the bishop visited by boat the neighbouring harbours. What manner of life the people led may be inferred from the description of the constant occupation of a resident at Jersey Harbour:—"We found the worthy agent engaged as usual, and, as always, in drying and curing his fish. Some thirty-five years he has been employed in this place and service, with no other pursuit, purpose, or prospect, but fish—fish—fish; and yet he appears contented and happy, and is by no means cold as a fish, or hard as a rock."

With a change of weather, Mr. Mountain was taken on board, in order that he might visit a part of his parish ninety miles distant. Burgeo was reached in time, and the ship entered the harbour "under a splendid rainbow as a grand triumphal arch of God's promised and covenanted mercy." It was dark and the entrance is narrow; nobody, therefore, went on shore, but the bishop wrote "many boats came off with the old, 'ancient' inquiry,

" Τίς : πῶθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν : ποτὶ τοὶ πόλις ;"  
Od. K. 325.

Mr. Cunningham, with wife and child and furniture, were left here, and were cordially welcomed. The church had been closed for three months, and many of the people had had sorrow and suffering and no spiritual consolations to alleviate their hard lot. After 500 miles had been traversed, through fog and foam, S. George's Bay was reached—and here a bitter disappointment met the bishop. The clergyman had not received in the previous autumn the notice of his bishop's intention to visit him; he had not left his mission for four years; the vessel, which was bringing him his winter supplies, and which carried also the bishop's letter, had been wrecked, and for food and raiment he was

much straitened. An opportunity of going to S. John's and of returning had been offered and accepted a month before, and he had actually passed the bishop on the water. Three years had elapsed since the last episcopal visit. There could now be no Confirmation, as none were prepared; and as the missionary was a deacon, there had been no celebration of the Holy Communion for those three years. "Such is Newfoundland, and such a Bishop's Visitation," was the mournful comment made in the log.

From Cape Ray, the south-west corner of Newfoundland, round by the north to Cape S. John, on the east coast near to Twillingate, the Government does not recognise settlers: this is the result of a treaty made with France: there are, therefore, no magistrates, excise, laws nor constables. Along this shore the *Hawk* made her way until she reached Forteau on the Labrador, the first place which the bishop desired to visit, and which no bishop had ever visited before.

To a friend in England he wrote:—"You know nothing of the excitement of entering a strange harbour in a stiff breeze without pilot or directions; but you can imagine something of the feelings of a bishop lighting upon a portion of his diocese, which neither he nor any of his clergy have visited before, and which he has reason to believe has never been visited by any Christian bishop. The coast of Labrador, too, is generally supposed so bleak and desolate, either wholly unoccupied, or traversed only by a few Indians, that it has an interest of its own; how particularly to me, who came to inquire, not about the climate and natural productions, but whether any, and what Christian men had settled, in whatever state of ignorance and unhappiness, on its shores!"

Service was held in a store, pains being taken to make all arrangements as decent and church-like as possible. There was a large congregation, but, sad result of an

unshepherded flock, not one was found prepared to communicate. Many persons were baptized, and several couples, who had been married by "public attestation," now received the Church's blessing on their union. At Cape Charles a couple were married who had years before been united by a Roman Catholic servant, who read the service out of the Prayer-book. At S. Francis Harbour the bishop was entertained by the agent, Mr. Saunders, who had spent twenty-one years in the harbour, but in the past winter had visited England and brought out his bride, "the first lady who ever visited the coast, and the only woman who has come from England to dwell in the Labrador." This worthy couple were most anxious for church, and pastor, and school.

The bishop writes:—"There is a garden at the establishment, of greens, turnips, radishes, and *voilà tout*. Mrs. Saunders has brought a piano, as great a novelty as herself on the Labrador, and she kindly played for us some Church music. She has in her possession the first volume of that useful publication, *The Parish Choir*. I took a walk with Mr. and Mrs. Saunders to see their winter house, as their present residence is only suited for the summer months. I admired the resignation and cheerfulness with which she appeared to contemplate the prospect of a winter of six or seven months in a room ten feet by twelve, where are two large reels fastened to the beams at which her husband and his clerk are to mend their nets. Her husband also will be absent for some weeks at the sealing time, and she, tenderly brought up and cared for, well educated, and with a mind of much natural refinement, must thus pass the first winter on the Labrador. Surely there are ladies who might take a lesson and encouragement from such an example."

It being impossible to get forward with the wind in an adverse quarter, the bishop left the *Hawk*, and determined

to push his way to the northward, at least as far as Venison Islands, in a small craft which was lent to him. The craft was generally employed to carry fish from harbour to harbour: its accommodation was limited to a small cuddy, fore and aft. "I slipped," wrote the bishop, "into the after cuddy, and made myself contented, if not comfortable; though the ribs of the boat, on which I lay down, and which were not boarded over, being harder than mine, made their impression accordingly."

Another harbour, or tickle, was made, and the agent welcomed the bishop to his humble dwelling, giving up his room and crib: "The bed is on a wooden crib," says the bishop, "and without any sheets: but the blankets appeared clean, and I turned in without any misgivings and with much thankfulness."

Neither was it the hard fare and coarse lodging which made up the chief hardships of these voyages: the dense ignorance of the poor people, so soon to be left again to themselves, weighed down the spirits of the clergy: the children confessed that they "learned the Lord's Prayer in the winter, and forgot it in the summer"; yet in the midst of this desolate prospect a communication from the outer world served to show them that there were worse lots than those of the settlers on the Labrador. On August 10, a schooner came in with English papers giving a full account of the Revolution in Paris and the murder of the Archbishop; and the little party could not but contrast with wonder and thankfulness their peaceful, holy, and rational employments beyond the limits of civilization, and the murders and madness in the heart and centre of civilized Europe—the snows and solitude of Labrador with streets streaming with blood, and houses full of deceit.

It being impossible now to make further progress the ship retraced her course to Forteau. At one time she was

in considerable peril, being near to a rocky shore, and with no available wind. The bishop describes the scene:—"No sound was heard but the puffing of a sea-pig, who occasionally put up his back alongside, and the flapping of our lazy sails, with the creaking of the rudder-chains and rigging, as the good Church ship rolled and tumbled about upon the rude relentless swell. I remained up, and occasionally on deck, till past three o'clock, when, by God's mercy, a breeze sprang up from the northward, and the *Hawk* spread her wings joyfully to it, and the captain went below, and the mate was merry; and I—I hope I did in part what I ought to have done, and what I ought to do all my life through—acknowledged humbly and thankfully the undeserved mercies vouchsafed to me and mine. At four o'clock I retired to rest."

Verily here was the outpouring of a thankful heart!

On leaving Forteau it was found to be almost impossible to make the Bay of Islands which the bishop was most anxious to visit. "After reflecting on the matter all day, and consulting with my friends and asking guidance of Him in whom are all our ways, I reluctantly abandoned my cherished wish." It was the bishop's custom to leave the determination of each case to the captain, "not without prayer for his instruction and guidance!" It was bitter grief to pass by this neglected region, and the sensitive conscience of the bishop gave him little rest for the remainder of the voyage, as he was haunted by doubt whether he had done rightly; but he was already a week behind his time, and the clergy on the southern shore were expecting him, and autumn was coming on apace. Again and again his journal reverts to it as "a sore trial" and all the more when he learned that the Roman Catholic Bishop was visiting the parts which he had passed by "in ill-advised haste." At many places he was cheered by reverent congregations—or would have been cheered "but for

the retrospect and prospect." Places which on his previous voyage had been wholly destitute now had church and regular visits from a clergyman; and on Oct. 17 the *Hawk* was safely anchored in S. John's harbour. On the following day, the Festival of S. Luke, the whole party went on shore and returned thanks in church for their preservation and happy return. The bishop having neither house nor home on shore, occupied the cabin of the Church ship alone, until the Feast of SS. Simon and Jude, when she was laid up for the winter.

But while the ship rested, there was no rest for the bishop: he was now urgent that his voyage and labours might not be in vain: he had seen the openings for the Church, and witnessed people with tears accepting her ministrations: his object now was to meet with men willing to shepherd the scattered sheep. Contrary to his wont, he paints the attractions of the country in brilliant colours:—"If a bright bracing sky overhead, with a profusion of wild-flowers and wild-fruits at your feet, and a sea before you, teeming, in the summer, with fish *par excellence*, i.e. cod, with salmon and herrings, and seals in the spring; and then on land in the winter, deer and ptarmigan, (called here partridges,) to say nothing of the valuable silver and black foxes, and martens, if these can please or profit you; in short, if you want health and wealth, you may be as likely to find either or both on the Labrador, as in your close and crowded streets—

‘Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,  
Go, thou art nought to us, nor we to thee—away.’

Ah! that opens another consideration. Surely the blessing of God is ready to come upon any who will devote himself to seeking out the scattered sheep in these wild but not desert scenes, ‘that they may be saved through Christ for ever.’ My chief object in writing to you is to ask and

pray that some clergyman may be sent to take the oversight of these poor people. But what I crave and cry for is, the right man for each place. I feel sure, if any man will have faith, and come, a decent maintenance, more than food and raiment, will be provided. But if you send men with 500*l.* a year, without faith and good courage, of what use would they be on the Labrador? The climate is healthy, fish abundant, the merchants and their agents all well-disposed, and the people sadly in need of teaching, and most willing to be taught; and *as yet* there is no opposition."

The Bishop of London was moved by the account of this important Visitation to bring the condition of Labrador before the Church, and in so doing he contrasted his own lot with that of his colonial brother in terms that were honourable alike to both:—"Surrounded by all the appliances and means of good which are at the disposal of a bishop in this country, I have been deeply moved by contrasting with them the necessities and difficulties which embarrass and impede the bishop of such a diocese as that of Newfoundland, in the discharge of his pastoral duties."

Such an expression of sympathy was full of comfort to the Bishop of Newfoundland, who wrote from the depths of his heart:—

"I know not how rightly and adequately to express the gratitude I feel to the Bishop of London for his most kind and appropriate purpose of addressing his clergy on the subject of my communication to his lordship touching the condition and wants of my poor sheep on the Labrador. Surely that is the true and legitimate way of calling attention to and obtaining relief for the spiritual wants of our brethren and fellow-creatures—through the Church. A bishop in (and of) the first city in the world pointing out the course of labours of a Missionary Bishop among

icebergs and barren rocks, and calling on his clergy and people to help and pray for the sheep without a shepherd; if that do not cause sympathies and open the hands and hearts of people and clergy far and near, they must be colder than ice-islands and harder than the rocks themselves."



## CHAPTER V.

[1849-1850.]

“ Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.”

LONGFELLOW.

THE year 1849 was destined to be devoted to almost unceasing locomotion.

The early portion was spent in Bermuda, and on Easter Tuesday the bishop delivered his Charge to the few clergy of the island; the document affords abundant evidence of its having been composed, for the benefit of so small an audience, with as much care as if it had been addressed to the clergy of the most important diocese in the world. The bishop was able throughout to congratulate the Bermudians on substantial progress, on larger confirmations, on improved churches, on the introduction, and in one case the restoration of a font of stone instead of unseemly basins, and on a growth in spiritual religion corresponding with these visible and material tokens of vigour. In one parish, indeed, a movement had occurred in the opposite direction. Some fanatic had removed from the altar-cloth a monogram surmounted by a cross which had been embroidered on

its frontal: the bishop ruled that it was an act of trespass, but the offender is dealt with most tenderly through many pages of the Charge; patent and notorious as the offence was, the bishop gave no judgment, until he had conferred with the Bishops of London and Nova Scotia, and the Attorney-General of the Island, and although his judgment when pronounced was received with contemptuous defiance, he had no sterner words for his opponents than the following:—

“Something also might be said for him, to whom, however unworthy, is committed the oversight of the Church in this colony, and who may be supposed to know what are innovations, and to be ready to prevent them; and who would not be judged, without trial, unmindful of his duty or unwilling to perform it.”

The bishop reached S. John's in May, not without great and unexpected danger from ice; and on June 28, after a farewell service and celebration of the Holy Communion, at which all the clergy and some twenty-six other persons—“whom God bless and preserve for their love and duty to me their unworthy shepherd,” wrote the bishop—were present, the *Hawk* set forth on her way, not to return, as events proved, for sixteen weeks, during which time the whole of the island of Newfoundland was circumnavigated, and much of the Labrador shore was visited. On board were two young deacons, one of whom was to be the first resident clergyman on the Labrador: the bishop was conscious of the injustice both to the shepherds and the shepherded, of placing such young men in positions of so much trial, but these were the only persons who had offered. All the passengers suffered at the beginning of the voyage, so the bishop with his own hands made up their berths: the morrow, S. Peter's Day, found them still suffering, but the bishop said the service and preached, the sick men making their responses from their berths.

On reaching Sandy Point, on the anniversary of her visit four years before, the Church ship was brought up alongside the flag-ship of Lord Dundonald the Admiral of the station. His lordship visited the *Hawk*, to the great delight of the bishop, who made in his log the following entry:—

“This is the first visit ever paid by an admiral to Sandy Point. The juxtaposition of a seventy-four flag-ship, with an admiral, and that admiral Lord Dundonald, on board, and a tiny schooner, with a Missionary Bishop engaged in a Visitation, might afford matter for reflection.”

The admiral seems to have been as much pleased as the bishop, and presented the Church ship with a new flag bearing the arms of the See.

The more remote the locality the more startling seems the infrequent news which reaches one: in the previous year on the most distant point of the Labrador Visitation, a chance ship had brought the tidings of the Revolution in Paris; now a small schooner came into Sandy Bay with English papers, whose contents led the bishop to write:—

“The Gauls, it seems, have again entered Rome; but upon what pretext, or what errand, they would be more puzzled than Brennus himself to declare. O! where are the Scipios and Cincinnati? Truly she that had borne seven is waxed feeble. Wretched place, more wretched people! Unhappy Garibaldi, more unhappy Oudinot, most unhappy Pio Nono! Surely this, if not the last, must be the worst page of poor Rome.”

No distance ever destroyed the freshness of the bishop's sympathy with the events either of the world or of the Church: doubtless too the interest with which he diligently read each work of importance as it came out was a counterpoise to the monotony of life amid frosts and fogs.

The Bay of Islands, which had been neglected, in the

previous year, was now carefully visited. On Aug. 2 the bishop rowed nine miles in the ship's boat to visit an old patriarch, ninety years of age, whose bodily strength was nearly gone, though his mind was clear. He welcomed his visitors, and spoke with pleasure of Archdeacon Wix, whose visit more than twelve years before he still remembered. Very touching is the bishop's account of his interview:—

“I examined the poor old man as to his life, and heard him repeat the Lord's Prayer. He kissed my hand, and the hands of the other clergymen, at our departure. This is, I believe, the second time only in nearly seventy years that he has seen a clergyman, and in all probability this is the last time he will ever behold one. What will his *Nunc dimittis* be? I left him with feelings of sorrow and shame that I could do so little for his comfort or instruction.”

Dreary work as such a Visitation must have been, the cordial welcome of the simple but ignorant people was very refreshing, and the harder the pastoral work the greater the happiness of the pastors. “This has been a holy day, if not in every sense a sabbath,” was the memorandum made on a certain Sunday evening. “Two services on shore and two at sea on the same Sunday seldom fall to the lot of a bishop or any clergyman in these days, and I desire to be duly and truly thankful for such a privilege.”

Much irregularity of life was of course brought to light as the bishop inquired into the habits of the people. One group of ne'er-do-weels came from a parish in Dorsetshire, and straightway the bishop's memory went back to the days of his inspectorship. He traces their present evil lives to the defective teaching of their youth. “Well do I remember examining, as inspector, the school in that parish and Mr. W—— interposing to assure the children that they were not children of God except they were converted! Here was Puritanism and its fruit!”

Forteau, the future residence of the young deacon, was reached on August 8, six weeks from S. John's; the Labrador coast was now carefully and diligently visited, harbour by harbour. The bishop went to Blanc Sablon, and here he said, "I saw for the first time the end, or one end, of my diocese. Here the government of Newfoundland is divided from that of Canada by a small stream, and that stream is the Rubicon, which I may not, and happily have no temptation to pass. Brother Montreal has no reason to fear that I shall be forward to thrust my sickle into his harvest, or, to 'boast in another man's line, of things,' &c."

On August 17, the wind being fair, the time had come for the Rev. A. Gifford to be left at Forteau with the certainty of hearing nothing of the outer world for nine or ten months. The bishop's account of the parting is too full of tender sympathy to be omitted, but the reader will observe how, both here and on other occasions, while prone to give the utmost meed of praise to every generous deed, he seems to be entirely unconscious of the fact that the real leader in all these works was none other than himself:—

"Here Mr. Gifford was to be put on shore to commence alone and unfriended his ministerial and missionary work. It was no common event, no common trial to be left alone, among utter strangers, common fishermen, without house or home, on the coast of Labrador, and no probability of retreat or escape, no prospect of seeing a friend or even hearing by letter from one for nearly a year—what a contrast, in every point and circumstance to my 'first Curacy!' During our stay we had prevailed with a fisherman to put a board of partition across his sleeping-room and assign one moiety to Mr. Gifford, the other half being kept for himself and wife. The meals would be taken together in the little kitchen, a common apartment, and of course

could consist only of fish and other Labrador fare ; for my friend had nothing whatever but so much personal clothes as could be conveyed in a carpet bag, with his ministerial habit. The change even from the accommodation of the Church ship was enough to have made many not over-refined or delicate draw back, but the loss of society and companionship, of help and advice, in such new and delicate circumstances, and for so long a period, was, I believe, much more terrible. Nobly however did he endure the trial and mercifully was he supported.

On Friday, August 17, he was rowed off by two hands with his bundle, and so set on shore, and there stood alone, watching while the good Church ship got under way, and, I believe, till she was fairly out of sight. You will perhaps think that I have dwelt too long and minutely upon an event of such little interest as is the landing of a clergyman in his mission, or, as the sailors roughly phrased it, 'shoving the gentleman on shore;' and I cannot expect others to view it with my feelings—but the place, the people, the purpose, the prospect, and all the other circumstances of the first missionary's visit to the Labrador, if duly weighed, do surely show signs of Christian daring and devotion not to be mistaken, not to be despised."

At S. Francis Harbour his hosts of the preceding year, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, cordially welcomed the bishop, the latter none the less cheerful for having passed a winter in the tiny tilt which the bishop had seen on his first visit. Both parents were gratified that their infant, the first child of an English lady born on the Labrador, should be baptized by episcopal hands. Two Esquimaux boys were made Christians at the same time, and plans were adopted for the erection of a wooden church which should be a model of its kind : altogether in this unpromising spot things were especially promising, and the grateful bishop entered in his diary :—

“God be praised for the blessings of this day! they were sufficient recompense not merely for a journey extended from Battle Harbour to this place, but for an entire and separate voyage from Newfoundland. So deems a bishop refreshed in spirit.”

August was now nearly over, and the bishop was longing to be back in S. John's where his presence was much needed; the dangers of the preceding September were in his memory, as was the advice of Hesiod which he wished to follow but could not:—

“σπεύδειν δ' ὅττι τάχιστα πάλιν οἰκόνδε γέεσθαι·  
μηδὲ μένειν οἶνον τε νέον καὶ ὀπωρινὸν ὄμβρον,  
δὴ τότε παντοίων ἀνέμων θύουσιν ἀήται.”

for the whole of the eastern shore had to be visited, harbour by harbour; and it was not until October 16 that the last tack was made, and friends came on board and greetings were exchanged. The bishop's log fitly ends with the following passage:—

“The whole party joined us in prayer and thanksgiving, and then partook of our ship's breakfast, which was in good keeping, having neither soft bread, nor milk, nor fresh butter,—nothing but tea and sugar, pork, biscuit, and salt butter; but I trow none complained or thought of the viands—we were satisfied for the nonce with each other's company and discourse. Soon after nine o'clock, we went on shore straight to S. Thomas' Church, where, with my companions, I returned humble and hearty thanks for our safe return. My greetings to the children of the schools were conveyed in the way of a holiday—and, altogether, it seemed a day of rejoicing and praise. Thus ends my fourth missionary trip, in the Church ship, of sixteen weeks, save two days. Praise be to God!”

The cost of this year's voyage was very nearly 400*l.*, for

which the bishop alone was responsible; nothing was spent in luxury, and the mention made above of the provisions kept on board is only one of the many scattered up and down the several journals of the bishop's Visitations, which incidentally bring to light the hardships which these Visitations involved. The usual Newfoundland fare of tea and biscuit is frequently mentioned as the ordinary hospitality extended to visitors; in one journal there occurs the following passage:—"We sent some flour to be baked by one of the fishermen's wives, which is our usual mode of obtaining occasional supplies of soft bread. We have been more than a week at one time with only biscuit; and it is now a month since we have tasted fresh meat, and only once in that interval a little (goats') milk. Vegetables have been equally scarce, *i.e.* we have tasted none at all, of this year's growth, since we left Forteau. Fish and bread serve for every kind of food to every kind of creature on the Labrador, at least in the fishing season." In another an agreeable change is thus described:—"Our eyes and noses were much refreshed by the sight and smell of hay-making in a decently-fenced field near the Rectory. I was further and more pleased to find the inhabitants all in good health, and prepared to welcome and entertain us with many comforts which we had for several weeks been almost wholly deprived of, as fresh meat, butter, milk, vegetables, soft bread, &c."

On another voyage the luxury of fresh food was purchased at a sacrifice of feelings which the fishermen themselves declined to make, but which seems to have been no sacrifice to the bishop. "I tasted, or rather dined, more than once on the flesh and heart of bottle-nosed whales and found them tender and nice meat, better than the whale I had tasted and relished in Bermuda. Unfortunately the people are prejudiced against the flesh, or much of it might be salted down for winter use, and be of immense



benefit. How blessed and seasonable the supply, when the fishery had proved an almost entire failure!"

The voyaging of this year was not yet over, for in the month of November another Visitation was made in Conception Bay. The bishop thus detailed his year's wanderings when he found himself resting for a time in a little cottage at Portugal Cove, which had been lent to him as a winter residence by a kindly merchant:—

“This, I presume, will be my last journey in this year of journeys, in which what a variety of place and people has been presented to me! First to Bermuda, with its fruits and flowers, in the month of January, after being detained a fortnight at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, the ground there all covered with snow, and the thermometer below zero. In Bermuda, I ministered to the mixed population of whites and blacks, gave Confirmation, and celebrated the Lord's Supper in every church in the colony, and consecrated two churches and churchyards. Then my return to Newfoundland, by way of Halifax, and that strange encounter with the ice in the month of May, which prevented our reaching, in the steamer, within fifty miles of S. John's. My walk that distance, and, after a short rest (of body) in S. John's, my voyage of Visitation to the straits of Belle Isle and Labrador, and round the whole island of Newfoundland, which kept me afloat in the Church ship very nearly four months, and brought me to the Esquimaux Indians, among icebergs, in the month of August; and, lastly, this journey round Conception Bay, partly on foot, partly by ponies, partly in boats;—and all this long and varied travel without any serious loss, accident, or hindrance to myself or any of my belongings; and without disappointment to myself or others, in respect of any duty I had to perform.”

From this winter retreat the bishop wrote the following letter to the Rev. E. Coleridge:—

“In sitting down to address you after so long an interval of silence, I cannot divest my mind of the uncomfortable thought and apprehension, that you will say, on opening my letter, ‘What does the Bishop of Newfoundland want now? I suppose he is in some difficulty, or he would not think it worth while to write to me. It would be as well if colonial bishops would sometimes write to their friends, when matters are more or less prosperous and comfortable, and let us know the results or effects of our former exertions or contributions.’ Conscience makes cowards of us all. I should not fear such complaints and accusations if I did not know how natural and just they are. I might say indeed in my excuse, ‘Why should I trouble you, or other kind friends, with my letters, when so much is printed and published of those my proceedings and projects in which you take an interest, and which sufficiently exhibit the state and progress of the church in this diocese?’ or more particularly, why should *I* trouble you, when I cannot but know the many claims upon your interest and affection in other colonies, and claims so much stronger and closer than any I can pretend to advance? But such excuses would be unworthy and unreal, for I have abundant cause to be satisfied that you have room and a place in your heart for my poor diocese, and that you can and do sympathize with me in my personal concerns and trials—can rejoice with me in my welfare and success, and weep with me in my many failures and disappointments; and, what is more needed and desired, can pray for me in both—both my frequent failures, and more rare but more dangerous success. I fully know and acknowledge your kind feelings towards me and mine and whether it be my fault or not, it is certainly my misfortune that I do not more frequently call them into action. But as I acquit myself to myself, I persuade myself that I am not altogether without excuse; so I hope you will believe, and

pity rather than blame me, when I profess and declare I cannot find or make time for any correspondence, except in reference to subjects both present and pressing. I am so little at home, or rather so little in one place for any time (home I have none, not even a hired house), that my correspondence accumulates to such a degree as to be quite unmanageable, and I hardly get through the mere demands of business and duty. This is really the excuse I make to myself, and therefore I have confidence in making it to you, for neglecting, and seeming to forget, many kind friends, (whose sympathy is always dear and valuable) till some want or trouble drives me to seek aid and consolation.

After such an exordium, you will be prepared to expect some great cry or complaint, and I think right therefore so far to relieve your mind by stating at once, that I am not writing from jail, neither have the walls of our new church yet given way, neither has the 'Mons Sacer'<sup>1</sup> (to the best of my knowledge) removed from Harbour Briton. My clergy are at their posts, thank God, and in good health and tolerable spirits. The winter has been the mildest known for many years, and the prospects of seal fishery (our first harvest) are not discouraging. The vessels which at this time last year were imprisoned in the ice upwards of a fortnight within sight of S. John's, have all got well away to the northward, without any delay; and in another week or ten days we look for some of them to return with their precious stinking freight, their wealth literally oozing out and overflowing from their decks and sides. These are no trifling and unimportant considerations to the Church in a country where the tithe commutation depends not upon the average prices of wheat, barley and oats, but upon the quantity of blubber and fish, and nothing else. When a vessel arrives from the seal fishery (or from the ice, as the technical phrase is,) the first inquiry is, how many seals has

<sup>1</sup> Rev. J. G. Mountain.

she taken (the number in a successful season ranges from 3,000 to 3,000,) and then to whom she belongs; and the clergyman then proceeds either to the owner, or directly to the vessel, and asks for the members of his congregation, and requires them and each of them to subscribe to his church and clergy according to his catch and other means. The average value of a seal may be about 10s., and there are generally from thirty-five to forty men on board each vessel, who may clear, after paying the expenses of their outfit, from 10*l.* to 30*l.* each. The clergy are contented if they obtain from each man, on an average, a dollar—at least our clergy are, or try to be contented, but I imagine the Roman Catholic clergy obtain considerably more. From them (the R. C. clergy) we have been taught this way of getting the dollars from the seal-catchers, as soon as they have completed their dangerous voyages. In the fall of the year comes the great harvest and the great tithes, when the clergy have to follow the people to their flakes and stages to obtain payment in kind, *i.e.* in fish, which they send off by boat or otherwise to the merchant in S. John's, who pays its value to the treasurers of the Church Society in cash. Of course the merchants themselves and mechanics also pay their dues in cash, or what we can get from them instead of dues, for there is no rule or law in the matter. Such is the system we are obliged to pursue to obtain a small remuneration or acknowledgment from the people; and I need hardly say how strange and novel it is to all English clergymen. But there is no remedy, and indeed I should be unwilling to drop it if the Church were ever so richly endowed. I feel satisfied that it is one of the several causes of the pride and affection manifested by the Roman Catholics towards their Church. I do not know what has led me into the subject of ways and means—anything but an interesting one, and particularly to those who are not in practice concerned with it. Let me proceed without further

delay to the matter which is the immediate cause of my now addressing you. My last short visit to Eton is very strongly impressed on my memory and heart. I recall all the words and deeds of kindness and comfort with undiminished interest and gratitude. One boon has been fully realized in the person and presence of my dear brother and fellow-labourer Mountain. His friends will be glad to hear that his bodily health has greatly improved since he came to Newfoundland; he seems capable of immense exertions, and as those exertions all are made, and cheerfully made, for the glory of God and the good of souls, we may hope and believe that his spiritual health and strength have not deteriorated, but, on the contrary, have received an advancement and increase. He is, as you said, 'a real treasure,' and my journey, not only to Eton from London, but to London from Newfoundland, would have been worth the time and expense if I had gained nothing else.

Our hope and expectation is, if it please God still to prosper the work, to consecrate and forthwith to use the portion of the church now nearly finished, in the month of September next. Oh that some, that all of my kind friends at Eton, could be present in person as well as in spirit, to assist as well as to advise—to rejoice with and for me. But what right have I to think or to expect that you will be present with me, in this poor despised mart of fish and oil, even in spirit? Do I not see too plainly that the thoughts and affections as well as the persons of missionaries and the friends of missionaries are all directed to that Mutton-California, where the good bishop is able to say 'there are really no privations?' Well for me and for my poor diocese that no newspapers get into our out-harbours for six months in the year, or how could I expect that my brethren, famishing on fish and biscuit, could resist stalactites of ham and the poultry running about with knives and forks on their backs, to say nothing

of the ever-flowing rivers and ever-green meadows and fields :—

‘ *Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata,* ’ &c &c.

If I should live to see my church consecrated, my next care and desire will be to put my collegiate and scholastic establishments on a better and sounder plan. I have already applied 3,000*l.* to the purchase of premises for my College and Collegiate School for Boys, but the buildings are insufficient and there is no endowment. I have further opened a School for Girls, which gives satisfaction and nearly pays its own expenses, but I rent for them a miserably cold and comfortless house at 100*l.* per annum—liable continually to be swept away by fire, for it is entirely of wood. I should be thankful indeed to provide for them a stone or brick house, which might afford accommodation also (if that be not too bold a thought for a Bishop of Newfoundland) for some Sisters, servants of the Church, whose hearts would not be chilled by the mercury below zero, and who, as to fish instead of meat, would not be frightened at a Lent which extended nearly throughout the year. . . .

We are fighting the battle of Education in our small but not insignificant way in this colony, and the Church (as between Romanists and Dissenters is usually the case) is jostled out of her rights. We are also additionally hampered by a Society in England which chooses to call itself ‘The Church of England School Society for Newfoundland and the Colonies,’ and is under the patronage or advocacy of the *Record*. *Verbum sat.*”

The agents of the Society here mentioned, and it may be added, still more their employers and Committee in London, gave the Bishop much annoyance, and continually thwarted his action and his wishes. There is a certain

grimness of humour in the appeal for instruction which he made to a friend in England, and the passage shows how injurious to the proper and natural development of the colonial Church may be the action of an irresponsible Committee of almost unknown persons in London.

“*Feb. 15, 1850.*”

“Unhappily I cannot act with the Newfoundland School Society, for they will tolerate only ‘Evangelical’ men, and they have decided, I know not by what marks, that I am not one. What is the meaning, or *their* meaning, of the word? I have asked them, and they would not tell me; so how can I tell whether I am now, or, if not, how I should become, Evangelical?”

In June of this year the Rev. H. P. Disney volunteered to give up his living in Ireland and to plant the Church at S. Francis Harbour on the Labrador. He spent only a week in S. John’s after his arrival, and, a favourable opportunity offering, he started at once for his station. The bishop was delighted at receiving such a man into his diocese, and thus reported his departure:—

“*June 4, 1850.*”

“Mr. Disney left us in good spirits, and surely we ought to rejoice with and for him, that he is in the sure road to preferment if there be any truth in the promise that they who leave father or mother or brethren or sisters, for Christ’s sake and the Gospel’s, shall receive a hundred-fold.”

There was no sort of hyperbole or exaggeration in these words: the feeling was that with which the bishop always regarded his own position, which he was wont to speak of as “my opportunities of service.”

On Sept. 21 of this year (the Festival of S. Matthew) the cathedral was consecrated; but this event and all connected with the diocese in the autumn of 1850, are

described by the bishop's own pen in the following letter to the Rev. E. Coleridge:—

“ ‘THE MERLIN,’ Oct. 10, 1850.

“ My dear Friend—I am taking advantage (as usual) of the cessation of external interruption (which I have only on board ship) to apply myself to epistolary dues and duties, and to discharge an instalment of my large debts to yourself and many other kind friends. Unfortunately a screw steamer with a rolling sea affords a very uncomfortable study, and we have the additional misery, in the present case, of a most fetid atmosphere from the bilge-water (as frequently happens in a new vessel); so that it requires some steadiness of person as well as of purpose to continue below, and continue writing. I was quite unable before my departure from S. John's to answer your very welcome letter; but in requesting Mountain to acknowledge it, I hoped I should do what was acceptable to you, though not entirely satisfactory to myself. I mean, that while it would have pleased me better to have written myself (as in duty bound), I hoped it would please you as well, or perhaps better, to receive my acknowledgments through your justly valued pupil and friend.

I forwarded to you by the last mail a colonial newspaper, which contained a notice of our ‘two good days,’ (1) of the Consecration of our Cathedral, and (2) of the first general Ordination in it. If I were to say much of defects or deficiencies, it might seem that I was ungrateful; but I could not but regret that none of the generous friends who promoted, or rather performed, the good and great work (for it was wholly built by and through English bounty), I could not but regret that none of them could be present to see the noble fruit of their liberality. I will only add, that *all the seats are free*, and the consequence has been hitherto that all have been full. I felt it due both to the character of the cathedral itself, and to the



desire of the friends who had supplied the funds, to resist any appropriation to the wealthy citizens (who would gladly have paid for pews, or appropriated seats), though we can ill spare a means of raising an income where there is no endowment. The differentia of a cathedral, I presume, consists in having the bishop's chair, and it is well in our case that this will suffice—for of the usual and perhaps more important properties of a Cathedral Church (the Dean and Chapter, Choir, &c.) we can have none. Daily Service and weekly Communion are, I trust, in my power; but the regular staff (in my absence) consists of two clergymen, the Rector and his Curate.

I need not say, the state of the Church, at home, is an occasion of deep distress and alarm. Every mail brings intelligence of some fresh loss or disorder, but we must not trust in men; that, I fear, has been our mistake, our sin; and our sin has found us out. I quite agree with you in thinking that these *external* insults and injuries, for surely they are yet but external (I allude to decisions of the Judicial Committee, and the refusal of the Government to allow the Convocation to meet for the transaction of business), can be no just plea or excuse for desertion. Surely, with every manly and generous mind, these injuries are but so many appeals and calls to union among ourselves, and prayers to God. I did in my Charge to my clergy enter my feeble but earnest protest against the monstrous position taken by the Judicial Committee, but I still more earnestly protested against division or disunion on that plea. But it is a sad, sad business. God deliver us.

I read with great interest the letters you kindly sent me by my gifted brother, New Zealand. On the circumstances of our dioceses, or at least on one circumstance, that of frequent journeys by sea, we more nearly agree than perhaps any other colonial bishops. I am surprised, however, that he should require or desire so large a vessel.

My Church ship is only fifty-six tons, and I sometimes wish she were smaller. I have been twice across the Atlantic in her, and in dreadful weather, so that for safety even at sea she is large enough. She will accommodate eight passengers, and I have had a congregation of sixty-three in the cabin. Every additional ton of measure increases the expense of purchase, of wear and tear, of navigating; and what is of more importance, the difficulty of getting in and out of harbours, and generally of coasting. The expense of navigating my little schooner is so great, that I sometimes fear I must abandon it. It costs, with the wear and tear, insurance, pilotage, &c., at least 100*l.* a month, that is, from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year, for every year that I make a Visitation; and an increase of size would, as I said, increase the expense and really increase the difficulty and danger of a coasting voyage, particularly in our bays and among our icebergs. But I doubt not Brother New Zealand knows his own difficulties and *resources*. I can say most sincerely, that I rejoice with him and for him, at the noble succour you afford him, and would not desire to withdraw a farthing from the means you place at his disposal. May they be, as they will be, twice blessed. I could write much more (notwithstanding the shake and the stench), for it is a great pleasure to talk with men like-minded even across the Atlantic, but I must think of other creditors. I will only then beg of you, and all who, with you, help and pray for me, to accept my thanks and my blessing; and believe me, on land or at sea,

Your faithful and affectionate brother  
and grateful friend,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.

I had almost forgotten to say, that I am on my way to Bermuda, where I expect to remain till January, and then

return to the ice and snow, the frost and cold, of Newfoundland.

P.S.—You gladden my heart by the mention of a candidate for missionary honours on the coast of Labrador. It was my wish and intention to establish three Missions, and place three Missionaries on that desolate coast. Two Missions are already filled, and I hope and believe well filled, by men who take great interest in their work. One spent last winter in his mission, and would be there again next winter if it were possible; the other commenced his labours in June, and he also fully purposed and desired to have passed the ensuing winter among his scattered sheep; but having come to S. John's to attend the Visitation, they find there is no means of returning before next June. The third and most distant Mission I have been induced, or rather constrained to abandon, by the refusal of the merchants to co-operate, without which it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to proceed. Nevertheless, a candidate for that Mission, or for one of the existing Missions (should either become vacant), would be welcomed by me most cordially and gratefully, and I could immediately find him missionary work of a kindred character, saving that he would not be sent among the Esquimaux."

## CHAPTER VI.

[1851-1858.]

“ Lord, Thy Church, in latter days,  
Wanteth much those holy ways ;  
Wanteth much that gain, which lies  
Ever in self-sacrifice.”

*Spiritual Songs by the late Rev. Dr. Monsell.*

As mentioned at the close of the last chapter, a portion of the winter 1850-51 was spent in Bermuda: the See of Nova Scotia had become vacant in the autumn of 1850 by the death of Bishop Inglis, and a proposal was made in some quarters to attach Bermuda once more to that diocese from which it had been separated twelve years before: another proposal to found what is now the See of Nassau and to attach the Bermudas to the Bahamas seemed more promising; the bishop offered to give up 200*l.* per annum, and regretted that with the increased expenses of the Cathedral, the College, the Church ship, and the many other schemes, which were dependent largely on his munificence, he could not offer a larger portion of his own income. In the end nothing was done; and Bermuda still forms part of the diocese of Newfoundland, and for the future it will be intimately connected with the history of the See, as it gave to the great bishop who for thirty-two years laboured so abundantly for every portion of the diocese an honoured tomb.

On his return to S. John's, the bishop made a Visitation of Harbour Briton, holding an Ordination in the Church on Trinity Sunday; from this place he continued his voyage along the southern and western coasts, being afloat more than three months. The condition of the Church ship added to his anxieties: in 1849 large repairs were declared to be necessary, but the shorter voyages of the following year had been made with the ship in an unsafe state. It was plain that the *Hawk* must either be repaired or sold, and the bishop, after the year's cruise was ended, gave the following account of what he called his "stewardship or apprenticeship":—

"As I was to be afloat several months, it was quite requisite, both for safety and comfort, to lay down a new deck before going to sea. From June 6, when I went on board, I did not sleep one night on shore till I reached Halifax *en route* for Canada in the month of September. I dined on shore very seldom. I had always three, and frequently four, companions on board, so that the necessity of making the decks strong and tight, for safety and comfort, will be sufficiently apparent. Some other repairs of gear and furniture were also required, and attended to as usual; but I have not yet ventured, on account of the expense, to move the copper. The necessity, however, of doing this has become unavoidable, and will not admit of longer delay in consequence of our having run upon a reef of rocks in my last voyage (on which we remained fixed, though happily not transixed, for nearly two hours), and on another occasion having grounded in going into a harbour. It seemed quite wonderful (as it was most merciful) that no (apparent) serious damage was done to the good Church ship on either of these occasions. All, I believe, on board expected when we ran upon the reef, as we were going fast before the wind, and were brought up (as the sea phrase is)

all standing, that the vessel must have stoved, or sprung a leak; but beyond scraping and bruising no injury appeared to be done. The tide providentially was down when she struck, and after lightening the vessel, by taking out the anchors and two brass guns, and letting off all the water, we rose with the returning flow, and continued our journey with glad and grateful hearts. When, afterwards, we grounded in entering a harbour, we again remained two hours upon the rocks, but we did not strike with the same violence as in the former instance. These circumstances made an examination of the keel and bottom of the vessel indispensable; but on proceeding to heave her down for that purpose, on my return to S. John's, it was found that the seams were so much open and the sides so much decayed, that she could not safely be laid down without previous extensive repairs to the hull. This state of things will not appear extraordinary when it is remembered that the good Church ship was over twelve years old when she came out here, and that she has now been seven years and upwards in this trying climate, exposed to frost and snow in winter (for we have no means of putting her under shelter) and to fogs and rain in summer. These repairs, therefore, preliminary to laying the vessel down, were attended to, and occupied the remainder of the summer or autumn. There remains now that last and greatest trouble and expense of laying down and coppering, with some renovation of rigging and other gear. Instead of copper we intend to use the Muntz metal, which is much less expensive, and ought to last five or six years; and it will be a miracle if the good ship's term of days extends to such a period. That she has escaped so long and with so little injury is a matter to me of continual wonder and thankfulness. Now these various repairs cannot be completed for less than 220*l.* in addition to the ordinary yearly expenses of fitting out.

Hitherto I have been enabled to meet the yearly expenses of repairs and voyage (not less on an average than 300*l.*) partly from my ordinary income, and partly from the Special donations. The Newfoundland Church Society has contributed 50*l.* currency towards each of the last three voyages; and I have thought it right to appropriate from the Labrador Fund, one year 40*l.* and the other 30*l.*, for, or towards, the charge incurred on that coast. By these means I have been enabled to keep the good ship in sufficient repair, and to perform my Visitation, not only with as much comfort to myself as such a service is capable of, but, I trust, with considerable satisfaction and benefit to the clergy and others concerned: having afforded a lodging and entertainment to the missionaries in their respective districts, when visiting them; and celebrated service on board in many settlements which have no church, or other convenient room, for the purpose. In truth, in this respect I imagine I may be an object of envy to many of my brethren even in England; that my palace and cathedral have accompanied me through all my Visitation, and I have had no occasion to disturb any clergyman's domestic or parochial arrangements. I cannot look forward to the discontinuance, or interruption, of these Visits, so full of holy interest and usefulness, without much concern and anxiety; but, while my other expenses (chiefly in the Cathedral and College) are increasing, the Newfoundland Special Fund, so liberally supplied hitherto (and I hope I may add faithfully and carefully applied) is at length exhausted; and I must depend, as in good reason I ought to do, upon my ordinary income and the contributions in Newfoundland. When I say the fund is exhausted, I ought in justice to myself, and for the satisfaction of numerous kind friends and contributors, to remark that I have expended fully 3,000*l.* in valuable property in S. John's for the purposes of the College and

Collegiate School. One house (used for the Collegiate School) is quite sufficient, and very suitable, for a bishop's residence, if it should be required for that purpose. The college buildings in which I now reside (in the absence of the vice-principal, who was obliged to return to England before Christmas on account of impaired eyesight) afford accommodation for six students and a vice-president, if unmarried; and the site is admirably adapted for the larger establishment which we require and desire. I have also purchased an excellent site for the Ladies' School; but alas! it lies unoccupied and unprofitable for want of funds. In the meanwhile, my Ladies' School flourishes in a hired house, and is of great benefit, as lately has been testified in a memorial, signed by the most respectable inhabitants of S. John's, praying the Governor to receive and recommend my application for a grant of money to enable me to build a house of brick or stone for that purpose. At present the School is kept in a wooden house, and the danger of fire is very great and very terrible.

I hope I may be allowed to leave to my successors, and the successors of my present flock, at least the sites and rudiments of educational establishments capable of use and increase according to the growing requirements of the Church in this colony. If, however, circumstances should render such an application of the property not necessary or not expedient, it will be something to have provided a decent and sufficient residence for the bishop of the diocese; and *if the worst comes to the worst*, I have little doubt that the property might be disposed of for 3,000*l.*, or an income realized equal to the interest at 5 per cent. on that sum.

I am at present in need of, and desirous to obtain, the services of a vice-principal or tutor; but of course have to contend with the usual difficulty of *nulla bona* or no funds.



Let me then mention, what I should require, or at least desire, *in*, and *of*, my vice-principal or tutor. *In him*, a clergyman, unmarried; a fair scholar, apt to teach, and not unwilling to be taught; able and disposed to take part in Sunday duty either in S. John's or the neighbouring out-ports, and to walk occasionally for that purpose eight or nine miles. Need I say that all external gifts, powers, and accomplishments would be of little value without a sound understanding, a right mind, and an honest and good heart,—a heart zealous in the cause, *pro ecclesia Dei*. *Of him* I should expect or desire that he would instruct the students (chiefly in the classics) under the principal's direction or mine; live with the students (that is, in the same house, and taking meals at the same table, but of course with separate rooms for study, &c.); take the entire domestic management, under my direction—say the service morning and evening, and assist in the Sunday duty at church, either, as I said before, in S. John's or the neighbouring out-ports. And all this for 100*l.* a year? No, my good brother. That sum will provide things necessary and convenient for the present life, but the recompense must be looked for elsewhere, and will not be withheld; 'he shall in no wise lose his reward.' Why should not one of the Jesus College Missionary Fellows undertake such an office? Is the thought too presumptuous?

But the most pressing of all my requirements, which it was my chief desire and design therefore to press upon the attention and sympathy of the Societies and other friends of the Colonial Church in England, is that of *more clergy*. But what is to be done for these poor scattered sheep? and for their scattered shepherds, overborne with toiling and watching and running from fold to fold? Suppose I could raise 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year; surely two or three might be found who, being so far provided against want and distress, would be ready to endure hardness for these poor

fishermen and for Christ's sake. This is, and I fear always will be, my greatest need; greatest in importance, greatest in the difficulty of meeting and supplying it. I tremble whenever I think or hear of a probable vacancy."

On Christmas Day, 1851, the vessels, books, and pastoral staff presented by anonymous friends in England to the cathedral were solemnly consecrated by the bishop, the form of prayer and dedication used on the occasion being taken from one which was used by Archbishop Sancroft in the consecration of the plate given by Lord Digby for the use of the church of Coleshill, in the county of Warwick, in 1685. The bishop was careful to instruct the people as to the propriety of the service and the great authorities for its use, viz. Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Patrick, and others. He showed that the same reasons held good for the consecration of vessels and books as for the consecration of a new church; that the consecration of a church did indeed formally include all vessels and furniture presented at the time, and that for this reason the Rubric specifies that "the vessels for the Holy Communion are to be placed on the holy table," and that when, as in the case of the cathedral, vessels have been subsequently presented but the bishop's presence has not been possible, the use has consecrated such gifts: nevertheless, the bishop being at hand, it seemed that "unless wise and pious men have greatly mistaken the teaching of God's Spirit and of holy writ, we may humbly hope that God, for His dear Son's sake, will allow and accept this service." The services were simple, but full of interest and instruction, and all who were present seemed to have been much impressed by their solemnity and fitness.

The greater part of 1852 was spent in S. John's, where the bishop lived in the college, acting as vice-principal; "and very pleasant the life is to me," he wrote. He

succeeded partially in his endeavours to obtain from the Government an adequate share of the grant made for educational purposes; the Romanists obtained their share, as was right and just; but the balance was voted for Protestant education generally: the bishop declined to allow the Church, of which he was the ruler, to be ranked as one of the Protestant sects, and to assert the proper position of the Church cost him much labour and exposed him to some obloquy.

In January, 1853, the bishop was in England after an absence of six years, but his stay was a brief one. In the first week of March he set forth again from Liverpool, where again he had the comfort of the Holy Eucharist with his friends in the church of the Rev. Cecil Wray. Truly he needed all support and comfort: he was sick in mind and body, and the discomforts that were awaiting him were many. When his double voyage was ended and he was landed at Bermuda, he wrote the following letter to a friend in England who was his frequent correspondent and ever-ready comforter:—

“BERMUDA, *April 2, 1853.*

“I had the pleasure of receiving your note at Mr. Wray’s on the morning of my departure; and for it, and all the kind and encouraging words in it, I was and am truly grateful. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and a word of encouragement when leaving friends and home is doubly dear and valuable. I was at the time sick in body and mind; my hand and foot were both dressed by my doctor the morning of my embarkation, but it is not so easy to minister to a mind diseased or distressed; as I am not ashamed to confess mine was at the time. I was under medical, or surgical, treatment several days on board, but other comfort or relief, ‘more needed, more desired,’ I found none. My companions, or fellow-passengers, were

the most unsatisfactory set of people I ever encountered. Of seventeen or eighteen for Newfoundland three or four only, besides myself, were members of our Church, and of those in the saloon (nine in number) five were Roman Catholics, three Presbyterians, and *one only* of our communion! These were they which were not a comfort to me.

Had I not reason to cry, 'Woe is me, that I am constrained,' &c. ? and fourteen long days this trial endured, with bad weather, and in an overloaded vessel. Thank God we arrived safe at Halifax on the Friday (March 18). The Bishop of Nova Scotia met me and took me to his house. The next morning I started in a wretched little screw-steamer, which had twice broken her shaft, for Bermuda. I believe it was expected some accident would happen. The bishop said he should keep a room ready for me. It is impossible to describe the misery of the noises, thumps, and jerks occasioned by the screw, with the rolling and pitching of the little vessel going before a gale of wind, and taking in quantities of water. However, we were not destined to endure all this misery very long, for before ten hours had passed the shaft again snapped, or as the black waiter said, 'went smash.' What a prospectus! We had no choice but to proceed, as it was blowing a gale, and we continued to scud before it all the following night and day. In the middle of the second night a great sea washed our binnacle and lamps overboard, and the man at the wheel nearly shared the same fate. The propeller, or fan, after the shaft is broken, hangs astern, and probably greatly hinders the vessel's way, but renders it almost impossible to steer her, and to tack. The first three days we had a gale from the north-west, and then another from the south-west, and in consequence we were carried so much to the eastward of our course that the captain doubted whether he should fetch Bermuda at all, and talked of running for the West Indies. I was obliged the

second night to abandon my berth (in consequence of the wet, which came in through the side-light), and roll myself among the mail-bags. Ten days we were in this plight—and what days!—the ‘day of days’ and all the long week: and with what companions—three Presbyterians (the captain and two passengers), and the fourth of no particular Church or denomination, as he himself told me, but his father was a Methodist, and he is married to a Presbyterian; sometimes he attends the service of the Church of England, sometimes of the Presbyterians, but most commonly none. With these, in very close and uncomfortable proximity, I spent all the Holy Week and Easter Sunday and Monday, without any other soul to speak to. On the morning of Easter Tuesday we most happily and providentially came right down upon Bermuda, having passed the previous night in some anxiety from not having seen the ‘light.’ We did not make out the place till within about ten miles, quite near enough to put us into some difficulty if the wind had not been quite fair. Try to think of a bishop in such a wretched little vessel, with such company, and in such dreadful weather, all Passion and Eastertide; remembering also what he had left behind in dear old England. However, on Easter Tuesday we did arrive without harm or accident; and I hope there was one, at least, who did obey the Psalmist’s injunction to praise the Lord for His goodness, &c. I hope to be at S. John’s by Pentecost.”

The Charge delivered to the clergy in Bermuda on S. Mark’s Day, 1853, is especially of interest, inasmuch as it contains the impressions which had been made on the bishop’s mind during his brief stay in England. During the years that he had been absent from his native land the Church had made substantial progress, which struck a visitor from afar more than it impressed those who were

daily engaged in Church work. Specially he noticed the tokens of increased life in the multiplication of churches and schools, in the restoration of dilapidated fabrics everywhere, and in the restoration of the naves of certain cathedrals to their proper use: he observed too with satisfaction, that the funds for these holy works were not "provided, as too frequently in former days, by questionable bequests of questionably acquired wealth, but by gifts and offerings which involve in each case large sacrifice of present means and emoluments, and have no other object in view than the glory of God and the good of His people." The Church Penitentiary Association, with the houses of mercy connected with it and dotted about the land, was a novelty full of interest to the bishop; the foundation of theological colleges, the discussions of Convocation, and the establishment of S. Augustine's College at Canterbury, were cheering signs of spiritual vigour which drew forth expressions of joyful thankfulness from his very heart of hearts. The things which he had seen in England led him to urge the Island clergy to many reforms, and especially he recommended them to meet periodically under the presidency of their Rural Dean for the consideration of things pertaining to their ministry and its efficiency.

S. John's was reached before Pentecost, as had been intended, and on Trinity Sunday an Ordination was held. The bishop, it may here be stated, rarely, under any pressure of apparent necessity, ordained except at the appointed seasons; it seemed to him to be cruel to candidates and unjust to the Church to deprive them of the benefit of the prayers of the faithful everywhere offered at the Ember seasons. On June 15 the *Hawk*, having been repaired and refitted, was ready for sea. The bishop wrote:—

"I celebrated as usual the Lord's Supper in the cathedral, as the surest and meetest method of strengthening

my friends and brethren, and being myself strengthened for our separation, and of comforting and being comforted in my long absence. Many of my friends accompanied me to the wharf, and I embarked with the companions of my voyage between three and four o'clock p.m., but finding that matters on board were still in much confusion, we returned to the Evening Prayers in the cathedral at five o'clock.

Soon after six we re-embarked, and at seven o'clock were sailing out of the harbour, our friends still attending on the shore, and saluting us with hands and handkerchiefs, which we knew were tokens of praying and well-wishing hearts. These were to be seen, and were seen till we reached the mouth of the Narrows, when just on losing sight of these we passed a large vessel at anchor, the name of which painted both on the sides and stern was 'Blessing.' The word caught every eye, and I believe spoke to every heart. We seemed to depart with a 'blessing' from the shore and on the sea, and if so, surely we might fondly hope also from heaven above—'Blessed' we surely were in our going out!"

The cruise was intended to include a thorough visitation of the Labrador, where the Rev. G. Hutchinson,<sup>1</sup> who had left his pleasant parsonage at West Malvern, was to be stationed. The course shaped was along the eastern shore of Newfoundland, where the mission of Greenspond was visited, and the clergyman, the Rev. Julian Moreton, was cheered by the sight of his bishop and friends after an absence for six months of all such intercourse. Fair winds brought the ship rapidly to Forteau, where the Rev. A. Gifford, whose first settlement at this remote spot in 1849 has been already mentioned, greeted the party with a joy which none can realise who have not known what he had experienced. His worldly lot had been much improved.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hutchinson died in his Mission of Topsail on October 5, 1876.

He no longer shared a fisherman's cabin and kitchen; a wooden mission-house had been built, and wife and sister had come to share its accommodation.

"I was delighted," wrote the bishop, "to hear that not only Mr. Gifford, but his wife and sister, who had shared with him the trials and privations of a Labrador winter, were and had been all along in excellent health. Their solitude had been relieved, and their troubles lightened by the birth of a child, who had not suffered in any degree from the severity of the climate, but was lively and lovely as any 'happy English child.' We gladly accepted an invitation to drink tea in the mission-house, and, saving the wooden walls of the room, and the side of the Canadian stove flush with the wall (the body of the stove being in the kitchen, and serving for culinary purposes as well as warmth), we might have fancied ourselves in one of the neat parlours of an English parsonage, with all its hospitalities and comforts. And I doubt whether all or many English parsonages would have seen Helmore's *Psalter* and *Hymnal* brought out, and used as was done in the Labrador mission-house on this occasion by nearly the whole party. They did not separate without prayers, and a bishop's blessing."

On the following day commenced the circuit of Mr. Gifford's mission, extending eighty miles in a straight line, which may be doubled in a sea-voyage. The Church ship was made useful in towing some baulk and carrying deck-loads of timber, which the people were willing to give for the purpose of building churches, but which could never have been carried to the site where they were required but for the help of the *Hawk*. Even in these remote places the demon of discord had found an entrance, the Methodists from Carbonear dissuading the people from confirmation as savouring of superstition, while the use of a school chapel which had been built formed a fruitful source of



disagreement, some desiring to throw it open, as probably their sympathizers in England would desire to do with our parish churches—to the ministrations of “any good man that comes along;” others objecting to such indiscriminate uses. The Confirmation was held, the lumber for the church was placed on the ground, the cemetery was consecrated, and the bishop congratulated the people on the difference in their spiritual state since his last visit. “Then,” he said, “I left a single minister in deacon’s orders, a stranger and strange among them. By the blessing of God upon him and his labours, he has not only purchased for himself a higher degree in the ministry, but has united so far at least their hands that they have decently fenced their grave-yard, and petitioned for its consecration; have laid the foundations of a chapel, with a good prospect of carrying it on to completion; their children have been duly baptized, and the heads of the families been confirmed by the bishop. I earnestly besought them to remember, with devout gratitude, not only the great Source from which all these blessings had originated, and descended to them and theirs, but the church and the ministers also, by or through which they had been conveyed and received; and forgetting dissension and difference, to unite heart and hand in carrying forward the good work for their own edification, the comfort of their minister, the honour of the Church, and that end of all ends, the glory of God.”

Going on to Battle Harbour the bishop introduced the Rev. G. Hutchinson to his future flock; his goods were landed from the *Hawk* and then a visit was paid to S. Francis Harbour. Here, as on former visits to Labrador, important news arrived from the outer world; a vessel from Liverpool brought tidings of the rupture between Russia and Turkey. On the following Sunday the church which was designed on the former voyage was consecrated

by the name of S. John the Baptist, "partly to show its connection with and dependence on the Church in Newfoundland, and partly to show that he who preaches and ministers here must come in the spirit of the holy Baptist, content to live in a wilderness, and on food almost as simple and natural."

Amid the barrenness of this region every flower is noticed with admiration, and the bishop's love of nature found much gratification even in the stern scenery by which he was surrounded. "In a walk over Caribou Island, the only tree or shrub we passed or saw rising three inches from the ground was a small mountain ash, which had taken advantage of a sheltered nook in the side of the hill quite protected from all northerly winds, and had contrived to shoot up some three feet high. Still there are

———"Earth and sky,  
And some flowers to bloom and die,"

which the poet of the *Christian Year* reminds us may suffice to infuse 'lowly thoughts.'

The time had now come for Mr. Hutchinson to be inducted into his parsonage at Battle Harbour; and the account of deficiency of house-keeping materials testifies to the kind forethought of the bishop who wished to test the resources of the Mission-house, while there was yet time to supply what was lacking.

"Mr. Hutchinson was anxious to entertain his bishop and companions in the Church ship, and we were equally anxious to be entertained at the new parsonage; but, upon overhauling the crockery, it appeared there were only two teacups, and both those cracked. This deficiency, however, was easily supplied from the Church ship; and the first entertainment at the Battle Harbour parsonage came off after evening service. It was late before we sat down to tea, which gave us an opportunity of discovering that there

were no candles in the house; and, when some dips had been procured from the store, there were no snuffers. It was partly with the view of discovering these deficiencies that I desired the entertainment on shore; they did not, however, prevent our enjoyment of the cocoa and preserves kindly sent from Jersey for Mr. Disney by some friends, who show the same considerate attention to Mr. Gifford's comforts. We had indeed a most agreeable, happy evening; and did not depart without praising the Lord for His goodness, and sanctifying His gift with the Word of God and with prayer. To make the induction and occupation more complete, Mr. Hutchinson remained on shore for the night, and took possession of Mr. Disney's ottoman bed. The rest of the party returned to the Church ship."

At Quirpon and other places on the N.E. coast, the eagerness with which the ministrations of the Church were received added much to the regret with which the poor people were left again to their destitute state. Four years had elapsed since the last visit, and now barely two days could be given to one place. At Twillingate with its church and schools, and resident clergyman, things afforded a bright contrast; the bishop spent a Sunday here, visiting the Sunday-schools, and "really almost feeling at home again, a happy English parson."

At Ward's Harbour even pleasanter things awaited the bishop: here a church was consecrated whose very existence surely testified to much piety and zeal. "Mr. Boone went on shore, and found the principal planter, through whose exertions chiefly the little church (a very humble but neatly-finished structure) was built, prepared to receive and welcome us. He showed his church with modest satisfaction, which, though only a wooden room, twenty-four feet by eighteen, with five square windows, has cost him some seventy pounds, besides labour; as great a

sacrifice or expenditure perhaps for him, as the whole cost of a cathedral would be to some of those 'that have riches.' He was very desirous to have the building consecrated, and with it the land adjacent, which he and his neighbours had marked out for a grave-yard. I felt little or no difficulty about the church, but could not consent to consecrate the grave-yard while it had no fence. He met that difficulty by engaging to put up a temporary fence of stakes and nets to-morrow, and a more substantial one of rails and pickets before the winter. Feeling sure that his promise, God willing, would be performed, I did not hesitate to grant all his request. He spoke to me with much deep and right feeling of a neighbour who had been his chief associate and assistant in planning and building their church, and whom, after watching over and tending in a long illness, as the physician of both body and soul, he had lately consigned to his last resting-place, in the grave-yard of their own choice. 'He had been wild,' he said, 'in his younger days, but for three years he had been an altered character, and before his death he told me all he had done wrong.' The poor man, it seems, had recognised the duty, if not the privilege, of the Apostle's injunction 'Confess your faults one to another;' and that other duty and privilege had not been forgotten by his friend, 'to pray one for another.'"

In the newly-dedicated church many were confirmed, three generations of the same family kneeling together. The people everywhere in these harbours greatly cheered the bishop's spirit. "When will the gold-fields produce such characters?" he wrote, "and many such I have found, formed and fashioned in this life of toil, and privation, and separation from the jealousies and suspicions of marts and markets, and of strivings about the truth."

At Catalina, after Confirmation had been administered,

and the Holy Communion celebrated, another function remained to be performed, and the sketch which the bishop gives of a Newfoundland parsonage, and the difficulties of erecting it, is too good to be omitted:—

“At the evening service, Mr. Walsh preached. We then proceeded to inaugurate the new parsonage, taking tea in it, and concluding the evening with prayer, hymns, and Holy Scripture. It was the first time of using it, but within a month or six weeks, it is hoped, the good missionary may be rewarded for his patient occupation for five years of a very cabin (affording but one room as ‘parlour, kitchen, and all,’ for himself and family), by removing to this, in comparison, comfortable and commodious, though really small and modest parsonage. It consists of one sitting-room and one kitchen on the ground-floor; and, over these, two good bedrooms, with two good-sized closets. In the roof is space for two sleeping apartments, but the cold would be too great to allow of their use in winter. It has cost about 229*l.*, besides the sticks for the frame, and some gratuitous labour. The offices, however, remain to be provided, which should cost from 20*l.* to 30*l.* more. Such is a Newfoundland parsonage, five years in construction, but which might have been completed in as many months, with command of sufficient means.”

In the mission of Trinity, “the most polished and picturesque of all Newfoundland settlements,” a more lengthened stay was made; on the festival of S. Matthew, the anniversary of the consecration of the cathedral, a little church was consecrated in Trouty Cove. Although only thirty feet by fifteen, it had taken thrice as long to complete as the cathedral; the whole cost was only 60*l.*, but a considerable part of the material had been provided, and much of the work done by the fishermen’s own hands. A worthy planter, who had been active in promoting the

building, was present, and, the bishop said, "appeared as pleased with and proud of his little wooden house of prayer, and as thankful for the day of its completion and consecration as many are with the churches which have exhausted the skill of a Scott or Butterfield, and been beautified with all the ornaments and enrichments that wealth can supply. He entertained his bishop and clergy with an excellent Newfoundland dinner, viz. tea, hard and soft bread, with butter, eggs, and roasted caplin in abundance."

Before this mission was left, an ordination was held in its church on Sunday, September 25, when two were added as deacons to the ministry of the Church, and two deacons were ordained priests. The *seventh* voyage of the bishop was now drawing to a close. "At 1 A.M., on Michaelmas Day," the bishop writes, "the anchor went down, and on going on deck I found that we were once more at our first starting-place, all returned safe and sound. My companions, indeed, were safe and sound in their berths; and after congratulating and commending the 'skipper' and crew, I had but one other duty to perform before I 'turned in,' and was at rest.

I did not go on shore till the hour of divine service (11 o'clock). I then went up with my friends to the cathedral, and publicly returned thanks, fully prepared to join in the beautiful Collect for the festival, and to thank that everlasting God by whose appointment His holy angels had succoured and defended us by land and by sea.

The whole service seemed most appropriate to our condition and circumstances, and I never entered so fully and gratefully into it. It was a good day, holy and happy, as Wordsworth sings—

'One of those happy days that never die.' "

While the good bishop was thus actively engaged in labours that were truly apostolic, for the benefit of this

scattered people, unscrupulous attempts were made to upset the financial system which he had long before instituted with the approval of the leading laity of the diocese, and by which alone either the Church could be maintained, or the people taught to value their religious privileges. As may be expected the bishop was unmoved, although the governor of the colony took an active part against him, which seems to be inconsistent with the position which he occupied. There were found also persons in England who did not scruple to take up the cry, and one newspaper, that never has failed in hostility to the bishop or any other consistent Churchman, was true to its antecedents on this occasion. It is unnecessary to allude at greater length to this miserable affair. The bishop could point to the increasing funds of the Church Society, against which this opposition was directed, and to the readiness with which each household, capable of doing so, contributed their yearly quintal of fish, valued at ten shillings, and his criticism on the condition of things was worthy of himself. "The Church is gaining strength," said he, "and strength of the right sort, strength to suffer as God sees fit."

The year 1854 was full of trials and anxiety; the Home Government determined to extend to Newfoundland the questionable blessing of responsible government, the immediate result of which was to place all matters in the hands of the majority, which in this case consisted of Roman Catholics; at the same time some of the leading merchants were quitting the island, and finding other fields in which to invest their capital. Then popular feeling, encouraged by persons who were offended at the bishop's action with regard to the Church Society, ran very high, and seriously impeded him in his labours. Although the question at issue was purely a financial one, the *odium theologicum* was dragged into the controversy, which it

inflamed and protracted. The cry of Puseyism and Tractarianism was freely raised. It would fall very flat now, because we have all, consciously or otherwise, imbibed the teaching which those reproachful terms were supposed to cover; just as the cry of Ritualism will fall flat in ten years' time, when we shall all have become, consciously or otherwise, Ritualists: but in 1854 it answered the purpose for which it was raised. In the summer S. John's was visited by cholera. The bishop made to the Board of Health an offer of the college to be used as a cholera hospital, and when the plague was stayed he suggested that the most fitting form in which the gratitude of the preserved could be exhibited would be the erection of an asylum for the widows and destitute; for this he offered a site close to the rectory and cathedral, and assistance towards the building, adding that he "should esteem it an honour and privilege to build and maintain it at his own cost, but he neither had the means, nor if he had should he think it right to deprive others of a share in such a work."

Early in 1855 the bishop was again in Bermuda, and on Ascension Day he consecrated a new church, which was to be a quasi-cathedral. After only five days spent on his return in S. John's, he started on a three months' visitation of the southern and western coasts, and to his great thankfulness was enabled to accomplish one very important work, which is described in the following letter:—

"THE CHURCH SHIP, BURIN, *Sept.* 26, 1855.

"Several years ago (nine or ten, I believe) the inhabitants of Channel (all fishermen) built for themselves a place of worship, to be used, as they said, 'by any good man who came along'—clergyman, Methodist preacher, Baptist, or any other professed Protestant. The majority, however, after my visit to the place in 1849, were desirous of making over the building to the bishop to be



consecrated, and of procuring a resident missionary; but a few of the more wealthy planters, who had contributed most largely to the building, were strict Methodists, and refused to consent to the consecration, and relinquish their rights, without being paid the value of their contributions in work and material. In the hope of obtaining a settlement, I sent Mr. Boland to the place, and all parties willingly consented to his occupying and using the building, and some progress was made towards satisfying some of the recusants. But there was really no residence to be had in the place for love or money, and after remaining for some months (I believe nearly twelve months), in part of a fisherman's house with Mrs. Boland and his son, to the great discomfort of all parties, he was obliged to quit, and removed to Sandy-point, S. George's Bay, then just deserted by Mr. Meek. No sooner had he gone than the Methodists again made a descent upon the place. On my arrival at Channel in July, I found that Mr. Du Val had so far succeeded with the people that all *but two* were willing to give up the building and consent to the consecration, without payment, and that these two would also give up and consent upon being paid, and, moreover, that his congregation undertook to subscribe to purchase a residence to the amount of 100*l.*—a very handsome sum for these fishermen. Under these circumstances, I did willingly, and I may say joyfully, give, on behalf of our Church Society, fifty pounds to secure the church, and another fifty towards the parsonage; and I had the great satisfaction of consecrating the building on S. James's Day, by the name of 'The Church of S. James the Apostle,' and on the same day of holding a Confirmation in it (the first ever celebrated in the district); and finally of taking possession of the modest wooden mission-house, which Mr. Du Val is to occupy, after some repairs, on Michaelmas Day.

I have been as far as Bonne Bay and the Bay of Islands on the western coast (places, alas! not visited by any clergyman but myself and my companions in the Church ship); I have called and celebrated services at all the principal settlements on the western and southern coasts—have seen and spent some days with all the clergy—have consecrated five new churches and seven cemeteries—have given the Lord's Supper at fifteen and Confirmation at eighteen settlements, sometimes on shore sometimes in the Church ship. During the whole voyage (of three months' duration) I have only slept on shore one night, and on that occasion because the weather was so bad that even the sailors could not return to the ship.

The good Church ship has been again most mercifully preserved and prospered, and but for the expense (this voyage will not cost me less than 600*l.*) and the want of exercise, which seriously affects my health, I would be content to live on board altogether. We have lately had rather tempestuous weather, which tries the *Hawk's* rigging and spars—getting old and weak and hardly safe. I have just completed the circuit of Mr. Meek's (late White's) immense mission, upwards of 100 miles; and am now detained in Burin (Placentia Bay) by adverse winds and fog. I have only two more settlements to visit between this place and S. John's (155 miles), passing, alas! many populous ones, wholly occupied by Roman Catholics. If, therefore, we are favoured and prospered as we have hitherto been, we may hope to complete our voyage within a week from this date."

The year 1856 opened full of promises and of hopeful schemes—but it proved to be more full of sorrows than any of its predecessors to the bishop and the Church. A visit to the Moravian stations on the northern shores of Labrador, extending almost to Hudson's Bay, had long

been contemplated and now seemed likely to be accomplished. The bishop, by advertisements in several English papers and by all means within his reach, endeavoured to obtain the companionship of an English clergyman. He mentioned the attractions which such a cruise offered to the naturalist, the physiologist, and the ethnologist as well as to the lover of souls: with the Moravians themselves he intended no interference, but rather desired to learn their method of conducting their missions, and in one or two parts of the Labrador that were unoccupied he hoped to establish missions—but where were the men? This subject was ever weighing him down, and he wrote (February 5, 1856):—"Can no real clergymen be found to volunteer their services? Must the Colonial Church (which the present Archbishop of Canterbury has most truly and most feelingly said ought to be served by the *élite*) be always made to recruit her clergy from behind counters and desks, or from the ranks of national schoolmasters and Scripture-readers? I greatly trust that S. Augustine's may, in some degree, supply the deficiency if not correct the fault; but until men of family and fortune can be brought to enter S. Augustine's, with a view and determination of serving the Colonial Church, or promoting the missionary cause, there is too much danger of its degenerating into a Protestant Maynooth." But the expected voyage had to be abandoned, for the bishop and diocese met with a great loss by the death of Archdeacon Bridge. The bishop thus describes his sorrow and distress to a friend in England:—

"March 5, 1856.

"I had gone (on the 10th ult.) to take the place and duty of one of my overworked clergy on the mission of Island Cove in Conception Bay—a mission with four churches and 2,000 souls, left without shepherd and

without service. The missionary, C. Walsh, who had been laid up for two months with a dangerous sprain, was removed to Harbour Grace, for rest and medical attendance. I had proposed to remain, if necessary, till Easter, in the fisherman's cottage, in which Mr. Walsh resides when at home. I had, however, scarcely been absent from S. John's a fortnight when I was summoned back by a report of the archdeacon's dangerous illness. I arrived on Monday, the 25th ult., and had the melancholy satisfaction of watching by his bed three days and three nights, till he passed I trust into that day which is not succeeded by night.

Never was a more real case of a man 'worked to death.' Finding that he could no longer afford a curate (and if he could, I know not where he would have procured one) he laboured more abundantly and unceasingly than ever, for nothing could prevail with him to lay aside a single service or duty once entered upon. The consequence was foreseen, I believe, by many, and foretold by more than one; and by myself represented to him repeatedly, but to no purpose. His sun has gone down while it was yet day. It is impossible to describe the sensation, the grief and distress caused by his death, though you may gather something from the account published in the paper."

The vacant place had to be filled at once by the bishop himself, for he had no one to whom he could assign the duties of the cathedral and parish; of what nature these duties were, and all along had been, may be gathered from an extract from the bishop's letter of April 19, 1856:—

"I can give you an idea of what the Archdeacon's work was, by telling you what I have been called on to perform in his stead. In the Octave of Easter I administered the Holy Communion ten times, the first time in the cathedral to nearly 200 persons, assisted only by one clergyman. I

also performed myself on that day two full services. On the following Sunday I performed three full services unassisted and alone, and said prayers at a fourth service. Such and more was the Archdeacon's work, for to these public ministrations he added continual visits to sick and poor by day and night."

But more—much more—was yet to come, and the following letter written in June and giving an account of a clergyman frozen to death three months before, the news of which had only just reached the capital, gives incidentally a sketch of the conditions of life in Newfoundland which would not otherwise be realized.

"S. JOHN'S, *June 25, 1856.*

"With wearied hand and eyes and a heavy heart, I have now to inform you of another sad vacancy in our small missionary band. Poor Mr. Boland was caught in a drift some time in the month of March and frozen to death. This is indeed blow upon blow, and sorrow upon sorrow, but I know all is ordered by a wise and good God, who chastens us for our profit. May He grant us to reap all the profit, and that His Church may not suffer for my faults and offences which deserve such correction.

It may help you to understand some of the peculiarities, and I may add peculiar difficulties of this country and diocese, to inform you that up to this time I have not received, and no person in S. John's has received, any direct communication from S. George's Bay, though the melancholy event took place early in March."

The vacant Archdeaconry was accepted by the Rev. Jacob Mountain, whose work in Harbour Briton has been several times mentioned, and whose arrival in 1847 had been so great a comfort to the bishop. He served in this capacity but for a very brief period; a fever had raged through

S. John's with the fury of an epidemic, and Mr. Mountain had been unsparing in his ministrations to the sick : especially he had devoted himself to nursing a man servant to whom he was much attached. At length he was seized by the fever himself, and, his constitution being already weakened, he could not struggle against it ; he entered into his rest on the feast of S. Michael and All Angels, nursed for the last days and nights of his life by his bishop, who knew not how to provide for the bare maintenance of the Church services, so many had been his losses.

In the midst of these anxieties, one of the Labrador clergy, the Rev. A. Gifford, who had started for England in ill-health, and had got as far as Quebec, came back at once, knowing the emergency of the position. Of another the bishop wrote—

“ Good Mr. Hutchinson has just been brought from his barren rock on the Labrador by the man-of-war steamer *Argus* after three years' separation from his brethren and friends. In all that time he has never tasted nor seen fresh beef. He was very much debilitated when taken on board, but he is recovering health, strength, and spirits, and hopes to return in about ten days to his poor place and people.”

Amid these graver sorrows, the decision of the Court of Arches by which a credence table was declared to be unlawful did not much distress the bishop. He wrote : “ Dr. Lushington's judgment, or, rather, want of judgment, will not give me much trouble. I shall conform, but it must be reversed,<sup>1</sup> and then I can put back the credence table.” He did conform and had the credence removed from the cathedral and a stone altar from another church : he published a thoughtful pastoral letter which he caused

<sup>1</sup> The bishop was right : the judgment was reversed on an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

to be read in the cathedral, in which he insisted on the Rubric being observed in its integrity, and, alluding to the order of the judge for the erection of the Ten Commandments at the east end of the church, he called attention to the fact that the canon which enjoined this enacted that "other chosen sentences be written on the walls of churches and chapels," and this he commended to the people. On another point, often a controverted point, he wrote:—

"This remark leads me to add a few words on the occasional Decorations of Churches at particular seasons, and chiefly at Christmas. The lawfulness of such decorations is fully established by the general and almost universal practice in England, from the Reformation, without interruption, to the present day. The nature and character of such decorations will, of course, differ (no rule being prescribed) according to season, country, taste, feeling, and various other circumstances. Thus in my own parish in England it has been the custom from time immemorial to deck the church at four seasons of the year with the fairest flowers or shrubs then available: at Christmas chiefly with holly and other evergreens. In the other colony of this diocese, at this season, the pillars and galleries are hung with roses and geraniums, while texts of Scripture are fastened on the walls, with suitable emblems formed of oleander and palmetto leaves. Here we must be satisfied, with such boughs and branches as a sterner climate furnishes, to take our share in these simple but significant acknowledgments of God's mercy in bringing round to us the great seasons of Christian joy and hope. Emblems, appropriate to the season, are designed for the same end as the chosen sentences and texts of Scripture. Both are designed, and ought, to edify as well as please, both being in acknowledgment of the mercy then commemorated; as at Christmas His nativity

who is Emmanuel, God with us; at Epiphany, the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles; at Easter, His glorious Resurrection; on Holy Thursday, His Ascension. Our only care must be, while we thus strive to please and edify, to give no just or reasonable ground of offence. It could hardly be supposed that the members of a Church, who are reminded of their Saviour's birth by that beautiful figure of Scripture, 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee—the fir-tree, and the pine-tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary,' as is done in the lesson appointed to be read at the beginning and end of Christmas-tide; and of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles by the leading of a star at Epiphany—it could hardly be supposed that the members of our Church would be otherwise than pleased and edified by the further illustration of these great truths with appropriate emblems."

In 1857 the bishop was abundantly occupied in S. John's and the neighbourhood; on Trinity Sunday he held an Ordination, and on S. Peter's Day set sail with the Rev. W. W. Le Gallais, a young deacon, for a three months' voyage, Mr. Le Gallais understanding that before the voyage was over he would be stationed at some harbour which seemed most to need his services. He was in the end sent to Channel, where he laboured in a way that testified to the training he had received under Mr. Mountain, much of whose zeal and fervour he imbibed. This mission he never deserted: it may be said of him—

“Nor e'er had changed nor wished to change his place.”

Calls of sickness, however distant the sufferer may be, the Newfoundland priests never neglect, and it should be added that the fishermen are always ready to take their clergy in their boats on such errands without thought of fee. A call of this kind came to Mr. Le Gallais in



1869 : in an open boat he set forth for Isle aux Morts, but the upturned boat washed ashore was the only sign ever vouchsafed to make known his not inglorious death.

A letter to the Rev. Canon Seymour gives an interesting account of the voyage of 1857, and opinions and criticisms on other matters of much importance to the Mother Church.

“‘THE DELTA,’ *en route to BERMUDA, Jan. 18, 1858.*

“My dear Brother and Friend,—I have been waiting, waiting, waiting for the space, I think, of nearly two years for a convenient and sufficient opportunity of acknowledging and replying to your kind and interesting letter, and thanking you for your sermon and pamphlet on admission of the laity into the Convocation. I have, however, never found an opportunity, though I have, I assure you, constantly and carefully desired and watched for it. I do not think you will accuse or suspect me of exaggeration, when I say I have scarcely an hour or a moment which is not, or might not be, occupied with pressing matters of duty or business. And this remark applies not only to my land but my sea life : for whenever I can write at sea (and happily I can write as long as any person I have ever met with), I have Newfoundland behind me and Bermuda before me, or *vice versa* ; and therefore, both before and behind me abundant employment for the pen of a far more ready writer than myself. But at sea, I need not tell you, it is frequently impossible for the most ready writer to use or to hold his pen ; and very nearly five months of last year were so spent, I mean at sea, and little opportunity afforded of corresponding with relatives and friends. I left S. John’s on my voyage of Visitation last year on the 24th of June, and did not return until the 24th or 23rd of October, and soon after had to cross and re-cross Conception Bay on a Visitation which occupied the whole of November. On the 1st of

this month I left S. John's for Halifax, Nova Scotia, *en route* for Bermuda, which place (Halifax) we reached after a tempestuous and most trying passage in six days, during which I only could write for one day and a half, and no person else attempted to write at all. I expected to start again in two days for Bermuda, but we were detained at Halifax by heavy weather till yesterday (Sunday) morning, when we left at 8 a.m. I am now taking advantage of tolerably moderate weather on Monday morning, before we reach the Gulf Stream, to attempt some answer to, or at least acknowledgment of, your interesting and instructive communications.

Let me in the first place say that you will not measure my appreciation of, and gratitude for, your kind remembrance of me by my unworthy, but do not say, unwilling returns. You express some wish to know my sentiments on the great question which has justly occupied so much attention, and to the proper understanding 'of which you have so largely contributed. My opinion, however, is worth nothing; indeed, I have not sufficiently considered the subject to have formed an opinion which I would care to express. Taking the first Council in Jerusalem as a guide or pattern, it seems that while the Apostles and Elders came together to consider, and S. James, as presiding bishop, gave sentence, the brethren also, or the whole Church (including, I presume, the laity), concurred in sending the letters, and, therefore, were doubtless present, and to that extent took part. I should not however suppose that this Council gives any authority to lay interference in considering and determining matters of doctrine, which I should consider an unsuitable and unsafe proceeding. Excepting points of doctrine, I should think laymen might very properly assist in Convocation, especially when ecclesiastical matters do not, or ought not to, come before Parliament. I believe the

presence of the laity has been of great service in the Conventions of the United States, but I hardly think you can infer from this circumstance that they would be equally so in England or elsewhere. One thing appears very plain and certain, that the very different state of things in the Church and the Nation as compared with our state before the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act and the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, and yet more as compared with our state before the Reformation, requires some change in the constitution and proceedings of Convocation. But will not you, before you admit the laity, suffer your colonial brethren, or at least the bishops, to creep in by some side door? I am really almost ashamed of having written so much on a subject I understand so little, but I cannot but feel its importance, and cannot help having and expressing some thoughts about it, trusting to your indulgence: for those who have most studied the subject will best perceive and most readily acknowledge its difficulties.

The most interesting events in my late voyage were the Confirmation of some Esquimaux; the first, probably, ever confirmed by a bishop on the coast of Labrador—(I say on the coast of Labrador, because it is very likely, although I do not know such to be the case, that the Bishop of Rupertsland has confirmed others in the Hudson's Bay Territory)—the consecration of two churches on that coast, and the wreck of my little vessel off the coast of Newfoundland. She ran upon a sunken rock through the ignorance or carelessness of our pilot, and remained there, Prometheus-like, for some hours. We succeeded at length in getting her off with the high tide, having taken out the ballast, but in such a leaky state as to require to be taken into dock, and I was not able to use her the rest of the season. I consequently performed the latter part of my Visitation in fishing vessels, boats, &c., sleeping sometimes

at the houses of the clergy, and sometimes at those of planters and fishermen, and living as fishermen do, on bread and butter, and tea, and fish. Tea is more commonly used than any other beverage by the fishermen of Newfoundland, more commonly than by the labourers in England. It is used, in fact, at every meal, or rather it is with biscuit and butter their every meal. Many of the clergy live in the same way.

I can report, I think, considerable improvement in the manners and morals of the fishermen of my flock, both on the coast of Newfoundland and of the Labrador, since I first visited them: I do not mean that my visits have caused or contributed to that improvement (except so far as they may have profited by the gifts of grace which a bishop, however unworthy, is commissioned to convey), but the lives and labours of the clergy have produced, with God's blessing, an impression on their rude—but not hard—hearts. The Newfoundland fishermen are earnest and industrious: of good understanding and kindly disposition; and when the clergy are of similar earnestness and good sense, a great effect may be produced. Oh that I had a few more Mountains among them! but, alas! the missionary spirit, if it prevail at all in England, does not carry men of such a stamp to my poor diocese. I have, indeed, the greatest difficulty in keeping up, or rather I cannot keep up, the necessary supply of men taken from shops, and offices, and national schools, to fill the existing missions, and I require at least six additional clergymen. Think of a clergyman with flocks on seven or eight different islands with five or six churches many miles apart; the different flocks amounting together to 1,500 to 2,000 souls: or rather, think of these flocks, or most of them, visited by their shepherds two or three times only in the year. And such is the case with at least six missions on the coast of Newfoundland, while many poor scattered sheep are never

visited at all, others only by myself once in four years. It is heartrending to see such destitution, and to be unable to relieve it, and rather to expect a worse than an improved state of things. . . .

I thank you very much for mentioning your children. I read what you told me with much interest, and hope you will occasionally favour me with further particulars: I have still a tolerable recollection of what they were some sixteen or seventeen years ago, and if you will occasionally mention them to me I hope you will more frequently remind them of me, as one who needs and desires their sympathy and prayers. I need not ask the same of yourself and Mrs. Seymour, as I am sure you will not forget me and my poor diocese, for Christ's and His Church's sake. . . .

Your faithful Brother and Friend,  
EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND."

The visit to Bermuda lasted until Eastertide, when the bishop delivered his Charge to the clergy. In the church which he had consecrated on his previous visit, daily service had been for nearly three years the uninterrupted custom, and on this, and the beauty and reverence of the services, he congratulated both priest and people. His own time in the island had been a busy one, when he could state that he had held one Ordination, a Confirmation in every parish save one, had preached twice in each church and in several more frequently, and had examined and inspected not only every school, but, as he thought and believed, every child. The reasons for not having printed the Charge delivered three years before seem to be so full a *résumé* of the bishop's labours and troubles in 1856 and 1857, that they may well find a place here:—

"It is due to you to state the reasons, or reason, why I have not printed, after a repeated expression of your wish

to that effect, my last Charge, addressed to you in this place nearly three years ago.

The reason is simply this, I have never had time and opportunity to make such revision and correction as were necessary to prepare, I will not say fit, it for publication, or for the printer's hands. You are aware that in a few days after its delivery I took my departure, and I think it can be hardly necessary to inform you that every moment of that interval was fully occupied. When your second application reached me, I was afloat in my Church ship visiting far-off harbours and settlements where the snow was still, at that time, in the month of August, remaining on the mountains. Soon after my return to S. John's, when the winter was sufficiently advanced to enable me to travel over the snow, I went to a distant mission to supply, as I might be able, the place of an excellent clergyman absent through illness, who had four churches and four large congregations under his charge. Scarcely had I remained there a few weeks, when I was summoned back to the capital by the heart-rending news of my dear and valued Archdeacon's dangerous illness, which you are aware terminated fatally. His place in the parish was, after a considerable interval, supplied by a most worthy successor—and I began to look forward to visiting and serving you again at the usual and appointed time; when it pleased God to take from me that dear brother and fellow-helper also, and to leave the duty of the parish upon my hands; hands which could not, you may be sure, but hang down with labour and grief. It was not till the month of May that I obtained such relief and assistance as to permit of my leaving S. John's; and in the following month I commenced a Visitation on the coast of Labrador and the north-east shores of Newfoundland, which occupied me with a very short interval (I cannot say of rest) in S. John's till December."

The strife which had raged on former occasions seemed now to have been laid aside, and the bishop, while thankfully acknowledging this, reminded the Bermudians that such a condition had its own perils. "Still waters may too easily become stagnant, or, where there is no fire, lukewarm, neither hot nor cold; and we are all aware how such a state is reprobated in the Scriptures, and what a strong figure is employed to express how such persons are disowned and rejected of God. The signs of such a state are seen in the routine perfunctory discharge of certain outward religious duties as occasional, or, it may be, regular attendance at church once, or one day in the week, without religious studies or religious exercises in the interval;—in being content with some fixed gifts and charities, without seeking to enlarge them as occasions and opportunities are afforded; and lastly, in living at ease and in pleasure, without any increase of self-denial or self-control."

On his return to S. John's, the bishop established a Clergy Widow and Orphan Fund, the necessity for which had been painfully impressed on his mind by the deaths of several clergy who, it is needless to say, could have made no provision for their families out of the pittance which they received. 800*l.* was raised in donations the first year.

On June 24, the Visitation of the Clergy was held; the Charge, as usual, was lengthy and minute, dealing with almost every subject of interest to the Church, whether in England or in the colony. The vacancies in the ranks of the clergy which had been unusually numerous since the last Visitation were sorrowfully alluded to, and full justice was done to the labours of those who had entered into their rest. Of one, and that one the foremost in intellectual and spiritual gifts, who had been taken away in the prime of his years and in the midst of his labours, the bishop bore the following testimony:—

“Of Mr. Mountain I would say, if he was less generally known, that must be put to his praise; for it was by his own choice, and in sincere self-denial and deep humility, that he laboured for seven years in an obscure and remote mission in this island; when he might have obtained and would have adorned a high position in the Church at home, amid numerous fond and admiring friends. But he was prepared, in the true spirit of a disciple and minister of Christ—he was prepared and enabled by God’s grace, to leave all for Christ’s and the Kingdom of Heaven’s sake. It is not, I trust, improper to mention that, conscious of a high and fiery temperament by nature, he continually sought by prayer and fasting, in denial of self and labours of love for others, that this and every other kind of evil spirit might be cast out. His labours, and I might truly add, his sufferings as a missionary were, in some respects, peculiarly great and exemplary, inasmuch as, always afflicted more or less by sea-sickness, he continued to visit the numerous settlements of his extensive district in the boats and vessels of the fishermen, as well as in one built for himself: and, though by nature and education of highly refined taste, never drew back from the meanest lodging or coarsest fare. Often in the fisherman’s cottage he would sleep, or pass the night, on a bench or settle, to be ready with or before the dawn to meet the men going forth to their work, that they might not go without prayers and a blessing. His boat was built chiefly that he might have opportunities of private conference with those who sought, or who, without seeking, might be induced to receive his counsels and instructions. His own residence was always open as a place of lodging and refreshment to the poorest of his flock; and on some occasions the sick and diseased were received only to die there in comparative comfort, having things necessary for their bodily and spiritual



wants. I cannot forbear the expression of my special admiration of, and gratitude for, the manner in which he fulfilled all the duties required of him in the new and arduous office of Rural Dean; visiting frequently all the clergy of his district, corresponding with them, receiving and entertaining them at his own house, and in all ways and occasions instructing, counselling, and encouraging them not by word only, but by example. In his church the order of Morning and Evening Prayer daily throughout the year was never intermitted for any cause but his own illness or absence from home. His collections for the Church Society increased to a large amount, and were duly transmitted from a poor district, though we may be sure he felt all an English gentleman's repugnance to require or receive contributions, which were supposed, or represented, to be for his own support or benefit. He was persuaded that such acknowledgments are due to the Church always and in all places, and in this country necessary for the spiritual maintenance and growth as well of the individual members as of the Church at large.

Even the poor, he thought, might thus prove, and improve, their devotion to their church and minister; and, by acknowledging this among their first debts, might find the sure and full reward of their honesty and industry. I have dwelt longer upon these parts of his life and ministry, both because in these the exceeding grace of God in him was specially manifested, and because to the majority of you they may be specially instructive and encouraging. And, for the same reasons, I must not omit to mention, that, in the midst of these manifold labours and services, he ever remembered and kept his promise to 'be diligent in Prayers, and in reading of the Holy Scriptures, and in such studies as help to the knowledge of the same,' by which studies he arrived at those sound and enlarged views of divine truth which our Church has instructed us to preach

as gathered out of the old Fathers. To these, with a view to the knowledge of Holy Scripture, he gave much time and attention ; and the result and reward were, as I believe generally to be the case, that deeper insight into and appreciation of the Catholic faith, and of the necessity of keeping it whole and undefiled.”

The spiritual condition of the diocese was such as gave the bishop much satisfaction : he urged the clergy to continue in that fearless reproof of evil doing “ the blessings of which were already in some cases seen and felt, not, it may be, in revivals or any outward demonstrations, but in the very fruit of the spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

The controversies which had raged and culminated at the previous Visitation had now subsided : the newspapers had ceased to revile the bishop, and now with much dignity and gentleness he ended his Charge with the following comment on the storms which had passed away:—

“ Having sustained the trial, I may, now without inconsistency, congratulate you and myself, and humbly thank God for the absence at this time of all such causes of irritation and distress. I think it right now to inform you, in explanation of a remark in my last Charge (that I was then probably addressing you for the last time), that in consequence of the complaints and accusations circulated against me, and the manner in which they appeared to be entertained in England, I felt it my duty to submit to the Bishop of London, at whose instance I was promoted to this office, and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by whose liberality I am so largely supported, that I was more than ready, more than willing to resign, if in their judgment the work of the Church or the interests of the Society were hindered or prejudiced by the course I had adopted, and which I felt bound in honour and conscience to pursue. My presence here at this time and on

this occasion is a sufficient intimation of the answers I received, substantially the same from both parties; sufficient to show that such a change was not then thought necessary or expedient. And where are now the attackers and their attacks? Let us humbly hope that God has graciously heard and answered that prayer which our Church has instructed us to use, and which I trust we did, and do, and shall use in every such case, that it may please Him to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts. God forgive them and us—God make them and us more sensible of our faults and offences, our infirmities, and our sins—God enable us to know—for how otherwise can we know?—that which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked—our own heart. When that and all its hidden evils are known, and by God's abundant grace for His dear Son's sake corrected, it will be time to take up the weapons of Controversy. Till then, prayers and tears are the weapons of the Church."

The bishop spent the rest of the year in S. John's. The archdeacon had gone to Canada for a few weeks, the bishop taking charge of the cathedral and other services and duties. "I have the diocese and the cathedral on my hands just now," he wrote; "they are always on my heart!"

Thus ended 1858.

## CHAPTER VII.

[1859-1863.]

“ O suffering Earth, be thankful : sternest clime  
And rudest age are subject to the thrill  
Of heaven-descended Piety.”

WORDSWORTH.

EARLY in the year 1859 the bishop paid a brief visit to England to give an account of what he called “my stewardship or apprenticeship.” Below is the statement which he published, as satisfactory a *résumé* of nearly fifteen years’ labours as any could desire, especially when two facts are taken into account—(1) the exceptional character and conditions of Newfoundland and its people; (2) that all the progress here recorded was made without the slightest sacrifice of principle by a bishop who despised popularity, and not only never aimed at obtaining it, but did very many things from a sense of duty which rendered it impossible that he should be what is understood by the word “popular.”

The bishop wrote:—“When I first went to Newfoundland (1844) almost all the missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were receiving 200*l.* a year from the Society; a few, some three or four (deacons, I believe), only 150*l.* The late bishop (Spencer) had insisted

upon this (the larger amount) as necessary ; and I am not prepared to say he was wrong. But the sums contributed by the congregations were wretchedly small. Since 1846 no fresh missionary has received from the Society more than 100*l.* a year ; and the general contributions of the people have risen from between 400*l.* and 500*l.* a year, to upwards of 2,000*l.* This reduction was made by the Society, and these contributions required of the people, on the understanding that the sums saved by the reduction should be applied to the creation and support of new missions ; the contributions of the people going to make up the missionary's income. And this has been faithfully acted upon. New missions have been formed, and missionaries placed and supported (without, I think, any additional drain upon the Society's funds) at Channel, La Poële, Hermitage Cove, Harbour-Briton, Burin, Portugal Cove, and Herring Neck in Newfoundland, and at Forteau and Battle Island on the Labrador. New churches have been built and consecrated at all those places, and many (sixteen or seventeen) others. Parsonage-houses have been built, or purchased, at Channel, Hermitage Cove, Burin, Portugal Cove, Port de Grave, Bay Roberts, Bay de Verd, Heart's Content, Catalina, Herring Neck, Moreton's Harbour, Forteau and Battle Island. A new church is just completed and ready for consecration (at a cost of 3,000*l.*) in S. John's, and a house for the clergyman, with some tenements towards an endowment, at a cost of about 1,080*l.* All these works and others of a like kind, done and doing without any assistance from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, almost entirely by the *people*, with assistance from my own funds. Thus then we have :—Since 1846, nine new missions ; four once served by school-masters, now served by missionary priests ; twenty-five or twenty-six churches finished and consecrated ; thirteen parsonages built or purchased ; new

stone church built in S. John's, with parsonage and partly endowed; College built and partly endowed."

In May the bishop was once more in S. John's and planning a summer cruise in the *Hawk*. In spite of all his labours there was one part of the diocese which he had never visited, viz., White Bay, a remote district on what is called the French shore. This French shore, which is nearly one-half of the whole coast-line of Newfoundland, extends, as has been mentioned before, from Cape S. John on the north-east to Cape Ray on the south-west: within these limits the French Government has so protected and systematized their fishing as to defy competition, and therefore British subjects were wont neither to fish nor to settle there. In 1857, however, a census had been taken which revealed the hitherto unsuspected fact that there was a large population in White Bay professing to belong to the Church of England; and the bishop accordingly resolved that his next voyage should be made in their interests. On S. Peter's Day the *Hawk* weighed anchor, the bishop and his party having, as on former occasions, joined with the clergy and friends who were to remain behind, in receiving the Holy Eucharist before embarking. A week was spent at the important Mission of Twillingate, and then the Visitation proper of White Bay was commenced.

This was as much a voyage of discovery as when years before the *Hawk* first sailed round the western shores and on to the Labrador. At Little Harbour deep, the first anchorage, no sign of "livers" appeared, except a man and woman returning in their boat from their salmon nets, which they overhaul twice a day. The log states:—

"We took them on board, and having no pilot, were glad to avail ourselves of the man's knowledge of the place in beating in, which occupied two hours, as the wind was blowing strongly and directly out. Theirs was

the only family living in the harbour. We informed them of the object of our visit, which appeared to please them greatly, and they promised to send to their neighbours in Grandfather's Cove, very early to-morrow morning, and acquaint them with our presence, and our intention to have services on board the Church ship.

The appearance of these people was not so wild as might be expected from their wild and lonely life. In the summer they occupy, by themselves, this large harbour, shut in by immense cliffs, which no person ever ascends or descends. In the winter they occupy and possess the Horse Islands, lying several miles from the shore, surrounded for months by ice.

Seldom in either place do they see any human being, except the members of their own family, and not one of the family can read. In summer they catch salmon and codfish; and in the winter kill seals. And yet they are not heathens or savages. The woman, though rowing, was very neatly dressed, with a necklace, but no other superfluous finery; the man was tidy: both were civil. They presented us with two salmon, all they had in their boat, and promised us finer ones to-morrow. They expressed much pleasure at the prospect of attending the services."

The ignorance of these poor people was as dense as can well be imagined: they attended the service on board the Church ship and the little ones were baptized, but their elders indeed occupied the room of the unlearned.

"There is something (wrote the bishop) of both pleasure and pain in these quiet services; pleasure, in hoping that God, in His mercy, may bless some word of exhortation, or some prayer, to the edification of these forsaken ones; pain, in observing how by the people themselves the prayers and lessons seem to be wholly not appreciated, or not understood. Not one could read, several of them had never heard the service before, so they rose up and

knelt down as automatons; and would, I doubt not, have been just as ready to kneel at the Psalms as at the Confession, and to sit at either, or both, as when hearing the lessons or sermon. After the service, one man bought a Prayer-book for his daughter, and we gave them several children's books and tracts. I examined the bigger children after the service; one girl, probably ten or twelve years of age, could not repeat the Lord's Prayer or the Creed; a second imperfectly; a third tolerably well. It was, indeed, pitiful; and enough to fill the heart of any pastor, and specially their chief pastor, with sorrow and shame."

At Bear Cove the deplorable ignorance of the poor people most anxious to be taught is almost incredible, and must have depressed the spirits of all who witnessed it. The journal records as follows:—

"We said the Evening Prayers, which I fear must have been parables to these poor people, several of whom had lived here and in the neighbouring coves all their life, and had never before seen a clergyman, or heard the service. After the second lesson, the baptisms had to be performed, and sad and strange were the discoveries made by the question, whether the child or person (for some were fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen years of age) had been baptized or not? Of all it was answered they had been baptized; but some, it appeared, could not tell by whom; some by fishermen, several by a woman—the only person in the settlement (and she a native) who could read correctly. One woman (married) was baptized, hypothetically, with her infant. Twenty-one in all were admitted, the majority with hypothetical baptism. Both of the women who came to be married had infants in their arms; one of them had three children. Not one person in the whole settlement could read correctly, except the woman before mentioned; her husband (a



native of Bay of Islands) a little. He had, however, been employed to marry one of our present couples, which he confessed to me with some shame and confusion of face, saying, 'he had picked the words out of the book as well as he could make them out,' but he did not baptize, because 'that reading was too hard;' in fact, he could scarcely read at all, he left the baptisms therefore to his wife. I addressed the people after the baptisms, trying to make them understand the meaning and purpose of that Sacrament, and again after the prayers, on their obligations as baptized. After this service, Mr. Johnson married the two couples, and I examined the children in their prayers and belief, which I found most of them could repeat more or less correctly, but not one knew a letter of the alphabet. It was considerably after nine o'clock before we could dismiss our visitors, and sorry they seemed to be dismissed as I was to dismiss them. Poor people! the fair faces of the children would have moved the admiration of a Gregory; and the destitute, forsaken condition of all would move the compassion of any one who believes they have souls to be saved; how much more if those souls in any sense were committed to his charge. But what can I do more for them, and, alas! for many others almost equally destitute and forsaken? It is but too probable that never again, either myself, or by others, shall I be able to minister to their wants. To-morrow with the first dawn, the men and boys will be all out on their fishing-grounds, the women busy in their houses, the elder girls nursing the younger children; and I must be on the move to perform a like perfunctory service to others in the same state of ignorance, of whom I believe there are more than two hundred in this bay."

In Seal Cove, the bishop, who was followed by people from other harbours anxious to make the most of his visit and to enjoy his ministrations while they could, met with

a poor and pious fisherman who had lost his wife in giving birth to her twelfth child. He pointed out the spot where he had himself committed her body to the ground (the first and only one buried in the place), which he had carefully fenced and desired to have consecrated.

Nine of his twelve children he had carried to Twillingate to be christened (*i.e.* received into the Church after private baptism), but three remained whom he desired now to be received. All of these had been baptized by lay hands; two of them, he said, "*had been very well baptized,*" *i.e.* by a man who could read well; the third case did not satisfy him. This was told the bishop before the service, and when, in the service, he was asked, as the Prayer-book directs, "By whom was this child baptized?" he answered, "By one Joseph Bird, and a fine reader he was." This Bird, who on account of his fine reading had been employed to baptize many children in the bay, was a servant in a fisherman's family.

Corroborative testimony is always interesting, and on this ground a letter of the Rev. G. M. Johnson, one of the bishop's companions in this voyage, is added:—

"It has been my privilege this year to attend the bishop in a Visitation voyage of fifteen weeks' continuance. The bishop visited first White Bay, which had never seen a clergyman, and where no services of the Church had ever before been performed. Here were found many harbours, containing each on the average about six families of simple and hardy fishermen, but without instructors or instruction of any kind. They seemed very glad of the bishop's visit, and very eager in their attendance upon the services on board. It fell to my lot to baptize and receive into the Church 140 souls. This number included persons of all ages, from nearly seventy, the age of the oldest man baptized by me, to an infant not quite a month old. Twelve couples were married by me, many of them

having lived for years as man and wife, under only such sanctions as a fellow-fisherman's services—unable himself, perhaps, to read well—could give, and having large families. In proof of the sad destitution of these people, I may mention that scarce one in the whole circuit of the Bay could read, and that one man—he a kind of prophet among them—gave, as a reason why he did not take upon himself to baptize as well as to marry, that the baptismal-service was too hard for him. And in testimony of their appreciation of one who could read a little better than his fellows, I may mention that a man told me of one of his children, that it was much better baptized than the others; and another, in answer to my public question in the service, 'By whom was this child baptized?' added aloud, after giving the person's name, 'and a fine reader he was too.' One family, all the children of which, eight in number, I received into the Church, was the family of a man who had himself baptized and married others. The services performed for this man's family, whose eldest daughter was eighteen years of age, were completed by the marriage of the parents. In another harbour I baptized and received into the Church a mother and her half-grown daughter and sister. One only of these had ever even seen a clergyman, and when the elder woman saw her younger sister baptized, she was fairly moved to tears. It was grievous to find these poor people so sadly destitute in all these things, and almost more grievous still to leave them in their destitution. However, the bishop's visit, in itself a blessing, will I hope lead to better things for White Bay."

Perhaps to some persons it seems very much like chopping a block with a razor to have sent such a man as Bishop Feild to minister to these poor dull souls: "a waste of power" is the frequent verdict of superior cynicism, when a man, fitted to take his place among

the foremost, for the love of God and of souls devotes himself to the lowliest: if amid these depressing scenes the thought of the Common Room at Oxford with its congenial society, or of the beautiful country parish on the Wye with his round of placid but duly performed services, came before the mind of the bishop, it is no more than we should from our knowledge of human nature expect to find: but no record of any such wistful lookings-back finds place in his journals. The only passage which, however remotely, alludes to such a feeling is the following:—

“The Gospel for the Sunday gave me occasion to preach to them and myself on the ‘Parable of the Lost Sheep;’ to myself, to make me ashamed of thinking much of serving or ministering to these two or three in the wilderness; and to them, to make them, and each of them, I trust, more grateful to the good Shepherd who came Himself on the same errand on which He sends His ministers to seek for every one that is lost and gone astray, and Who assures us there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. The day was as bright and the scene as lovely as could be desired for any Sabbath on earth, and I greatly enjoyed the rest and peace.”

On this voyage the bishop completed the fifteenth year of his residence in Newfoundland, and his meditations on the circumstance show how little the thought of self ever entered into his mind.

“*Fifth Sunday after Trinity, July 24. At ENGLÉE.*”

“The fifteenth anniversary of my first Sunday in Newfoundland. Shame that this should be my first, in these fifteen years, which I have given to Englée. And what a contrast! Then I went from Government House in the Governor’s carriage, with His Excellency and Lady Harvey, to preach my first sermon, and administer for the first time the Holy Communion (it was the first

Sunday in July) in my cathedral church. The occasion, with a fine day, brought a crowded congregation. Here, on this fifteenth anniversary, I am at Englée in Canada Bay, on the French shore, a place inhabited by four families of fishermen, several of whom never saw a clergyman or church, very few of whom can read, not one able to follow the Order of Prayer intelligently, not one confirmed, not one prepared to receive the Holy Communion, nearly half only yesterday received into the Church. To make the contrast greater and more dreary, the day is miserably wet and cold, so that several of the few who otherwise could have attended were unable to come on board the Church ship, on which the service was held, there being no convenient place on shore. I celebrated the Holy Communion (as on every Sunday), but no person partook of it except my own companions in the ship. The only novel, or additional service, to mark more strongly the contrast of time and place, was the conditional baptism of the poor idiot boy on shore, between the Morning and Evening Prayers. He behaved very well, knelt down and was quiet, and seemed to be quite aware that something of solemn importance was being done. At the Evening Service (the rain having abated) nearly all the inhabitants came on board. I preached, as usual, morning and evening. After the Evening Service, children's books and tracts were distributed, and some Prayer-books sold. Many inquiries were made about persons and subjects connected with the Church in S. John's. Such is the fifteenth anniversary of my first Sunday, and first service in my diocese: and if the day of small things has come at the end rather than the beginning, who can tell which shall be blessed, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good?"

The *Hawk* went on her way, and the bishop visited a portion of the Labrador coast, depositing a missionary at

Forteau in the room of the Rev. A. Gifford, whose ten years' residence had made him a victim to rheumatism, and driven him to seek a sphere of work in a milder region. [He is now, it may be stated, in the diocese of Dunedin, New Zealand.] As the voyage progressed the winds seem to have become increasingly adverse, and on the western coast fog was added to the other discomforts. It was when thus helplessly at the mercy of the elements, that the following letter was written to the Rev. Canon Seymour :—

“ THE CHURCH SHIP, OFF THE BAY OF ISLANDS,  
*Aug. 6, 1859.*

“ My dear Friend,—Need I assure you, that you and your family and pleasant parsonage (to say nothing of the schoolroom) are often in my thoughts, as I drive about through fog and foam on these desolate shores. Only think of my having been now more than five weeks without having heard anything from or of, not only my friends in England, but those in S. John's or any part of Newfoundland, save only those whom I have myself visited. Have I not opportunity and occasion to direct my thoughts to the pleasant places and kind friends, with and from whom I took counsel and other comfort in dear old England? But you have been specially called and recalled to my mind to-day by the perusal of a sermon of Kingsley's, in which he speaks in strong terms of reprobation of a clergyman administering the Lord's Supper to himself in private, which was one of the subjects on which we conversed in our pleasant drive from Kinwarton to Snitterfield. I do not suppose Mr. Kingsley is a person of much authority in such matters, and he has made, I think, two or three mistakes in this very sermon; but he is a man of strong mind and strong feelings, and on these accounts, his opinion may be deserving of notice. The sermon I allude to is one for Whitsunday, in the volume

of 'Sermons on National Subjects,' a somewhat strange title in reference to at least half the sermons. I have in this voyage for the first time found leisure to make myself acquainted with some of his writings, which I have so often heard spoken of with admiration. This comparative leisure for reading is the compensation for the absence of all social intercourse with relations and friends, whether by letters or word of mouth. If your large chart still hangs in your dining-room, you may perhaps think it worth while to look for the Gulf of S. Lawrence, and imagine me in the Church ship for five days fighting against a head-wind with fog in reaching from Forteau on the Labrador in the Strait of Belle Isle to this place, which is no place, for I am bound to S. George's Bay in Newfoundland, where I had hoped to spend a quiet Sunday (to-morrow) and to hold a Confirmation, and where I have been expected the last fortnight; and if this wind continues (directly ahead) I may be another week in reaching so far; and after my work is done there I have to visit, please God, all the missions and churches on the south shore from Cape Ray to S. John's, in the worst season, or most stormy in the year; so that the delay is very trying,—but such is a Visitation by sea in a sailing-vessel. You may perhaps remember that, when I 'bestowed all my tediousness' upon you in your schoolroom, I spoke of my desire and intention, please God, (1) of visiting in the first place the various harbours in White Bay on the N.E. coast of Newfoundland, never before visited by me or any clergyman of our Church; (2) of conveying a missionary to Forteau in the Labrador, to relieve Mr. Gifford, who has lived and laboured on that desolate shore ten years; and (3) of calling and confirming in all the missions on the southern shores. The two former objects I have, thank God, happily accomplished without any accident or unexpected trial. The third, which will

occupy more than two-thirds of my time and labour in this Visitation, will commence in S. George's Bay, if I am permitted to reach so far, but the delay since leaving Forteau has been and is very great and very trying. In twenty-one days and nights, we have not made in a direct course more than 120 miles, having sailed, I suppose, three times that distance, in fighting against the head-wind, and in the same time have not once seen till to-day, the shores of Newfoundland, along which we are coasting, in consequence of the fog. Now we are off the Bay of Islands, into which I would gladly enter, as there is no hope of reaching S. George's Bay to-day, to spend the Sunday. But while I am writing the fog has again come on, and there seems little hope of obtaining the rest and respite, and of affording to the poor people in that Bay the sight of a clergyman, which they have not had for four years, *i.e.* since I last visited them. You may ask, how could I think of passing them by? Alas! if you knew to how many destitute sheep and flocks this question would apply, 50 in one harbour, 100 or 150 in another, who never see a clergyman or minister except when I can visit them once in four or six years, you would know some of the grief and shame I feel in passing by—will you say, like the priest or Levite, on the other side? Within the last twenty-four hours I have passed three such settlements, I mean without priest or pastor (1) with forty-eight, (2) with seventy-seven, and the third (3) with thirteen, all professed members of our Church, who have never seen a clergyman in their settlements except when I have visited them. And I had not intended to call at the Bay of Islands, where reside 118 of my flock, if I had not been overtaken by this head-wind, which leaves me no hope of reaching my next proposed place of call by Sunday. I feel, I confess, very thankful (though the delay is and will be a sad hindrance and disappointment to others rather than



myself), that my way has been so ordered for me, and with kind regards and a blessing to all your household, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.

“ BAY S. GEORGE, *Aug. 15, 1859.*

“ P.S.—When I finished my letter on Saturday, I mentioned that we were trying to get into the Bay of Islands. We did not succeed, the head-wind was too strong, and we had the mortification of being obliged to stand out to sea for the night, and a very dirty, disagreeable night it was. However, the Church ship did her duty, and in the morning we were just to the windward of the entrance and stood in for our Sabbath at Lark Harbour in the Bay of Islands. Just compare my Sunday morning with yours, after considering the antecedents. Disappointed in our expectation of making the harbour, we were beating all night against a very heavy head-wind, with two reefs in our main-sail, and a reef in each of the other principal sails. The rolling of the vessel and the dashing of the water against the sides prevented sleep and rest. At two o'clock, hearing the rudder, which was making a great noise, I went on deck, and found the helmsman had been obliged to leave the wheel to assist in tacking; and in nothing but a nightshirt and nightcap, without shoes or slippers, I supplied his place till the vessel had come round. I felt, however, more than recompensed when, at six o'clock, I found there was a good prospect of getting into harbour, and ministering to a congregation who had not seen a clergyman for four years. It was still, however, blowing half a gale, and it took us till ten o'clock to beat to the anchorage, or, if you please, to get to church. On our way, we saw our congregation scattered here and there; mostly at work as on other days,

except that they do not fish: some were turning their fish, some conveying barrels on board an American schooner lying in the harbour, some just returning from their fishing-grounds, where they had spent the night. My two chaplains rowed on shore, to invite the several parties to attend the service on board the Church ship,—an invitation which most of them accepted gladly and thankfully. It was, however, nearer one o'clock than twelve before they could all be assembled for the Morning Service. We had the Evening Service at five o'clock. Three children were brought to be received into the Church who had been baptized by some fisherman; and three couples came to be married who had respectively been living together as man and wife, one couple for twelve or thirteen years, another three years, the third a few months. The first couple (the father) had brought two children to be baptized at my visit ten years ago, but could not be married, as I was just then sailing out of the bay. I addressed the congregation at each service, examined some, and gave little books to those who could read."

The voyage was ended on October 13; forty-eight places had been visited, one church and thirteen cemeteries had been consecrated, and Confirmation administered in twenty-eight places. S. Mary's Church on the south side of the harbour of S. John's was consecrated in the autumn, and thus another centre of religious life and parochial organization was added to the capital.

In January, 1860, Bermuda was again visited, but the stay now made was shorter than in former years; there were many reasons for the bishop desiring to be at S. John's. The increasing poverty of the colony gave him much anxiety, because such a state of things meant increasing poverty of the clergy, possibly a

reduction of their already insufficient numbers. In June he wrote—

“The business and trade of this country are passing into the hands of Scotchmen and Presbyterians; add to this progressive and, I fear, permanent deterioration of our worldly condition, two consecutive years of bad fishery, both of seal and cod. I really don't know what will become of my brethren and their flocks. I help them what I can. I pay nearly 200*l.*, per annum to different missionaries, to one his whole stipend, 100*l.* per annum. But I could not have done this if my late visit to England had not produced me nearly 500*l.*, though I made no direct appeal or application anywhere or to anyone; but it would be a most miserable business to leave my work and diocese every third year and go begging in England.”

The visit of the Prince of Wales was paid in July of this year, and the bishop was loyally anxious to be in his place on so important an occasion. It may be said too that he was equal and more than equal to the occasion. His was a loyal soul, and the presence of the heir-apparent in the insignificant colony called out his enthusiasm to the full. The Address which he presented is a model of its kind, and the visit of the Prince to the cathedral, to which he presented a Bible in memory of the occasion, seems to have given the bishop all but the most unmixed satisfaction; there was just the “*amari aliquid*” which the good bishop did not conceal; the visit was paid on S. James's Day after the usual service, and in the account which the bishop gave of the day's doings, was written with perfect simplicity: “I took the liberty of saying that only one circumstance would have been more gratifying to myself, my clergy, and the congregation, viz. that of His Royal Highness attending the service and joining in our worship, and he was pleased to reply that he would gladly have done so had his other engagements permitted. On leaving by the north porch,

to my great surprise and greater gratification, he offered to walk across the road to my residence, and, followed by his suite, he entered, I presume for the first time in his life, a wooden-house. He went into both my sitting-rooms and into my little private chapel, taking such notice and making such remarks as he knew would be gratifying to me."

These pleasant doings over, the bishop had to go to the vacant mission of Burin, where many difficult matters required his presence. How he got there, and in what fashion he lived while there, the following letter shows:—

“BURIN, Oct. 5, 1860.

“I came to this place a week ago. It will give you some idea of the difficulty and delay attending travelling in this country if I inform you of the route by which I intended to come, and by which I must have come, but for the great kindness and generosity of a merchant, not a member of our communion, who sent me in his tug steamer without any expense. I left S. John's on Friday morning at ten o'clock, and arrived here the following morning at 7.30. The distance is 150 miles. The mail by which I must otherwise have come left S. John's on the previous Tuesday morning and arrived here on the following Monday in the afternoon, taking a week to perform the journey, partly by land and partly by sea, which had occupied the steamer twenty-one hours and a half; and the gain to me was not merely in time, but I was enabled to bring with me one of my students and a little serving-boy and provisions, clothes, and some furniture, at no expense, or at least without any charge, most of which it would have been impossible to have brought overland. The steamer having landed me and my goods, returned immediately. Let it not diminish your gratitude for, or at any rate your admiration of, the

liberality of the good Presbyterian merchant, if I mention that he has more than once performed the same kind service for the Roman Catholic Bishop.

Another illustration of the difficulty of communication in this country (in connection with my present business) may not be uninteresting. I am now within forty miles of Lamaline and Mr. R——, and I am most anxious to bring Mr. R—— here. I have written to him three times by three different routes to that effect, twice before I left S. John's and once since my arrival, but I do not suppose that either of my letters has yet reached him, and if I were to offer 10*l*. I could not get a direct messenger. There is no road between the places, and travelling by sea is so uncertain that it might occupy two men a week to go down and return, and interrupt their own fishing, and that perhaps of a whole crew. And I am sorry to say that the fishing hitherto has been in this year in this bay the worst ever remembered.

“Well; thanks to Mr. G—— I am safe at Burin and am occupying with my student and the little waiting-boy (whom I took out of school for that purpose) the mission-house, which I found empty. I have no chaplain or clergyman with me or near me. There had been no service in either of the churches (three) in the mission till I came since the beginning of May, nearly five months. We are living in missionary style; no servant except our little boy (for servants in out-harbours are almost as hard to find as clergymen); we each make our own beds and keep in order our separate rooms, and all take a share in the cooking department; and our united endeavours sometimes fail in making the kettle boil for breakfast. Also fresh meat is not to be had, so we console ourselves by thinking that if we had a joint we should not know how to cook it. Would that these were the worst of our, or of my difficulties!”

On his return to S. John's, his active mind was already contemplating the voyage of the next summer. It was not a cheerful prospect when he could write:—

“Alas! my poor Church ship! She, like her skipper, is in a very broken-down condition through age and use. Sixteen years' knocking about together on this coast, which nobody before the Prince of Wales ever approached, I suppose, who could avoid it—sixteen years of such work have considerably impaired both the bishop and his Church ship. The latter, however, is not past repair; but, alas! the expenses will be very heavy, 200*l.* at the least. I hope she will be ready in June. How far the skipper will be repaired and prepared is a different matter, person and purse.”

In 1861 the bishop had the satisfaction of consecrating a new church at Topsail, to which one lady,<sup>1</sup> whose bounty to Newfoundland will never cease to be felt, had largely contributed: this was an event of special interest, inasmuch as it was the first instance in which an old Mission had been divided; the same liberal donor who did so much for the Church added the gift of a modest parsonage.

The bishop was now anxious to start on his Visitation, but no one from England had responded to his challenge, and of his own clergy none could well be spared to accompany him because “none were sufficiently sick to need the restorative influences of sea-sickness.” Of one clergyman whom he invited to join him he wrote—“He can manage a boat, and is not squeamish about cold and dirt, both excellent qualifications.” The difficulties were at last surmounted, however; but “head and hands were anxiously employed” until S. John's was left behind and the Labrador was reached; then in the intervals of visiting the various settlements some time was found

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. O. E. Johnson, of whom the bishop often wrote, “She hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also.” She gave her life as well as her means to the work of the Church in Newfoundland.

for correspondence, and the following letter was sent to one who was much interested in Newfoundland, and anxious above all things to strengthen the bishop by sending more clergy, but who shrank from the peril of persuading men to volunteer without accurate knowledge of the conditions of their work :—

“SQUARE ISLANDS, BATTLE HARBOUR MISSION, LABRADOR,  
July 4, 1861.

“My hands and head were as usual so fully and anxiously employed on leaving S. John’s for my voyage of Visitation, (specially this time in finding a chaplain and companion,) that I was unable to give the information you require for persons wishing, or willing, to offer themselves for missionary service in this diocese. . . . However, I will gladly give such information, so far as I am able, as I suppose you require.

(1) *Stipend*.—In addition to what the S.P.G. may give, the collections of the clergy from the people vary, in different places, from 20*l.* to 60*l.* currency; and their fees from 5*l.* to 30*l.* annually. But the collections vary *in the same place*, according to the success or failure of the fishery.

(2) *Parsonage and Glebe*.—Nearly all the missions have now a parsonage, more or less convenient; and to those which have not, our Church Society will grant from 12*l.* to 15*l.* for lodgings. Only a few (five or six) have glebes of any value or use; such as may enable the missionary to keep a cow, or a few sheep. Perhaps some fifteen or sixteen have gardens of small produce.

(3) *Food*.—Fish in summer (three or four months), and pork and salted fish the remainder of the year, are the standing dishes in most out-harbours. In S. John’s and its neighbourhood, and two or three missions on Conception Bay, fresh meat can generally be obtained; in the others occasionally. In most out-harbours game—especially

birds—may be procured in winter; but the inhabitants prefer the pork and salt-fish. Berries of various sorts abound, and are very useful for puddings and preserves. Vegetables late in the year.

(4) *Work*.—Abundant, chiefly in visiting from harbour to harbour, and from settlement to settlement. For this purpose a knowledge of rowing and sailing will be useful; but there are several missions (one-third at least) where all the work is on *terra firma*; and where good legs and good boots only are required.

(5) *Climate*.—I believe there is no climate in the world generally more favourable to health than that of Newfoundland and Labrador. I have an instance and proof now on board my Church ship in the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, who after being exposed to great labour and many hardships and privations summer and winter, for eight years, on the bleak shores of Labrador, is now with me visiting the different harbours and settlements in his mission, in better health and spirits than I ever before saw him; and is quite willing, more than willing, to remain here another winter. If missionaries of delicate constitutions have suffered in health, it has been from want of proper food, or from much (too often imprudent) exposure in travelling. There is no occasion to be very particular about clothing; except (in winter) for the extremities—head, hands, and feet. A fur cap for the head, to cover the ears, warm gloves or *mittens* for the hands (no *gloves* are warm enough for Labrador in the winter), and good boots and stockings for the feet (mocassins and vamps on Labrador). Waterproof boots, worn over the trousers, and a waterproof overcoat, are very necessary. A warm overcoat is useful for nine months in the year. Bedding should be brought from England, but no great quantity is required, not much more, I think, than at home.

I have now supplied all the information I can suppose



necessary. I have also, more than once, observed that I cannot determine beforehand to what mission or place each clergyman will be sent, without the risk of doing injustice both to the clergyman and the flock committed to his charge. For Missionaries to Newfoundland you might take some questions from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, as 'Can you sleep three in a bed? Can you cut your own hair? How many shirts have you?' and the like.

I need not, I suppose, observe that I expect all candidates for Ordination to be well acquainted with the Scriptures and the Articles of our Church; and to be able to yield an account of their faith in Latin; and to bring 'letters-testimonial,' and a certificate of baptism; and still less that they must read well and have no bodily defect or deformity; least of all they should be modest and submissive, patient and contented, earnest and faithful; seeking the glory of God in the edification of His people."

From another spot on the Labrador the bishop wrote, in high spirits at the tidings which he had to communicate, the following letter:—

"THE CHURCH SHIP, BELLE ISLE STRAIT,  
July 30, 1861.

"An event has occurred in the history of the Church ship which has afforded me much gratification. I have had the honour of receiving and entertaining on board the good Bishop of Quebec and his son the Rev. A. Mountain, very near the spot where our respective dioceses meet on the coast of Labrador. The bishop has long contemplated a visit to his scattered sheep on this coast, with a view, I believe, of stationing a missionary among them. This year he has accomplished his object; but not being provided with a Church ship, or any vessel of his own, he came from Quebec in the steamer which visits the lighthouses on this coast, and was landed near the extremity of his diocese,

some twenty or thirty miles from Forteau. From the place where they landed, the bishop and Mr. Mountain journeyed up and down the shore, in such boats and vessels as they could meet with and procure, subject, I fear, to very great hardships and privations. Sometimes they had to pass the night in a boat, and on one occasion lay upon the salt in the hold of a fishing-vessel, covered only with a sail. At other times they slept, or passed the night, in the houses of the planters or agents; partaking of their coarse fare in dirt and disorder not to be described.

Having completed their journey and investigation as far as was possible, they proceeded to the Forteau lighthouse, about the 10th or 11th of July, hoping from thence either to get on board one of the Canadian liners, passing through the Straits to Quebec, or shortly to embark in the steamer by which they arrived, which was only waiting for some work at the lighthouse to be completed. Here they were doomed to disappointment; no liner came within call, and there was much work to be done at the lighthouse. They remained there in anxious expectation a full week. On Sunday, July 14, they had divine service in the lighthouse, which is in the colony and diocese of Newfoundland. Mr. Botwood, the missionary at Forteau, visited them several times, and they kindly paid him a visit and inspected his church, with which they were very well pleased. Tired of waiting and watching at the lighthouse, on Saturday the 20th of July they borrowed Mr. Botwood's boat and removed to the Isle au Bois, twelve miles distant (which is the first settlement in the diocese of Quebec, and where there is a merchant's establishment), to hold service on Sunday. On Monday, the 23rd, I arrived at Forteau from Red Bay, and was equally surprised and delighted at the prospect of meeting my venerable elder brother on the Labrador, on the confines of our respective dioceses, the only place indeed where my

diocese joins or meets any other. On Tuesday, by the kind assistance of Captain Hamilton of H.M.S. *Hydra*, who, having himself to visit Isle au Bois that day in pursuit of some trespassing French fisherman, took the Church ship in tow (there being no wind), I went in search of my brother bishop, and was fortunate enough to meet him returning in Mr. Botwood's boat towards Forteau, accompanied of course by Mr. Mountain. They immediately came alongside, and I had the honour and pleasure of receiving them on board. We were towed back the same evening to Forteau, and behind us three French shallops caught on the English fishing-ground. Never perhaps did two bishops of our Church meet before under such circumstances; and never, I think, were any more gratified at meeting so strangely and unexpectedly. My visitors remained on board the Church ship that and the two following days and nights, and on the last day, being S. James's Day, we had full service in the church at Forteau, and received together the Holy Communion. The Bishop of Quebec kindly preached on the occasion. On the following day (Friday July 26) the bishop desired to join his steamer, now lying at Lanse à Loup, about eight miles from Forteau, to be ready for the departure, and yet hoping to catch a passing liner. We all accompanied them in a boat to Lanse à Loup and took our last dinner together, pic-nic fashion, on the sea-shore. The following day was the good bishop's 72nd birthday, on which, and indeed long before it, he had fully reckoned on being at home. The disappointment must have been very great, and particularly as they had not been able to make known to their friends the cause of the delay. In the afternoon, I went again to Lanse à Loup with Mr. Botwood, to offer our respectful good wishes, and to make arrangements for Divine service there on the morrow, in a store, which the Bishop of Quebec and Mr. Mountain had promised to conduct, if the

weather should prevent Mr. Botwood and myself from attending. It was sad to think of the bishop and Mr. Mountain prisoners in their steamer on Sunday morning, while I and my companions were enjoying the service, with Holy Communion, in the dear little church at Forteau. In the afternoon, however, Mr. Botwood and I joined them again at Lanse à Loup, and had the evening service in the upper loft of a store. Out of the poor women present, two were churched, and brought children to be baptized. The men were more numerous, between fifty and sixty. Mr. Mountain said the prayers, Mr. Botwood read the Lessons and baptized the children. The Bishop of Quebec declined to take part in the service; and it seemed to me that the appeal of S. Paul to Philemon, which occurred in the Second Lesson of that evening's service, might be made very instructive, if addressed and applied to the people as from the venerable bishop then before them. 'Though I might be much bold in Christ to enjoin thee that which is convenient, yet for love's sake I rather beseech thee, *being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ*' And I applied it accordingly. After this service, we said and prayed our last adieu among the fish flakes, and there I left the bishop and his good son. On the following morning I sailed across the Strait; the Bishop of Quebec and Mr. Mountain were still detained at Lanse à Loup, but with a good prospect of being released on the next or following day (Tuesday or Wednesday), and being set forward in their steamer homewards."

The protracted voyage seems to have given the bishop time to fetch up arrears in reading the current literature of the mother country; for about this time he alludes to several new books, among them one by the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, by which he expressed himself as being much grieved; and he added, "How bitter and how feeble! He

writes indeed like a man who has himself been under censure!"

In December he again visited Bermuda, but while in that, by comparison, well-to-do part of his diocese, his thoughts were turning to Newfoundland, and to the permanent efficiency of his College. "If I could raise 5,000*l.*," he wrote, "the institution would be safe,<sup>1</sup> but there is this evil inherent in all colonial institutions, that their continuance, and much more their prosperity, depends on the will and ability of the bishop to maintain them; I mean, that if any bishop were to set his face against this college, or not cordially to support it, he might suppress it and let it die an unnatural death, and might appropriate or apply the property to some other purpose."

On returning to Newfoundland he found his worst anticipations realized in the terrible poverty and straitness which affected the whole colony. The following letter describes both the present distress and the material condition and prospects of his diocese, on which he had bestowed so much labour for seventeen years:—

"Never in my experience, except perhaps immediately after the great fire and hurricane in 1846, was the colony of Newfoundland in such a depressed condition. It has been brought into this condition partly by political troubles, but mainly by three years' decline of the seal-fishery and two years' bad, the last very bad, cod-fishery; while the war in America has deprived us of the best market for our herrings, which used to be in the Southern States. This spring the coast has been blockaded with ice in a manner and degree never before known in the memory of any living man. For nearly six weeks there was scarcely an opportunity of entering, or escaping from, the harbour. The sealing vessels could not get out for nearly a month after the usual and proper time, and when they did get out,

<sup>1</sup> The bishop ultimately raised 7,500*l.*

it was, in most cases, only to be imprisoned in the ice just off S. John's; and not less than thirty vessels were abandoned and lost. The distress and poverty in consequence, all over the island, have been dreadful; but it has pleased God, in His mercy, to send unexpected relief to one district, not the least destitute, by an unprecedented arrival of seals close to the very shores. It is supposed that in Notre Dame Bay more than 150,000—some persons say nearly 200,000—were thus thrown upon the ice eight or nine miles off the shore, and slaughtered. This relief, however, has been granted only to one district, though, of course, indirectly S. John's will benefit to a certain extent. But the depression here and elsewhere, except in the favoured district, is very general and very great.

After this mournful exordium, I proceed to the particulars on which you require information.

(1) I believe we have for several years raised in Newfoundland (I omit Bermuda, where there is legislative provision) upwards of 2,000*l.* for Church purposes. The Church Society expects every clergyman to send to the treasurer one-fourth of the amount collected in his mission, *as the condition of obtaining assistance from the Society*; but if any choose, as many do, to be independent of the Society, I cannot demand either return or report. But what are 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* for all Church purposes in a colony and country like Newfoundland, where there are no rates, no endowments, no glebes, no kindly fruits of the earth; nothing but seals and fish, and of these an uncertain precarious supply? If a clergyman, with 100*l.* a year from England, could raise another 100*l.* in his mission, a portion would be required for his church, a portion for his parsonage, a portion probably to help a school; and perhaps not more than half would remain for his personal use. But 100*l.* is *considerably above* the average raised by each clergyman.

(2) There is no Synod<sup>1</sup> in this diocese. The difficulty of communication with the capital, occasioned by the want of roads and want of means, and the paucity of persons able and willing to assist, have prevented any attempt to form and constitute a Synod. The acts of the Church Society consist of grants made at my recommendation. We have lately formed a fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy, in connection with the Church Society.

(3) There are four clergymen (officiating) entirely supported by local contributions (there are no endowments), two wholly engaged in and supported by tuition, and one who requires no assistance. When I came to the colony, there was not one supported without aid from S.P.G.

(4) In Newfoundland and Labrador there are eighty-two churches, forty-seven of which have been consecrated by myself; about twenty are additional, the others new in the place of old ones. There are five on the Labrador shore, and two parsonages, where sixteen years ago no clergyman's voice had ever been heard.

(5) The last census was taken in 1857:—Church of England, 44,285; Roman Catholics, 56,895; Wesleyans, 20,229; Kirk of Scotland, 302; Free Kirk of Scotland, 536; Congregationalists, 347—Total, 122,594.

(6) The increase per cent. has been, in twelve years—1845-1857—Church of England, 29½; Roman Catholic, 21½; Wesleyan, 40.

(7) No immigrants, except youngsters engaged in the fishery—some few of whom remain and settle, or rather remain without settling.

(8) There is a great and crying need of more clergymen. I promise to find 100*l.* a year for four clergymen, by dividing some of the present enormous unmanageable missions. Eight clergymen are much needed. There is no

<sup>1</sup> A Synod has now been established.

other method of preventing the inroads of men 'speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them.' A Baptist minister has now for the first time come amongst us.

(9) There are openings for new missions in White Bay and on the French shore in Newfoundland, and in Sandwich and Esquimaux Bays in the Labrador: and at least six missions require to be subdivided immediately. It is soul-rending to hear the petitions for more ministers and means of grace, and to be obliged to reply, 'There is none to help you.' "

But while results thus substantial could be honestly chronicled, the pressure of some particular mission in a state of exceptional necessity was always making itself felt, even in times of general prosperity; at one time it was the French coast, at another it was one of the struggling stations in the Labrador; just now it was the Mission of Moreton's Harbour, of which he wrote, "This is one of the most extensive and troublesome, and at the same time one of the poorest in Newfoundland. It extends along eighty miles of coast from Twillingate to Cape S. John; there are in it already five churches, and two others in slow progress; one of them has taken at least ten years to gain an outside shell. There are ten or twelve stations, in which the missionary is expected to hold service, to be reached only by water; and, consequently, several of them to be reached not at all during the winter. The Methodists, who by their class-leaders and prophetesses are busy everywhere, have made much havoc of the flock in this mission, driving some out of their senses and many out of the Church. The mission ought to be divided into three, and would be divided immediately if I could find the men and the means. There is a parsonage house, or shed, and a small glebe sufficient for a few sheep during the summer; the scenery is very picturesque, and the climate highly favourable to



health. A man of wealth and strength and zeal might be blessed and a blessing there."

The Quadrennial Visitation of the Clergy was now approaching, and so weak was the condition of the clerical staff of the diocese just now that the bishop, in writing to a friend, said, "It is literally a *Visitatio Infirmorum*." On this occasion, a rare instance it would seem in his episcopate, the Ordination was not held at the appointed season. Availing himself of the liberty which the Rubric gives of ordaining on a Sunday other than that appointed by the canon, the bishop had delayed a week, in order that the clergy who came from their distant missions might be present at the service and be severally reminded of their own ordination vows. The Charge, as on former occasions, gave abundant tokens of the care bestowed on its preparation: grateful record was made of a slight increase in the ranks of the clergy, of large addition to the number of churches either in new localities or supplanting fabrics whose imperfect details were characteristic of the early Newfoundland style of architecture, of the consecration of a beautiful chapel in S. John's cemetery, of the adornment of the cathedral, and of the partial endowment of one parish. Descending to more general questions, the bishop dealt with the question of the age at which children should be confirmed, and with the alteration of the twenty-ninth canon. On the first point he stated, that although he had removed the limitation of age at which children should be presented, he never intended to give licence to thoughtless children to renew before God and the congregation solemn vows, the meaning and consequence of which they did not understand; and on more than one occasion he had wished that the number of candidates presented had been fewer rather than more, or "at least, that several young and, too evidently, thoughtless ones had been kept back." With regard to the twenty-ninth canon, he deprecated any

change; he insisted on the importance of persons having witnesses, whom they could produce to certify to their having been baptized if their parents were removed; and he added, "This point is well expressed in the *Baptismal Liturgy* of Herman, Archbishop of Cologne, published in 1543, which in many particulars resembles our own, having been drawn from the same or similar sources, and probably corrected by the same hand. After other questions to the sponsors, much like those in our Service but of greater length, the minister asks, 'Will ye be godfather to this infant and count him for a very son of God and member of Christ, and, as soon as he cometh to the use of reason, *if peradventure he shall lose his parents, or if they be negligent in this behalf*, will ye take charge of him that he may learn the Ten Commandments, the Articles of our faith, the Lord's Prayer, &c.?' " But while thus dealing with the discussions which had taken place in the Convocations of the English Church, the bishop deplored the uncertainty of the relations of the Daughter Churches to their common Mother, and of the validity which home legislation might have beyond the limits of England.

The then famous *Essays and Reviews*, in which he saw nothing new, either in the doubts and difficulties thus sent forth, or in the way in which they were insinuated, were regarded by the bishop as the "recoil of thoughtful and serious minds from the unsatisfied longings, which have of late carried so many men equally thoughtful and serious to the Church of Rome:" for the unhappy volume itself he prophesied the speedily oblivion in which it is now sunk; but as a necessary, or at least a prudent, consequence of such a phenomenon, he desired (1) a new Translation of the Bible, (2) a Revision of the Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments. The first, "Bishop South, one of the most learned and laborious of interpreters, long ago

pronounced 'a necessary work,' and which has been desired and recommended by many other pious and learned divines in our Church." Of the second he wrote:—"When I find in the *Sacra Privata* of Bishop Wilson's *Devotions at the Altar*, 'Until it shall please God to put it into the hearts and power of such as ought to do it, to restore to us the First Service of Edward VI., or such as shall be more conformable to the appointment of Christ to His Apostles;' when I am told that Bishop Andrewes entertained and expressed similar views, and that Bishop Horsley did not scruple to declare that he thought the Scottish Office more conformable to the primitive models, and in his judgment more edifying than that we now use; and am further persuaded that our Church has not, since the Reformation, boasted of any bishops or divines more learned, holy, and devoted than these, I feel constrained to admit (however imperfectly I may apprehend their views and sentiments) that some examination of our Liturgy on these important points is at least desirable." But while thus recognising reforms as desirable, he urged on the clergy to adopt the language of these great men, "until it should please God to put it into the hearts and power of such as ought to do it," and showed that the passages in the Prayer Book to which exception was taken by Lord Ebury and his followers were the very passages least likely to offend, if only the Rubrics were faithfully obeyed and the teaching of the Church acquiesced in; and he added, in words which are capable of a very wide and salutary acceptance, "I am persuaded that every attempt to accommodate, by omission or alteration, any Service to uninstructed or ill-prepared minds (besides being unlawful) does but aggravate the evil, increases ignorance, and suggests or gives force to objections. If the solemnization of matrimony be celebrated in private houses, we cannot wonder if language intended for a church be thought unsuitable; if the Office for the

Burial of the Dead be used for those who have laid violent hands on themselves, or were, or would have been, could the Church exercise her discipline, excommunicated, you must not be surprised if some men step into the place of the judge and deny the hope or refuse the thanks for the departed soul ; if the thanksgiving of women after childbirth be abruptly addressed, as it were, to a whole congregation, its unsuitableness, to say the least, may occasion pain and offence. And let me warn you that the persons who are ready to justify you in suppressing or altering the formularies which they dislike, would be the first to condemn you in using that liberty against their will and judgment."

It is unfortunate that a Charge so full of wisdom and learning, and, which is less common, of bold consistent adherence to the teaching of the Church, should have been printed and published in Newfoundland, and its circulation limited for the most part to that island. This is not, however, a solitary instance in which the call to consistency and courage has come to us from a Colonial Church, feeble in all material resources ; and it may be that thus shall the insignificant debt of the Daughter Churches, in either hemisphere, be more than repaid to their common Mother.

The first half of 1863 was spent in S. John's, where the bishop was almost alone—all his inquiries having failed to bring him the assistance which he desired. To more than one friend in England he wrote in this fashion:—"If I could find a chaplain to live and work with me, he would have plenty to eat as well as plenty to do. Can you send me a man with an honest heart, a loud and clear voice, feet to walk and hands to work for the poor and the bishop?" At length the time came when the Visitation of the west shore and the Bay of Islands must be made ; and while the bishop was thus engaged on the French shore the following letter, dealing with many questions of

interest, was written almost from the same spot as the letter of four years previously, to Canon Seymour:—

“THE CHURCH SHIP, OFF PORT AUX BASQUES, NEAR  
CAPE RAY, *Aug. 31, 1863.*”

“My dear Sir,—If you believe what I have more than once told you, that your letters are a great treat and comfort to me, you will believe also that I would not delay to acknowledge them (in the hope to obtain what I so much value more frequently), if I were not prevented by other more pressing duties. When I am in S. John’s I am constantly at work, and the little relaxation I can allow myself is either for health (and I cannot command enough for that), or else to oblige and gratify some friend or friends. For the twelve months immediately before I began this voyage of Visitation (in June) the archdeacon, who is also incumbent of the cathedral and chief minister in the parish, was invalided and absent (he has now retired altogether), and in consequence I was kept closely at home and closely at work during all that time. For twelve months and upwards I said Morning Prayer in the cathedral at eight o’clock every week-day, without a single exception, and attended service twice every day. I preached in the cathedral at least once every Sunday, and generally said the Morning or Evening Prayer. Except on the first Sunday in every month, we have four services in the cathedral every Sunday, and with not more than two or three exceptions (when I officiated at other churches) I attended them all. I administered the Holy Communion every Sunday, and baptized or received into the Church, after the Second Lesson, every child brought to be baptized or received. We never baptize or receive, except on some Sunday or Holy day, after the Second Lesson. I catechized publicly in the cathedral on the first Sunday in every month; and attended the Sunday School every Sunday without missing

one. There is nothing laborious or disagreeable in any of these duties; indeed, I felt much pleasure in resuming so far the work of a parish priest; but you will, I think, perceive that, together with my own proper work, they must have fully occupied my time and thoughts. Indeed, it was often with difficulty that I found time to prepare a sermon for every Sunday, and a lecture for every alternate Friday evening. During Lent I read a short lecture every morning at the eight o'clock service. Alas! how many kind letters remained unanswered, how many kind presents unacknowledged, those twelve months; for I have not forgotten that, in addition to an interesting letter not yet answered, I have received from you your instructive pamphlet on 'Woman's Work in the Church,' and not yet, I fear, acknowledged it. Let me now thank you sincerely for both. I read your speech with very great gratification, and the little History of the Kaiserwerth Deaconesses, to which you refer; and I believe it would be of great advantage if such institutions were recognised by and affiliated to the Church. I can, however, forgive your bishops for declining to unite in instituting and carrying out the great work in and for the Church, when I think (and tremble as I think) of the immense amount of labour, anxiety, and responsibility which must fall on each of them severally, in and for his own diocese. And I presume that, severally and collectively, they have all of late been sufficiently occupied by the Colenso folly. I trust the evil of that ill-advised work will be overruled by God's mercy, and good, much good, will spring from it. Surely the many excellent and learned answers, which have been written and published, will reassure the minds which have been disturbed and distressed by the hasty, self-confident and specious objections of the arithmetical divine. I am now engaged in my usual biennial Visitation (I cannot afford to make a voyage more

frequently than every second year) of the missions and settlements, not included in any mission on the southern and western coasts of Newfoundland, the western being the (so-called) French shore. My next Visitation, please God, two years hence, will be of the northern and north-eastern coasts and the Labrador. On this western coast the poor scattered sheep, nearly 500 in number, have not seen any shepherd of their souls since I visited them four years ago. I have now again visited nearly all to the distance of 550 miles from S. John's, and am returning to the capital. I have determined and promised, with God's help and blessing, to send them a missionary. But where is the man? Who will say, 'Here am I, send me?'

In the autumn of this year the bishop was cheered by the offer of a zealous clergyman, who had given many proofs of his power in the mission of Ferryland, where he had built two churches and been the means of reviving much Church life, to undertake a mission along the shores of White Bay, which, it will be remembered, the bishop had visited for the first, and only, time in 1859. The venture was an especially chivalrous one, as the clergyman in question received no support from any external source, but threw himself on the fishermen, claiming from them to be supported at least as they supported themselves, and desiring no more comforts than they procured for themselves. Such an offer caused great satisfaction to the bishop, who, however, seemed not to detect in it but the following of an example which he had been setting for twenty years. At this time the cathedral, and the pastoral charge of the district attached, again overwhelmed the bishop with work: his presence was greatly wanted in Bermuda, but it was impossible that he should leave, and indeed he did not succeed in his efforts to reach that distant part of his diocese, "another world, ecclesiastically

as well as physically," until March 1864. The account of his summer's sailings he gave at the close of the year in the following letter to a friend in England:—

"I visited all the settlements on the west or so-called French coast in the Church ship last summer, the fourth time only in my episcopate of nineteen years; and in all that time, and for many years before, they have not been visited by any clergyman or any minister of any Protestant denomination, except, occasionally, by the chaplain of some man-of-war in passing, and once by the Rev. A. Gifford on his way from Jersey to his mission in the Straits of Belle Isle. His stay could not have exceeded three or four days. Such is the amount of pastoral visitation and religious instruction (if either of these expressions can be rightly used) which those poor benighted souls have received. I hope and think I may affirm that I have done what I could for them, little as it may seem, and little as indeed it is.

The Bay of Islands is nearly 500 miles from S. John's, and can be reached only in the Church ship or other such vessel. There is no intercourse between that shore and the capital. The inhabitants receive their supplies in exchange for their fish from traders from Nova Scotia or the United States. I have not visited them more frequently in the Church ship for the want of two great necessities—money and time; in other words, on account of the great expense of voyages and the many demands upon my services in other directions. I have not sent any clergyman, partly because I have not found any one willing to undertake the work, and partly because, if I had found one, I have had no means of paying his expenses; and partly, I may add, on account of the scattered and wretched condition of the dwellings of the inhabitants, until lately few in number. My last visit, before the summer just past, was a very short and hurried one in 1859. The weather then, in addition



to an unusual amount of fog, was very tempestuous, and the wind constantly ahead for weeks together, and my plans were defeated or delayed accordingly. Last summer I was, in respect of weather, highly favoured, and the presence and assistance of Mr. Le Gallais, whom I took on board in passing Channel, were of very great service, as he is personally acquainted with, and highly esteemed by, many of the late settlers, who have recently migrated from various parts of his extensive mission. And these migrations have not been confined to the inhabitants of Newfoundland, but several families have, within the same period, settled on the coast, and chiefly in the Bay of Islands, from Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. These are almost wholly Presbyterians of the Free Kirk persuasion, but they all, without exception—and I personally visited them—expressed themselves willing and desirous to have a clergyman of the Church of England and to assist in supporting him. All who were able attended divine service on board the Church ship; and though our form and mode of worship were evidently new and strange to them, they readily and cheerfully conformed. I fully believe if the right man could be found, a man of faith, courage, prudence, and experience, he might obtain at least a maintenance. But where is such a man to be found? Where is the man willing to make the venture? and who, being willing, has the necessary qualifications? or who, being willing, and having those high qualifications, will be content with a bare maintenance? I have already received with great satisfaction the offer of the Rev. R. Temple to undertake a very similar and equally arduous work on the eastern coast, and I have great hopes that Mr. U. Rule, who, though now only a student, has, I hope and believe, all necessary qualifications except experience, may be induced to attempt the proposed mission on the western coast. This young man is now gaining experience

of the best kind under Mr. Hutchinson on the Labrador, which is attended only with this difficulty, that we are not likely to meet before September, when it will be too late to reach the Bay of Islands. In the meanwhile the necessity is urgent. I propose, therefore, to request Mr. Le Gallais (who is the nearest clergyman, and the only one acquainted with the place and people) to visit the coast next summer to keep up, if he can, with God's help, the good and pious feelings and desires which now exist, and to make further preparation for some more permanent occupation of the coast next year. There are two difficulties in the way. I fear (1) that Mr. Le Gallais will be very unwilling to leave his own extensive mission unprovided for so long a time (two or three months); and (2) that the visit will be attended with a good deal of expense. How churches and parsonage-houses will be erected I cannot tell, but those may be thought of hereafter. The great matter is to get a clergyman settled and supported; and unless the English public are persuaded by Mr. Walter's speech and paper that the heathen deserve more sympathy than the fishermen and poor colonists of Newfoundland, I do not think the assistance which I may ask for will be refused."

## CHAPTER VIII

[1864-1866.]

“ So still the guileless man is blest,  
To him all crooked paths are straight.”

KEBLE.

THE allusion in the last chapter to Mr. Walter's speech and paper, points to a circumstance which, coincident as it was with an unfriendly article in the *Edinburgh Review* on the Colonial Episcopate, was regarded by the bishop (to quote his own expression) as “ a heavy blow and great discouragement.” Mr. Walter, M.P. for Berks, at a meeting in Reading of the friends of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, had availed himself of an invitation to speak on its behalf, and used the opportunity thus afforded to him to deliver what he called a “ charity sermon,” but which was in reality an attack on the Society on more grounds than one, the chief and foremost indictment being that the Colonial Churches were supported at the sacrifice of missionary work among the Heathen. The speech of the member for Berkshire was backed up by an article in the *Times* on the following day : that this should have been so is not surprising to any who know the connection that existed between the Berkshire squire and the proprietors of the *Times*

newspaper. Neither was the subject an unfair one for discussion and criticism. The proportion in which a given sum of money should be divided between those who are already of the household of faith but likely, nay certain, but for timely help to sink into that most hopeless form of heathenism which is the condition of the lapsed Christian, and those who with their forefathers have lived in the bondage of heathenism, will ever be a legitimate matter for calm discussion. Sentiment, whether influenced by, or free from, the Calvinistic theories about that favourite subject of platform declamation "the lost heathen," will generally be found on the side of aggressive evangelistic work: common sense, to say nothing of Christian feeling, will recognise the wisdom as well as the necessity of making our fellow-Christians the first objects of our bounty and care. But indiscriminate charity is the extremest cruelty, and it is possible to err in one's munificence. No doubt there are instances in which the Church has been demoralized by having its path made too easy, whether by endowments or annual subsidies; in such cases a double wrong is done: the funds, so misapplied, both injure the recipients and defraud those whose necessity is urgent, whether they be heathen or Christians perishing for lack of aid; but the Bishop of Newfoundland felt that in the case of his diocese such strictures were unjust, and that the very suggestion of misappropriated bounty was a grievous injury to his poor flock. "I will only remark," he said, "with the helpless tortured insect, 'It may be sport to you, but it is death to us.'"

But he did more than this: he wrote an exhaustive "Plea for Colonial Dioceses," in which he turned the tables against his accusers in a very happy and effective manner. He contended, by the way, that the argument of a colony being able (but perhaps not willing) to maintain its own clergy, and therefore bound as a matter of

honesty to give up all assistance from other sources, might legitimately be carried out to a conclusion hardly foreseen by those who advanced it.

“ When such dioceses are asked to relinquish their claims on the Society, and when it is urged, *ad verccundiam*, that the colonists have so long enjoyed this extraneous aid, does it never occur to the members of the Church in England that the same argument might be addressed with greater force, in both its aspects, to them? It will not be denied, I presume, that the members of our Church in England are well able to maintain their clergy—are they then prepared to say to the English clergy, ‘ You have long received and lived upon the tithes given and granted by kings and other benefactors; now let them go for the conversion of the heathen, and depend upon us for your maintenance ’? Yet this is in effect what the colonists are asked to do, in relinquishing their claims upon the Society, and taking upon themselves the support of their Church and clergy. I do not, of course, suppose that any such transfer is possible, or that, if possible, it would be just or expedient. Neither have I forgotten that it is due to the endowment of the Church in England that the Church in the colonies receives such liberal support through the Society. I only intend to answer, on behalf of the poor colonists, this appeal *ad verccundiam*. Should the justice of this parallel be denied, I may refer to the means commonly adopted in the new districts and poor populous parishes in England for the support of their clergy; which, I think it will be admitted, in great measure explains our condition and justifies our plea. What is the practice in those cases? Is the incumbent, or additional curate, told to rely upon the contributions of the people, who are seldom so poor but that their combined payments, *if they could be procured*, would furnish a colonial clergyman’s stipend? Not so—they are referred,

and refer, to the Pastoral Aid, or the Additional Curates' Society; and I never heard that shame or blame attached to any clergyman for procuring aid from those quarters; though, if the people could and would (as in most cases assuredly they could) provide his small salary by their contributions, it is obvious that the funds of those Societies might, to that extent, be applied to the conversion of the heathen."

The bishop was not dealing with a subject with which he was unacquainted: in his own diocese he had experience of two systems. He wrote:—

"In the southern colony of my diocese (the Bermudas), the clergy are provided for by the legislature, with many happy and beneficial results. The clergy there receive quarterly stipends partly from the colonial treasury and partly from the vestries of their parishes—a fixed sum in either case. The other officers of the churches are paid, and the buildings themselves, with their furniture, &c., maintained, by pew-rents and assessments. Thus the clergy are assured of their stipends regularly, a circumstance which compensates, to a great extent, for the small amount of them. They and their families are at least secured from want; they are spared the pain and shame of parading their difficulties and distresses; they are not responsible for their churches falling into decay; they hear no complaints about tithes or rates. Still they are not independent, as the legislative grants may be, at least after a certain term of years, reduced, or withdrawn."

He foresaw that Government subsidies of this kind could not last, and therefore he did not stay to discuss the many other disadvantages which attend on such grants: he acknowledged that, where no endowments had been acquired, as in the case of Toronto by the sale of the clergy reserves, the voluntary system was the only resource. The evils and temptations of that system he knew

thoroughly, but his experience had taught him how to anticipate them and to make them harmless.

“The only right and righteous system, under our circumstances,—to make a contribution, or promise of contribution, obligatory, where the means of payment exist, and, until such promise is given, to withhold every occasional or special service;—this system—the only right and righteous one, as regards the individuals themselves and the Church community at large—appears to English churchmen, who can claim these services as their birthright (because they have been already purchased and paid for), both unjust and injurious. I have incurred no small obloquy for pressing this system, but it is clearly recognised and allowed, if I may not say insisted on, both by the Law and Gospel, and cannot therefore be unjust or injurious. But I return—there is no remedy—to the Voluntary system. And here it is asked, Why should not the Church of England in the colonies attain to that standing which, it is said, Roman Catholics and other religious denominations have attained to,—of being independent of external aid for the maintenance of their clergy? But it will not, I trust, be thought impertinent to remind our English friends, that the Roman Catholics and other denominations *at home* do, in like manner, support their clergy and ministers without tithes or endowments; and that it may be asked (I believe is sometimes asked), Why do you not also support your churches and clergy without the aid of rates and tithes and endowments, so long enjoyed, and allow these emoluments to be transferred to the Church Missionary, or Gospel Propagation Society, for the conversion of the heathen? I have no intention of insisting upon this parallel (which, no doubt, in its practical application, would be pronounced unjust and suicidal) except to show that this argument, *ad hominem*, ought not to be addressed only to poor colonists. I am more concerned to prove that

the supposed self-supporting systems of Roman Catholics and Methodists will not apply in our case. I say *supposed*, because I believe few persons out of their communion, and not all within, know to what extent their clergy and ministers are supported without external aid. I am quite ready, however, to admit that they are so to a great extent, far more so than our clergy. The Presbyterians and Congregationalists, I believe,—all honour to them—guarantee their ministers a certain fixed salary, and do not suffer personal feelings to interfere with the just fulfilment of their compact. The comparison therefore is between ourselves with the Roman Catholics and Methodists. Now, without intending to speak disrespectfully or disparagingly of their clergy or ministers, I may be permitted to remark that their manner of life respectively, which tends to keep up their influence over, or with, their people, is not such, in either case, as could, or I might say should, be adopted by the clergy of the Church of England. The priests of the Roman Catholic Church are unmarried—they mix little with their people—never, I believe, visiting ministerially, except in cases of extreme sickness, when, by the Sacraments of the Church, the poor sinner is prepared for death, and dies in peace. This notion of the priest's power, and of their duty to him and the Church, in which all Roman Catholics are educated, inspires such reverence and fear, that the demand for Church dues is very rarely disobeyed. It is not, I presume, expected that we should copy the Roman Catholic priests either in their manner of life or ministry, in order to obtain their standing. The Wesleyans adopt a directly opposite method; and their ministers, by frequent and familiar intercourse with their people, and by occasionally indulging them with the intoxicating excitement of a Revival (in which the younger ministers appear particularly expert), work upon their feelings in a manner and degree which the clergy of the



Church of England are not likely, I trust, to emulate. It is certain, however, that many of their ministers are not, and cannot be, supported by their congregations, and, unless assisted by some extraneous fund, must be in a very uncomfortable state of dependence. I suspect also, that there is something in the public worship of both Roman Catholics and Methodists (though as widely different as their private and personal ministrations), presenting attractions of a certain sort, which the more sober, intelligent, and devotional worship of the Church of England (the mean in this, as in most other points, between the two extremes) never did, and it may be hoped never will, present. For what man, knowing what is in man (*i.e.* in the large majority), supposes that a mean presents such attractions as one or other of the extremes; or that the more excellent way will ever obtain the largest number of followers? These are some of the reasons why the Church of England cannot, or does not, attain the standing which the Roman Catholics and other religious bodies have, it is said, attained in the colonies, *and at home.*"

Being challenged to justify his position and that of his diocese, the bishop was compelled to show what had been the result of the assistance which he had received: this involved in fact his giving an account of those many schemes which but for his own self-denial must have fallen to the ground, and which owed their very existence to his wisdom and statesmanlike prudence; but even here, where the record may have justified some measure of satisfaction, he wrote in terms, the sincerity of which no one who knew the man could for a moment doubt, deprecating the idea that he was in any way magnifying or displaying his own labours or services. Indeed he added, "Looking at the progress of the Church in New Zealand, or South Africa, or Canada, I can well believe that the zeal and piety of a Selwyn, a Gray, or a Mountain, would have

secured better provision, and, it may be, supervision, for the many still desolate places and scattered sheep of this poor diocese."

He insisted further, that in all that he had done he was but building on the foundations laid by his predecessor: still, there was the diocese, the abiding witness of his patient efforts for twenty years, and he was bound in self-defence, when thus challenged, to give the following *résumé* of his episcopate:—

"When I arrived in Newfoundland (July 4th, 1844) there were in all that part of the diocese twenty-four clergymen (including the chaplain who accompanied me), all stipendiaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; thirteen receiving 200*l.* sterling per annum; five, in subordinate stations, receiving 150*l.* or 100*l.*; and six deacon schoolmasters, partly paid by S.P.G. (50*l.* sterling) and partly by the Newfoundland School Society. The stipends of these twenty-four, from the Society, amounted to 3,550*l.* In Bermuda three or four clergymen were receiving together from the Society, 230*l.*

Bishop Spencer had not been able to extend his visits farther to the north than Twillingate, in Notre Dame Bay, about 200 miles from S. John's, the capital, or than Harbour Buffet, in Placentia Bay, nearly the same distance to the south. In these visits he consecrated nine or ten new churches, but several of them in an unfinished and unfurnished state; a circumstance which need not be regretted, as the preference for pews, and galleries, and pulpits in the centre of the building, was then very strong. In many of the churches the pulpit was against the east wall, the prayer-desk and the clerk's-desk on either side, a small table under the pulpit in front, with a semi-circular enclosure, just allowing room for one clergyman within the rail. The parish or Mother Church of the capital, taken and used as the cathedral, was an old

wooden building, of the early Newfoundland style. Considerable subscriptions had however been raised, previous to my arrival, to replace it with a more comely structure of stone, but the drawings furnished did not give much promise of improvement in design or arrangement. There was no font of stone in the whole island, and, I believe, in only three churches vessels of silver for the Holy Communion.<sup>1</sup> A second wooden church had been built in S. John's a short time before Bishop Spencer arrived, and was consecrated by him, but the arrangements were similar to those already described. There was in S. John's one cemetery or grave-yard common to all denominations, in which Roman Catholic priests had leave to officiate; but other persons, of whatever denomination, were buried, if any funeral service was used, by the Rector of S. John's. In several districts there were buildings for public worship (not consecrated) used by the clergy of the Church and other Protestant ministers; or, as the people expressed it, 'by any good man that came along;' his goodness and other qualifications being, I believe, determined by his own representations, and his ability to 'hold prayers.' The whole number of consecrated churches in Newfoundland on my arrival was forty-three; all, with the exception of eleven or twelve before mentioned, consecrated by Bishop Inglis, in one or other of his two Visitations of this portion of his enormous diocese.

A Church Society had been established three or four years previously, but the income, after the first year, appears not to have exceeded 21*l*. No part of the collections had been appropriated to the extension of the church, and, except in S. John's, very little, if any, aid

<sup>1</sup> One set of the three was presented by his late Majesty (when serving in the fleet), to a church in Placentia, where his ship had been stationed during the war with France.

was given to the clergy by their congregations. An idea was very commonly entertained, and sometimes, I fear, by those who might, if they had pleased, have known otherwise, that the clergy in Newfoundland were maintained by the Government in England.

The Theological College, or Institution as it was then designated, had its origin in the provision obtained by Bishop Spencer from the Society, for the education and maintenance of a few candidates for the ministry. The Society allowed the bishop to draw 50*l.* per annum for each of six students, and made a grant for the erection of a lecture-room. But this allowance was the whole endowment and income of the Institution, part of which (nearly one-third) was paid to the clergyman of the new church for meeting and instructing the students in the lecture-room, the remainder to a widow lady, *a dissenter*, in whose house they lodged and boarded, who presided at their meals and had the oversight of their behaviour.

There was no Depository for the sale of Bibles and Prayer-books, and other publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—no fund for the widows and orphans of the clergy—no Asylum for the widows and orphans of the Church's poor—no School for the education of the boys or girls of the upper classes, under the direction or supervision of the bishop and clergy, for members exclusively of the Church of England.

It cannot be necessary, I conceive, to insist upon the importance of every one of these institutions in connection with the Church, in a colonial diocese. I have shown how this diocese was provided or circumstanced in respect of them twenty years ago; and will now proceed to describe our present condition, taking them in the reverse order.

One of my first objects, after my appointment, before I left England, was to procure an efficient master for

a superior boys' school, having been informed of the want of such a school in the colony. I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a graduate of Oxford. I hired a house for him in S. John's, and opened the Collegiate School. This was done entirely at my own risk and expense. It appeared to me of great importance to establish such a school, and I had reason to be thankful that I undertook it, for I know that besides supplying a sound and useful education, it was the means of attaching several young men, now rising in life, to myself and the Church. After some two or three years, the legislature of the colony established a General Academy, of which the master of my Collegiate School was appointed the first and head master. Not approving of the mixed education given in this new Academy, I continued my school under a clergyman, with increased usefulness in some respects, though, of course, not without difficulty by the side of a well-endowed Institution, to which boys were admitted at a trifling charge; until, through the zealous and disinterested efforts of the head master, the General Academy was divided into three different branches, or separate schools, one of which was, and is, the 'Church of England Academy,' under the direction of the bishop and four lay members of the Church. We have erected excellent buildings of brick, with accommodation for fifteen or sixteen boarders. We have two masters, one an A.M. of Trinity College, Cambridge, the other of S. Mark's Training College, both clergymen; and between thirty and forty scholars.

I found a like want of, and like desire for, a superior school for young ladies, and that also, in like manner, I provided and established, giving up for it my own residence, until the legislature made me a grant towards the erection, or purchase, of a brick or stone house—my own residence being of wood. I am thankful to say that this

establishment has been from its commencement, and still continues to be, very popular, and of great benefit to those for whom it was specially designed. And having purchased for it a substantial and convenient house of brick, I am now relieved of all expense attending it, beyond that of keeping the house in repair, for which I intend to leave to my successor a small endowment.

These schools are open to children from the out-harbours as boarders, and I hoped might be of special benefit to the clergy for the education of their children; but I regret to say that, although the terms are lowered in their case, scarcely any have been able to profit by them on account of the expense.

The 'Church of England Asylum for Widows and Orphans' was established by subscription, after an appeal I addressed to the parishioners on the cessation of the cholera, and has been liberally supported, and efficiently managed, from the time the present buildings, which are of brick and stone, were erected. The first house, which I procured for temporary use, was burned down in one of the many fires, which formerly were so frequent and so destructive in S. John's. The Asylum is near to my residence, and to the cathedral, and all the children who are old enough, attend Divine Service every morning at eight o'clock. The whole management of, and provision for, the inmates of the Asylum are superintended by a lady, who, with that object in view, has built her house close to the Asylum, intending to leave it, to be always so occupied and used (by some person who will in like manner charitably superintend the institution), and to endow it with a sufficient sum to pay the ground-rent and repairs in perpetuity.

The 'Fund for the relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy' was commenced in 1857, three clergymen in the previous year (1856) having been cut off in the

prime of life; two of them by typhus fever, the third perished in a snow-drift. The first donation (75*l.*) was by the widow of one of these clergymen, another friend gave 100*l.*, the Church Society contributed 500*l.*; and, by means of other donations, and the annual subscriptions and collections, the fund now amounts to upwards of 2,000*l.* and may, with the payments of the clergy, be considered safe.

At present, by the good providence of God, there is only one pensioner.

A 'Depository for the sale of Bibles and Prayer-books, and other publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,' I established soon after my arrival, and maintained for several years; but, within the last three years, the Church Society, by a grant of 300*l.*, purchased and enlarged the stock, and entrusted the management to a sub-committee. It is in a flourishing condition.

To make the operations of our 'Church Society' understood and appreciated, it would be necessary almost to transcribe the last annual report, presented at the anniversary meeting in June. It may suffice, however, to mention, that while half the clergy (twenty-three out of forty-six) made no return, and while all who did make a return retained three-fourths of the amount collected in their respective missions, the actual net income of the Society for last year exceeded 1,000*l.* Taking the average of the amounts returned, omitting S. John's, the largest, and Quidi Vidi, the smallest (both exceptional cases), it appears that, if all the clergy had made returns, the sum placed at the disposal of the committee would have been (besides, and in addition to, the collections in S. John's and Quidi Vidi) 455*l.*; representing, with the three-fourths retained by the clergy, the sum of 1,820*l.*; or, with the collections in S. John's, about 2,530*l.*; an amount fully

2,000*l.* in excess of all collected by and for the clergy twenty years ago.

The change and improvement in the 'Theological College,' or Institution, may next be noticed. I was enabled to purchase a very convenient piece of land, with a neat cottage upon it, to which I added a hall and dormitories for the students. I have placed the whole establishment under a clergyman, as vice-principal, who resides in the house, takes his meals with the students, lectures and instructs them, prays with them in the house morning and evening, meets them at the neighbouring church every morning, and at the cathedral every evening, and in every way guides and counsels them in preparation for the work of the ministry in Newfoundland. The arch-deacon, or incumbent of the cathedral, is principal, and gives lectures also. The present vice-principal is an A.M. of Pembroke College, Oxford.

The number of 'New Churches' since my arrival is very large; many of them are in entirely new localities (five on the Labrador), but the majority replace smaller and less sightly buildings of the primitive style. There are now in this portion of the diocese (Newfoundland and Labrador) eighty churches, consecrated and in use, seven ready for consecration, and eight others in progress. Of those already in use, I have been privileged to consecrate fifty-two, nearly all of which are of much improved construction; and, in the majority, there is a font of stone, with silver vessels for the celebration and administration of the Holy Communion. Our 'Cathedral,' built after the great fire, chiefly from the collections made in England by a Queen's Letter, in which the restoration of the cathedral and parish church was specially mentioned (it happened that our church was the only place of public worship destroyed in that fire), was consecrated in 1850. It was designed by Gilbert Scott, and, as far as it is



finished, is well and faithfully executed, and is admired by all who have seen it. The furniture is of oak, the seats open and entirely free. All the windows on the sides, and at the west ends, of the aisles, are filled with painted glass. We have a good font of stone, a plain silver set, and a splendid double silver-gilt set, of vessels for the Holy Communion, of exquisite workmanship. They were procured by the joint contributions of many friends, through the kind and effective instrumentality of the Rev. E. Coleridge. Since the consecration of the cathedral another stone church has been built in S. John's, equally correct in arrangement, and complete in furniture, with open benches too, though unhappily the principal part of the clergyman's stipend, with the other expenses of the church, can only be provided by letting the seats.

The old churchyard having been closed, and interments in it prohibited by the Legislature, we have now a beautiful 'Cemetery,' conveniently situated, solely for members of the Church of England. An appropriate chapel has been erected in it, by the pious generosity of an individual, which I had the privilege of consecrating on the last day of 1859.

There are twenty-nine 'Parsonage-houses'—two on the Labrador, and twenty-seven (including my own residence) in Newfoundland—finished and occupied, an increase of seventeen since 1844; three others have been commenced, but, in consequence of the failure of the fishery, are advancing, if advancing at all, very slowly. All (one in S. John's excepted) are of wood, my own residence among the rest, which was built for, and still is, or is called, the Rectory-house, though, in fact, there is neither rectory nor parish in Newfoundland. (In this respect Newfoundland is merely a Missionary Station.) I have obtained by purchase comfortable houses (one of stone) for the incumbents of the other two churches in S. John's. The land attached

to the parsonage-houses serves, in general, only for a poor garden; in a few cases, seven or eight, there is sufficient pasturage for a cow or a few sheep in summer. Beyond this the glebes are of no value.

I come at last to the number and maintenance of the 'Clergy.' But before entering directly upon that part of the subject, I may be permitted, or rather am in duty bound, as one of the stipendiaries of the Society, to state that I have been enabled in my little Church ship, the munificent gift of my friend the present Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, to perform, myself, no inconsiderable amount of missionary work; having many times visited almost every harbour and inhabited island in and around Newfoundland and on the Labrador, to the distance of 500 miles from S. John's. In these voyages I have ministered in many settlements never before visited by any clergyman of our Church, and to people who had never seen a clergyman or place of public worship. I have celebrated on board (besides the Order of Morning and Evening Prayer with Sermons) all the holy offices of the Church—Baptisms, Confirmations, Holy Communions, and Marriages—and many times gone in procession with a congregation in boats from the Church ship to consecrate grave-yards, &c. In consequence of the great expense of these voyages, for which no special provision is made, I cannot accomplish one more frequently than every second year; and I desire distinctly to state, and pray that it may be remembered, that *without the aid of the Society, which I receive as part of my yearly stipend, I never could have used my Church ship at all, and none of the blessed results (if I may venture so to speak) of my Visitations would have been attained.* In the intermediate years I journey to Bermuda *via* Halifax (1,300 miles), and occasionally the *Hawk* has come to carry me back to Newfoundland. Having been, like myself, employed in

less important service for several years, before being presented for the work of the Church in Newfoundland, my ship begins, with the skipper, to feel and show the effects of wear and tear, and of encounters, not unfrequent, with rocks and shoals, and ice. It is a wonder of mercy that both are yet preserved, and prepared, or preparing, if it please God, for further service. But it may be well to mention that no endowment or allowance has been provided for the good Church ship; and with a less income, or larger expenses, than mine (for while my income is ample, my personal expenses, being unmarried, are few), my successor will find it very difficult to prosecute these voyages of Visitation.

There are at the present time (September, 1864) in Newfoundland and Labrador forty-six clergymen, holding my licence, two of whom are wholly, and two partially, engaged in tuition. Of these forty-six only one is supported by, or receives assistance from, any Society but that for the Propagation of the Gospel. Of the remaining forty-five, thirty only are on the Society's list, and the aggregate amount of their salaries is 3,321*l.* In Bermuda, only one remains in connection with the Society, receiving 60*l.* It appears then that, while the number of clergy in Newfoundland has increased from twenty on the Society's list (in 1844) or, including deacon-schoolmasters, from twenty-four to forty-six, the payments by the Society have diminished from 3,550*l.* to 3,321*l.*, and in Bermuda from 230*l.* to 60*l.* It is to be hoped that this increase of clergy with the reduction of payments will suffice to show that considerable exertions have been made, with commensurate success, to obtain contributions, for the support of the clergy, from the members of the Church in this diocese, and to lessen the demands upon the Society. But the average of payments to the thirty missionaries (about 110*l.*) does not by any means exhibit the progress and

extent of the reduction of the Society's allowance to the missionaries. There are sixteen clergymen in Newfoundland receiving no allowance or assistance from the Society. Of the thirty still assisted, four remain of those for whom Bishop Spencer obtained 200*l.* per annum, and two for whom he obtained 150*l.*; but, since 1844 no missionary has been appointed with more than 100*l.*, one receives 75*l.*, and two only 50*l.*"

It was not, as was mentioned in the last chapter, until the month of March in the year 1864 that the bishop was enabled to reach Bermuda, where he was much engaged in pastoral, as well as distinctly episcopal, work. He was yet again to cross swords with an assailant in England; but on this occasion he occupied different ground altogether from that on which he had before taken his stand. A young man writing to a London newspaper under the *nom de plume* of "A Town Clergyman," had exaggerated the hardships of Newfoundland, and largely understated the amount of assistance and sympathy which the Church and colony had received from England. The exaggerated accounts of the sufferings and privations of a particular clergyman revealed the author as the son of the worthy man whose woes he had pathetically depicted. Exaggeration was always hateful to the bishop, rigidly, sternly truthful as he was in thought as well as word: and although he had himself been highly extolled by the anonymous writer, he expressed his shame—his pain—at "the indecent reflections" of "this young man." He refused to have his own life described as "one of unremitting self-denial," and declared that he had every comfort which an unmarried man, without family, could desire, "more, I can truly say, than I either desire or deserve," while in respect of health and strength he avowed that no country in the world was more favoured than much-misrepresented Newfoundland.

He arranged to leave Bermuda on April 16, hoping to reach Halifax on the 20th, and thence to Newfoundland in time for the Trinity Ordination. "Men! men! men!" was his earnest cry just now; and on March 18 he wrote to England:—"A good clergyman, or a kind letter, or what is better still, both together, sent by the *Cunard* steamer, on the 16th of April, addressed to me at Halifax, Nova Scotia, would, please God, meet me there on my way to S. John's, and make my return more comfortable to myself and more acceptable to my friends."

The "good clergyman" came in this year, although not so early as was desired: this was the Rev. J. B. Kelly, who having been for nine years the coadjutor-bishop, has now succeeded to the labours of his saintly predecessor. This was one of the bright spots in a very trying year—a year of bad fisheries, of unusual storms, and consequently of excessive poverty: another was found in the report of the Rev. R. Temple, who had commenced his labours in White Bay. It has already been stated that the offer of this young missionary to attempt to plant a station on so dreary a coast had afforded the bishop much satisfaction, and that feeling must have been heightened when he could gather from Mr. Temple's diary the patient spirit in which he was setting about his work among a people who, but for his self-sacrifice, would have continued to be without any religious teaching. Thus it was that Mr. Temple commenced his work:—

" *Sunday, July 10.*

"First day of real ministerial work at White Bay. Early in the morning I had a Sunday school of eleven young persons. I explained the lesson in the simplest manner possible; for everything must be done here 'precept upon precept, line upon line;' and this, not only with the children, but with the grown-up people also. At eleven, we went to church—that is, we placed a table on

one side of the kitchen, and on one side of this I stood to conduct the service. But how was I to have the Church-prayers with a congregation unable to read, and ignorant when to stand, sit, or kneel? However, I believe there are few difficulties which patience and time will not surmount: so for the present I was contented to say, 'stand up,' or 'sit down;' and, happily, I found one woman able to read a little, and accustomed to attend church sometimes. All joined in what they could—the Confession, Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Amens. The sermons, if not elaborate, if spoken as the thoughts came, in the easiest words, yet found their way, I hope, to the hearts and understandings of the hearers. In the afternoon I had two baptisms."

Nor was this a singular instance of devout zeal on the part of the clergy, who were either trained by the bishop for their work or attracted to the diocese by the example of his own apostolic labours. At the meeting of the Newfoundland Church Society in this year the bishop had the satisfaction of presenting the following account of the labours of another of his clergy at Moreton's Harbour. The report was dated April 14, 1864: probably there is nothing exceptional in its contents, but it serves to bring before us the conditions under which pastoral labour is conducted in this diocese:—

"I was appointed to this mission in June last. Upon my arrival I was anxious to visit the remoter stations, which can only be visited during the summer months, but there appeared then not the slightest chance of my doing so. In consequence of the immense quantity of ice floating about, navigation was suspended until nearly the middle of July. One morning I discovered the tall masts of a man-of-war lying at anchor in our little harbour. I found that it was the steamship *Vesuvius*, and that her captain

had taken refuge, being unable to proceed northward, in this haven. Having expressed my wishes to Captain Hamilton to visit the Cape Shore, the northern part of the Bay, he very kindly offered to touch at Shoe Cove and land me. This I thankfully and gratefully accepted. On Saturday the 10th, after several delays through fog and ice, I was landed at Cape John, six miles from Shoe Cove, whence the coastguard kindly conveyed me to my destination. I arrived there just in time to let the good people know that there would be Divine Service in their new church on the morrow.

A few words about Shoe Cove and its people. First as to the former. It presents a barren and inhospitable appearance. Huge rocks rise almost perpendicularly out of the deep green waters, and tower to the height of six or seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. The sea dashes and roars at the base of these rocks. Ashore we find nothing which speaks a good word for it. Here and there is a rough potato garden, or perhaps an apology for one. It seems a wonder that people can be content to live in such a place. Yet, notwithstanding the want of all natural attractions, the place has its attractions both for the inhabitants and the clergyman. To the former those deep waters oftentimes yield a rich harvest. This is the incentive to live there. Every available spot of ground is now occupied by fishermen. To the clergyman the attractiveness of Shoe Cove is that the people have generous hearts, and right gladly welcome the messenger of good tidings. Without any foreign aid they have erected a church at a cost of nearly 300*l.*, and a lay-reader holding the bishop's licence officiates during my absence. There are no people in the mission more desirous and willing to contribute to their clergyman's support, and also to subscribe to the local charities, than these. During my two sojourns here I was highly gratified by observing the quiet and attentive

demeanour of the people in church, and the great reverence they paid to the service. I held two full services in the church, and in the evening baptized privately two infants. On the following day (Monday) I visited the daily school, and found the children progressing favourably. Several were able to read with tolerable accuracy portions of the New Testament, and had some knowledge of the Church Catechism. Low as this standard of education appears to be, it is far more advanced than it was two years ago, when scarcely one (and, alas, perhaps not one) of the rising generation could discern between A and B. There is work—hard work—to be done here; rough ground to be harrowed, ere the ‘word’ can be sown with any success.

At noon I left Shoe Cove, two stout lads taking me in a boat, for Round Harbour, calling at Beaver and Tilt Cove, where I said prayers and baptized two infants. As we rowed into Round Harbour, Mr. Coombs, an old Englishman and a very zealous churchman, came down to the wharf and most cordially greeted, and at once took me to his house, where I was very hospitably entertained. Next morning at nine I held full service in his kitchen, which was crowded to excess. We then proceeded, after service, to Snook’s Arm, a distance of three miles, where I again held divine service—baptized three infants separately, and visited two sick persons. We returned to Round Harbour, and at 7 A.M. found a large congregation assembled, awaiting prayers. Having again joined in public worship, and baptized another infant, my services were required by a couple desirous of being joined together in Holy Matrimony. After performing this ceremony I concluded the services of the day by family prayer. I was tired and worn out. Next morning I found it impossible to get away before I had again held service; and when at last I did leave, it was with the most pressing invitation to return as speedily as possible and remain longer.



The same welcome greeted me at Indian Burying Place. I held service here in the loft of a fish-store. The odour of the fish, the heat of the place, combined with the mosquito bites, rendered it anything but pleasant for people or minister. I baptized several infants, and celebrated divine service thrice. From Indian Burying Place I proceeded to Nipper's Harbour (so called, and not undeservedly, from the numbers of mosquitoes which infest the place). This place makes some pretensions to a very snug little harbour, where vessels of a small tonnage will find a secure haven. There is also a small church, which has just been completed. But, alas! the building is far too small. The result is, it is crowded to excess, and some get no admittance, but are obliged to stand outside, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. I held five full services and baptized several infants, and also did a good deal of pastoral visiting. On the following day (Monday) I contrived to visit Rogue's Harbour, where I held service, and in the evening Stocking Harbour, hoping to be put on to the next station the same evening. And here such a sense of loneliness, nay wretchedness, came over me as I had never before experienced. Missionary life appeared to me then in some of its sterner realities. I was on a desolate shore, with only two or three wretched tilts, and they more than a mile apart, and a few women and children, all the men save two having gone out fishing for the night. However, I held service again. In one of these tilts I was doomed to sleep; but sleep—that was out of the question. The mosquitoes grievously tormented me, so that with the grey dawn I rose from my hard bed and wandered out in the cool and refreshing morning breeze. At 6 A.M., I baptized an infant, and a man and a boy put me across to King's Cove. Here I held service and baptized an infant. I hurried on to Three Arms Island, and the chief planter did all in his power to further my views by giving

up, and preparing, the best room he had in his house, which was soon crowded to excess. I did not baptize any infants during this service. Wednesday came, and with it a bright day, and (as I waited till the boats came in from sea) I had a good congregation. Several infants were baptized, and I proceeded immediately after service to baptize one privately. Early on Thursday morning I was roused by my host, who came to inform me that the *True Blue* schooner was coming up the harbour, and had sent a boat ashore for me. I was soon ready to join them, and the schooner having 'shortened her canvas,' we got alongside and safely on board. Immediately the sails were spread again, and away we went at the rate of ten knots before a splendid breeze. Little more than an hour had elapsed and we were safe in Ward's Harbour. Most of the men had left the day before for the Labrador, where they prosecute the cod-fisheries with much success. As the men in the harbour were very much engaged the day I arrived, I deemed it better to defer holding any service in the church until the next day, employing the time that intervened in visiting. Friday came, bringing with it glorious weather, and consequently my congregation was very much larger than I had anticipated. Morning and afternoon service—at the latter several infants were baptized, and there would have been many more had the parents been at home. At 4 A.M. I left in a large boat for Leading Tickles (a distance of fourteen miles), and arrived at noon, tired and hungry, having had a short night's rest and no breakfast before I started. Held service at 5 P.M. the same day (Festival of S. James) in the church, and twice the following day, with several baptisms and one churching.

Monday I was not well, but the following day pushed on to New Bay Head, where I had service and some more baptisms. So much exposure, little rest, hard duty and

oftentimes want of proper nourishment, tell on us. Early the next morning my slumber was disturbed by the announcement 'Crew ready, Sir.' A row of twelve miles is again before me, but it is soon accomplished, and I am once more safely landed at Exploit's Burnt Island. I held service in the church at 6 P.M., and on the following day at 11 A.M., when I had two baptisms, and at 6 P.M. called at Black Island, held service and baptized one infant. A crew put me on to Moreton's Harbour, and after an absence of more than three weeks I was restored in safety to my own home.

A recruit of three weeks was all that I took, and seizing the opportunity afforded me by a schooner in the bay, I determined to visit my flock without any delay. I was eight weeks accomplishing this second Visitation. This arose from the fact that I was not, as before, set down at the extreme point of my mission, but had to get there as best I could, and partly because my visit in each place was longer, and because I found out several places where I ought to have called before; and lastly, because the weather was more boisterous (for the season was somewhat advanced when I returned).

At present the prospect appears miserable. The whole of Notre Dame Bay at this moment presents the most gloomy scene. Miles and miles of ice—nowhere a drop of water to be seen—and a fleet of a hundred and fifty vessels—some burning—others thrown out on the ice—many more disabled—is all that meets the eye. Crew after crew are constantly arriving, having abandoned their vessels, seeking an asylum ashore. From what I am told, I fear this spring is likely to be the most disastrous ever known. No seals have been caught! The number of wrecks far exceeds that of 1862."

The mention in the last paragraph of this report of the utter failure of the fisheries is confirmed by the bishop, who wrote in much grief, at this time, of the misery and

privation entailed on the people, especially in the out-harbours. The steamers which had recently taken the place of sailing vessels in the seal-fishery came in very late, but without any seals: they had been blocked in the ice until the crews were nearly starved, and their wives and families on shore were in a corresponding condition.

The manner of life which prevails among the fishermen is fatal to thrift and prudence. The prevalence of what is known in England as the "truck system," must keep the people always in debt. The system, however, has been described by a writer who has been quoted more than once in these pages, and this is what Colonel Macrae says of it: <sup>1</sup>—

"The merchant is really no merchant here; that is, no fair speculator; he is simply a great commercial gambler. The planter or middleman imitates his superior on a smaller scale, and the ignorant fisherman follows suit as a matter of course. This system of trade, between the supplier and supplied, began in the first days of the settlement as a fishing colony, when goods, only to be procured from a few rich merchants at the summer stations, were necessarily taken in advance by the fishermen; and unhappily, the same plan of barter still exists, to the detriment of the morality and prosperity of the community. In short, the workman eats his bread before it is earned by the sweat of his brow, and it is not difficult to arrive at the result of such a plan. . . . In the spring, before the seal-fishery commences—in May, when the cod are coming in—in November, no matter whether the season has been favourable or not—the fisherman must have supplies for his family: his children must be fed. The merchant once embarked in such a business, has no choice but to continue, or to lose all. He must therefore charge awful profits to remunerate himself against such an awful risk."

A clergyman in the diocese writes:—"The risk of not

<sup>1</sup> *Lost Amid the Fogs*, p. 94.

being paid is so great, that the merchant charges enormous rates for his articles ; if he collects two-thirds, or even half, he does remarkably well. Thus one man pays up his account full rates, and another man pays nothing ; one man pays two-thirds, another one-third ; so that, to use a familiar Newfoundland expression, 'The honest man pays for the rogue.' ”

Those of the steamers which escaped came into harbour in June, but the bishop wrote:—"One had been lying on a pan of ice for weeks, the crew in her, or rather with her, as for a considerable part of the time she was lying on her side, and when they got her off she was 100 miles from shore. Of the vessels destroyed, some were crushed, it is said, under the men's feet, others were rafted over by the ice and submerged bodily. The men in some cases had to walk several miles across the ice to join other vessels."

How distressing these events were to the bishop and clergy who desired to make their own the calamities which befell their flocks, may well be imagined : and at the close of the year the Governor appointed a day of fasting and humiliation, in which to implore the Almighty to relieve the famine (for it amounted to famine) which afflicted the land. It serves to show the succession of calamities under which the land lay if it is mentioned that this was the second occasion in two years on which such a day had been observed by the joint authority of the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities.

As early in 1865 as it was possible to attempt navigation another clergyman was sent to the mission at Forteau on the Labrador which for a long winter had been vacant ; and at his wonted time the bishop himself set sail, this year intending to visit the north-east coast, specially the newly founded mission of White Bay and the Labrador. His experiences afloat and ashore are given with much more simplicity in his own language, than could be attained by a

summary made by another hand. The following letter was written when the *Hawk* was homeward-bound :—

“ THE CHURCH SHIP, WHITE BAY, 1865.

“ Mr. Temple’s people are all fishermen, and most of them of the very poorest class, very much owing to their ignorance and want of forethought. They are scattered in different and distant harbours, two, three, or four families in each, along one hundred and twenty miles of coast. Nearly all are professed members of our Church. Generally for four months, and frequently for five or six months, the bays are full of ice. Mr. Temple visits, as he can, each harbour in succession, and remains a week or ten days in each, content with such lodging and fare as the fisherman’s hut can supply, and during his stay instructing both old and young in ‘ the first principles of the doctrine of Christ.’ I joined Mr. Temple the first week in July, and with him on board my Church ship visited every harbour in his mission, and had the pleasure of finding four graveyards in different parts of the mission decently fenced and prepared for consecration, and in two harbours well-ordered candidates for Confirmation (eight in one and eighteen in the other). Mr. Temple is now thinking of extending his visit to Quirpon (the extreme northern point of Newfoundland), about sixty or seventy miles more of coast, containing many inhabited harbours, equally destitute of spiritual supervision and supply. His chief aim and object are to make these poor neglected people in some degree acquainted with the truths of the Gospel, and the things which every Christian ought to know and believe for his soul’s health, until some better, *i.e.* more constant, provision can be made, which is much to be desired. . . .

Mr. Rule has only this year gone to his mission. He will have in some respects a more difficult work than Mr. Temple’s, as many of his flock are Presbyterians (Free

Kirk), and there are also in the Bay of Islands many Roman Catholics. A kind lady in Jersey, who has largely assisted the clergy and their flocks on the Labrador, has put into my hands money for the erection of a church in the Bay of Islands.

Since visiting White Bay, I have been along the whole coast of Labrador in the Battle Harbour and Forteau Missions, and celebrated divine service in sixteen different harbours. In Battle Harbour I consecrated a new church and held Confirmation."

The voyage ended October 15th, having extended to the Labrador and north-east coast of Newfoundland. Six churches and eleven graveyards were consecrated, and Confirmation was administered in thirty-two settlements. With the winter of 1865-6, the bishop was again due at Bermuda, and the present visit was one of unusual importance. The following letter to the Rev. Canon Seymour will show how keen was the interest which he took in the affairs of the Church at home, and how intelligent his criticisms on the literature and doings of the period :—

“ BERMUDA, *Feb.* 7, 1866.

“ My dear Friend,—In the remote Bermudas (which Her Majesty's mails reach only once a month) I generally find, or make leisure, for discharging some arrears of correspondence. Not that I have nothing or little to do, in this smallest and most quiet of colonies (in which there are only nine parishes and ten churches, five rectors, and in all eight clergymen), but the work is not so pressing or the interruptions so frequent, as in the larger and more unsettled part of the diocese; and the longer interval between the arrival of the foreign mail lessens another occasion of anxious and laborious employment. It is now just a year since I received the last of your kind and acceptable

communications, which I can assure you (however appearances may be against me) I always hail with pleasure and thankfulness on many accounts, not the least important of which is the additional interest they give to your addresses and speeches in Convocation, as reported in the *Guardian*. I feel that it is very specially kind in you, while you have so many important subjects and objects which you are so zealously and usefully discussing and promoting in and for the Church at home, to bestow any thought, and much more any time and labour, on me and my small work. And I am always thankful for the information and instruction I derive from your reports and remarks. Among the last of your public speeches, which I have seen, was that on utilizing the cathedrals, which entirely, I think, agrees with my views of what should be done, where the cathedral staff is capable and the bishop has the necessary means and powers. But a still greater desideratum, as it appears to me (though perhaps I shall be accused of thinking too much of my own order) is an increase of the episcopate. If I, in my small (though in one respect very wide) sphere, find it impossible to give that attention to the clergy and their congregations (for the people are my chief care and concern) which they desire and deserve, how can bishops with 800 or 1,000 clergy, and nearly twice as many congregations, not sink under the care and responsibility; or how can they but expect that false apostles, deceitful workers, will arise to draw away disciples after them, even though they might give such an account of their labours and sufferings, as we read in the Epistle of last Sunday morning? for even the holy Apostle's 'more abundant labours' with prayers and fastings could not prevent the interference and intrusion, and the consequent separation and opposition. I do not know what the case is in England (I should very much like to know); but I believe in all the colonies, certainly in the North



American, the Methodists increase more rapidly than the Church people. The Congregationalists decline and diminish. The Presbyterians do not proselytize (though I believe the Free Kirk prey upon the Established Church much as the Methodists do on us, with the same profession of no difference). The Romanists gain only by marriage, and the influence of wives upon their husbands, or husbands upon their wives; but what they gain they keep, and generally the children go with the Roman Catholic parent, whether father or mother, merely, I believe, because the zeal in spirit is on that side. The Baptists in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are very powerful, but happily there are none, or at least no congregation of them, in my diocese—a wonderful circumstance, and no less wonderful comfort. I read with anxiety and alarm the proceedings (as reported or exhibited in the *Guardian*) of the ritualist and anti-ritualist parties; and my friend Chancellor Massingberd gives me in a letter a description of what he saw in a church in London, at which I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Yet much more do I deplore—because the error (as it seems to me) is in itself so much greater, though perhaps in its effects not so injurious—the teaching of the Professor of Ecclesiastical History and those who sympathize with him, who tells us (or, what is worse, his disciples) that ‘the fact that the whole Christian world has altered the creed of Nicæa and broken the decree of Ephesus’ (both which assertions are incorrect) is a decisive proof that common sense after all is the supreme arbiter and corrective, even of Œcumenical Councils. Here again if the matter were not so grave and sacred, one would be inclined to laugh at the combination of ignorance and conceit. There can, of course, be no question but the Professor, ‘after all’ considers his own common sense the supreme arbiter and corrective of Œcumenical Councils! *Quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt?*

How long will it be before common sense is made the arbiter and corrective of Holy Scripture—if it be not so reputed already? Can Colenso's discoveries be more sad or strange? I must confess that I have not read a line of his now (I believe) voluminous works, having neither time nor inclination to examine them carefully; and thinking it worse than useless to fill my mind with doubts and difficulties, which it might require more time and learning than I command to remove or resolve, though it is very easy to discover or create them. I must believe that they have been sufficiently answered, as far as necessary, or practicable, considering the antiquity of the record, and the impossibility of comparing it with any contemporary testimony or composition.

These circumstances—I mean the strange novelties in practice, and the bold innovations in doctrine—make me shrink from a much desired visit to my Fatherland and Mother Church, even more than the repulsive reflections upon colonial bishops, who, for the sake of their flocks, far more than for their own pleasure, seek comfort and counsel of or among their kinsmen after the flesh and brethren in the faith.”

On Easter Tuesday the bishop delivered his Charge to the Bermuda clergy, not concealing his opinion that the condition of the Church was neither gratifying nor encouraging. The possible action of the Legislature on whom the continuance of the clerical incomes depended, the temptation of the clergy to falter in their testimony and to emasculate their teaching—the growth of Wesleyanism, in no degree lightening the burden of the clergy, while its very increase testified to the insufficiency of their numbers—the position of the coloured population, the state of the Sunday Schools—the lax customs prevailing in regard to the celebration of marriages—which were celebrated in private houses, at uncanonical hours and by

the licence of the Governor, weighed heavily on the bishop's heart and led him to ask, "Is all Church feeling to die out in Bermuda?" Leaving matters of strictly local interest, the bishop alluded to the recently condemned works of Dr. Colenso, and "the kindred production" known as *Essays and Reviews*; but while warning the clergy against the denial, he bade them still more to guard themselves against the neglect, of the Revelation of God. "I should hardly know how to congratulate you on the absence of doubt and denial, if they are prevented only by neglect and indifference."

Scarcely less than the sin of creating doubts and difficulties in respect of the authenticity and authority of Holy Scripture seemed to the bishop the sin of "depreciating the decrees of Councils and Synods by which the Catholic Faith has been cleared and maintained." He then alludes to what had formed part of the letter given above, and writes:—

"With sorrow and shame I confess it, this error prevails in the writings and teachings of some, I cannot say learned, but, much admired professors of my own University. Thus writes Professor Stanley in his Lectures on the Eastern Church, 'the fact (?) that the whole Christian world has altered the creed of Nicæa and broken the decree of Ephesus, without ceasing to be Catholic or Christian, is a decisive proof that common sense is, after all, the supreme arbiter and corrector even of General Councils.' Common sense, it is sometimes said, is the most uncommon sense: but inasmuch as every man, or surely every professor, is supposed to possess it, it is easy to see what would become of our creeds and canons, if the decrees of Councils and Synods were subject to such correctives. To the same Professor we are indebted for the information that the 'Savoy was the cradle of the English Liturgy.' Those who remember the declaration

of the Divines assembled at the Savoy, on their separating, *re infectâ*, will acknowledge that a cradle rocked by such nurses would have been a very uneasy one, and that our Book of Common Prayer would have had small chance of coming out of it! I am persuaded that this laxity and latitudinarianism, grounded, as they commonly are, upon ignorance, are offences but one degree less injurious, while they are far more likely to be entertained, than the depreciation or disbelief of Holy Scripture, and it behoves us to be on our guard accordingly."

Returning to local matters, the bishop reprehended the diverse and irregular ways and hours in which baptism was administered—the neglect of pastoral visitation "from house to house and from cabin to cabin"—the lack of Church accommodation in consequence of seats being frequently sold—the absence of decorum in the conduct of divine service, the condition of the office-books in some of the churches, and other shortcomings. "I do not profess," he said, "to sympathize with that fear of giving offence, specially in those whose duty it is to reprove and rebuke, which passes by faults and failings, or extenuates them with an affectation of charity, where charity has no place. I venture to think, and to say, that this fear of giving offence, or, as I would call it, want of moral courage, is one of the evils of this colony, which it is your duty both by precept and example to correct."

Truly on this, as on all other occasions, the courageous prelate was consistent with himself: for having thus spoken plainly unpleasant truths, he concludes his Charge in the following words:—

"I end as I began: I am not sanguine: I entertain but little hope that all, or anything that I have said, will be of use. I wish I could have spoken better, and to better purpose. Perhaps it would have been better if I had spoken less, or less plainly; but when the heart is full

the mouth will speak—and mine, at least, will speak out. I have not refrained, and never will refrain, from telling you your duties and dangers, your failings and shortcomings, openly or privately, as the occasion may require and justify; and if in return I receive no thanks, but, as it may be, the reverse, I have the testimony of my conscience that, next to my care and concern for your people, and, let me add, not the least for the poor men of colour, I have no greater desire than to be useful and acceptable to you. In a few days (if it so please God) I shall have left you; and I never left you with greater pain and reluctance; not for any comfort or gratification I have had, or should expect to have, more than usual (God knoweth), but because I perceive and feel, more than ever before, your need of succour and sympathy, of help, direction, and superintendence.”

These were friendly smitings indeed, but the known consistency of the speaker gained for them an acceptance which a bishop less courageous, less outspoken, whose ideal was lower, and whose practice was in keeping with such ideal, would have looked for in vain.

In this year (1866), spite of the depressed condition of the colony and diocese, the bishop commenced an Endowment Fund for the Theological College, which from his first arrival in S. John's had been a favourite project. On it he had spent much of his own means, and still more of his time and labours; for many months at a time he had acted as vice-principal when the office was vacant or the holder of it absent in England. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had annually given the bishop 300*l.* for the maintenance of this institution, and with this sum he had wholly maintained six students, giving them food, lodging, and tuition, but always, it may be supposed, contributing something considerable from his own means; the college had now earned for itself the respect and

esteem of the diocese ; each student as he went forth from its walls well trained under the bishop's eye for the work of the ministry, was an additional testimony to its value ; and of the present clergy of the island, no small proportion had been educated in this modest college. In spite then of the inauspicious circumstances under which the appeal was made, the answer that was given by the laity was unmistakeable and hearty ; the start having been made in Newfoundland, the bishop came in the autumn to England to interest the friends who, after an absence of seven years, still remained to him. In time a total of 7,500*l.* was raised, which has placed the institution on a basis as firm as an endowment can afford ; as long as it honestly does its work, there is no reason to doubt the permanence of its revenue from this source ; and when an institution fails by its use of its funds to justify its possession of them, it is well and righteous that the power vested in all civil governments should relieve it of resources which are not producing their legitimate results.

In this year too he delivered his most famous Charge at S. John's. Although written so soon after the delivery of his Charge at Bermuda, and dealing, as was natural, with the same events of interest to the whole Church, there is only one instance of repetition, and that evidently by design ; and in this later utterance, the commanding ability, the practical wisdom, and tolerant spirit with which he dealt with questions that at home almost rent the Church in twain, must lead all to regret that the document was not more widely known in England. The whole address is so very characteristic of the bishop's character and genius that any memoir of his episcopate would be very incomplete which did not notice it at some length.

He began by expressing regret, that while the subjects which should engage the attention of such an assembly as a bishop and clergy in Visitation were now more

numerous and of greater interest than formerly, his own opportunities of studying and stating them had been fewer, while the manifold engagements of the clergy in their secluded but extensive missions had given them little leisure for mastering the various questions of the day. Describing the details of his labours on the Visitation of the previous year, the bishop alluded with satisfaction to the number of graveyards which he had consecrated, no fewer than four in one mission; he regarded "the desire to set apart a place for Christian burial as an approach to reverence for holy things, and to an appreciation, or at least apprehension, of the great doctrine of the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come; it is perhaps *the first step to be taken* in outward things in every new mission." The incursions of Wesleyans, who, ashamed of the position of a sect, affected, as other sects have done within the last few years, the title of "Church," was alluded to with regret, but not without an exposure of the worthlessness and presumption of the claims of this body to divinely-appointed orders and ordinances. For the avowal of separation now made, but for long desired, the bishop was thankful, "both on account of their congregations and our own;—on account of theirs, because there is more hope that the difference, being perceived and understood, may convince some of their error and danger; and of ours, because none can any longer doubt of the character and pretensions of modern Wesleyanism, or fail to perceive how unreal revivals are but efforts to recruit or sustain an unreal Church; and our duty in regard of both Wesleyans and our own congregations now is not to prove that there is a difference—for that is admitted or cannot be denied—but to show what the difference is, and wherein consists the error and danger of the separation." On this ground he bids the clergy study the principles and teaching of John Wesley, and acquaint themselves with the several degrees of departure

from his injunctions, by which his nominal followers have grown into "The Wesleyan Church!"

For the support of the majority of the clergy in his diocese the bishop mentioned (and the painful fact suppressed in his mind any feelings of congratulation at their numerical increase) that they were dependent "upon the shillings and pence of artizans and labourers in England, collected by persons on whom we have no claim, and whose work and labour of love is performed in our behalf on the supposition that our congregations cannot in truth provide for us—that is, for themselves. How far that supposition is correct is a question which ought to be asked and answered, if we are to maintain our standing and prosper in our work."

In regard to schools the bishop said, that with the exception of Sunday schools, as members of the Church of England they had none. Large legislative grants were made to the Colonial and Continental Church Society year after year for the support of their schools, "on the supposition that they are ordered and directed according to the rules and principles of the Church of England." How far that supposition was justified the bishop showed by his own experience. "I visited, as permitted by the rules of the Society, a school of girls; was kindly and respectfully received by the mistress, and was invited by her to examine a class; but when I would have gone forward for that purpose (and there are few duties in which I take greater pleasure), the mistress informed me, very properly, that the teacher of that class belonged to the Wesleyan Church! What could I do or say? Should I offend her feelings and convictions, or forget my own character and office? I thought it kinder to her and to her pupils, and better and safer for myself, to retire. I might, indeed, have asked some questions in grammar or arithmetic, or have propounded some general Bible truths; but how could I or



any clergyman, in such circumstances, have sustained the character or discharged the obligations of a minister of the Church of England?"

On the question, so much debated since the bishop's Charge was delivered, of the position of the celebrant at the time of consecration of the Holy Eucharist, the bishop's views were singular. He had no sort of doubt that what is known as the "eastward position" was the proper one, but he laid great stress on the people being able to see the manual acts of the priest. He said: "The action prescribed is one of sacred significance, and the people may desire and, I think, require to see it done." His custom from the commencement of his ministerial life was to stand facing east, but to turn towards the people during the actions of breaking the bread, *coram populo*, and of taking the cup into his hands.<sup>1</sup>

The judgments given in England in the Colenso case, which declared the Letters Patent creating dioceses, or appointing bishops with ecclesiastical jurisdiction in colonies possessing independent legislatures, to be *ultra*

<sup>1</sup> The bishop maintained his views with much ability in a correspondence in the *Guardian*. Probably his practice was in this respect singular, and it seems strange that one who was in all things so full of reverence should have thought it well to allow, and even to encourage, people to gaze on the manual acts of the priest at this most solemn function. It is interesting to compare with this the opinion of the late Bishop of Bombay, who dealt some years later (1874) with the same question:—

"I believe that the 'eastward position,' like the use of a special vestment, is at once in accordance with the Rubric and the most suitable expression of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, the priest, who thus stands representing the relations which he holds as the leader and representative of the people, going on as if in front of them into God's presence, and carrying them, in union with Christ, the sole High Priest, up to the very throne of God. And as for the common objection involved in the phrase 'turning his back upon the people,' it is enough to remind objectors, that colonels at the head of their regiments cast no insult on their soldiers when they go before them, nor those who head a charge, when they show the way to those who follow after."

*vires*, caused much consternation both at home and abroad. To the Bishop of Newfoundland they gave no alarm nor disquietude. The less a man understands or realizes the divine character of the episcopate and the priesthood, the more prone he is to seek for the support and the bondage of civil legislation; happily the abolition of letters patent, now accomplished, will tend to lead such persons to higher studies. How vain is all secular legislation when it enters into the province of ecclesiastical matters, the contradictions and absurdities, and even the scandals of so-called judgments, contradictory to each other and in defiance of the plain meaning of words, abundantly prove; only in what is known as consensual jurisdiction can we hope to find the discipline and subordination necessary for the well-being of the Church. Bishop Feild was quite content with this, and conceived that he had it. "On arriving in Newfoundland," he said, "I was owned and accepted by the clergy as their bishop; they submitting to me their Licences and Letters of Orders, and renewing the promise of canonical obedience; this, of itself, was and is sufficient; I wanted, and want, no other authority. As for the title, the coercive jurisdiction, as it is called, and other matters of that nature, said to be improperly granted by the letters patent, I require them not, being well persuaded that considerations of this kind did not enter your mind in making before God and the congregation that solemn declaration and promise, the Lord being your Helper, reverently to obey your Ordinary."

But after an episcopate of twenty-two years, the bishop looked to other bonds which in his case bound the clergy to himself, and with true feeling he added, "If I might venture in this much lower sense and application to adopt the words of an Apostle, I would say, 'If I be not a bishop unto others, yet doubtless I am to you.' To the large majority of you the office and work of a priest in

the Church of God were committed by my hands. From me you received authority to preach the Word of God, and to minister the Holy Sacraments in the congregation; and you cannot, I conceive, claim and maintain your authority, or exercise your office, without a due acknowledgment of the source from which they were derived, both your office and authority—or without a like acknowledgment of your obligations, I mean, of canonical obedience and submission. It would be very grievous to me to think that I am now addressing you as any officer of state; or that you receive my admonitions and advice only in that light and on that ground, or that we require or desire any other bond of union than that of our spiritual relationship.”

Descending to lesser matters, the bishop enjoined the clergy to notify, as directed by the Rubric, the Fasting days as well as the Festivals to be observed in the week following, and expressed a hope, that, as a few years previously Holy-days, now so generally observed, were unnoticed, so in time Fast-days would be as diligently kept; for “surely none can suppose that any branches or members of Christ’s Church on earth are entitled, and in a condition to keep Holy-days with feast and festival, without some corresponding seasons of fast and humiliation.”

On the subject of Confession, the bishop’s words were very plain and definite. He reminded the clergy of the invitation which they were instructed to make when giving warning of the celebration of the Holy Communion, and “I need scarcely add,” he said, “we are equally bound to hear and consider the grief of all who come in answer to that invitation. It is not with you a question of opinion, or of choice, but of duty; and shame to that minister who through ignorance or indifference shrinks from or neglects it. Does anyone who has received the authority

and commission hesitate in misconceived humility—thinking rather of himself than his Master, or of his own ability or inability rather than of the gift and grace of God,—does any minister of Jesus Christ hesitate, in his Master's name, to absolve the penitent?—and does he think nothing of pronouncing over the child conceived and born in sin, 'I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost'? Is it so much more presumptuous, when the same Lord has given us the commission to say, 'I absolve thee'? Did not the same Lord who said to his Apostles, 'Go ye and make disciples of all nations baptizing them,' say also to them, the same Apostles, 'Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them'?"

With regard to the "Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof," the bishop was clearly of opinion that it was "the intention, or rather perhaps the wish, of those who undertook the last revision of the Prayer-book to restore the symbolical ornaments of the church, and appropriate habits of the clergy, specially in the chancel and ministration of the Holy Communion." On this vexed question, to which he ascribed much less importance than has been assigned to it in this country, the bishop commended the counsels of him "whose white stole now hangs—shall I say mourns?—over his vacant stall in the church which he built by the proceeds of that book, from which thousands have learnt, and thousands in generations to come shall learn, to value and honour more and more all our Services for the Christian year. Hear his words, among the last which he wrote and published,—'On these and all like matters we shall perhaps do well to accept the counsel of our Church in her first reformed Liturgy concerning another main point of Christian discipline: Such as are satisfied with the more modern and plainer ritual not to be offended with them that adopt the

more ornate and symbolical requirements of the Rubric; they, on the other hand, who find comfort and edification in the ceremonies, to bear with their brethren, who, for various reasons, think best to dispense with them for the present.' ”

As has been already mentioned, late in the year 1866 the bishop came to England. He was a passenger on board the *Great Eastern* steamer, which had laid the Telegraphic Cable of 1866, and recovered and completed the cable of 1865. He preached a sermon on board, which he dedicated to Sir Daniel Gooch and the other directors of the Telegraph Company, the subject being *The dangers of man's wisdom and knowledge*. His days in this country were incessantly occupied with travelling and correspondence; for although it was hateful to him to stand on a platform, and he much preferred preaching in a village church, or talking to a few people in a schoolroom, yet in this instance the interests of his diocese were concerned, and he refused no possible invitations; he did not shrink from preaching in cathedrals and large churches, with the pecuniary results already mentioned, and much sympathy was thus evoked for the diocese in which he had laboured so continuously.

In December of this year he held an Ordination for the Diocese of Exeter, at the request of the aged Bishop Phillpotts.

## CHAPTER IX.

[1867-1871.]

“ Plain his garb,  
Such as might suit a rustic sire, prepared  
For Sabbath duties ; yet he was a man  
Whom no one could have passed without remark.”

WORDSWORTH.

DURING his sojourn in this country the bishop was enabled, with the consent of the Colonial Office and with the entire concurrence of Archbishop Longley, to obtain, what he had so long desired, the appointment of a coadjutor. “ I do not propose this arrangement,” he wrote, “ with any view of lessening my own residence or labour, but to enable me to render more and better service both in Newfoundland and in Bermuda, especially the latter, where grievous and just complaints are made of the insufficiency of my residence and service.” The complaints of the Bermudian Church the bishop admitted to be just ;— but few men in his position would have done so much, and it was hardly possible to have done more for this portion of the diocese than he did without neglecting the other and larger portion. It was his custom to spend from ten to twelve weeks in Bermuda every alternate year, and how zealously he devoted himself to the spiritual

needs of each parish and almost each separate soul during those sojourns has been many times mentioned in these pages. The population of the Bermudas numbers only 12,500, and it would be well if every group of parishes with such a population could enjoy the benefit of episcopal care to the extent which Bishop Feild bestowed on these islands.

In addition to obtaining the concession for which he asked, he was enabled to nominate his own coadjutor; and Archdeacon Kelly arrived in England in the summer, and was consecrated on August 25: he was the junior bishop present at the Lambeth Conference held in the following month. The great advantage thus acquired for the diocese was obtained only by Bishop Feild assigning 500*l.* per annum to his coadjutor: but as Bishop Kelly undertook the responsibilities connected with the Church ship and the Visitation voyages, which have since been made annually instead of in alternate years, the arrangement was a self-denying one on both sides, and equally creditable to the elder and the younger prelate.

In the spring of this year Bishop Feild was married to the widow of his well-loved friend and colleague, Jacob Mountain, a lady who, during the years of her widowhood, had pursued an active career of those works of beneficence and charity which she had commenced as a wife for the comfort of the poor of her adopted country. On his return to Newfoundland the bishop prepared for a voyage, which he alluded to as in all likelihood his "last Visitation." His anticipations were not realized, for he lived to again visit the barren coast of Labrador. An Ordination was held as usual on Trinity Sunday, and on July 1 the *Hawk* set sail. The voyage was unusually long and laborious, and twice the Church ship was on the rocks, but was got off without much damage. The bishop was now in his sixty-seventh year; but he appears to have set

out in good spirits, for, to a correspondent whom he reproached for having forgotten him, he wrote (June 25):—"It will be long before I can receive any more letters, for I am bound to the Bay of Islands, far out of postal reach, but there, and always, and everywhere, I am your sincere friend E. NEWFOUNDLAND."

The missions along the southern shore were visited in order. Channel was reached on July 21, but high winds prevented progress till the 24th, and then the bishop spent three days in an open boat visiting the different harbours, confirming in two, and consecrating a burial-ground in a third.

On the occasion of his first visit in 1845 not one person in Channel could be induced to receive the Holy Communion with him. On this occasion, at eight in the morning, there were forty-five lay communicants, and the Sunday previous, at the eleven o'clock service, the number was larger.

After a delay occasioned by high head-winds, the bishop sailed to Codroy, thirty miles to the west of Channel. Confirmation was here administered in the schoolroom. On August 2, the bishop reached the Bay of Islands, where he found the clergyman, the Rev. U. Z. Rule, in a miserable shed. There on Sunday, August 4, during a storm of wind and rain, he confirmed the first candidates presented by Mr. Rule, in a log-house, where worship was held till a church could be built, and it was now resolved that a clergyman's house should be built near to it.

A second Confirmation was held in the Bay of Islands, at "The Beach," in a half-finished schoolroom, on August 6; after which the Church ship proceeded to Shallow Bay, with a fair wind, and arrived early the next morning. In entering the harbour, the passage being narrow and winding, the Church ship got fast upon the rocks, and remained in that uncomfortable berth upwards



of two hours. This was somewhat alarming, because of the distance (upwards of 500 miles) from S. John's, and the impossibility of prosecuting the Visitation should any long detention ensue. As, however, the tide was low, it was thought best to await the flow before making any attempt to draw the vessel off. The bishop and his friends went on shore for Morning Prayer and the consecration of a graveyard; and just before landing from their boat had the satisfaction of seeing the good Church ship again afloat. Morning Prayer was said in a commodious room, and a graveyard, neatly fenced, was consecrated. Evening Prayer was said in the same house, and the bishop preached. In this house, belonging to a fisherman, an English gentleman was residing, who, having come to the country to collect specimens of interest to naturalists, had unfortunately been so severely frost-burnt, from getting water in his boot, in the month of February, that he had lost all the toes of one foot, and had been laid up ever since; he was then unable to move without a crutch. This trial turned out to the advantage of the poor people among whom he dwelt during the six months of his confinement, as he kindly read the prayers of the Church and a sermon in the house every Sunday. It was singular that this gentleman had brought from a common friend a letter of introduction to the bishop written a year ago, which he had never till then had an opportunity of presenting.

On the following day the Church ship, having apparently received no injury, retraced her steps to Bonne Bay, an intermediate station in the Bay of Islands mission, and again, in a fog, struck on a rock with considerable violence, but happily at once passed over it, and again, as it appeared, received no injury. At Bonne Bay, on Friday August 9, Confirmation was celebrated on board the Church ship for the first time in this voyage, there being as yet no schoolroom or other house convenient for the

service. Here the bishop parted from Mr. Rule, leaving him alone (yet not alone) to prosecute his work and labour of love far from every eye but that of his Heavenly Master, and of the poor members of his flock.

On Sunday, the 11th, the bishop conducted services at Lark Harbour. At 2 A.M. on Monday, 19th, having reached Sandy Point, he held a Confirmation in the afternoon. Many of the candidates were absent, as the bishop had been expected some days earlier, but had been weather-bound. Some of the absent ones had gone to Halifax, others to the fishing-ground, and some on the opposite side of the harbour could not cross against the wind. The bishop was unsuccessful in four attempts to continue his voyage, always being forced by the weather to put back; and on Sunday, 25th, he confirmed most of those who were unable to be present on Monday. After more delay from the weather, the *Hawk*, on the 28th, reached Barrachoix. At the central settlement there was Morning Prayer and Confirmation, and a graveyard was consecrated. The bishop wrote:—

“All the inhabitants of these very beautiful and apparently fertile settlements are, it is believed, members of the Church of England; and, according to their means and opportunities, faithful and religious in their adherence. It would have been a real gratification to have remained longer with and among them in their pleasant and picturesque locality, and to have ministered with some better effort to their spiritual wants, but the receding tide made it necessary to return to the Church ship, which was tumbling about in the bay; and leaving the Rev. H. Lind in the happy valley, surrounded by his faithful flock, we were put on board, again to encounter the relentless south-west wind. This continued during the remainder of that and the two following days. On the evening of Wednesday, a vessel, evidently abandoned, was seen to go down, only a

short distance from the Church ship, and some of her gear and furniture floated close alongside. Next day, in a squall, a small schooner was capsized close to the Church ship, and went down so rapidly that the crew had scarcely time to get into their boat, which floated off the deck. They had neither sail nor oar, and if the wind had not providentially changed, must have been driven out to sea."

On October 17, the bishop returned thanks in the cathedral for his safe return. The perils of the voyage had been unusually great, and the temporal condition of the diocese was sad in the extreme. The fisheries had been everywhere deficient, with the exception of the Labrador coast. From this region the ships were returning with their holds well filled, and the fishermen anticipating an easy winter, when a hurricane caught them on October 9, and the loss of life as well as of property overwhelmed the whole population with grief and poverty. The Government sent steamers to bring away the shipwrecked survivors from the different islands on which they had been cast, and supplied food and clothing to a large portion of the population.

In December the bishop went to Bermuda, leaving the coadjutor-bishop at S. John's. The severity of weather and scarcity of food which had been so terribly felt in the autumn culminated in the winter. In February the steamers were ready to start for the ice-fields in search of seals; the accustomed "Ice-hunting Sermons" were preached; and when the first of the ships returned with their unsavoury cargoes the hungry poor struggled eagerly for the edible part of the seals, which, spite of its repulsive appearance, was very acceptable when in every house there was a cry for bread.

The bishop's stay in Bermuda was protracted to an unusually late period in this year, and on Ascension Day he held a Visitation of the clergy of the island, the first

time that he had kept that festival in the island for thirteen years. According to the precedent of former years, a Charge would not have been expected from the bishop until 1870, but he gave several reasons for deviating from the practice of the past :—

“(1) That having now entered upon the twenty-fifth year of his episcopate, he felt constrained to avail himself of each passing opportunity, (knowing that many more could not be granted him,) of speaking a word of brotherly counsel or admonition. (2) That this being the first anniversary of the consecration of Trinity Church, he had been privileged to be present at, after a lapse of thirteen years, and also, and especially, as being the great festival of our Lord’s Ascension to Heaven, he was anxious to do all honour to the Holy Day, and make profit of the occasion, by partaking with them of the great feast of joy and fellowship, the Holy Communion of Christ’s Body and Blood. (3) That having since his last visit to Bermuda enjoyed the benefit and blessing of witnessing the wonderful improvements going on in the churches at home, he hoped to make a brief account of what he had seen and heard both interesting and instructive. (4) And especially, that the doubts and difficulties of late raised about episcopal rights and powers in the colonies seemed to make it necessary, or expedient, that he should state and explain to them the grounds on which, (while willing to renounce all civil or secular jurisdiction and authority, till recognised by the colony,) he still expected, as their chief pastor, their promised ‘due and canonical obedience.’”

He congratulated the island on the prospect of the early completion of a new church, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, impressed on the consciences of Church people the necessity of providing for religious education, and asked for assistance towards the endowment of the Theological College at S. John’s, in which one of the most highly esteemed of the

Bermuda clergy had been educated, and other natives of the island now labouring in Labrador and Newfoundland had received their training. The summer was one of unusual activity with both bishops, and from this time the Visitations have been made annually instead of every alternate year. The coadjutor-bishop set out, as soon as Bishop Feild returned from Bermuda, on a voyage round the island and along the Labrador coast, while the bishop, after presiding at the annual meeting of the Church Society, made a Visitation of Harbour Briton and Fortune Bay. From August 19 to September 7 the bishop was engaged in holding Confirmations; the weather was very rough, and against several lists of catechumens the missionary had been compelled to write, "too much wind," in explanation of their absence. On September 20, the bishop returned to S. John's, and on S. Matthew's Day held an Ordination in the cathedral. In the following month he heard of the decease of the Rev. Canon Hawkins, who has fitly been called "The Founder of the Colonial Episcopate." The following letter shows forth the tender side of the bishop's character, and displays the intensity of friendship and sympathy of which he was capable:—

"S. SIMON AND S. JUDE, 1868.

"How can I express the grief and dismay with which I read in the papers the announcement of the death of my dear, kind friend—the friend of all colonial bishops and clergy—Canon Hawkins, to whom not I only, but all the Churches in the colonies, owe more than can be told or known till his labours and prayers, with their effects and results, are published before angels and men, in the great day of recompense. For myself, as I believe and willingly confess that I owe my honourable station and opportunities of usefulness to his partiality, and he has, ever since my appointment, counselled and assisted me in every doubt and difficulty, both in his responsible and laborious office of

secretary, and, to his power, subsequently, I seem to have lost more than a faithful friend and dear brother; for from neither of these would I expect the help, counsel, and encouragement I have for a quarter of a century invariably received at his hands. *Felix opportunitate mortis*—taken away from evil which *is* come, rather than from evil *to* come; for how must his meek and righteous soul have been grieved and vexed by the divisions and discord which have arisen in some of the churches over which he watched and prayed with most earnest, and increasing, and affectionate solicitude! Surely, if ever the words from Heaven might be safely applied to any mortal's departure from this naughty world, they might and should be to our dear brother's—'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.' I trust that some appropriate memorial may be thought of, to testify our grateful regard and esteem, to which I should consider it a privilege to be allowed to contribute. Though, as I observed this morning in my sermon on S. Simon and S. Jude, if the effects of holy labours and services remain, we may be content that the deeds, as those of the apostles of this day, be all forgotten. Somewhere on the walls of S. Paul's Cathedral it is written in honour of the builder, '*Si monumentum requiras circumspice,*' and a wide and wonderful sight it is; but to those who require or desire a monument to the builder of the Colonial Church it may be said, 'Look round the whole earth;' for I believe in every land and country under British rule you may see the blessed effects of his work and labour of love."

In the autumn of this year the See of Montreal became vacant by the death of Bishop Fulford. The Bishop of Montreal is, by virtue of his position, Metropolitan of Canada, and the prelates of that province endeavoured to persuade Bishop Feild to leave his poor diocese for the less

laborious and more important position which was vacant. The offer was creditable to those who made, as to him who received it, but it was never seriously entertained. To live and to die Bishop of Newfoundland was all that he desired.

Even at this late season of the year there was no rest allowed to the bishop. Having made one autumnal voyage to the westward, he was now to make another to the northward: to the enforced leisure of his sojourn at Twillingate his friends were indebted for several letters, two of which are here printed. The first, to the Rev. Canon Seymour, describes one of the older missions of the diocese, and, still more, the activity of the now no longer middle-aged bishop; the second, by its playful tone, shows how the bishop's spirits rose and his heart opened when he could write freely to one who was worthy of his full confidence:—

*To the Rev. Canon Seymour.*

“ TWILLINGATE, Nov. 14, 1868.

“ My dear Friend,—As you received my communication from Great S. Lawrence so kindly, I hope you will not be displeased at being addressed from another out-harbour, somewhat further from S. John's, and in a very different as well as more distant locality. I must premise, however, that there is nothing of special interest in Twillingate, the place in which I am now staying, and from which I hope very shortly to escape. Twillingate is one of the oldest settlements in Newfoundland on the N.E. coast, about 200 miles north of S. John's. Two hundred miles seem nothing in England, where you can go that distance from almost any village to any other in less than a day; but it is different in a country where there are no roads, and where the journeys must be performed by sea, when time and weather will serve, and sometimes when neither will

serve. I am now in great doubt how and when I shall get back to S. John's, having no vessel at my command, and as people here say it is terrible late for his lordship to be knocking about on the coast, (a woman in the neighbourhood once told me that her daughter was a terrible girl to say her Catechism), the people marvel to see me here, and it is an event which requires some explanation. A copper mine was discovered a few years ago, and is now being successfully worked in this (Notre Dame) Bay, and having received some encouragement from the proprietors, I took the first opportunity to make it the centre of a new mission, thus dividing a mission which extended ninety miles along the coast, and contained six settlements with churches, and as many more without churches, all to be visited, and ministered to, or in, by one clergyman. As I could only spare a young newly ordained deacon, I thought it might be of some use and a comfort to him, if I were to accompany and settle him.

This I did last week, conveying or accompanying him from S. John's in a little dirty tug steamer, hired by the proprietor for the purpose of bringing away one of the partners, he paying for it 20*l.* a day for six days (120*l.*), a missionary's year's income! Said partner might have come away in one of his own vessels for nothing. Having accomplished my object, I asked to be landed at this place (about fifty miles from the mission) which is the residence of the Rural Dean, who was not a little surprised, and not less, I believe, gratified, when I walked up to his door, and proposed to remain with him a few days. He had not the least idea of my being in the neighbourhood, or indeed of my being absent from S. John's. You can hardly understand the condition and feelings of a clergyman, who does not see or expect to see, a brother clergyman for perhaps six months, or it may be much longer, or to hold other intercourse with his brethren, and consequently you



do not think much of the bishop coming unexpected and unattended, to be his guest and assistant. I arrived here on a Saturday, and on the following day I celebrated and, assisted by the Rural Dean, administered to sixty-eight communicants the Holy Sacrament, and preached for him at his service. The church here is the first I ever consecrated. It was built, unfortunately, a few years before I came to Newfoundland, on the then most approved plan, galleries on three sides, no chancel, the pulpit and prayer-desk in front of the altar; but its construction, still more its situation in the churchyard, will I fear for ever prevent improvement, and the means of the people are so much reduced that, if alteration were ever so easy, they would not attempt it. Also here, as elsewhere, of their own-selves, men arise, speaking perverse things to draw disciples after them. Twillingate was first peopled, and has been always chiefly occupied by emigrants, or rather adventurers, from Dorsetshire, and two merchants from Poole made considerable fortunes, by selling goods dear, and purchasing fish and furs cheap. But all this is gone by. Their monopoly has been interfered with by traders and others, furs have become scarce, fish and oil are no longer plentiful or cheap as formerly. The old establishments are almost closed, their owners have given up the business, and let their houses to young adventurers, who generally are dissenters, whereas the former merchants, and nearly all their clerks and agents, were old-fashioned churchmen. This is one of the ways in which our Church is now divided and desolated. From its connection Twillingate has been called the next parish to Poole. It is a beautifully romantic place. The missionary's house is sufficiently comfortable, and he has a garden and glebe, and if he had a better arranged church, and means of living independently of S.P.G., he might be very happy as well as very useful. I have now been here six days, and know

not when or how I shall be able to return to my home and my wife, who had no idea of my remaining absent so long, as neither had I when I left S. John's. I shall probably return in some vessel laden with fish. Winter has already set in, or at least come in, for it has been snowing, more or less, every day this week. But my visit has been very gratifying to me, and among other reasons, because it has enabled me in some sort to discharge my obligations to you for your instructive and interesting letters, or at least to acknowledge them, and to ask and hope for another when you are charitably disposed. I should very much like to know, whether the Conferences, established or set on foot by the Bishop of Lichfield, came up to your views and wishes in reference to Diocesan Synods. Are these Conferences open to the public, and are ladies permitted to attend? If so, I confess I have little hope of any good practical results. . . ."

*To the Rev. Julian Moreton.*<sup>1</sup>

"TWILLINGATE, Nov. 23, 1868.

"My dear Julian,—I rejoiced greatly to hear of your well-deserved promotion to a more agreeable, as well as a more remunerative, station. May it be everything you wish to and for yourself, and those who are nearest and dearest to you. I was much interested by your mention of Sir Harry and Lady Ord; to the latter I wrote, about a year ago, under the less distinguished appellation of Mrs. Ord. I believe that when I wrote the Governor had not received his title, as I certainly should not have wilfully been guilty of neglecting to recognize a well-merited dis-

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Julian Moreton, having for many years held the extensive mission of Greenspond on the east coast of Newfoundland, was obliged to seek a warmer climate, and accepted first the consular chaplaincy at Labuan, and subsequently a similar appointment at Penang.

inction; but I think that Lady Ord is not a person to be offended by such an omission. You will find her, I am sure, always desirous and ready to promote, according to her means and knowledge, the cause of religion and virtue, and I trust her example may have the same or like beneficial effect in your Governor's present enlarged sphere of action as it had in Bermuda.

I presume you will now have, of necessity, occasion to disprove the truth or importance of the maxim, *οὐδέν χωρὶς ἐπισκόπου*; for you will, *nolens volens*, do 'everything without a bishop;' for, as the lawyers say, '*de non apparentibus, et non existentibus eadem est ratio.*' You cannot take much account of an overseer who is never seen. Why should not you be the first Bishop of Penang?<sup>1</sup> I presume you would not have much occasion or opportunity to exercise 'coercive discipline,' which appears, in the present day, the great evil (!) of episcopal authority or jurisdiction. Some years ago our brother Gifford<sup>2</sup> proposed or suggested to me that I should aspire to the then to be created Bishopric of Dunedin, intimating that I should have only two clergymen besides himself in my diocese, and little, therefore, to trouble me. It appears, however, that three or half a dozen clergymen can give as much trouble as, perhaps more than, three-and-thirty or six-and-sixty, or, at least, can as effectually as the larger number resist or refuse the bishop's rule, or the bishop himself. Therefore do not be too sure of having a quiet reign or possession, even as Bishop of Penang.

If you remember the position of Twillingate you may be surprised to find that I am resident, or commorant, here at this late season, far from my house and home. And you

<sup>1</sup> The Straits' Settlements are now under the Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. A. Gifford, first missionary in Labrador, now of Oamuroo, Dunedin, New Zealand.

will be more surprised when you learn that I have been here upwards of a fortnight. The reason of the prolonged residence is merely this, that, like Sterne's starling, 'I can't get out.' The weather for the last fortnight has been so exceedingly and exceptionally stormy and severe that it has been impossible, or at least it would have been highly prudent, to attempt to leave. Thus I have been for a fortnight and more, and still am, Mr. Boone's guest. For nearly ten days in last week and the preceding it snowed more or less every day, with violent gales from the N.W., and yesterday with quite a winter's drift from the N.E. The steamer (*Ariel*) which now carries the mails, was detained two or three days in S. John's, and, on her passage, three days at Greenspond. She arrived here yesterday morning, and had to remain the whole day, all in consequence of the storms. To-day she is gone farther north to Tilt Cove, to which I must introduce you in explanation of my being in this neighbourhood. A few years ago copper was discovered at the aforesaid Tilt Cove by Mr. C. F. Bennett, and the mine is now being worked with profit, and several hundred people are settled there. Having received encouragement from Mr. Bennett, I determined to make this place the centre of a new mission, thus dividing the mission of Moreton's Harbour, which extended along ninety miles of the coast, and had in it six settlements with, and as many more without, churches, &c. Accordingly on the 2nd of this month I conveyed a newly-ordained deacon (Mr. Lockward) to the place, and having settled him there, I thought it would be pleasant and profitable to pay Mr. Boone a visit. He was much surprised, and I hope I may say not less gratified, when I walked up unannounced and unattended to his door and proposed to remain with him a few days; for he had no idea of my being absent from S. John's. I arrived on a Saturday, and the next day I celebrated, and with Mr. Boone's assistance, administered

to sixty-eight communicants the Holy Communion, and preached for him at each service. I hoped to have got away in two or three days, at least as far as Fogo, but I have never been able to leave the place, and when I shall reach S. John's and my home (if ever) is quite uncertain. The only news I have heard since my departure (and that indirectly, for my wife has not been able to communicate with me), is that my house was entered by thieves the night after I left.

You have heard of my now being blessed with a coadjutor and coadjutrix, both perfect in their kind. Hoping that all your blessings are and will be continued to you (also perfect in their kind) and praying to be most kindly and affectionately remembered, and that you may be as useful as, and, if need be, more happy than, in any former place of your ministry,

I remain, always truly yours,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.'

Another very severe winter now began to descend on the poor people, and in S. John's the inhabitants, with the bishop at their head, hired two large rooms, in one of which they employed women and girls, and in the other boys, giving them for their work only bread and tea morning and evening. It was to the absolute destitution that existed among the poor that the bishop attributed the entry forcibly made into his house during his absence at Twillingate; on one occasion 200 men came from one of the out-harbours and marched in a body to Government House, demanding relief. At best their earnings are small. For a summer's work on the Labrador, the men will earn from 18*l.* to 20*l.* currency, and the girls and women from 5*l.* to 8*l.*, diet in both cases included. They leave about the first or second week in June, and return at the end of September or beginning of October.

In the spring of this year the bishop had to suffer the pang of parting from his beloved Church ship. No sailor ever felt more sincere attachment to his vessel than the Bishop of Newfoundland entertained for the *Hawk*: for almost a quarter of a century she had gone on her errands of mercy, and although her voyages were encompassed by perils far more than ordinary, she had never once received any serious damage. Every one who knows what a coasting schooner of fifty-six tons is like, will not deem such a craft a luxurious home on the wild waters, and amid the floating icebergs of Newfoundland and Labrador; but the bishop was never weary of expressing his gratitude for the abundant accommodation which he enjoyed; to him the *Hawk* was a real friend; she was constantly mentioned in his letters as “*δεξιὸς ὄρνις.*” “*Sacer ales ab alto Accipiter,*” and in other terms of affectionate eulogy. One of the clergy who accompanied him in several of his earlier voyages, writes to me:—“The bishop seemed always happy and contented on board the old *Hawk*, and enjoyed pacing the deck in the summer’s twilight, singing aloud the fifteenth and the thirty-fourth Psalms, which were his especial favourites.” And now the ship, almost sacred in the eyes of her owner, had to be parted with. He wrote,—“After so many years of wear and tear, and so many encounters with rocks and ice, the *Hawk* is not considered entirely seaworthy, or in other respects fitted for the service; the coadjutor bishop is therefore having a new Church ship built in Nova Scotia.” The *Star* was mainly built by friends of Missions in England, mainly through the efforts of Rev. M. K. S. Frith of Allestree. Afterwards, when the wrench had been made, and the *Hawk* was sold, he wrote,—“The *δεξιὸς ὄρνις* has sunk into a trading vessel! *βέβακ’ ὄλβος βέβακε Τρῶια.*”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Eurip., *Troades*, 582.

The lengthening days, and the gradual disappearance of the more alarming signs of famine, led the bishop to address to each of his clergy a circular letter, which he called his "Poor Pastoral." The letter proves that he had no unsound views of political economy, and that the experiences which he had gained at Kidlington nearly forty years before were not forgotten by him.<sup>1</sup>

On July 21, the coadjutor-bishop started on a Visitation of White Bay and the Labrador stations. The departure was an event of singularly painful interest: it was the first voyage of the new Church ship, the *Star*, and it was also the first voyage of the Bishop coadjutor. Evensong was sung in the cathedral, and the whole congregation adjourned to the harbour, and many of them to the ship. First among them was the venerable bishop, now resigning to younger hands the work which for twenty-five years had occupied so much of his thoughts and prayers. He said a few touching words to the company assembled in the cabin, expressive of the deep interest with which he saw the continuance, by another bishop in a new ship, of the labours which he had so long, and by God's providence so happily, carried on in the well-known *Hawk*. Prayers were said, and, in accents broken by intense emotion, the bishop gave his blessing, and then the order was given to weigh anchor: the *Star* seems to have succeeded to the honourable service of the *Hawk*, and, for this voyage at least, to her immunity from danger. Many a remote settlement was visited, many a Christian soul comforted amid the temptations which isolation too surely brings, and on October 16 the vessel was at her moorings in S. John's.

During the absence of Bishop Kelly, the death of a valued clergyman, under the circumstances detailed in the following letter, caused the bishop to hasten from the capital, as was

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix A.

ever his wont, to the scene of suffering and sorrow, and where his ministrations were especially needed and welcomed. From Bay de Verd he wrote:—

“BAY DE VERD, *Sept.* 11, 1869.

“The occasion of the place of dating this letter is a melancholy one. The Rev. Oliver Rouse, who has been for many years (twenty-three) missionary here, was taken from us after a very short illness, by typhus fever (which has here the sadly suggestive name of famine fever), contracted in visiting some very poor parishioners lately returned to their home from S. John’s. He died on Sunday last, and Bay de Verd is so cut off from communication with, though not very far distant from (forty miles) every other mission, that no clergyman or friend could visit him in his sickness, or attend his funeral. The Order of Burial was read in the churchyard (for it was not thought right to take the body into the church) by a fisherman, one of his own flock, in the presence of, I believe, nearly all his parishioners of Bay de Verd, and many of his Roman Catholic neighbours, by all of whom he was much respected; and most deservedly so, for while labouring earnestly and faithfully for his own congregations and his own Church, he has ‘followed peace with all men,’ and in various ways made himself useful to all. He was under fifty years of age, and quite equal to his work and duty (indeed he was actively engaged in it), till taken down by this virulent disease. I gladly availed myself of an unexpected opportunity of coming here in a steamer from S. John’s yesterday (Friday), to comfort the sorrowing widow, family, and flock, and to minister to them on the first Sunday after their heavy trial—or rather in their heavy trial, for it is not a past or passing one.”

In October the bishop set out for Bermuda, but not yet



were all the calamities of this most calamitous year exhausted. From Halifax he wrote :—

“ November 2, 1869.

“ I little thought that I should be followed to Halifax by sad intelligence from Newfoundland—the saddest that ever followed, I might almost say that ever reached me. The cable this morning, *horæ momento* as it were, has brought the news of the death of perhaps the most active and useful of the clergy of Newfoundland, and in a sudden and awful way. Mr. Le Gallais, of Channel, perished in a gale of wind of October 27, the day before I left S. John’s. I have no particulars, the message by the cable being necessarily limited to a few words. The message was sent by Bishop Kelly, merely mentioning the fact and adding a question, which, alas! I cannot answer, ‘What can be done for Channel?’ The fact and the question are alike, if I may not say equally, distressing. Alas! I can only weep and pray: weep for our loss, and pray God to send us relief in His own way and time. Is it not strange that Newfoundland has been deprived of six clergymen in as many months—three by death, one now in a dying state? Did such a sweep ever before occur in any colonial diocese? We have only one person, and he ordained only in September last, available for these, that is for one of these, vacancies. Need I add how much we need, how much we desire, sympathy and succour? The vacancy in the Labrador cannot be filled, for no one can be sent thither, before May or perhaps June in next year, but the others are accessible until the end of this year.”

In the midst of these calamities it must have been a satisfaction to the bishop to feel that the widows of three of these clergymen would receive a pension for life from the Clergy Widows’ and Orphans’ Fund founded by his provident care some years before.

During the comparative leisure which Bermuda with a monthly mail afforded, the bishop was able, as usual, to pay long-owing obligations to correspondents. In January, 1870, he wrote a long letter to the Rev. Canon Seymour, from which the following extract is of more than local or passing interest:—

. . . “ I observed in the *Guardian* some months ago that you had undertaken to advocate, in Convocation, Bishop Oxenden’s motion or movement for a third service, I presume on Sundays. I read your remarks with great attention and gratification, but the subject is a delicate and a difficult one. I imagine the general wish would be to have an additional evening service, and I doubt whether this is necessary or desirable. I think I may take for granted that an additional evening service would not be required or desired in country places, and I can hardly perceive any objection to repeating the Order for Evening Prayer in any parishes. People would hardly, in any case, come to evening prayer twice, and by repeating the Order you would give parties who could not join at one hour the opportunity of joining at another hour; and I greatly fear, that by giving a ‘more attractive’ and later service you would bring the Order of Evening Prayer into less esteem and observance than, unhappily, is done already. If I made any alteration in, or addition to, the afternoon services, I would still wish that the last Evening Service should be our Order of Evening Prayer. But in general I do not approve the preference now given to late evening services, and the means used to make them specially ‘attractive.’ These objections do not apply to an additional morning service, which in towns and large country parishes might be introduced with great propriety and, I should hope, advantage. In the Roman Catholic Cathedral in S. John’s there are services on Sundays at 7, 8, 10, and 12 o’clock. No doubt we may, and should, lament that in the

evening the lads skate or play at football; but is there not some danger of our late services degenerating into show and amusement?

. . . . "I quite agree with you in the propriety of adding some extra ceremonial to the commemoration of 'The Lord's death' in the holy Sacrament of His appointment, and that the addition may be, perhaps should be, in the priest's vestments as well as in the ornaments of the chancel and altar. I said as much in my last Charge to the clergy of Newfoundland. But in all these (and especially I think in the ornaments of the minister) great care should be taken not to exaggerate and not to 'please ourselves,' and I should be glad and thankful if such matters could be settled in 'a lawful assembly.'"

In June the bishop held the usual Quadrennial Visitation in S. John's. The meeting was of unusual importance; for out of it grew the movement for the endowment of the See, now happily accomplished, and for the establishment of Synodical action, which was, with the cordial approbation both of clergy and laity, fully launched into being in the following year. The coadjutor-bishop made a long Visitation, supplying for five weeks the vacant mission at Battle Harbour. The material prospects of the diocese were gloomy towards the end of the year; the failure of one or two commercial firms had a serious effect on the finances of the clergy and their people; and the withdrawal of the last remnants of the military, who had not only encouraged trade, but had given to the society at S. John's the tone which a number of officers with their families might be expected to impart, was felt to be a serious loss both financially and socially.

The year 1871 was passed by the bishop in S. John's until in the late autumn he went to Bermuda. On the approach of Lent he put forth the following simple rules

for the observance of that season throughout the diocese—rules so entirely in accordance with the spirit of the Church, and so easy to be observed by all, that they may fitly find a place here:—

“ Rules for the Observance of Lent, 1871.—The Fast of Lent being intended for the deepening of our repentance and the quickening of our whole spiritual life, should be observed,

1. By devout attendance, at least once a day, on the Public Services of the Church; if possible in the morning, as involving more self-denial.

2. By strict self-examination and additional private devotions. It would be found useful to repeat each day one or more of the Penitential Psalms, viz. vi., xxxii.-xxxvii., li., cii., cxxx., cxliii.

3. By a daily act of self-mortification. Those who cannot forego a meal may choose plainer food, avoiding all luxuries.

4. By increased alms-giving, where possible, as the result of self-denial.

5. By abstaining from giving, or accepting, invitations to parties of pleasure.

6. By trying to do some work of mercy to the soul or body of another, as, for instance, assisting or comforting a needy or sick person, or bringing one careless or worldly to think of holy things and attend the Services of the Church.

The clergy will gladly receive all who may require special counsel and advice after any of the services.”

There was no diminution in the amount of services which the bishop personally rendered; he was wont to describe himself as the only idle clergyman in the diocese, and in this capacity he seems now to have taken the place of an invalid clergyman. He wrote on June 10, 1871:—

"On Sunday last I took Mr. Hutchinson's duty, and for the first time in my episcopal life performed all the usual and unusual Sunday services alone. I opened the Sunday school at 9 A.M.; performed two full services, morning and evening, with two sermons; celebrated and administered Holy Communion in the morning, baptized a child and churched a woman in the evening. Two days after I entered upon my seventieth year—a green old age!"

The following month witnessed the formal establishment of the Synod which had been resolved on at the Visitation of the previous year. The coadjutor-bishop had again started on a voyage of Visitation, which came to a disastrous end, for the *Star*, so recently built for the service of the diocese, was wrecked on the south coast, and the bishop and crew were rescued only by great efforts. The ship was insured for barely half her value, and there was great doubt of its being possible to replace her. Kind friends, however, made liberal offers; and their subscriptions, amounting to about 1,000*l.*, form a small endowment fund for the maintenance of the ship. Thus there was good ground for thinking that the Visitations by sea would not have to be abandoned, when the munificence of one person set at rest all anxieties on this score before many months had passed away.

## CHAPTER X.

[1872-1876.]

“ How beautiful your presence, how benign,  
Servants of God! who not a thought will share  
With the vain world; who, outwardly as bare  
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE stay in Bermuda on this occasion was unusually protracted, but it was only in the interests of the Church that the bishop stayed so long amid the tropical heats of these islands. His work during this period is described at length in the following letter to Canon Seymour:—

“ BERMUDA, *April 19, 1872.*

“ My dear Friend,—I am now acting as rector of two parishes, and have so been acting in sole charge for the last three months, and one of these parishes, the largest and most important in Bermuda; this has come upon me in consequence of the somewhat sudden death (after a fortnight's illness) of the rector of the parish in which I reside; and there being no other *idle* clergyman in Bermuda, I could not do otherwise than offer to take charge of his two parishes and two churches, the latter four miles apart.

I undertake, and have hitherto, by God's great mercy, been enabled to perform, all the duties of the parish priest—two full services every Sunday, with baptisms and burials, visiting the sick, &c. Among other duties, I have had to instruct and prepare the candidates for Confirmation in this parish, whom I afterwards confirmed, nearly fifty in number, and I have had my Confirmations as usual. In Passion Week I preached ten times in eight different churches, addressed candidates and confirmed them in six churches, instructed my own candidates, confirmed them, and baptized one infant and buried another, both of the negro tribe. On Easter Sunday I took chief part in an early celebration, assisted by one clergyman; took the whole service with second celebration at 11 o'clock, and the whole evening service in my other church, in each unassisted. After long disuse I find it difficult to administer both the bread and cup to many communicants, and I do not wonder at Roman Catholics, who get or give themselves easy dispensation, choosing to abridge the service; but I am none the less opposed to such abridgment—such, I mean, as three or four only out of a congregation receiving the blessed Sacrament.

Enough of self and Bermuda!—enough, more than enough, of what will, I fear, appear boastful, or boasting, to which *no person has compelled me*; but I feel pretty sure you will rejoice with me, and for me, that strength has been given me at my threescore years and ten, to undertake, and, however imperfectly, to perform these additional duties.

I dare not enter on the various matters which are agitating, distracting, and I fear dividing the Church in England. They make me miserable. I hardly know whether to be glad or sorry, that I cannot take part in the discussions, though I must feel that the Church in the colonies is most unjustly treated in being excluded,

when alterations of the Prayer-book and Creeds, to say nothing of the version of the Holy Scriptures, are under consideration."

To another friend a few days later (April 27, 1872), the bishop wrote:—

"To-morrow is the day of my consecration twenty-eight years ago; this year I reach my threescore years and ten." In June of the same year he wrote:—"My stay is prolonged in Bermuda in consequence of our being still unable to obtain a successor to Mr. Lightbourne. I am still in sole charge of his two parishes, and perform the duties of rector, or rather of curate, in both. I cannot feel satisfied to leave these parishes without some clergyman to carry on the work; better to have a bishop than nobody. If I do not quite melt away, I shall hope to move what remains of me to S. John's on June 30." As it turned out the bishop could not leave until the end of August. To yet another correspondent he wrote on the same subject, on May 28:—

"I have to perform two full services every Sunday, to baptize, bury, and visit the sick, as I did at Kidlington, just forty-five years ago. Thank God, I am enabled, by His grace and mercy, to get through the routine duties without much difficulty, though you will easily believe the addition of forty-five years and the dreadful heat of the Bermuda summer, and the mixture of black and white, the former preponderating, do not help me in the work. I confess to some repugnance at first to baptizing black babies, but that was soon conquered. What pains me far more is the loss of many of my black flock through the introduction of a black preacher of the so-called Methodist Episcopal Church, a very large and powerful body in the United States; and as surely as 'birds of a feather flock together,' so will my poor black people follow one of their own colour and race. I shall be glad and thankful if the



young man you spoke of is at last persuaded to join us in Newfoundland.

“ On Ascension Day I consecrated the nave of a very beautiful church, the chancel and transepts of which I consecrated on the same holy-day seventeen years ago.”

While the bishop was thus engaged in one part of his diocese, a munificent gift was being prepared for the benefit of another portion. An officer of the Royal Engineers, Lieutenant Curling, who had served in Bermuda, and there had learned to admire the life and labours of the apostolic bishop, determined to replace the lost *Star* by his own yacht, the *Larrock*. . . . Everything that experience or forethought could suggest was provided, and in the spring of 1872 the kind donor navigated the yacht across the Atlantic and consecrated her to the service of God. The bishop wrote in July, concerning the offering that had been made to the Church:—

“ What a noble gift that was! A yacht, with every item and article required for a Church ship, even to surplices for the chaplain, communion table and plate, &c. And given all so modestly and cheerfully! I believe I told you that he has given a beautiful organ, and five windows by Clayton and Bell, a *corona lucis*, standard for lights, candlesticks and vases, to our Trinity Church in Bermuda.”

The new Church ship was utilized without delay, the coadjutor-bishop going in her on Visitation to the northward to Labrador, to White Bay, Fogo, and Twillingate, after which he left for England, with a view of obtaining help for the endowment of the See. The “ old Bishop,” as Bishop Feild had by this time come to be called, stayed in Newfoundland. His sympathies were ever fresh, and his recollections of England, and the happy scenes in which

his lot had been cast, were always green, although not once did he look back, either with regret at having left them, or with a desire to return to them. A correspondent who had visited his old parish of English Bicknor, and seen some of the aged parishioners with whom "Mr. Feild" was still a precious tradition, had written to him a full account of what had been seen and heard, and the following reply was the result:—

"HALIFAX, N. S. *Sept.* 6, 1872.

"Your letter received just before I left Bermuda was a rich treat, and I wish I could worthily acknowledge it. I was carried back by it to places and people which and whom I dearly love; and to ramble with you in the woods, and to talk with my good neighbours, even in thought, was very pleasant, and I thank you for giving me that pleasure. I must confess, however, it made me long and sigh for the reality; that I should have been with you in person would have been a gratification of a higher degree. I was so glad to hear that you found our old friends so kind and as ready to welcome you as in former days. I lament the intrusion of the railroad on the sylvan banks of the winding river. It will strangely and sadly intermix and interfere with the natural beauty and repose of the scene. An old lady at New Weir used to say, that 'a sight of quality came across Symond's Rock, and she could not think what they came for.' And another, hearing of the speed of the travelling on the railroad, asked me seriously if I did not think it 'wicked' to travel so fast. They are gone to their rest, and I presume their children will have different, and what people call 'enlarged,' views; but I doubt whether they will be better or happier than their simple-minded fathers and mothers. Certainly some of the best of my flock were among those nestled under Symond's Rock—and——some of the worst!

I thank you for the piece of scented geranium, which

breathes of both Bicknor and Budleigh, or of her who plucked and her who sent it—very sweet. The rectory garden, I presume, is greatly improved; but I am afraid that, like the old ladies at New Weir, I am too much behind the age to approve of a croquet-ground on a clergyman's lawn. Am I safe in saying this to a rector's wife? Well! we shall agree about the almshouses; they are an improvement on 'The Bear.'”

On his return to S. John's the bishop had again to serve as a parish priest, for the coadjutor-bishop had gone to England, as has already been mentioned, and there was no “incumbent” of the cathedral. Bishop Kelly was in England on the first “Day of Intercession for Missions,” December 20, 1872, and the results of the day to Newfoundland alone were visible in the offers of several men who are now labouring in that diocese. The donor of the *Lavrock* now added to his munificent gift the still nobler and more valuable surrender of himself, coupling with his offer the expression of a desire that if deemed worthy of being ordained he might be sent to some mission which it had been found more than ordinarily difficult to fill. In the spring of 1873 Bishop Kelly returned, with those who had thus volunteered to throw in their lot with the poor fisherfolk of Newfoundland. In June the bishop presided over the newly-constituted Synod, and, that over, with unimpaired zeal he was ready, and even more than ready, for another experience of the sea. On July 2, he wrote:—

“I am about to make a last<sup>1</sup> voyage of Visitation in the Church ship. I expect to be absent from S. John's three months. I hope to leave to-day, if we can get the business of the Synod (now sitting ten days) sufficiently advanced. The coadjutor-bishop, who has been confirmed by the Synod in his office with the right of succession, will remain in

<sup>1</sup> It proved not to be the last, as he made another voyage in 1874.

S. John's. My chief object in undertaking the voyage is to ascertain the condition of the Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay, and to visit all the missions on the north-east coast. I shall be very thankful to be remembered and mentioned in your prayers with my companions in the Church ship."

In the midst of this voyage the following letter was written, which gives the bishop's own account of his doings, with an expression of his views on questions much discussed in England:—

*To the Rev. Canon Seymour.*

“THE CHURCH SHIP, OFF QUIRPON, *Aug. 2, 1873.*

“My dear Friend,—Being once more afloat in Visitation, I make use of occasional leisure, or rather freedom from interruption in passing from harbour to harbour, to discharge some of my obligations in the matter of correspondence, which I am forced to neglect when on shore. Since you last wrote to me, you have made the acquaintance of my excellent coadjutor, and observing as I think you would do, his ability and zeal, you probably supposed that I must be relieved of the greater part of my work and duty, and have abundance of leisure. But while he does undertake and ably perform many engagements which would otherwise devolve on me, I still find enough, and more than enough, for all the time and thought which I can command, and my correspondence with him is a new additional engagement of some importance and frequent recurrence. You will easily understand this to have been the case while he was in England pleading for men and money, when he thought it right frequently to refer to me; and it so happened that during the time of his absence, in addition to my own duties, I had (in consequence of the sudden and unexpected departure of the incumbent of the

cathedral) to perform the work of the parish priest. After Bishop Kelly's return came the business of the Synod and a Visitation of the clergy, in both of which I, of course, was the chief actor, and I went from the chair of the Synod to the Church ship, only, in passing, attending evening prayer in the cathedral; from thence direct to the wharf. I was anxious once more to make a voyage of Visitation, and there were circumstances which seemed to make it expedient that I, rather than Bishop Kelly (who was prepared to undertake the duty) should visit some particular missions. Some peculiar inducements and facilities were afforded in our generous friend, Mr. Curling, offering to navigate the vessel he has so kindly given us, and to make all provision for the expenses of the voyage. You, no doubt, heard from Bishop Kelly of the noble gift of his yacht, and the more noble gift of himself, which this good young officer has made to the Church in this diocese. One object of his now accompanying me was to be introduced to the district, which we intend hereafter, God willing, to make his mission. It is an immense district, comprehending two large bays and some adjacent harbours. We remained in it, moving from settlement to settlement, about ten days, making plans for future operations. The bays are on the western side of the island (Bay of Islands and Bonne Bay, &c.), on what is called the French shore, thirty miles apart, and with several populous outlying harbours. The late missionary, who was also the first in this district, after eight years of hard work and hard fare, has been obliged to retire; and as the missionary is not provided for by the S.P.G., I should have found great difficulty in obtaining a successor if Mr. Curling had not willingly offered himself. He proposes to return to it in November. We have now been absent from S. John's a month, and I expect at least two months more will be required for my official work. I

have already visited (since leaving the Bay of Islands) another mission, unhappily vacant on the Labrador coast, having three churches, alas! not served. This is very sad and depressing. The voyage itself is not unpleasant, barring fogs and icebergs, of which latter there is this summer an unusually large number near the coast.

I have to thank you (and in truth it was with this object in view that I began my letter) for the copy you kindly sent me of your speech on the reservation of the Holy Sacrament. I have touched upon the subject in my late Charge to the clergy, and I said, that while I should not object to removing the consecrated bread and wine from the church, to a sick person earnestly desiring to receive the Sacrament *in extremis*, and unable to sustain the service, I should consider the administration imperfect and incomplete, inasmuch as I believe it to be both the duty and privilege of the communicant, if possible, to witness the consecration. And we cannot, I suppose, presume that any one who sincerely desires to receive the Sacrament (and you would hardly carry it to one who did not desire it) will lose or suffer hereafter, if, through no fault of his own, it is denied him. I should strongly object, on other grounds, to any general reservation for unforeseen possible cases.

Always, my dear Friend,

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND."

This letter was despatched, and soon afterwards a chance vessel brought a file of English papers, in one of which the bishop read that Mr. Seymour had been appointed to a Canonry at Worcester. He wrote (August 18) offering cordial congratulations on "this most just and justly deserved recognition of labours and services in and for our dear Mother Church—the Church of our second birth."

The bishop's thoughts, not unnaturally, carried him to scenes which he had known from his earliest days; and he continued, "A canonry in the cathedral church of my native city, among the few surviving friends left, would be like, too much like, sinking into a bed of roses after lying on a cargo of fish. But I am content; ought to be, and I trust am, *more* than content to abide by and with my fish, my only grief being that so many turn out unsavoury, notwithstanding the salt they have received, and are receiving daily. But I have not forgotten—I have too much reason to know and remember—that the salt may lose its saltness, and that the results I lament may be due to my own faults and failings. But who and what am I, that I should be permitted still to speak and preach in our Master's name and holy cause, when the eloquent, gifted, and ever ready tongue of the great and good Bishop of Winchester has been so sadly, suddenly silenced?"<sup>1</sup> I do not know why I may not mention to you that I have been always, but lately more especially, vexed and distressed by my slowness of speech, my inability to address a congregation of even poor fishermen, with readiness and effect, but the stammering tongue may speak when the dead is silenced for ever. The sad news reached me on the 12th of this month. On the following Friday, the Second Lesson at Evensong was taken from the twenty-fourth chapter of S. Matthew, 29th to 51st verses. I preached, as I generally do on Friday evenings, and the 40th verse, 'Then shall two be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left,' seemed to be impressively illustrated by the awful removal of the good bishop, and furnished accordingly the text of my discourse; and I related the event to my simple congregation as plainly as I could, for their instruction."

On his return from this voyage, a carbuncle at the

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Wilberforce's death occurred on July 19, 1873.

back of the neck, whose existence, he said, "I can only believe in, for I cannot see it," confined him to his room for some time, and delayed his departure for Bermuda. Mr. Curling was ordained deacon on All Saints' Day, and started immediately for the Bay of Islands, and early in December the bishop reached Bermuda. In May, 1874, he paid his last visit to this country: there were many details connected with the endowment of his see which required his presence, and he was anxious to try to persuade some young clergymen to accept work in his diocese. On June 1, the coadjutor-bishop started for an unusually long and arduous Visitation, in which he hoped not only to visit the whole of the Newfoundland coasts, but also the Labrador and, by the desire of the Bishop of Quebec, some portion of that diocese on the Gulf of S. Lawrence. He had visited Bay de Verds, the Bay of Islands, and Bonne Bay, and had reached the Labrador, when he was taken seriously ill from exposure during a stormy night on a dangerous part of the coast, and was compelled to return without delay to S. John's. The telegraph brought the news to England, and the bishop, with the alacrity, but alas! no longer with the strength, of a young man, hastened back by the first steamer, and without any delay embarked immediately on his arrival in the *Lavrock* and completed the projected Visitation; another Visitation of Conception Bay was made in November. It is generally felt that from these tremendous exertions, sufficient to tax the strength of a man in full vigour, the bishop never entirely rallied, but certainly to those who only read the record of his labours there appears no sign or semblance of abated powers.

In January, 1875, it became necessary that a clergyman, the Rev. J. C. Harvey, of Port-de-Grave, should visit England, for the purpose of promptly obtaining medical advice. There was no one to be found who could be placed in charge of the mission, and Mr. Harvey



had made arrangements with the nearest clergy to give one Sunday a month to his flock, and had appointed two schoolmasters to act as lay-readers during his absence. Mr. Harvey writes—"When I arrived at S. John's on my way to England the bishop said he had no one to put in my place, and he did not like to leave so large a parish without a clergyman; and then he asked if Mrs. Harvey could receive him at the parsonage, as if so he would go himself; so before I sailed it was decided that the bishop and Mrs. Feild should live with my family, and in the following week, Friday, February 5, they started round the bay in two sleighs, reaching Brigus the same night; the weather was very inclement and it was no slight undertaking to travel sixty miles in snow and wind for ten hours or more." Thus writes Mr. Harvey, and he is probably unconscious to this day that the bishop was most anxious that he should go to England, and that the necessary expenses of his journey should be lessened as much as possible; that he paid for telegraphic messages to and from England on the subject, and wrote to friends at home bespeaking "a fitting welcome for this missionary of thirty-three years' standing,"—but it was so.

The journey was broken at Brigus, about fifty miles from the capital, and the excellent clergyman of that station, the Rev. R. H. Taylor, who was his bishop's host that night, has kindly sent me the following striking account of the bishop's doings:—

"February is commonly the coldest month in the Newfoundland year, and Friday, 5th February, was one of the coldest of days in this coldest of months. A heavy breeze of northerly wind had succeeded a sudden thaw, and travelling was disagreeable in the extreme, even for the young and vigorous. The writer well remembers walking over the hills to morning service at an out-station called Burnt Head, and the unpleasant walk back in the teeth of half a

gale of wind which seemed to cut like a razor. At one portion of the journey, where an overflowing stream was now converted into a broad expanse of glassy ice, it was impossible to stand, and I was blown off my feet repeatedly, and had extreme difficulty in gaining the solid earth on the opposite side.

Yet on this day, through wind and snow-drift, the bishop and Mrs. Feild were journeying from S. John's to Brigus *en route* for Port-de-Grave. Judging from the character of the day I deemed it an utter impossibility for anyone to achieve the journey; and had it been any other person than the bishop I should never have expected him on so cold, wild, and stormy a day as this. The thick shades of a February evening closed in early upon us, and at seven o'clock the church-bell began to chime for Evensong, and I was setting out for prayers, leaving directions with the servant for the bishop's comfort, should he arrive in my enforced absence. All at once sleigh-bells were heard, and the bishop and Mrs. Feild drove up to the door. They were soon in my sitting-room, where tea was all ready, and I ventured to suggest that they should gradually thaw and then take tea, intimating at the same time that I hoped his lordship would kindly excuse me while I went to church. To my utter astonishment the bishop at once expressed his intention of attending service, and without waiting to warm himself, or even to take off his overcoat or wrappers, and refusing Mrs. Feild's and my earnest entreaties to take some refreshment before going out again, he insisted on accompanying me, and preceded by my good parishioner Mr. John Bartlett, who piloted us with a lantern and showed the dangerous icy places, the saintly Bishop of Newfoundland paid his last visit to S. George's Church, Brigus. The congregation was, alas! very scanty, for my parishioners thought it too disagreeable a night to risk themselves even the short distance from their fireside to the church; but the

noble bishop in his seventy-fourth year, at the termination of that fearful journey of fifty miles, wended his way to the House of God, even before partaking of bodily refreshment, to join in the holy service in the poor little wooden church of Brigus.

The storm of wind and drift continued all through the next day, but, after an early dinner, the bishop pushed on for Port-de-Grave, in order that he might be in time for Sunday duty."

The bishop's own version of his journey was much simpler, and only mentioned the discomfort which such travelling necessarily caused to a lady. He wrote:—

"On February 5, I came with Mrs. Feild to Port-de-Grave, no small undertaking for a lady at this season, upwards of fifty miles in an open sleigh, and as it happens the bitterest cold I ever remember. Yesterday was my first Sunday, and I had Morning Prayer and Holy Communion with forty-two communicants, in Port-de-Grave church, and Morning and Evening Prayer in Bare Need church. In Port-de-Grave church a fire was lighted, but allowed to go out, as it was feared the piping of the stove would be blown down; in Bare Need church there was no fire,—and oh! the cold!"

To a friend at Oxford he wrote:—"We are enduring the longest, coldest winter, ever known to any living person in Newfoundland. Since Christmas the frost has been almost continuous, and the quantity of snow which has accumulated is wonderful. I am now living with Mrs. Feild on the shores of a large bay, and for weeks we have not seen either land or water—the former being covered and hidden by snow, the latter by ice. As far as the eye can see and farther, there is nothing but snow and ice—and people walk or drive over the sea chained down, and smooth and still,

"Peaceful as some immeasurable plain,"

as safely and securely as, and much more easily than, the snowclad land.

We are come to this place (Port-de-Grave) an out-harbour mission, about sixty miles (by land) from S. John's, and have been here now about six weeks, in order that I may supply the place and perform the work of the missionary, who is gone to England to consult an oculist. It is a very large and important mission, with two churches (and a Methodist chapel and resident preacher), and in our dearth of clergy, would have been left without any clerical superintendent or service if I, being the only idle clergyman, had not come to the rescue. Although the churches are little more than a mile and a quarter apart, I have been twice prevented going from the one near which I reside to the other, by the violent snow-storms. We expect to remain here till May, when I hope the missionary (Mr. Harvey) will have returned."

Mr. Harvey has kindly informed me that during the fourteen weeks which the bishop spent in his parish he preached sixty-seven times, celebrated the Holy Communion twenty-one times, and in addition to the numerous functions which a parish priest has to perform, was visiting the sick and the whole in all weathers and at all hours. In the rough notes of his doings, which he left behind him, there are only two days with the entry *Dies Non*. After the Lenten Ordination a newly-ordained deacon, the Rev. A. C. Waghorne, who had just arrived from England, was sent to assist the bishop at Bare Need. Mr. Waghorne has given his impressions in a very appreciative spirit, as though conscious of the privilege of commencing his ministry as he did, and his testimony as a novice has its value by the side of those of the older missionaries who have been quoted. He writes:—

"On arriving at S. John's I found that Bishop Feild was taking temporary charge of the mission of Port-de-Grave, in Conception Bay—some sixty miles from S. John's, during the absence in England of the pastor, Mr. Harvey.

After some little delay it was at length decided that I should join the bishop, and relieve him of part of the work, especially, as I understood, by taking charge of one of the settlements, and thus obviate the necessity for the bishop's exposing himself to the severity of the weather and the possible dangers in going from one place to another. From the beginning I experienced nothing but the greatest kindness and consideration from the bishop, for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful. Respect and reverence, of course, I felt towards him for his work's sake, but it was not long before those feelings deepened into an almost filial love.

The mission of Port-de-Grave consists of several settlements, lying along a reach of land some six or eight miles in extent, which chiefly forms the northern shore of one of the many bays or harbours which are so abundant in Conception Bay; indeed, it may be said, along the whole of the coast. The two largest and most important places, Port-de-Grave and Bare Need, have each both a church and school, while at Northern Gut, five miles from Bare Need, was a school which was used weekly for service.

The day after my arrival the bishop took me to Bare Need for service, and to introduce me to his people. The church I found to be a good sized building, and of its sort a fine specimen. It will seat, I suppose, 500 or 600 people. It was now the middle of winter, and that the most severe, so people say, for many a year past,—and in such a large church and no stove in it, no wonder the bishop was almost frozen.

Though nominally helping the bishop, I could never really see how I did so to any material extent, as he still continued to come to Bare Need for service, and visited the sick people in my district, quite as much as before, and strangely enough, as it appeared to me, he would not allow

me to help him in the Port-de-Grave end of the mission, either with the services or by visiting. Regularly every Sunday, and twice or thrice in the week besides, would the bishop come to Bare Need, often going to the dock, a mile further, in all weather, coming on foot along the rough and exposed road. On Good Friday, when the winter was beginning to break up, it blew a perfect gale of wind, and rained in torrents; we at Bare Need of course did not for a moment look for the bishop, for had I not been sent there especially to obviate the necessity for the bishop's exposing himself so much to the inclemency of the weather? Punctually, however, he came, and wet through. So stormy was the weather, that the bishop only saved himself from being carried off his feet by the constant firm pressure of his stout walking-stick to the ground; his thumb was in consequence very badly swollen, and continued so for some time afterwards. The gale moderated about noon; but still he would not, in spite of his good example, allow me to go to my service at Northern Gut, five miles off; and on venturing to remonstrate at the apparent inconsistency between his own conduct and his rule for us, he replied, with that beautiful, placid smile of his, that it didn't matter about himself, as he was old and useless (!), but I was young, and therefore must take care of myself!"

A winter of such severity was not likely to pass away without leaving some legacy in the shape of vacant missions and sorrowing households: while the bishop was at Port-de-Grave a young schoolmaster perished in a snow-drift at the western point of the diocese, and of two young men sent out from England with a view to their entering the Theological College, one, the son of a London clergyman, had died at Halifax of fever. The bishop poured out his sorrows to his Commissary in England in the following letter:—

*To the Rev. E. Josselyn Beck.*

PORT-DE-GRAVE, *March 17, 1875.*

"My dear kind Friend,—'Wave upon wave!' you have, I believe, been informed of a severe trial we have lately experienced in the loss of a promising young schoolmaster in a snowstorm which he encountered in returning to his place of residence from a neighbouring settlement about five or six miles distant. He was an Englishman, brought out about a year ago by the Rev. Mr. Goode, who hoped that he might shortly be admitted to Deacon's Orders. In ignorance of the danger, he ventured to walk alone (for allowing him to do so the people are much to be blamed), and, being overtaken by a heavy drift, was, no doubt, bewildered, lost his way, and perished; and, sad to say! when Mr. Goode wrote, more than a week after the sad event, his body had not been found, and I have not heard that it has up to the present time.

I was recovering from this grief, and was greatly cheered by the announcement that two young men were on their way to enter as students our little college. I wrote to S.P.G. to express my joy and thankfulness, and while I was writing one of them, the son of a clergyman in London, was lying dead at Halifax. This was communicated to us by telegram, and we know no further particulars, only that he died of typhoid fever, whether contracted on board steamer between England and Halifax (as seems probable) or after landing, we cannot tell. Neither do we know whether his companion remained with him, or is on board the steamer which left Halifax for S. John's more than a week ago, and would have, in due course, arrived, but cannot encounter the vast barrier of ice, which has surrounded us for nearly a month, farther than our eyes can see. Is not this very

sad? Pray remember our need of a good man as the vice-principal of our little college.”

There is no doubt that the good bishop gave his life for the people at Port-de-Grave. He had barely returned to S. John's when he became seriously ill; a letter lies before me now, dated May 18, 1875, to which a postscript was written subsequently in another hand, the bishop adding only the significant signature, ‘Edward Newfoundland, a Colonial Bishop used up.’ He had not been confined to his bed for a week at a time for more than thirty-one years; he was now plainly told that he must never again be beyond the reach of medical advice; but he would not allow that his sickness was caused by working too hard in the Port-de-Grave mission. To Mr. Taylor, his host at Brigus, he wrote, June 18, 1875:—

“Many thanks for your kind congratulation on my improved and improving health. I have to-day, for the first time since the attack began, been out for a drive in a close carriage; a very different condition and state of things from what I was and had in my walks from Bare Need and Port-de-Grave, &c. I do not believe the little voyage across the bay in any degree accelerated or aggravated the attack.

I may ascribe my late attack far more to the effects of my journey to Brigus in the winter than to my pleasant passage across the bay. Then were the seeds sown or developed which were growing, and not insensibly, during my stay at Port-de-Grave, but happily, by God's mercy, did not come to maturity till my work in Mr. Harvey's mission was finished and I had returned to my own home in S. John's, where relief much needed could be obtained. I thank God for the chastisement and for the relief.

Bishop Kelly's visits and prayers were of great comfort and help.”



But he fully knew what his condition was. To a friend in England, to whom he sent on business connected with the Endowment of the See, he wrote in the same month of June:—

“ I have had a very plain warning that no time must be lost. It has been said to me very plainly, ‘ Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live ;’ and though I have not neglected this important duty, I find there are many secular matters, as well as others of higher obligation, which require to be settled.”

The bishop had more than once expressed his wish to end his days at S. Augustine’s College if the time should come when he would be past work : it may be supposed to be natural for people who are exiled from their fatherland not only to dream of, but also to express a wish for, a calm ending of their days in their native land, but probably such expressions are rarely more than day-dreams. Mr. Waghorne, in his reminiscences of the bishop, mentions that on showing him some photographs of S. Augustine’s College, he told him that he should like to end his days there : it will be remembered that he once expressed a similar desire to occupy one of the alms-houses which had taken the place of the “ Old Bear ” at Bicknor. During his stay in England in 1874 one who loved him well suggested to him, that “ a quiet retirement with 200*l.* a year ” would be gladly provided for him if he should at any time find himself in a position to accept it ; the idea seemed to be agreeable to the bishop, and now that he appeared to be indeed past his work, the same friend wrote and asked if the idea might assume a definite form. The suggestion drew forth the following letter, which is remarkable on many grounds, but specially as showing how far removed from the bishop’s mind was any idea of returning to England, and how, while laying down (and

acting on) the highest principles, he could write with humour that was wholly free from levity :—

“S. JOHN’S, NEWFOUNDLAND, *July 14, 1875.*”

“My dear Friend,—It is very good and kind of you to remember, with a view to my benefit, words which I had entirely forgotten; indeed, strange as it may appear, I had, or rather have (for I cannot recall them) entirely forgotten having entertained, when last in England, the desire or thought of returning to England if I could find ‘a quiet place and 200*l.* a year.’ I remember a good many years ago writing to the Warden of Canterbury that I should much enjoy spending my last days, when my work was done, under the shadow of the great cathedral, perhaps within the walls of his college. But that idea took no permanent hold of my mind, and, as far as I can remember, the wish was never repeated.

When last in England my chief desire was to get away as fast as possible, and return to my diocese and work, as, thank God, I did, and made a ten weeks’ voyage of Visitation, and after that confirmed and consecrated churches in Conception Bay district. Let me say then, that I have no intention or desire to retire to England, and that if circumstances should seem to make it expedient, I should not think of asking for any pension or retiring allowance. If I should resign my office and remain in my diocese, I should not be ashamed to receive money which I should spend in the diocese and, I trust, for the benefit of the diocese.

The great heathen moralist could say ‘*Ne fas est injussu Dei e statione vitæ decedere;*’ and I have always felt that the sentiment is still more true and touching in the case of Christian men, and specially of Christian clergy, and most specially of bishops. And I long ago made up my mind, God helping me, to act upon it. But our great moralist, Lord Bacon, says, When a man cannot perform his

work and duty, he is no longer a man but a statue; and as I should make but a poor statue in any sense or shape, it certainly does seem to me that God, by taking from me my power of working, does permit me, if not command me, to resign or retire. But as I said before, I have no desire or intention to leave the diocese. Perhaps, unattached I might render some service. I certainly hope to pay Bermuda another visit as bishop, and, if spared so long, to return to Newfoundland—and then—how presumptuous to speak or think of things to be done a year hence! especially after three weeks of sickness and suffering; but if spared so long I may engage to remain, as I am,

Your faithful brother and friend,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND."

The bishop, as soon as he rallied from his attack, removed to Topsail for rest and change; and here he wrote on July 25, apparently in high spirits:—

“TOPSAILIA FELIX.

“I am now staying in my country ‘box’ (literally, for it is all of wood, and has neither paint nor paper), for rest.”

His letters were always models of their kind; few knew better how to offer words of consolation and sympathy with the sorrowing, for with him no words were commonplace: he was so intensely, sternly, truthful in word and act and thought, that nothing save what was sterling and real ever came from his lips, or his pen, or found place in his thoughts.

To a friend, a clergyman who was in sorrow, he wrote the following letter of sympathy—

“By a letter which I received yesterday I learnt that your dear sister has been released from her suffering and sorrow, and sleeps in Jesus. It would be idle, if not pre-

sumptuous, in me to suggest topics of consolation. It must be quite unnecessary to remind you that as a heathen poet has said:—

‘Sunt verba et voces quibus hunc lenire dolorem  
Possis,’

or to point out where and what are those words of far deeper and truer comfort than heathen poet or philosopher ever uttered or conceived; your joy and thankfulness, on your departed sister’s account now beyond the reach of evil without or within, would suffice to prevent the indulgence of selfish sorrow; and the hope and prospect of a happy reunion will mitigate the pain which must be felt at the present separation. My object, I say, is not to remind you of what you know and feel, but to assure you that I sincerely sympathize with you; and while I rejoice in the departed soul’s rest and peace, can grieve for you, at the loss of one so justly valued and beloved.”

To another he wrote:—“ I have wished that I could have found time to refer to the very solemn subject on which you touched in one of your letters, viz., whether, or how far, the happiness of the saints and glorified spirits in heaven may be affected by the absence of any whom we have loved on earth, and who will have gone into ‘that place of torment.’ Not that I pretend to throw any light upon the subject other than we gather from holy scripture; but I presume the solution is to be found (if any person can find it) in our Lord’s declaration, that in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven. They who have loved each other with a holy love, that is, Christ’s image in each other, on earth, will surely see and know and love the same image, then perfected, in each other, in heaven. I have been much pleased with the following epitaph, for which you perhaps may find an application:—

‘ Reader, here lies under this stone  
 The dust of two that were but one :  
 Long had they lived and loved : she fled the way  
 To heaven first ; he could no longer stay,  
 But straight pursued her to that throne above,  
 Which saints surround, crowned with eternal love.’

On the other side of the picture, who can look *now* without trembling ? but how do the angels regard it ? ”

With the approach of autumn the bishop prepared to fulfil his intention of visiting Bermuda once more officially, and on October 27 the clergy and churchwardens, on behalf of the several congregations in S. John’s, presented to him an address, which is so full and unvarnished a *résumé* of the work of his glorious episcopate, that it fitly finds a place here. This was the last public appearance of the bishop in S. John’s.

“ *To the Right Reverend Father in GOD, EDWARD Lord  
 Bishop of Newfoundland.*

“ We, the undersigned—as well on behalf of ourselves as of the respective congregations in S. John’s, of the Cathedral, of S. Thomas’ Church and of S. Mary’s Church—desire to convey to your lordship on the eve of your departure for the southern portion of your diocese, our affectionate wishes for your safe arrival at Bermuda, and your speedy restoration to health.

Thirty-one years have passed since you assumed the spiritual supervision of this diocese, and none of us can be unmindful of the vast benefits you have been instrumental in conferring upon our Church during that long period ; your own consistent life of self-denial and sympathy has done much to support and cheer your clergy amidst their many toils and privations.

When you entered upon your episcopate our eccle-

siastical system was unorganized and feeble. Now, synodical order and unity prevail.

Then, we had only about twelve clergymen in the colony, now upwards of fifty are labouring therein, whilst churches and parsonages have been multiplied in a like proportion.

A College for the education of candidates for the ministry has, by your exertions, been adequately and permanently endowed.

Separate Seminaries for boys and girls have been established, and are in successful operation.

Distinct Orphanages for destitute children of both sexes have been founded under your auspices, and are effectively conducted.

Our beautiful Cathedral was designed and partially built under your care, and the necessary funds for its completion are in process of collection.

A Coadjutor Bishopric has been created solely through your disinterested assistance, and the services of a divine—eminent for his piety and conspicuous for his abilities—have been happily secured for that important office.

For the future support of the episcopate, an Endowment has been provided, and many a desolate settlement on our rugged shores has, year after year, been solely indebted for the ministrations of religion to the Visitations made by you and your coadjutor in the Church ship.

That the Almighty has permitted you to be His instrument in effecting so much good and for so long a time, that He has preserved you through so many labours and dangers, and (until recently) has upheld you in health and strength, has been a cause to us of wonder, and of gratitude to God.

We sincerely hope that a temporary sojourn in a more genial climate than that of a Newfoundland winter may prove beneficial to your impaired health, and we pray that

you may be permitted to return from Bermuda in renewed vigour, and long be spared to your grateful flock.

*S. John's, Oct. 27, 1875.*"

The reply which the bishop gave was very affecting in itself, but doubly so when it is regarded as the farewell words of one who had for more than thirty-one years laboured unceasingly for the highest good of those whom he addressed. It was in the following terms:—

*"To the Clergy and Church-wardens, and the respective Congregations of the Cathedral, S. Thomas' Church and S. Mary's Church, in S. John's.*

"Dearly Beloved in the Lord,—If, in the share which I have taken in initiating or forwarding the various objects you have mentioned in your address, (as likely to promote the spiritual interests, present or future, of the diocese,) I have merited your grateful approval—having but one higher object in view,—I am more than repaid for all I have spent or spared, borne or forborne (and there have been trials and difficulties), in all the long thirty-one years of my episcopate; nor can I forget how much I owe to your unvarying sympathy and encouragement in every work, or undertaking, which has been brought to a happy completion, or forwarded with good hope of future success and benefit; not to mention the kind allowance made for many failures, and imperfect, unfinished attempts.

I cannot now (having, as you are aware, been interrupted in the midst of my preparations for a distant journey and long absence, by the unexpectedly early arrival of the steamer), allude to all the objects you have kindly referred to as having engaged my care and attention for the welfare of the diocese,—and I will therefore only mention the one which, I believe, you, with me, consider of chief and special importance, as likely, with

God's blessing, to be of chief and special benefit to yourselves and the diocese at large; I mean, the appointment of Bishop Kelly as my coadjutor. That appointment having, as you are aware, been, by the gracious and wise act of the Synod, confirmed, with the right of succession, he may immediately enter upon all the duties and all the privileges of the bishop's office, whenever it shall please God that my connection with the diocese shall cease. Thus you will both be spared the troubles and anxieties of an election, and the man whom you have learnt to know and admire in the discharge of the episcopal office, and who has himself learnt and felt its duties and obligations, will be secured to you and your children, as your and their spiritual chief ruler and Father in God. For the manner in which my views and wishes in that matter were seconded, I am deeply grateful,—and why? but because I am satisfied that the object of my views and wishes, (which was nothing less than your edification, and the glory of God therein and thereby,) will be attained to an extent I could never have otherwise hoped for. I will not enter more fully upon a subject which affords ample materials for enlargement and illustration, because you have all enjoyed sufficient opportunities of verifying the high esteem I have always had and expressed of Bishop Kelly's various and manifold qualifications for the high and important office to which he has been appointed. May your mutual wishes, endeavours and prayers, be abundantly blessed to your mutual edification, your peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

A few words, and they must be few (for even if I had the necessary time I could hardly entrust myself to enlarge on the subject); a few words on an act this day consummated;—my resignation of that charge of the cathedral and parish church and rectory of S. John's, which for nearly twenty years has been the enjoyment and pride of my life.



You will easily believe that in resigning such a charge and divesting myself of such treasures, I had and could have but one object in view,—the honour of the Church and parish, and the benefit of the congregation and parishioners at large. And again I thank God, who inclined the hearts of those chiefly concerned, wisely and generously to second my wishes in accepting as my successor in that office also, my faithful, able and experienced coadjutor. I pray God to bless, guide, and strengthen him in and for the duties and services in which, I am sure, he will take delight, and all for your edification and growth in grace. Among other endeavours for your benefit and the honour of the Church, I trust he will be well supported in his desire to complete the not yet half-finished cathedral; provision being first made for the repairs, as they will be needed, of the present fabric (may I not say the present holy and beautiful House?) which, I trust, has been to many, besides myself, a comfort and a joy.

As I can in all sincerity, however humbly and at a distance, adopt the Apostle's words, and say 'I seek not yours but you,' it is hard indeed to take leave of you. But God our heavenly Father is, and will be, with you, and to His holy keeping I commend you, for Jesus Christ's His Son's sake, now and for evermore.

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.

*S. John's, Oct. 27, 1875."*

But the "more genial climate" of Bermuda did not produce the effect which was hoped for; it was clear, increasingly clear day by day, that the saintly prelate's rest was well-nigh won. In the month of January, 1876, he wrote:—

"My doctors tell me they shall be able to build me up, but it is not easy (perhaps hardly worth while) to build up decayed materials. However, I am in His

hands Who made me and fashioned me, and in and to them I cheerfully resign myself and wait, not impatiently, the result."

He was able to attend to business, to write letters, and to see people: very often he saw people, when he ought to have remained quiet, lest they should feel hurt at being refused. The coadjutor-bishop came to Bermuda to hold Confirmations and to perform the duties to which the elder bishop was now unequal. In the month of March it was clear that, however his days might be prolonged on earth, he would never again be competent to discharge the duties of his office; accordingly he gave notice of his intention to resign his See to the authorities of the Colonial Office in the following letter:—

“ BISHOP'S LODGE, BERMUDA, *March 5, 1876.*

“ My Lord,—I have the honour to inform your lordship that it is my wish and intention (D.V.) to resign my Bishopric—the See of Newfoundland, with the Bermudas or Somers Islands, and part of the Labrador Coast; the resignation to take effect (if my life is spared so long) on and after the 31st of July next.

My reasons for wishing and intending to resign are, that I shall then have entered upon the seventy-sixth year of my life, the fiftieth of my ministry, and the thirty-third of my episcopate. I may add, that for several months I have been, and still continue very unwell.

Your lordship is probably aware that for the last nine years I have been assisted by a coadjutor, to whom I have transferred wholly the stipend allowed me by the Government.

If, in consideration of these circumstances, your lordship should consider that I am entitled to expect a pension for the probably few, if any, remaining years of my life, it will be thankfully accepted.

It was my earnest hope and desire to spend and be spent wholly in and for Newfoundland, but my present illness convinces me that I cannot expect to endure the severity of another Newfoundland winter.

I have, &c.,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND.

*The Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon, H.M.'s Secretary  
of State for the Colonies, &c., &c."*

The expression "if my life is spared so long" showed that he had a presentiment that his days were well-nigh spent. On June 8 he closed his eyes (and this he did with his own hands) on his earthly labours. All who knew and loved him felt glad that he had entered into his rest as Bishop of Newfoundland, the title which he had made to be known and honoured far and wide, and with which his noble episcopate will for ever be connected. He had desired, and others had shared the wish, that his last hours should have been spent in S. John's, and that his body should rest in the noble cathedral, in whose erection he had had so large a share, and under whose roof he had ministered and worshipped for so many years; but it was otherwise ordered, and with the beautiful humility which was prominent among the many graces which adorned his character, he had submitted readily. His last days were entirely consistent with the life which he had led. The Rev. L. Lough, the rector of Paget, whose privilege it was to minister to him until the end came, has kindly written to me the following particulars:—

"His characteristic features of humility and thoughtfulness for others were beautifully illustrated under very trying circumstances, when, in great bodily pain, he was lying on the bed of extreme sickness, and it was manifest to all that he could not survive many days. We were celebrating the Holy Communion in his chamber, to which

he invited some of his specially loved friends, and at which he had desired the presence of a poor coloured woman, who had been very attentive to him as a nurse. When the celebrant approached him (last of course) with the paten, he seemed to fear that this poor woman had not been ministered to before him, and in his effort to assure himself that this had been done he made some slight change in his position, which brought on an intensely painful spasm, to which he was, in that stage of his sickness, occasionally subject. His suffering was most alarming to all present, and we feared for a while that his spirit would at once pass away. When he was informed that all was done rightly, and, after a few minutes he was again able to compose himself, the service was proceeded with to the end, and he was at last able to convey to us a few loving words of thankfulness and blessing.

His death took place a few days later, and this last scene can never, I think, pass away from the memory of any of us who witnessed it.

The bishop was apparently unconscious for some hours before his death, but during that time the Rev. M. James, rector of the parish, and myself continued to offer prayer by his bedside at short intervals. About half-past ten on the morning of Thursday the 8th of June (the day after his birthday), calmly, and with no appearance of pain, his spirit passed to the more immediate presence of the Master whom he had loved and served so faithfully, amid the prayers of some of us who had long admired and revered him; and so confident were we that what was our loss was his gain, and an occasion of rejoicing and thankful triumph for him, that ere we left the room we repeated together the *Nunc Dimittis* and the *Gloria in excelsis*, as both an expression of our thankfulness to God for giving us such a beautiful example of a true-hearted bishop and saint,

and also as the act in which we might even believe he was himself at that moment engaged."

He was buried in the parish churchyard in a spot which he had himself selected; minute directions concerning his funeral he had given long before; it was divested of all the gloomy paraphernalia which modern custom has been wont to prescribe, and everything was suggestive of Christian hope.

He lay in his Episcopal robes, the coffin covered with purple satin, the nails and handles of silver, and a silver cross on which was engraved his name and age. The hearse was trimmed with black and purple, and each of the bearers wore a scarf of purple satin. All the clergy on the island, thirteen in number, in surplices, were present. His widow was accompanied by the wives of the clergy, all of whom carried little bouquets tied with white ribbon to put into the grave. The Governor of the island, with his staff; the members of Her Majesty's Council; members of the Colonial Parliament; officers in the army and navy—all were there to do him reverence. The flags of all the public buildings and of the ships of war were at half mast.

That a "larger concourse than had ever before been seen at any ceremony on the island, religious or civil," should have been gathered round his grave is a very small matter, but the feeling of absolute bereavement, as at the loss of a well-loved parent, which pervaded all parts of the extended diocese on which he had bestowed so many years of care and self-denying labours, while it was creditable to the people, was no more than was due to the memory of such a man.

The Governor of Newfoundland officially communicated to the Colonial Secretary the decease of the bishop, and the following despatch from the Earl of Carnarvon is a valuable testimony to the esteem in which the bishop was

held by the authorities of the Crown, with whom he had had official relations for so many years:—

“ DOWNING STREET, *July 5, 1876.*

“ Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch, No. 77, of the 12th of June, reporting the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Feild, Lord Bishop of the diocese of Newfoundland, and the succession to the See of the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, coadjutor-bishop.

Although I had been led to infer from a recent letter from Dr. Feild that he was in a critical state of health, yet I have not the less experienced a sense of profound regret at the intelligence of the death of so devoted and exemplary a bishop.

I have, &c.,

(Signed)

CARNARVON.

*Governor Sir John Glover, G.C.M.G., &c. &c.*”

## CHAPTER XI.

“ Twas ever thus from earliest time  
That God's elect, in every clime,  
Though hidden deep and unobserved  
Like scattered salt, have still preserved  
His blessing (lest it turn again)  
To the rebellious sons of men.”

*Spiritual Songs by the late REV. DR. MONSELL.*

THE biographer of a man who has been called to fill a high position, whether in the Church or in the State, may be expected to describe such an one both in his official capacity and in his private life; and often it may be that the qualities displayed in the one serve but to show the failures and littlenesses of the other; while in some instances personal qualities of amiability, generosity, and the like, are found in combination with helpless incapacity for government, for administration, in short for the performance of all the functions of public life; in others, administrative genius is often marred by ambition, by self-seeking, or by defective morality of life. In the case of Bishop Feild there is no such inconsistency. From the earliest period of his life of which we have any record, until its close, as Curate, as Fellow and Tutor of his college, as an English Rector and as a Colonial Bishop, his whole character, whether in its public or private aspect, is marked by an uniform consistency. ‘*Qualis ab incepto*’ is his fitting epitaph: these pages,

however, are concerned principally with his episcopate, which extended over the greater number of the years of his manhood. In this high position he showed that he possessed qualities of administration and of far-seeing statesmanship of no mean order: surely in no diocese could the difficulties have been greater, the society to be moved less open to impressions and suggestions, the prospects of self-support and self-government more remote: a country whose sole harvest-field is the ocean, ice-bound for the greater portion of the year, with no export save fish, with no home-grown products, and in which, therefore, everything has to be imported; with no aristocratic elements in its society, the very merchants, the only capitalists of the country, either non-resident or sojourning in it but for as long as it may be necessary to accumulate a competence with which to retire to more genial regions,—surely such a colony, if any, might well have claimed its right to remain for ever a pensioner on the alms of the Mother Church and mother country.

No doubt Newfoundland has been largely helped, and is still largely helped, by funds from England; and never was there a case in which the necessitous struggling colonial Daughter had a stronger claim on the Mother Church: never certainly has there been a case in which such aid has been more wisely extended or more profitably used. The foregoing pages have recorded the various plans which the bishop has conceived, and lived to carry out for the benefit of his diocese: the efforts which he made in the cause of education while an English curate were continued on a larger scale and with extended experience in Newfoundland: for the middle classes he, on his own responsibility, established schools both for boys and girls, in which they should be trained as children of the Church: the arrangements of the civil power for long years upheld a system of popular education in the colony unsatisfactory



to every consistent churchman; but the apparent hopelessness of the task of amending such a system never led to a relaxation of effort, and it was not until the last year of his episcopate that he succeeded in obtaining a distribution of the public funds for educational purposes on a principle of more equity to the Church. From the first he declined to seek from the Government the means of maintaining the clergy, well knowing that, if obtained, the concession would be weighted by conditions that would make it an embarrassment and not a help; and he scorned to look permanently to "the pence and shillings of the artizans and poor people of England" for such assistance.

He saw that the Church must both maintain and produce her own clergy: for the latter purpose he found on his arrival a skeleton institution, with three or four students, living in lodgings under no sort of discipline: he began by gathering them into a humble cottage, and he was able in time to build a suitable College, and ultimately to raise for it a competent endowment: his efforts to teach the people the hard lesson of self-help, a lesson tenfold more hard to those who have been accustomed to endowments at home, raised about him a storm of unpopularity, whose echoes reached to the highest circles in England, before which a less stout heart, or shall we say, a less scrupulous conscience, would have given way: if it be added that he did not yield—that in fact he never yielded or withdrew from any position which he had deemed it his duty to assume, it must also be added that he had none of the obstinacy which weak minds miscall principle, and in clinging to which they find an immunity from the effort of thinking or from the humiliation of confessing themselves mistaken.

In truth he took no step without being assured that it was the right step, and when it had been taken it was not in him to yield to clamour, however loud: so in the

financial provision which he made for his diocese, it is now seen how sound were his principles: in the revenues of the Church Society of Newfoundland and in the system established only by the bishop's perseverance, by which every person, even the poorest, has his share of the burden, or privilege, of maintaining those who minister in holy things, the Church has within herself the machinery for continuing and extending her work, and of teaching her children to value, while they sustain, the ministry of the Word and Sacraments. For the benefit of the clergy he established a Widows' and Orphans' Fund, from which their own contributions, paid yearly, removed the stigma which attaches to purely eleemosynary institutions: he left two Orphanages built and partially endowed: instead of twelve clergymen whom he found in 1844, each doing what was right in his own eyes, he left more than fifty, a large proportion of whom had been trained under his own eye in the college which he had himself created: the income of the See, instead of being derived from three different sources, two of which would certainly fail at his decease he has succeeded in providing in perpetuity by raising an Endowment fund of more than 12,000*l.*: in S. John's the Cathedral which he may be said to have built (for, but for his persevering efforts it would never have been,) stands now the most imposing specimen of pointed architecture on that side of the Atlantic, and in Bermuda the beautiful Church of the Holy Trinity, commenced by him with prayer and hope, while everybody foretold the certainty of ignominious failure, remains a monument of his perseverance and liberality, the sole example of correct ecclesiastical architecture in the island, and what is still better, by its reverent and frequent services is nurturing a generation of devout and intelligent churchmen.

But while, as many others have done, he deservedly gained the reputation of a wise and statesmanlike

administrator of his diocese, a special characteristic of his administration is the quiet firmness with which each successive step was taken. There was no effort at originality in aught that was said or done; whatever the circumstances and conditions in which the diocese of Newfoundland differed from others, the bishop never thought himself superior to the principles of the Catholic Church, which he deemed sufficient to cope with all emergencies and problems, however diverse or strange. He had a real and intense faith in the Church, and in his own office as a bishop of that Church; while personally he was one of the very humblest of men, his profound humility never led him, in mistaken reverence, to depreciate the gifts of which the Holy Ghost had made him the dispenser: the functions which he performed were to him realities, of the full efficacy of which he had not the shadow of a doubt; and while he thus believed *unhesitatingly* in his office, he had the grace (how great a grace it is!) to despise popularity: he never uttered, probably never was tempted to utter, so robust was the courage of his convictions, a meaningless platitude, or condescended to an *ad captandum* declamation; and he never wasted a minute in trying to steer between the Scylla and Charybdis of "Yes" and "No." What he said he meant and adhered to, and this not from impetuosity of character, for he was grave and thoughtful, but because his well-trained, well-stored mind, and sensitive conscience, ever illuminated by the Holy Spirit, and unwarped and uninfluenced by a single selfish thought, enabled him both to "perceive and know" what was right, and to abide by it when seen and known.

One of the most dangerous errors which has sprung up amongst ourselves of late years is a vulgar and idolatrous worship of majorities, a love of counting heads, and of a boastful display of numbers. No doubt in an Established Church which cannot hope to maintain such a position, if

it can be proved to be the Church only of a minority, to those who "tolerate the Church for the sake of the Establishment instead of tolerating the Establishment for the sake of the Nation" the temptation to "make a fair show in the flesh" is great. "The idol of the present political physicians of the Church is size," writes the greatest living theologian, "under the guardian supremacy of the State. Many seem ready to sacrifice any principle (if, indeed, it is to *them* any sacrifice) to a supposed influx of numbers; as if man could do the work of the Spirit of God, and a motley crowd of worshippers, of discordant faith or of no faith, could form a Church, the Temple of the Holy Ghost. True, as they say, that a National Church ought to take in the nation. True, also, that the Christian Church ought to take in the world; but by winning it to the truth, not by becoming the domicile of its errors, an aggregate of all its unsanctified 'opinions,' a Pantheon of all its idols. Accessions of numbers, which are won to the Truth, are the glory of the Church, the fruit of the Blood of Christ, the travail of His soul, which He beholds with joy, the triumphs of His perpetual intercession. Accessions of numbers, unconverted, unwon to the 'Truth as it is in Jesus,' form but a house builded on the sand, ensuring its fall the more fatally by their accession: a Babel-multitude collected only in order to be dispersed the more hopelessly."

Although he lived much nearer to that continent from which we are supposed to have borrowed the worship of "bigness," Bishop Feild never showed any favour to plans of comprehension and concession at the cost of the Faith; in not a few cases he saw his people deserting to other folds: no one ever lamented more sincerely such defections, but he saw the remedy for them not in idle concessions of things which were not his to yield, but in a fuller and more distinct proclamation of the creed of the Church.

He had many temptations to compromise, but he had grace to resist them all. In one of his charges he reminds his clergy that in the previous year he had been exposed to much obloquy by declining to receive, and thereby to recognize, in his official capacity, a person who called himself the President of the Wesleyan Conference of North America. The bishop had been quite willing to receive him as a private gentleman, but this was not what was desired, and the offended President had written and spoken much and vehemently against the arrogance of the bishop personally, and of the unscriptural position of Episcopacy generally; but within twelve months the bishop was able to state that two sons of this Wesleyan President were ordained by a Bishop of the North American Church, and that in Newfoundland one of the best of the clergy, who had undertaken the charge of a vast mission without any aid from without, was the son of another Wesleyan teacher who had a second son a hard-working priest in England. Those who have followed contemporary history at home will be able without difficulty to find a parallel case in one of our English bishops, who, the last man in the world to make light of departures from the faith, has, more than any other, won to the ranks of his clergy not a few of those who had been in the schismatical position of Wesleyan preachers, and to whom concessions of the faith would have been repellent.

Neither amid the great schemes which in so poor a diocese could only be accomplished by unceasing labour did he allow himself to be absorbed to the neglect of his own spiritual life, or of the needs of individual souls. His every action was performed in a prayerful spirit, and only in the strength thus acquired did he undertake any work. I have had the privilege of seeing his Charges in manuscript, and at the commencement of each there is a prayer composed by himself, and which was intended to be read

by none but himself, and which testify to the spirit which was within him, and which directed his daily life.

These prayers possess so much beauty, so closely resemble the best ancient examples, and contrast so favourably with modern attempts at composition of this kind, that the two following are given. They were written on the first leaf of the Charges for 1854 and 1866 respectively.

## I.

“Make me, O Lord, and all who labour with me in the work of the ministry, every day more worthy of this honour to which Thou hast called us; that we may diligently preach Thy word, rightly and duly administer Thy Holy Sacraments, and exercise godly discipline; that we may be wholesome examples in word, in conversation, in love, in faith, in purity; and grant unto the church and congregation whom we serve that they may profit by us daily, for Jesus Christ’s sake, the supreme bishop and pastor.—Amen.”

## II.

“O God, the fountain of all wisdom, in a deep sense of my own ignorance and infirmity, and of the great charge which lies upon me, I am constrained to come often before Thee, to ask that help without which I shall disquiet myself in vain; most humbly beseeching Thee to guide me with Thine eye, that I may learn from Thee what I ought to think and speak for Thy glory, and the edification of Thy Church. Direct and bless all my labours; give me a discerning spirit, a sound judgment, an honest and courageous heart. And grant that in all I write, and in all I speak, my first aim may be to set forth Thy glory, and to set forward the salvation of mankind, particularly of the people committed to my charge, that I may give a comfortable account of my time, and other talents at the Great Day when all our labours shall be tried. Grant this, O

Father of all light and truth, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Not only did he know accurately the condition of each parish and the qualifications of each clergyman, but he seems to have noted every family with whom he came in contact, and to have looked anxiously for spiritual growth as he visited the same household time after time; no harbour or cove was so remote, no little settlement so poor, as to be beyond the reach of his personal care and interest; nay, it would seem that the poorer or more despised, or more exposed to temptation, the individual or the community, the more keenly did he recognise the claim on his fatherly sympathy; in Bermuda he went out of his way to declare his interest in the poor people of colour, and, to go to another class of persons of very different social position, but much exposed to temptation—he ever took a warm interest in the young naval and military officers who were stationed or quartered within the limits of his diocese. A letter now lying before me, dated "Besika Bay," bears warm and willing testimony to the kindness which the bishop showed long ago to the writer, then a midshipman; to a young officer in the Royal Artillery who had been under his influence in Bermuda, he wrote:—

"I should be very glad if you are able, to keep up an acquaintance with —— and ——, for men of such consistency and sterling worth cannot fail to give you profit and pleasure. May you in your next station be equally fortunate in your companions and friends, for I am sure that much must, under God, depend upon them as to the confirmation of your own character. What a blessing it must be that you can look back upon your residence in Bermuda without, at least, the painful consciousness of having fallen back through the temptations of bad company, knowing how many young men have been thereby ruined."

One of the clergy in Newfoundland writes to me :—“ I have scores of letters in my possession written by the bishop on the subject of my mission and of the works connected with it : if he took the same interest in every other mission and missionary (and I have abundant reason to believe that he did), his minute care and concern for every detail of the work of the diocese must have been simply astonishing.”

This intense zeal which subordinated everything to the highest good of his people led him to rule with a firm hand which overlooked no slighting of ministerial obligations. To how many clergy has he uttered his favourite axiom—“ The shepherd exists for the sheep, not the sheep for the shepherd ” ? With idleness or luxury, or even with an absence of diligent effort, he had no sympathy : his words were always to the point, and in such cases were sharply pointed : to the comforts of life he had made himself indifferent, or, at least, what were comforts to others he regarded as luxuries.

“ What does Mr. —— want of an outfit ? ” he wrote of a possible volunteer who had inquired about ways and means : “ I really don't know what an outfit means : I can only say I had none. I bought a new portmanteau because my former one was a very bad one, and a few pairs of socks because my others were worn out.”

Thus he came to be reckoned by some persons as autocratic and imperious ; he was called on occasions a Martinet ; but it should be remembered, what, indeed, the history of all wars teaches us, that it is just those leaders who in times of peace have been called Martinets by the idle and undisciplined, who in the hour of peril have led enthusiastic followers to victory and to triumph. And so with the great Bishop of Newfoundland : he found himself at the head of a band of men, few in numbers and insufficiently equipped ; but he *led* them to the accomplishment



of the work given to them to do, and though from time to time it was murmured that he was over-strict and the like, never was it given to a bishop to have under him a body of clergy poorer in this world's goods, or more devoted to the duties of their calling, more united among themselves, or more loyal to their bishop. He *ruled* them because he *led* them: the soldiers follow with enthusiasm a strict and brave general, because they know that he shares their peril and is, in common with the humblest in their ranks, subject to the articles of war. Clerical lawlessness will not be found where bishops and priests are alike subject to the same laws: the "consensual compact," in other words the force of canonical obligation, is the only bond that exists or is desiderated in the unestablished Churches of the colonies, and while Acts of Parliament fail, as they might be expected to fail, when they attempt what is beyond their scope, the spiritual obligations, which alone the Church is at liberty to enforce, are found to be as stringent as can be desired. In the work to which the clergy in such a country as Newfoundland are called the labour must be unceasing; and truly in the episcopate of Bishop Feild there were few interruptions: it may be doubted whether during the thirty-two years of his episcopate he was absent from his diocese much more than as many weeks, and it has been shown how, when failing powers warned him to resign his office, he contemplated spending the rest of his days in the diocese and among the people for whom he had done so much. It was little wonder that as so glorious a career drew towards its close, and those who had from time to time opposed and misrepresented his action retired, there came to him, not indeed the popularity which he had always despised and which is the reward of those less noble natures who seek for it, but the respect and the affection of all good men. If life is long enough, occasions are offered in which the whole

man is shown, the softer side of those who are naturally stern, as well as the more earnest qualities of the habitually easy-going; and so with the bishop, those who had before compared his will to an iron bar were led in times of sorrow to declare that his heart was as tender as woman's. One clergyman writes to me:—"Wherever he heard of a clergyman being unwell, in affliction, or temporarily overworked, there he was sure to offer his services. Everywhere he showed the same industry in the duties of his office, the same consistent obedience to the rules of the Church, the same simplicity of manner and of living, the same winning tenderness to the young and courtesy to all,—the same faithfulness in reproof where reproof was necessary, and in suggesting duty to those in high positions who were not likely to be reminded of it by any one else."

Another clergyman, one of the oldest in the diocese, writes:—"Bishop Feild and I did not always agree, but I always found him a kind friend, and can truly say, 'May I be as ready to depart when my call comes, as was our late bishop.'"

Yet another clergyman (Rev. W. K. White) who has laboured in Newfoundland for nearly thirty years, writes:—

"I have not recovered from the shock of the departure of my dear and venerable Bishop Feild. I loved him as I never loved any man, and I miss his loving words of comfort and encouragement, of wise counsel, and fatherly advice, more than I can tell. I have always before me his joy now. I fancy I see his welcome, and hear, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' for good and faithful he was indeed."

And many more such testimonies could be produced.

In private life the good bishop was a charming companion; you felt at once that you were in the presence of a thorough gentleman. He was not a great talker, but his

conversation had a peculiar grace, for his frequent wit was ever of the most refined kind, and his well-stored mind was wont to produce just what was wanted at the particular moment. He was given to hospitality, and was specially fond of getting his clergy to dine with him in the middle of the day; to these gatherings he always made a point of inviting the chaplains of any ships of war that happened to be in harbour. He entertained liberally, but his table was never luxuriously furnished, and in his own person he practised a temperance, almost an abstinence, that sometimes seemed to be extreme. He was at all periods of his life fond of children, and the liking was reciprocal; it has been mentioned already how the infants at Kidlington used to struggle for his caress, and in the present year the following testimony is borne by the Rev. J. C. Harvey of Port-de-Grave:—"Bishop Feild was unusually fond of children, and used to take our little ones upon his knee and repeat to them some of the nursery rhymes which we used to hear in our early days. He was also very fond of sacred music, and took much notice of one of my daughters who, when nine years of age, attracted and pleased him much by her musical talent; he sent her a tune-book of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, having written inside, 'The organist, Port-de-Grave, from her friend and admirer, E. Newfoundland.' He was constantly saying that she must be his organist at the cathedral, and once when the child went to S. John's he took her over the cathedral, showing and explaining the organ to her."

No one could be long with the bishop without detecting a quiet humour which was both unceasing and irrepressible. It sparkled in his gentle conversation, which was always easy and free of effort, and overflowed in epigram, in quotation, or *jeu d'esprit* in his letters. This joyousness of spirit is often found in connection with the highest measure of personal holiness, and in all his playful words it would be

impossible to detect any that could justly be called "idle." How great a sustaining power this must have been to him during the anxieties and isolation of his long labours, need not be stated. He seemed to be of those who are ever

"Through darkest nooks of this dull earth  
Pouring in showery times their glow of quiet mirth."

He was fully aware of the presence of this brightness of spirit, and was conscious of the blessing which it proved to him. "If God has given me what the wise man says is a continual feast, and doeth good like a medicine," he once wrote in a playful letter to a former parishioner, "how can I help indulging myself when I recur to those scenes and those friends which were always so pleasant to me?"

Nor were the good effects of this cheerful spirit limited to himself. The following statement which has been kindly sent to me will show how useful it was to others:—

"He was noted for lightheartedness," writes my informant; "and especially so when travelling. Away in the midst of wild scenes or amongst the little isolated communities scattered here and there, one would almost think from his manner that he did not know care.

I well remember how on one occasion, shortly before I was ordained, the sunshine of his humour fairly broke up and dispersed a cloud of melancholy that had settled upon me one dreary day. He had taken me with him on a few days' tour in Conception Bay, and we were returning to S. John's. After crossing the bay in a steam-ferry (and to a poor sailor as I was a passage on such a day in a small steam-boat was by no means enlivening) we had then a ten-mile journey overland to the town. We drove in an open trap; it was pouring with rain; the month November. Whether there was anything besides the weather to make me uncomfortable I can't remember, but I fancy there was

some little trouble, real or imaginary ; and altogether I was dismal and decidedly unconversational.

After a longish silence the bishop was the first to speak. 'An uncomfortable day.' *Answer*, 'Yes, it is.' (Silence). *Bishop*, 'Wet.' 'Yes, very wet.' (Silence). 'Something like a Scotch mist.' (Another silence). 'Rather showery to-day.' *Answer*, 'Well, it's wet.' (Silence again). 'It's a little cloudy.' (Silence). 'Do you think we're going to have any rain ?'

Well, seeing it had been pouring incessantly for hours, and seemed likely to do so for hours more, my grumpiness was fairly beaten. The humorous way in which he made these little absurd observations was irresistible, and in spite of my dismal feelings, he had succeeded at last in making me laugh. That accomplished, we began to talk, and my spirits were up for the rest of the journey.

There was a real kindness in that, and some cleverness too. But it was not only in such trifling ways that he endeared himself. Through all the time that I served under him, he was ready with counsel, encouragement, and if need arose, with help of a more material kind.

Another trait in his character was careful attention to minute details. Sometimes I thought that in certain matters he carried it almost to excess. On the whole, however, it answered well, and the fault, if it was a fault, was a good one. This trait in his character is illustrated by a letter I received from him after I had left a mission of which I had charge for rather more than seven years. He had been making a Visitation of it, and at the last place he visited he wrote me this letter. He told me something of what he had done in every place he went to ; gave an account of all the services held ; the number of communicants, of children baptized, of persons confirmed, and the names of a couple married in his presence. He had something to say about every one of the mission buildings, built or build-

ing, six in all; something about school arrangements; and something about several individuals in whom of course I was interested. He took himself an interest in all these persons and things; and *he remembered.*”

Conjoined with his bright cheerfulness, the bishop had in him much of the spirit of an ascetic. He was rigid, as may have been expected, in observing the season of Lent, the weekly fast of Friday and similar obligations. His habits of private devotion were, of course, unobserved although not unknown by his friends, but when he was on board ship and privacy was impossible, it was then seen what his life was, and indeed the whole time of the Visitation which was not spent on shore in active ministrations among the people, was devoted to a perpetual round of prayer, study and psalmody. During his visits in England it has been mentioned to me by more than one of those who had the privilege of receiving him as a guest, that he has been overheard repeating prayers and offices in the night hours, when the whole of the household was supposed to be asleep.

A traveller in North America has recorded the circumstance that, while resting at a lonely inn, he was roused at night by the sound of a solitary voice chanting the psalms. The next morning he made inquiries as to the source of sounds so unwonted, and learned that his fellow-traveller who had so disturbed him was the Bishop of Newfoundland; the incident formed the theme of the following verses, which appeared with the well-known initials of the authoress in the *Churchman's Companion* for 1848:—

“ Wake, wanderer, wake, a solemn voice  
Chants softly to the chill night air,  
In old familiar melody,  
Sweet strains of praise and prayer ;

Such strains as in thine own dear land  
 Unnumbered voices love to sing,  
 When, morn and eve, the Bride of Heaven,  
 Brings homage to her King.

Here are no old collegiate walls,  
 No mighty minster fair and strong:  
 Whence caught this wild north-western waste  
 The Church's Evensong?

Sleep, wanderer, sleep, thy mother's hand  
 Is stretched to guard each wandering child;  
 Her shepherd waketh for the flock  
 Far scattered in the wild.

'Tis meet his voice should linger here,  
 Chanting alone the dear old lay,  
 Who beareth from the dear old land  
 High spiritual sway.

'Tis meet his deep unwearied tone,  
 Still night and day, her songs renew,  
 Like strain thrice echoed from the hills,  
 Whose every note is true.

Head of the Church! for ever hear,—  
 Hear Thou thy servant's evening hymn;  
 Give that lone voice a power to raise  
 From sleep more dark and dim.

Be it a witness to Thy name,  
 For truth, for love, for order dear,  
 Charming the sinner from his path,  
 Soothing the exile's ear.

It dies beneath the wide grey heaven,  
 It dies along the silent plain;  
 No answering flock, no deep-voiced choir  
 Take up the solemn strain

Yet patience, strong and holy heart,  
 Nor doubt the full response shall come;  
 Still waken with thy lonely note  
 The desert dark and dumb.

Deep down the course of coming years  
 That cord shall vibrate yet again,  
 And ages yet unborn shall hear  
 That slumbering Amen.

In money matters the question with all who knew his munificence was, not what he gave, but how he could find so much to give away. It was said of him "that he lived like a beggar, and gave like a prince," but the estimate was not a just one, for there was nothing of the sordidness of the beggar in that voluntary simplicity of his life which enabled him to indulge in munificent charity.

Of his intellectual powers nothing has been said, and nothing need be said; they were recognised by all who knew him, and it is characteristic of his marvellous simplicity that while he could not but be aware that he was competent to fill any position, however high, he always spoke of the office to which he had been called as one for which many more fitted could have been found, and in which another would probably have effected more.

It will be remembered that while awaiting his consecration he wrote to a friend expressing his desire to carry on, and, if it pleased God, to reap the fruits, of the great and good beginnings which his predecessor had made (see page 23). The desire was eminently characteristic: to build on the plans of others was always natural to the bishop: it will have been observed by the readers of the foregoing pages that everything which Bishop Spencer had commenced, however incomplete the condition in which he left it, was carried out and perfected by his successor; the proposed College the proposed Cathedral, the Organization of the Diocese, are all abiding memorials of his successful toil and prudent organization; and although many other works were originated and completed by Bishop Feild, no one who knew him would have wondered at being told that he regarded the whole of his episcopal labours as but the complement of the designs and aspirations of his predecessor.



## A P P E N D I C E S.

### APPENDIX A.

[See page 241.]

The following is the "*Poor Pastoral*" which the bishop published in the spring of 1869. It was an instance of the solicitude which he felt for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of his people.

"S. JOHN'S, *April 24, 1869.*

"My Reverend Brother,—'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb:' and great reason have we to acknowledge with thankfulness His mercy, in mitigating the sufferings of the many half-clothed, half-fed poor around us, by a comparatively mild winter. How would their sufferings have been increased, if the season had been one of the severe frost and cold, which we have sometimes experienced! That aggravation of misery has been mercifully prevented: but we have witnessed enough of want and suffering to sadden our hearts; and to make us, I trust, most anxious to remove, if we may, some of the causes which have occasioned of late years such an overwhelming increase of pauperism. Ministers of religion have reasons and occasions for lamenting this state of destitution, which men of other professions have not, at least not in the same degree. I speak, you will observe, not of poverty, but pauperism. A poor man may be honest, industrious, contented in, and with, his lot in this world. 'Hath not God,' asks an apostle, 'chosen the poor

of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?' (St. James ii. 5).? God forbid that we should despise them. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the state of pauperism too often occasions idleness, discontent and dishonesty. And who can wonder, when it is known (as we too well know), that it almost of necessity prevents attendance at the house of prayer, keeps the children of the family from their school, and wholly occupies them both in seeking means of maintaining life. And as one of the old fathers of the Church has said: 'Men must live, before they can live well.' We have then to see and lament, as a consequence of this physical or bodily destitution, the still worse evil of social and moral degradation.

I will not enter upon the supposed causes of this widespread, and, it may be feared, wider-spreading, pauperism, further than is requisite for the suggestion of some means of at least checking its growth, if it cannot altogether be eradicated. Some of the causes, which I or others have seen or supposed, may not exist in your locality, while, on the other hand, some may exist of which I am ignorant.

It seems generally to be agreed that what is called the supply system—*i.e.*, the system of supplying fishermen, and others of the labouring class, with provisions and an outfit, in expectation of receiving, in payment, the result and produce of a season's work—has been one of the principal causes of this general degradation. And—without presuming to condemn what was, under the different circumstances of the colony fifty years ago, a wise and considerate arrangement, and may still be a necessary one,—it cannot be doubted that it had always a tendency to create recklessness, if not idleness; and now, with the increased opportunities and temptations to dispose of produce, dishonesty. And let it not be forgotten that this system has its dangers to the suppliers as well as to the

supplied (I refer to its moral, or rather immoral, effects), against which it is equally our duty, in love and faithfulness, to warn them also. I would be permitted to remind you of the words I addressed to you on this subject, in my Charge, eleven years ago:—‘There are, as I believe everybody in this community knows and feels, peculiar temptations to both the great classes into which the population of this country is divided, from the extended system of supply in anticipation of the means of payment; temptations which can only be withstood by a very high sense of duty both to God and our neighbour.’ Far be it from me to condemn those who heretofore introduced, or who now, of necessity, adopt and continue this system. It is much easier to perceive and lament a disease than to discover and apply the remedy; more especially if the disease has become inveterate. It is, however, an obvious duty, on our part, to point out, as we have opportunity, to both parties the manifold mischiefs of the system, and to plead, if we may, for its discontinuance.

It is useless to deprecate, though we cannot but deplore, the continual withdrawal from the colony, yearly and every year, of wealth, earned by hard and ill-requited labour to be wholly spent in other countries; cruelly hindering all material progress and improvement here.

It may be equally useless to allude to political causes. Yet the natural result of the mutual obligations of pauper constituents and their representatives ought not to be forgotten, nor the evils, under such conditions of society, of responsible government. And let us not build much, in this respect, upon the proposed Confederation; or the new laws and legislators under and by which we shall be governed. We may hope for some change for the better, in our social, as well as political, state. But he must have greater faith in Dominion politics and politicians than I have, who expects to obtain much relief from that quarter.

I must confess I cannot regard without apprehension the introduction of any system of poor relief sustained by Government. They who have witnessed, as I have, and they who hear of, as all who choose may, the increase of pauperism in England, under wise and well-considered Poor-laws, will hesitate to introduce any like system, where the difficulties of levying a rate are greater, and the safeguards against abuse in its distribution are fewer and less powerful. It would indeed be only just and right, if a portion of the wealth drawn out of, and taken from, the Colony could be detained for the support of our men worn down in earning it, and of, alas! our many widows and orphans brought to that state by the frequent wrecks and disasters in conveying well-insured produce and merchandize from shore to shore.

Again, it is much to be feared that the gifts of charity, particularly in clothing, have a tendency to prevent the necessary and becoming care and concern even for outward appearance. And perhaps the same may be said of patronizing rags. To provide decent apparel for the Lord's day and Lord's house ought to be inculcated as a duty of religion.

It is not beyond hope that the merchants or capitalists in different localities, and especially in S. John's, may discover some means sufficiently remunerative of employing their fishermen and dependants in the dreary unproductive winter.

In default of any such enterprise, you may possibly suggest some profitable or useful employment, at least for the females; as knitting and spinning, making and mending clothes; occupations not so generally pursued in this country as in England: though probably there is no country where the homely proverb, 'A stitch in time saves nine,' more deserves attention; as the good clothes we give, too soon reduced to rags and tatters, plainly testify.

Attention should be directed to the cultivation of the land, in connection with the fishery, if there be land in the settlement or neighbourhood available for that purpose; or, otherwise, removal may be suggested to localities where those occupations may be successfully combined. Sheep have been introduced with great advantage in many settlements and may be in many more; for, besides the supply of food, you have, in the fleece, material for clothing of various kinds, and for employment in the winter.

If the population of the country be really redundant, either generally or in particular localities, the remedy must be sought in emigration or removal. In this respect, and by introducing capital, and furnishing employment, the opening and working of mines must prove highly beneficial.

I need not, I am confident, enlarge upon the duty of endeavouring, by all Christian methods and motives, to repress the use of intoxicating liquors, the fruitful source of misery upon misery; physical destitution and moral degradation. I earnestly hope that the decrease of intoxication, which has been observed of late, is due to some higher and more abiding cause than the want of the means of indulgence. But, I conceive, our most likely method, under God, of attaining our object—I mean the bettering the condition of the poorer classes, and preventing the continuance and spread of pauperism—is to inculcate publicly and privately, in the pulpit and from house to house, our obligations, as men and as Christians, to exercise forethought and economy. We know that the circumstances and habits of people, who make their profits and livelihood in one portion or season of the year—especially if they receive their provisions and supplies before earning them—naturally and almost necessarily lead to carelessness and extravagance. Against this result it is our indispensable and paramount duty to warn and exhort every man exposed to the tempta-

tion. It is not necessary to call, or suppose, a man a 'sluggard' to justify the scriptural direction, 'Go to the ant,—consider her ways and be wise; who, having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest.' You may sometimes find an occasion and opportunity of inducing and assisting the fisherman to deposit his spring or summer earnings in the savings' bank.<sup>1</sup> And no person will hesitate to recommend, by precept and example, the most strict and careful economy in the use of God's gifts for our support, who remembers the injunction—the injunction of Him who provided, without labour or expense, a feast for five thousand men, besides women and children—to 'gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'

Let these considerations be frequently, earnestly, and affectionately pressed upon your flock, not only for credit and comfort, but for conscience and Christ's sake—and we may yet, with God's help and blessing, lift some out of the mire of pauperism, and set them with 'the poor of this world'—honest, sober and industrious—'whom God has chosen.' If fishermen,—let us remember the debt we and the world owe to men of that calling.

In the meantime let none distrust God, our heavenly Father, by seeking, or accepting relief in unlawful or forbidden ways. 'Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' And 'The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open unto their prayers: but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil.'

I remain, Reverend and dear Brother,

Your friend and fellow labourer in Christ,

EDWARD NEWFOUNDLAND."

<sup>1</sup> I have had in my keeping a fisherman's savings'-bank|book, who, by depositing for several years his summer earnings, had laid by nearly four hundred pounds for the winter of his old age.

## APPENDIX B.

The following lines, which were written at S. Modeste, Labrador, August, 1865, are found, in the Bishop's own writing, on a spare sheet of paper in his journal. It is needless to add that they were never intended for publication, and were probably written to relieve his own mind amid the desolation that surrounded him.

### PART I.

#### I.

O barren coast of Labrador !  
Where poet never lived or sung.  
O rocky, ice-encircled shore,  
Where never harp or lyre was strung,  
Where neither art nor nature please ;  
What mean these ships upon thy seas ?

#### II.

They come in search of fish and oil,  
With net and line thy depths to try,  
While fishermen with ceaseless toil,  
By day and night their labours ply,  
Intent on nothing but their catch,  
To "make their voyage" with quick despatch.

## III.

Little care they for fog or foam,  
 Or floating ice of berg or field,  
 Soon to return to kindlier home  
 If ocean first its treasures yield.  
 Then waves may roll, and winds may blow,  
 Happy with laden ships they go.

## IV.

Happy they go, the favoured crew,  
 With fifty quintals to a man,  
 But these are far between and few,  
 Many but empty vessels scan.  
 How then shall these their merchants meet ?  
 How hungry wives and children greet ?

## V.

Yet not alone for toil and pain,  
 'Mid rocks and ice, thro' fog and foam,  
 Not for hard labour spent in vain,  
 Returning "unfished" to their home,  
 Poor fishermen on Labrador  
 Succour and sympathy implore.

## VI.

What though the sacred day of rest,  
 Remembered be, at God's command ?  
 Never with public worship blest,  
 They can but sleep or idly stand ;  
 No minister to pray or preach,  
 No means of grace within their reach.



## PART II.

## VII.

But, lo ! another ship in view appears ;  
 The *Hawk* her name ; yet sure no bird of prey,  
 For messages of peace and love she bears.  
 “ Not without God ” onward she speeds her way ;  
 Fishers of men to fishermen she brings,  
 Grace and glad tidings ever on her wings.

## VIII.

A flag aloft is borne on either mast,  
 On either flag the sacred cross is seen,  
 The Church's glory in all ages past,  
 Now and shall be, as ever it has been.  
 Where never sign of Christ appeared before  
 The sacred cross floats o'er the Labrador.

## IX.

True to their Church, true to her sacred sign,  
 Good fishermen with joy the Church ship hail.  
 Glad “ for a spell ” to leave both net and line,  
 Pressing alongside still with oar and sail.  
 Though squid and capelin fresh attempts invite  
 With promise of success by day and night.

## X.

Nor long they wait, bishop and priest are there,  
 Each vested in his sacred garments stands,  
 One speaking well-known words of Common Prayer,  
 The other blessing with uplifted hands,  
 Dear words to churchmen skilled to take their parts,  
 Dear blessings evermore to faithful hearts.

## XI.

Not only these—not only prayer and praise,  
And benedictions ; other gifts are there.  
Truths, which from earth to heaven the spirit raise,  
From God's own book, God's ministers declare ;  
The Holy Table too is duly spread,  
The cup of blessing and the broken bread.

## XII.

Such gifts the Church ship brings to Labrador,  
By charity of Christian friends supplied,  
Friends in old England, caring for the poor,  
Christ's poor, His gifts of grace too long denied ;  
May sevenfold blessings on their souls be poured ;  
All honour, praise, and glory to the Lord !





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