

THE Church of England Magazine.

UNDER THE
SUPERINTENDENCE
OF
CLERGYMEN



OF THE UNITED
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
AND
IRELAND.

"HER FOUNDATIONS ARE UPON THE HOLY HILLS."

No. 527.—JUNE 7, 1845.



SCOTTISH EPISCOPACY.

No. IV.

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

ON the 27th of April, 1746, after the attempt of prince Charles Edward, the position of the bishops and clergy was one fraught with danger: many of the laymen had fled to foreign parts; but, though their meeting-houses were burned, their congregations dispersed, as well as they themselves liable to seizure any moment, they remained steadfast to their posts. We are told, "there was public worship but in very few of the episcopal non-jurant meetings in Edinburgh, next Sunday in none of them, and they are since shut up by order of the sheriffs of Edinburgh" (*Scots' Mag.*, vol. viii., p. 247, 1746). "Any meeting in Scotland, where five persons or more shall be met together over and above the household, shall be deemed an episcopal meeting." Eight had been allowed by 5th George I. "If any episcopal minister officiate twice, without having taken and subscribed

the oaths in such manner as all officers civil and military in Scotland are by law obliged to do, he shall be imprisoned for the first offence, and for the second be transported to some of his majesty's plantations in America for life; and to be imprisoned for life, should he return" (*Scots' Mag.*). Amongst others who were imprisoned was the rev. John Skinner, for upwards of sixty-four years minister in Longside, in Aberdeenshire, grandfather to the present "Primus." He was committed to the common gaol of the county, being charged with a breach of the act which deprived the episcopal clergy of the right of officiating to more than four persons besides their own families. Mr. Skinner frankly acknowledged that he had officiated to more than the permitted number, and was, consequently, imprisoned for six months, commencing May 26th, 1753. Mr. George Sempell, at Perth, had been previously seized in the performance of divine service, and committed to

D D

deplore a broken covenant, than Donald Mackintosh did the adverse fortunes of the Stuart race. Never did the former groan over black prelacy, which he was to root out, with all its abominations, from the land, more dolorously, than did the latter over an established presbyterianism. Had each written an account of the sufferings of the true church, into what a labyrinth of confusion would the reader have been led! The advantage of Donald was, that, while he firmly maintained his own principles, he joined no unholy league to prevent others maintaining theirs.

From Glenfinglas and the wilds of Loch Katrine, Donald frequently traversed the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Grampians, through Glentilt to Glenshee, and thence towards the north-east coast to Banff, a range of some hundred miles, administering the ordinances of religion with unremitting zeal and indefatigable assiduity. Convinced that in his person centred the sole right of the non-juring episcopal clergy, being the last of those who protested against a foreign succession and the whiggish principles of a British hierarchy, he, in the year 1794, instituted a process in the court of session against the managers of the "fund belonging to the episcopal clergy in Scotland, for behoof of their indigent brethren, their widows and children." The issue of this singular case was what might have been expected: he was nonsuited, to the great chagrin of his friends, who had aided him in the cause.

Some of his faithful flock, ere their decease, bequeathed part of their earthly substance to him; among whom were the late Mrs. Eagle, seed-merchant in Edinburgh, who left him a legacy of 100*l.* sterling, and Mrs. Paterson, of Banff, who left him likewise a legacy of 150*l.* sterling. These sums, with his annual savings, enabled him to leave a little property, which he apportioned in several small legacies, as specified in his will; a document in which he speaks of himself as the last of the episcopal clergy of Scotland.

The chief part of his property consisted of a library, collected with peculiar care, of rare and valuable books; composed chiefly of polemical pieces, and curious tracts on church and state history, and politics. This small collection he, in imitation of bishop Leighton, of Dunblane, left "for the purpose of establishing a library in the town of Dunkeld, under such regulations for the preservation of my books and manuscripts, and for promoting the access of the public thereto, as to the said trustees, or the major part of them accepting, shall seem good."

In 1801 he was appointed translator of the Gaelic language, and keeper of Gaelic records, to the Royal Highland Society of Scotland, with an adequate salary, and additional gratuities for his sedulous attention to the duties of his department.

In 1808, his health rapidly declining, he was unable to make his annual journey to Glenfinglas and to Banff; and, perceiving his earthly sojourn drawing to a close, he prepared for his departure to "another world." Having settled his worldly affairs as he wished, he called in, to assist him in his devotions, the rev. Mr. Adam, of Blackfriars' Wynd episcopal chapel, Edinburgh, no longer used as a place of episcopal worship, and received the sacrament of the Lord's supper from his hands; soon after which he breathed his last. His re-

mains were attended to the grave by many respectable persons, and lie buried in the Greyfriars' churchyard, without any monument to his memory. He was never married. O.

Subenile Reading.

THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

It was on a pleasant May morning that a steam-vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo, on lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea-lakes for which America is so famous; and, as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in one after another, you might well think that you were looking at the great ocean itself. The Jersey—for that was the name of the steamer—was dressed gaily out with many bright flags: the Blue Peter, the signal of immediate sailing, was at her mainmast-head: porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers; travellers hurrying backwards and forwards to look for their luggage; friends shaking hands, and bidding each other farewell; idlers lounging about, with their hands in their pockets; car-drivers jangling for a larger fare; and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering-place.

But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and, leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward, and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day; and, as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation on politics; some sat apart, and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house; some were wrapped up in the book with which they were engaged; and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, let danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be that day.

It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southwards; Erie, the place to which it was bound, lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel; a bluff, weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a burning summer day, and by many a winter tempest. He had truly learnt to be content with his situation: none could ever say that they had heard him repine at his hard labour and scanty pay. He had, in the worst times, a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown: cast, often enough, into bad company, he tried, at least, and generally succeeded, to say or do something for its good. He was known, from one end of lake Erie to the other, by the name of honest John Maynard; and the secret of his honesty to his neighbours was his love of God.

The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from his cabin, cried to a sailor: "Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?"

"Its from the engine-room, sir, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you, then, and let me know."

The sailor began descending the ladder by which

you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when up he came again with much greater speed.

"The hold's on fire, sir," he said to the captain, who by this time was standing close to him.

The captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow: no one had seen the accident; and now not only much of the luggage, but the sides of the vessel were in a smouldering flame.

All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together; and, two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and repassed: they were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on to the other side to be refilled. For some few moments it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the meantime the women on board were clustering round John Maynard, the only man unemployed who was capable of answering their questions. "How far is it to land?" "How long shall we be getting in?" "Is it very deep?" "Is there no boat?" "Can they see us from shore?" The helmsman answered as well as he could. There was no boat: it had been left at Buffalo to be mended: they might be seven miles from shore: they would probably be in in forty minutes: he could not tell how far the fire had reached. "But, to speak truth," he added, "we are all in great danger; and I think if there were a little less *talking*, and a little more *praying*, it would be the better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"How's her head?" shouted the captain.

"West-sou'-west, sir," answered Maynard.

"Keep her sou' and by west," cried the captain.

"We must go on shore anywhere."

It happened that a draft of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously against the saloon; and the partition betwixt it and the hold was soon on fire. Then long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the sky-light; and the captain, seeing this, ordered all the women forward. The engineer put on his utmost steam: the American flag was run up, and reversed, in token of distress: water was flung over the sails, to make them hold the wind. And still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though now he was cut off, by a sheet of smoke and flame, from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat: the engineers fled from the engine-room: the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow; the sailors were sawing planks to which to lash the women: the boldest were throwing off their coats and waistcoats, and preparing for one long struggle for life. And still the coast grew plainer and plainer: the paddles, as yet, worked well: they could not be more than a mile from the shore; and boats were even now starting to their assistance.

"John Maynard!" cried the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said John.

"Can you hold on five minutes longer?"

"I'll try, sir."

And he did try: the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost

suffocate him; his hair was singed; his blood seemed on fire with the great heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand, till the flesh shrivelled, and the muscles cracked in the flame; and then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he heard the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats; the cry of the captain, "The women first, and then every man for himself, and God for us all." And they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known: whether, dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavouring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he were suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell. At the moment the vessel struck, the boats were at her side: passengers, sailors, and captain leaped into them, or swam for their lives: all, save he to whom they owed everything, escaped.

He had died the death of a Christian hero—I had almost said, of a martyr: his spirit was commended into his Father's hands, and his body sleeps in peace by the green side of lake Erie.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS*.

"As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindostani woods among,
Could, in his desert hermitage,
As if 'twere marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

"I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wide wilderness
You came across the sea."

THE migration of the feathered race has occupied much attention, and afforded subject for many interesting inquiries, from a very early period. Nor is the topic exhausted: numerous important facts still remain unexplained; and a vast field for observation still presents itself to scientific research.

Birds migrate northwards and southwards; so that there is in our latitudes at least a periodical ebb and tide of spring and winter visitors. The former gradually work their way, as the season advances, from the warm regions of the south, where they have enjoyed food and sunshine, and have escaped the rigours of our winter, and arrive here to cheer us with their songs, and to make our summer months still more delightful. The latter, being inhabitants of the arctic circle, and finding in the forests and morasses of that region a sufficient supply of food in summer, are only led to quit their homes when the early winter begins to bind up the lakes and the surface of the earth, and to deprive them of sustenance. It is then that they seek our milder shores; and, accordingly, at the season when our summer visitants are leaving us to proceed on their journey southwards, these songless inhabitants of the north arrive to take their places, and to feed on such winter fruits and berries, and such insects and aquatic plants, as are denied to their own inhospitable climate. These visitors, though mute, are of no mean value; for many of them are esteemed as delicate food; and, in consequence, the red-wing, fieldfare, woodcock, snipe, widgeon, &c., are wont to receive homage and admiration from

* From "Chronicles of the Seasons." J. W. Parker, 1843.