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the "Hawk," 1859

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Church in the Colonies.

No. XXXVII.

EXTRACTS

FROM

A JOURNAL

OF A

VOYAGE OF VISITATION,

IN THE "HAWK,"

1859,

BY

THE BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

"Οὐ τοι ἄνευ Θεοῦ ἔπατο δεξιὸς ὄρνις,
Κίρκος."—HOM. *Odys.*

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR
THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL;
AND SOLD BY THE
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,
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4, ROYAL EXCHANGE; 16, HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE;
RIVINGTONS, BELL AND DALDY, HATCHARDS,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1860.
June.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL,

&c. &c.

PREFATORY LETTER

BERMUDA,
MARCH 15, 1860.

"MY DEAR HAWKINS,

"You are aware that I have ceased for some years to forward to the Society the Journals of my Voyages of Visitation.^[A] It did not appear to me that the cause of the Society, or of my diocese, would be much advanced, or individuals much interested or edified by detailed reports of visits and services with which those who had read the former Journals would be familiar.

"The sad state of religious destitution in many settlements in Newfoundland and Labrador had been, I thought, sufficiently shown; and the benefits and blessing conferred, and to be conferred, by the Society, thankfully stated and fully demonstrated. I have, therefore, considered it better and more becoming to confine myself to a bare and brief newspaper statement of the places visited, and the services performed, without any particular mention of the condition of the inhabitants, and other incidents of the voyage.

"In my late visitation, however, I have been enabled to reach a portion of the island, in which, though several hundred members of our Church have long resided, no clergyman had ever before been seen. I refer to White Bay, a remote district on the so-called French Shore of Newfoundland. A large portion, nearly one-half of the coast of Newfoundland (from Cape St. John on the N.E. to Cape Ray on the S.W.), is called and known in the island by that name (the French Shore); in consequence of the permission, granted by treaty, to the French to fish for cod on, or round that

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portion. The natives and inhabitants of Newfoundland, and the British generally, have not considered it worth their while to prosecute the fishery to any extent in these parts, or to settle in them; the operations of the French fishermen, being assisted and systematized by their Government, are on such an extensive scale as to exclude competition, and to render their privilege practically an exclusive one. Nevertheless, as the parts of the island so assigned, or given up, are among the most productive, not only in fish, but in game, and occasionally in seals (which are there taken in nets with comparatively little trouble or expense), families have from time to time migrated to and settled in these remote districts, scattering themselves widely, with the view of obtaining the means of subsistence in larger abundance and with greater ease. Now, as there are no roads to, or on, this shore, and each settlement therefore can only be approached by sea, and by sea only for four or five months in the year, in any vessel larger than a boat, it is exceedingly difficult to minister to, or visit the inhabitants. Nevertheless, I have been enabled, by the aid of my Church-ship, to visit, *at intervals of four years*, since 1848, most of the settlements on this shore. In St. George's Bay, indeed, the most thickly or largely inhabited part, a Church has been built, and one of our Society's missionaries stationed for several years; and great, in consequence, is the change, great the improvement in the residents. Here, I have been enabled, as in other parts of the island, to celebrate the services of consecration and confirmation, and to provide for the administration of the Holy Communion. But until the census of 1857, I was not aware of the large number of our people in White Bay and the neighbourhood, or of the large proportion they bear to the whole population. When, at the close of that year, I discovered that more than three-fourths registered themselves members of the Church of England, I resolved, should it please God to permit me, to make another voyage in my Church-ship, that I would myself visit, and minister to, as I might be able, these scattered sheep of my flock. A statement of their condition, and of my services, assisted by the clergy who accompanied me, cannot fail, I think, to interest and affect all those who can feel for the sheep or the shepherd. It is with a view of awakening this Christian sympathy in behalf of my poor diocese, and generally in the cause and fork of your Society (by or through which both sheep and shepherd have been so largely befriended and assisted) that I am desirous of publishing those parts of the journal of my last voyage that relate to White Bay.

"I have added the account of two days in the Bay of Islands, a locality only so far more happily circumstanced than, or I should rather say not so unhappily circumstanced as, White Bay, inasmuch as the inhabitants have been twice before visited by myself in the Church-ship, and once by the Missionary of the Belle-Isle Straits. The circumstances of both, or of either, will, I think, justify the application of an apostle's question to him—to any one—who, having an abundance of spiritual goods, can see the need of these his brethren, and shut up his compassion from them;—'How dwelleth the love of Christ in him?'

"I am,
Yours faithfully,
E. NEWFOUNDLAND."

THE REV. ERNEST HAWKINS.

FOOTNOTES:

[A] The last published was that of 1853.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL.

PART I.—WHITE BAY.

Thursday, July 7th. At sea, and Little Harbour Deep.—Passed Cape St. John, at eight o'clock; several French vessels in the harbour: passed Partridge Point soon after twelve o'clock, and entered White Bay. I had intended to visit, in the first place, the settlements on the south side of the bay, but the wind being adverse, we stood across to Little Harbour Deep, not knowing that we should find any "livers" there; but hoping to be able from thence to visit, or there to be visited by, the families dwelling in Grande-Vache, or Grandfather's Cove, said to be only one mile distant. On nearing the harbour, we saw and hailed a boat, which proved to belong to the place, and in which were a man and his wife returning from their salmon nets, which they overhaul twice a day. 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 (which proves, however, to be nearly three miles distant) very early to-morrow morning, and acquaint them with our presence, and our intention to have services on board the Church-ship.

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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, and of having their youngest child christened or admitted into the Church. All had been baptized; some at Twillingate, some at Herring Neck, in each case by a clergyman, one by a Methodist preacher, one by a fisherman; but all had been admitted into the Church (at Twillingate, or Herring Neck) except this youngest. They left us about 10.30 P.M., after attending our family prayers in the cabin.

Friday, July 8th. Little Harbour Deep.—Before four o'clock, two of my men, with a boy from shore, went to Grandfather's Cove (Grande-Vache) to invite the families (Randalls) living there to our services. Though so early, one of the families had gone to their fishing ground before our men arrived. The others gladly accepted the invitation. This being the first day of missionary work, or services, on board the Church-ship, I had to instruct my friends, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Tucker, how to arrange and deck the large cabin for the congregation. The day, happily, was very fine, so that we were able to put several of the many packages and boxes on deck.

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The congregation, in the morning, consisted of only the two families (Wiseman and Randall) and our captain. In the afternoon (4.30 P.M.), our crew also attended. One girl was hypothetically baptised, and four children received. The elder Johnson said the prayers and baptized; the younger read the lessons. I addressed the little congregation both morning and evening. There is something 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.

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After the second service, I accompanied my friends in a boat to the head of the harbour, where it receives a small stream (the drain of some lake, or of the bogs and mosses in the neighbourhood), which winds and creeps between some magnificent mountains. While they were fishing I wandered, climbing over the boulders, along the borders of the stream, to enjoy the solitude and deep silence of the winding valley. The absence of all living creatures, except mosquitoes and dragon-flies, is a striking feature; and the occasional whistle or scream of some sea-bird only renders the prevailing stillness more strange; grateful or painful, according to the disposition and state of mind.

We returned to the ship soon after sunset, frightfully eaten by mosquitoes. The fishers had all had plenty of bites, and realized a new phase of "fly-fishing," but carried home among them one trout only. The mosquitoes had got possession of the Church-ship, and paid us off for invading their solitudes.

Saturday, July 9th. At sea.—We left Little Harbour Deep soon after three o'clock A.M., with a fair wind, which died away outside, and we did not reach our next place of call (Little Coney Arm) till five o'clock P.M. There new delay and difficulty awaited us. We fired two guns, but no person came off, and not a single boat could anywhere be seen. The whole shore seemed deserted. Nevertheless, we discerned houses in the harbour, and stood towards the entrance; but finding the water shoal suddenly, the captain let go the anchor, and sent a boat in, with the mate and three of my companions. They brought word, to my great mortification, that nearly all the inhabitants had gone to fish in other parts of the bay, and that but one old man, with the females and children of three families, remained. Him they brought off to be our pilot. Unfortunately, in getting again under way, we went to leeward of the entrance, and immediately after the wind dropped altogether. The tide then drifted us into Great Coney Arm, and every tack took us farther to leeward. It seemed almost certain we should be carried to the head of the Bight, to spend the Sunday in a solitary place; but by keeping a boat ahead, with four hands, sometimes of the crew, sometimes of the clergy, we maintained our ground until, about eleven o'clock, a breeze sprang up in our favour, and we regained the entrance of the Little Arm, and came to anchor just at midnight, whereby I learnt a lesson of patience and perseverance.

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Third Sunday after Trinity, July 10th. Little Coney Arm.—Four families reside in this harbour, two of which are returned in the census as Methodists, the other two Church of England. All the men, however, were absent, except the old man who was brought off to us the previous night; besides him were four women, and some seven or eight children, and a sick man (a Roman Catholic), who had been left by a trader. All, however, in the harbour (except the sick Roman) came on board to both our services, and the women (all) expressed a great desire to have their children admitted into the Church. 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. After tea, we went on shore and visited all the families, and gave medicine to the poor Irishman, and books to the children. I examined the children in the Lord's Prayer and Creed, and found that the child of the Church of England parents (neither of whom could read) was much more perfect than the children of the others, who boasted of their learning and reading; some (ten or twelve years of age) could not say the Lord's prayer. At family prayer, in the evening, I addressed my crew, and explained to them the object of my voyage, and entreated them to co-operate by their example in every place, and warned them against the faults to which I knew them most liable.

Monday, July 11th. Little Coney Arm, at sea, and Bear Cove.—Sailed from Little Coney Arm at four o'clock A.M., wind light, but fair for crossing the bay, and we accordingly passed over to Bear Cove. We found that all the inhabitants (four families) were at home, or on their fishing-grounds, and all professed members of the Church of England, and greatly desirous to be admitted, by baptism or reception as the case might require; and two couples, who had been united by a fisherman, expressed a wish to be duly married. One couple made some difficulty about the fee (having no money), but promised to send the amount (20s.) in money, or fish, to the nearest clergyman, in the fall. The service was to have commenced at five o'clock, but it was with difficulty all were got together and duly arranged at 6.15. 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 no? 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 baptise, 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, in 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 believed 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.

Tuesday, July 12th. At Bear Cove, at sea, at Jackson's Arm, and at Sop's Island.—We warped out of Bear Cove, there being then no wind, at five o'clock A.M., and stood over to Jackson's Cove, on the opposite side of the bay (about nine miles), which we reached by 8.30. It is a capacious and beautiful harbour, easy of approach and entrance. On coming to anchor, I sent on shore immediately, and found that all the men were gone to Sop's Island (about five miles off), except one poor fellow with a diseased hip, to whom I sent some wine and medicine. I proposed to take the only woman left behind, with her children, on board the Church-ship, to join her friends and relations at Sop's Island, to which she gladly assented, and they came on board accordingly. We then weighed anchor again at 12.30, to beat to Sop's Island, which we reached between three and four o'clock. We landed immediately with our poor fisherman's wife, who appeared an intelligent, seriously-disposed person, and she could read. Her children were very wild, hair uncut and uncombed, without shoes and stockings. She had come from the Barred Islands (in the Fogo Mission), and lamented the separation from her Church and clergy. She guided us to the residences and fishing rooms of the different residents and others in Sop's Island, and we

appointed a service for them at five o'clock, not, however, expecting to get them together before six o'clock. We commenced at 6.15; seventeen children were received into the Church, and two couples married. We found that the parties whom we had missed at Coney's Arm (as well as those from Jackson's Arm) were in this island, and we sent word to them of our intention to hold service again to-morrow. Here was a repetition of the same melancholy anomalies and irregularities as those of yesterday, except that two or three of the women could read; and a Mr. M—, from St. John's, a small dealer or merchant, who has resided here for several years, has kept up some remembrance of God and his service by reading the Church prayers at a funeral. He resides, however, in the house of a planter, who has brought and lives with a woman from England, in the very neighbourhood of his wife, whom he deserted after she had borne him three children. She (his wife) is still living at Twillingate, and supports herself as a nurse and servant. By the woman he now lives with he has had seven children, most of whom are grown up, and several married. When he saw my vessel with a female on board, he thought his wife was come from Twillingate, and went and hid himself in the woods. Some of his children and grandchildren were among those admitted this day into the Church. After the prayers and two addresses from myself, one in connexion with the baptismal service, and one in place of a sermon, two couples were married. These services were not finished till nearly nine o'clock.

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Wednesday, July 13th. Sop's Island, at sea, and at Gold Cove.—I had appointed the service at nine o'clock, being anxious to get forward, if possible, in the afternoon; but it was not till after twelve o'clock that the poor people could arrange their little (to them great) matters, and come with their children properly attired. Some had to go on board a trader lying in the harbour to purchase clothes; several came from a distance against a head wind. Two couples were married before, and two after, the prayers; six children of one of the pairs were admitted into the Church: all had been baptized by lay hands. Two women, neighbours, had each baptized the other's children. After the services, I gave away a number of elementary books for children; three or four Prayer-books, and one Bible were purchased. At two o'clock they all took their departure, with many expressions of pleasure and gratitude. We got away just before a violent north-easter (a wind which always comes, as they say, with the butt end first), which carried us rapidly to Gold Cove, at the head of the bay. It is a snug, well-sheltered place, but the water is deep almost up to the shore; and we moored, for the first time in my experience, to a tree. However, we found bottom at about sixteen fathoms, and plenty of fish upon it. One of my companions jigged nine fine fish in an hour. The others went off to visit the people, who were at some distance, and apprise them, as usual, of our presence and purpose. A more secluded, retired spot could hardly, I think, be found, or more picturesque withal. Wild gooseberries grow on the shore in abundance, and, of course, other fruits, which no hand gathers and no eye sees. Here the people report themselves to have been very successful in their fishery this year. It is the first place where we have heard of success.

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Thursday, July 14th. At Gold Cove.—Some of our congregation came on board before nine o'clock, but others, having to contend with a head wind, did not arrive till 10.30. Ten o'clock was the hour named for service; and after all were assembled on deck, it took some considerable time to arrange and prepare the sponsors, &c., and instruct them in the answers they would be required to make. On this occasion, a father of eleven children desired to be baptized, and was baptized conditionally with six of his children. He had never been able to learn that he had received baptism even by lay hands. Nevertheless, he bore the two honoured names of Basil and Osmond, and by that of Basil he was now baptized and received into the Church. Sixteen persons were received; the oldest sixty-five years of age, the youngest four months. One couple was married, and one woman received the Holy Communion. Most of the grown-up persons, all, I believe, except some invalids, came to our second service in the evening. Between the services we sailed in our boat to the head of this bay, where we found three small rivers or brooks meeting and running by one mouth into the sea. The water was very clear and sweet; and nothing of the kind could exceed the picturesque beauty of the lofty and precipitous hills, clothed and covered with trees from the base to the summit. I can hardly fancy a greater treat than to sail for three or four weeks through the reaches and tickles of this bay, which has the singular advantage of being free from rocks and shoals, with abundance of good and safe harbours, almost all surrounded by hills and headlands of picturesque outline, covered with trees, against which no feller has raised his axe. Our harbour this evening appeared alive with fish.

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Friday, July 15th. Gold Cove, at sea, Purbeck Cove.—Went on deck at 4.35, and found a fine morning and fair wind, but no captain or crew: the mate in the boat fishing. Called the captain, and recalled the mate, not without some displeasure at both for neglecting to get under way. We got away at 5.30, and had a very pleasant sail to Purbeck Cove, which we reached at nine o'clock. It is a fine harbour, but like most in this bay with very deep water. We found here a Mr. C—, with a vessel and crew from Greenspond for the summer fishery. He reported favourably of his catch, and speaks of the bay as generally very prolific. Besides cod-fish, salmon, and trout in abundance, later in the fall he expects to catch mackerel; and this is the only bay in which, at present, they are found in Newfoundland. Deer also abound in the neighbourhood; some have been killed lately, and more might be found if the people cared to look after them; but they are not yet in season, and the fishing is not neglected for any thing or all things. This is the great harvest; the seals are the first, but more uncertain and less lucrative; late in the fall the deer are slaughtered; and in the winter other game, with foxes, martens, &c., afford sport and means of subsistence. Seeing several boats fishing outside, I despatched my friends to inform the men who and what we were, and to request them, if possible, to bring their families on board in the afternoon. Fortunately they were able to communicate with parties living above and below. All, though the fishery was at its height, accepted the invitation, and Mr. C— came also with his

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crew, so that the cabin could not contain them, and several of the men stood round the skylight on the deck, from which they looked down upon us as from a gallery. The day was very fine and warm, and I suffered no inconvenience from open skylight or sky, except when a piece of tobacco descended on my head. Twenty-one children were received into the Church, and one couple married. Very few, if any, except some men of Mr. C——'s crew (who, thanks to their good pastor at Greenspond, had their Prayer-books, and were attentive and well behaved) could read, but most of the children could say the Lord's Prayer and Creed. One woman brought forward her daughter as "a terrible girl" to, say her Creed and Lord's Prayer, and some of the Commandments; and "that hymn you sung below (Evening Hymn), she knows *he*, but she *lips* (lisps), so she's ashamed before strangers." Another woman, after surveying with, much admiration a large alphabet-sheet (as I should Egyptian hieroglyphics), said, "I suppose, sir, that's the A B C." I gave little books to all who desired them. Though most of them had a considerable distance to return, they seemed unwilling to leave me and the vessel, and I was in no hurry to dismiss them. It was very sad indeed to think that the meeting and intercourse, after so long delay, and with so little prospect of being renewed, should be so short, when so many important things had to be done, and alas! so many left undone!

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Saturday, July 16th. Purbeck Cove, at sea, and Seal Cove.—At five o'clock sent letters on board Mr. C——'s vessel, to be forwarded *viâ* Greenspond to St. John's. Sailed for Seal Cove (fourteen or fifteen miles); for three hours no wind, and then wind ahead, so that we did not reach our harbour till eight o'clock P.M., happy and thankful to reach it then, having in remembrance the difficulties and anxieties of last Saturday night. In this Cove, which, at this season, and all seasons when the wind is not strong from N.W., is a splendid harbour, are only two families; but one boat's load had preceded us from Purbeck Cove to profit by the Sunday services. We found the people on shore (a family of Osmonds), very thankful for our coming, though a Roman Catholic family had just arrived to spend the Sunday with them. How so many people are lodged and accommodated (there must be twenty-five now here) in one small hut is difficult to understand. I know not how to be thankful enough for the mercies and comforts of the past week. This is the eighth harbour I have been anchored in, this week, and in six I have held services; and except in entering Little Coney Arm, have encountered neither difficulty nor delay. The winds have been generally fair, the weather always fine; the people, without exception, grateful for our visits and services. Ninety-two persons of various ages have been formally received into the Church; eight couples married; one person admitted to the Lord's Supper; nearly one hundred and eighty of all ages have been present at the services. The bread has been cast upon the waters, may it be found.

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Fourth Sunday after Trinity, July 17th. Seal Cove.—I was pleased to find that two families had followed in their boats, from a harbour we have already visited, to attend the services on board. The head of the family resident here (in Seal Cove) is Joseph Osmond, a younger brother of Basil; he had lost his wife last fall in giving birth to her twelfth child, and he could not speak of her without tears. He pointed out to me 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 was anxious to have consecrated. The babe had been nursed and kept alive by her sisters, but appeared very sickly and not likely to continue. 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 us 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 readings, had been employed to baptise many children in the bay, was a servant in a fisherman's family.

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We had two services, as usual, on board; four children were received into the Church, and one couple married. This couple had followed us from Bear Cove; they had before been united by a fisherman, had six children, and were expecting shortly a seventh. The man was he who, at Bear Cove, as before mentioned, had himself married a couple; and his wife was the person who had baptized the children. Whether the couple for whom he had officiated were "very well married," as to the service, must be "very doubtful." Either he wished to be more perfect, or he was doubtful about his own case; whatever was his reason, he very cheerfully paid the fee, twenty shillings. He inquired also whether he ought to be christened, having been baptized only by a fisherman, though, as he said, with godfathers and a godmother. Here was confusion worse confounded; and shame covered my face, while I endeavoured to satisfy him and myself on these complicated points. The poor man was evidently in earnest, and I gladly did all in my power to relieve his mind, and place him and his in a more satisfactory state. But how sad that one who had baptized and married others, should himself apply to be baptized and married, being now the father of six children! The wife appeared to be the general chronicler of all events in the neighbourhood, and was looked up to as a kind of prophetess. After the Evening Service, I went on shore to visit the house which the man Osmond had built himself, and made comfortable for summer and winter: there being abundance of wood for ceiling, &c., and birch-rind to cover the seams. He showed his gardens, full of flourishing potatoes, where the disease had never yet reached. The vegetation is very luxuriant, and there is plenty of pasture for cows. He could at any time, he said, kill a deer, and had killed upwards of two hundred! and as his neighbours in the bay all supply themselves with the same food, the park must be supposed to be pretty large, and well stocked. In the winter he kills foxes and martens for their skins, wild fowls of various sorts for food. Fuel is superabundant. The water produces fish,—salmon, herring, and mackerel; the ice brings the seals. Osmond acknowledges that it was "very easy to get a living," and wanted

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only the minister to be more than contented. His nearest neighbours (at Lobster Harbour) are Roman Catholics, and with these he lives on very good terms. "There was never a thee, or a thou, passed between them." Such is Joseph Osmond, sole occupier of Seal Cove, in White Bay, and such his condition, physical, social, and religious. It should be added that not one person in the settlement can read. He complains much of the French cutting spars and other sticks, besides what they require for their use on shore; and yet more, of their leaving many fires in the woods, by which the whole neighbourhood is endangered. He has often gone to put out the fires thus carelessly left, by which thousands of acres of wood might be destroyed, and the inhabitants driven from their homes.

Monday, July 18th. At Seal Cove.—This was our first day of delay since coming into the Bay. A strong north-east wind with a heavy lop, made it useless to attempt to proceed. In the afternoon all the people on shore came to our service, and I explained "the articles of our Belief, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer." In the evening, Mr. Tucker went on shore to teach the younger ones to repeat the Lord's Prayer and the creed, more perfectly; and I, with the rest of my party, rowed up "the Southern Arm," an indraft of about three miles, winding among the most picturesque mountains I ever saw. They rise almost perpendicularly from the water, are clothed with wood from the base to the summit, and are of most varied shape and outline. They surpass in grandeur the banks of the Wye, and are more thickly clothed with wood, in which, the beech, and birch, and maple, have almost displaced the spruce, and no green could be more fresh and delicate. These mountains are on each side of the Arm, to its extremity, which is nearly closed by a round, or conical hill, similarly covered with trees; on either side of which you may enter into a valley, between lofty rocks, and through which probably a small river or brook conveys the surplus water of some lake or lakes lying farther up the country. The solemn effect of the scenery was heightened by the absence of all traces and signs of men or other animals; and the occasional scream of a gull looking down upon us, made the general silence and solitude more impressive. How prodigal is nature of her beauties and glories, thus repeated and renewed in places where there is no one to admire, and very few to see them!

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Tuesday, July 19th. Seal Cove, and at sea.—The wind was not more favourable to day than yesterday, except that it was not so strong; but we thought it better to go out in the hope of some change, in the mean time beating to windward. After standing across the bay and back, a distance of nearly thirty miles (fourteen or fifteen each way), we found we had only gained a mile and a half, and the next tack only advanced us about as much more. The next time we stood across, the wind tailed us altogether. This was trying work, especially to my companions, who all felt the direful effect of the beating, and were recumbent nearly the whole day, and sometimes worse; I, happily, was able to read and write, and only grieved by the sad delay.

Wednesday, July 20th. At sea.—Dead calm nearly the whole day, with occasional interludes of head-wind, which enabled us to run across the bay, and make the unpleasant discovery that we had advanced, or gained, only about five miles since we left our anchorage yesterday! During the greater part of the day we were lying almost motionless. Eight o'clock P.M. found us just where eight o'clock A.M. had left us. A lesson in patience.

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Thursday, July 21st. At sea, and Hooping Harbour.—After being becalmed all night, a light breeze sprung up in our favour at four o'clock A.M. (being then just off Little Cat Arm), which sufficed to carry us into Hooping Harbour (about thirty-five miles) by three o'clock P.M. Here are two families only, all the members of which, four in one, and eight in the other, were fortunately at home. One of the mothers is a Wesleyan, with all the scruples of her denomination. She had taught her children the Lord's Prayer, but could not teach them the Creed, because "it would be wrong for them to say, 'I believe in God,' when they did not believe in Him, which she perceived they did not." The truth, I imagine, was, she could not say it herself. She did not like to be godmother to her neighbour's children, because "she had sins enough of her own to answer for; and she could not make a promise she knew she should not perform." As she was the only grown-up woman in the place, except the one whose children, with her own, were to be baptized, it was necessary to overcome, if possible, these scruples, which was no easy matter. And here were fresh complications. Some of the children of both families had been baptized by a French priest, and no one could say "with what words." Some had been baptized by a woman, some by a fisherman. Painful it was to witness, or be certified of, such complications and irregularities, more so to be in any degree answerable for them, most of all to be expected to unravel and rectify them in one visit of a few hours' duration, knowing too that they must all be renewed and repeated. This is the only harbour in White Bay where there are any French, and these, it is worthy of notice, have come here within the last five years, since the two English families established themselves in the place. On their arrival this year, the French took up the Englishman's salmon nets, and prevented his fishing for three weeks, until they were informed by the officer sent from St. John's, that things were to remain this year as in the preceding, and until matters were settled by the authorities. The poor Englishman complains bitterly of being deprived of his three best weeks' fishery, which, if they had been only as good as the subsequent ones, must have been a serious loss. This day he took in his nets about a hundred salmon, and speaks of this as an ordinary catch—and his nets are not large or numerous. It would be very sad and shameful if this branch of the fishery, which clearly was not contemplated in the treaties, should be given up, either wholly or in part, to the French. This is the last harbour in White Bay.

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Friday, July 22d. Hooping Harbour, at sea, and Englée.—We weighed anchor soon after four o'clock. The wind so light that our men were obliged to tow for nearly two hours; then it breezed up ahead, and gradually increased, till by the time we had beaten up to Canada Bay, some nine miles, it blew very hard. However, the harder it blows, the better the good Church-ship goes; and

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before one o'clock we had beaten-round Englée Island, in Canada Bay (our next place of call), to the mouth of the harbour. But as nobody was "acquainted," and the description in the book of directions was not satisfactory, and it was blowing half a gale, we fired a gun, which brought out a boat, with two hands, who showed us the course in, and where to anchor. On being informed who we were, and what was our object in visiting them, they expressed much pleasure; but said it would be difficult, if not impossible, to bring off the children in such heavy weather. We had service at five o'clock, but it was blowing so furiously that only six men and as many women could venture off, and they brought none of the little children. I determined, therefore (though the delay is very grievous), that I ought to remain here to-morrow, which will involve Sunday also. There are two other families in this bay, with whom it was impossible to communicate to-day, in this tempest. We had Evening Prayers, with an address by myself. After the service I conversed with the people, and found that some of the women (one of them a mother of three children) had never before seen a clergyman, and never been in any place of worship. It would be interesting to know what they thought and felt at the first sight of a bishop and two clergymen in their canonicals, and the Church-ship, and yet more at the first hearing of the Word of God read and preached to them, and the prayers of the Church.

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Saturday, July 23d. At Englée.—Directly after breakfast my friends went across Canada Bay (three miles) in the boat, to make known our presence to a family on the other side, a man and wife with eleven children. They returned soon enough for the Morning Service, which was attended by most of the inhabitants. A young woman, married and a mother, was, on her own petition and profession, received into the Church, and her behaviour was very becoming and edifying. In the afternoon, when her sister, nineteen years of age, was hypothetically baptized, she was affected even to tears. They both could read, and though they had never before seen a clergyman of their Church, or been present at public worship, they appeared to have an intelligent and devout sense of the sacred nature and importance of the Service. Several others, chiefly children, were admitted; nearly all of whom had been baptized by the French priests, who accompany year by year the fishing vessels from France. They (the priests) had performed this service, without any intention, as it seemed, of bringing either children or parents into the Roman Catholic Church. In one of the families was an idiot son, whom the parents were very anxious to have baptized. He is grown up, and though harmless in other respects, uses very dreadful language. I went on shore and visited one of the houses of a family, the father and mother of which go to St. John's every fall, and while there the woman is a regular attendant at the daily Prayers in the Cathedral. It was gratifying to find the house very clean and well ordered in the absence of both father and mother, who, unfortunately, are gone to some distant fishing station for the summer. The young women who showed so much apparent good feeling at baptism, are their children. Here the people keep cows and sheep, and live in much comfort, and we obtained a small supply of milk and fresh meat: I had not tasted any meat, and only once fowl, for a fortnight. We have had no fresh meat on board, and the fish and salmon, of which we have abundance for nothing, is in my judgment better and more wholesome (not to speak of economy) than the salted and preserved meats. For the same period, or rather longer, we have had milk, and that goat's, only once; and nobody complains, of the privation.

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Fifth Sunday after Trinity, July 24th. 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 St 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?

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Monday, St. James's Day. Englée.—I was not sorry to find this morning that the wind was still ahead, so that we could observe the holy day in harbour, and give my new disciples and children an opportunity of again attending the service. This they did very gladly, with my captain and crew, and I addressed them on the Gospel for the day. It was strange to see grown-up people directed how and where to find the places in their Prayer-books. In the afternoon the wind seemed to veer in our favour, and about four o'clock we made an attempt to leave; but the wind was unsteady and soon died away. After Evening prayers, we rowed up to visit two Englishmen, who have lived and fished together for fourteen years, without any family, or female, in their

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house; the one a widower, the other a bachelor. One of them comes from Southampton, the other from Ringwood. They are supposed to have saved money, and might live in comfort elsewhere, but they prefer this dreary, desolate existence, I presume, for the sake of their worldly gains. I had but little time for conversing with them, but I left them some tracts, &c. One of them has the reputation of a "fine reader."

Tuesday, July 26th. Englée.—Another day of calm and trouble, head-wind and heart-ache, for the delay is very grievous. In the morning I visited all the people on shore, and in the afternoon they all came on board to our service.

Wednesday, July 27th. Englée, at sea.—A light breeze sprung up in our favour at seven o'clock, and at eight o'clock we were under way, and cleared the Heads before ten o'clock. God be praised!

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PART II.—BAY OF ISLANDS.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity, August 7th. At sea, and in Lark Harbour, Bay of Islands.—The wind continued to blow, and the sea to rage and swell all night; and the rolling and dashing of the waves against the side of the vessel were so incessant and violent that I could hardly remain in my berth. At two o'clock the vessel was put about, when I heard such a banging and thumping of the rudder, that I ran on deck to ascertain the cause. I found the wheel deserted, there being only two men on deck, and both engaged in hauling round the yards. I took the wheel, in night-shirt and night-cap only, without shoe or slipper, till the yards were round; fortunately not a long operation. I turned in again till six o'clock, when I found we had just weathered the southern entrance of the Bay of Islands; and, as there was no change in the direction or force of the wind, I was very thankful to have the prospect of a harbour, and of ministering to the poor sheep in this bay, who have not seen a shepherd for four years. We beat into Lark Harbour, against a violent head-wind, and did not get to anchor till ten o'clock. The people on shore seemed to be employed in turning their fish, and other daily labour; but on sending to them, they expressed their readiness and desire to profit by the services. We could not begin our morning service till twelve o'clock, when the people had all come on board. Three children were conditionally baptized. Evening service at half-past four o'clock, after which three couples were married; one of these (couples) had brought two children to be baptized at my first visit, *ten years ago*; but it was nearly ten o'clock P.M., and just as my vessel was leaving the bay. The father, I remember, had gone a great many miles to fetch his children, and showed great desire to have them duly baptized, and was *now* equally anxious about his own marriage. I had a good deal of conversation with some of the men, who seemed to entertain a lively and grateful recollection of my former visit and services.

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Monday, August 8th. Bay of Islands.—The wind being very light I determined to visit some of the settlements in this extensive bay in my boat. Accordingly, Messrs. Johnson and Tucker, with one of the sailors and a boy, rowed me to McIvor's Cove, where reside four families, whom I have visited on each former occasion. They accomplished the distance, about ten miles, in three hours. We arrived at a quarter past one o'clock, after calling on the people, who all recognised me, and with apparent pleasure; and desiring them to prepare themselves and their children, and the best room, for a service, we took our refreshment, which we had brought with us, in a pretty green nook where a little river runs into the sea, using the fallen trunk of a large tree for our table. It would have served for a very large, or rather a very long party. We had our service in the house of old Parks, who is mentioned in my Journal of 1849, as having been visited by Archdeacon Wix. The children of three families were brought to be received into the Church. It was very sad to witness the ignorance, and almost imbecility, into which two of the three mothers, who had been born and brought up in this wilderness, were fallen. The third, who came from a distant settlement, and could read, was different, and superior in every respect. One of the women, married only five years, could not remember what her name was before marriage. It would seem, too, as if the physical constitution degenerated with the mental. Her child, which she brought to be baptized, had on one hand two fingers, on the other only one, and on each foot only three toes. I addressed them after the service; but I believe if my discourse had been in Latin, it would have been as much, perhaps more, attended to. The old woman began to talk to Mr. Johnson's little boy, interrupting her own discourse and mine by occasionally telling the dogs to "jump out," a command which from her, but her only, was always obeyed; obeyed, but soon forgotten; for presently the same dog "jumped in" again. The old man called for a match to light his pipe with, and it was only by preventing his wish being complied with, that I could engage his attention. After this painful service, and more painful separation (for nothing could be more painful than to leave Christian people in such ignorance and unconcern about their souls), we rowed over to Frenchman's Cove (about two miles and a half), a lovely spot, inhabited by two families of a better sort in knowledge and behaviour. The men, unfortunately, were gone out, but they "would

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not have gone, by no means, if they had known that his reverence was in the bay." The women were very anxious to have their children duty baptized, and listened with much earnestness to some words of advice and instruction, and were very thankful for the books. Since my last visit here a Nova-Scotian has built a store in this cove, and will be, I greatly fear, a cause of misery to at least one of the families. I admonished and exhorted him, and he thanked me for my advice like one who had quite made up his mind not to regard it. I visited one of the houses again, late in the evening, and heard one of the children, a girl of ten or eleven years, say her prayers and Belief. I thought I knew most of the varieties of

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on," &c.;

but this Bay of Islands' edition contained additions which I had never heard, and could not comprehend. And the poor mother, who stood by (the girl kneeling), sadly perplexed and distressed me by asking whether this and that was right. I had no difficulty in telling her that it was not right, when her child, in repeating the Creed, went straight, as I observed several others did, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth," to—"from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

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Tuesday, August 9th. Bay of Islands, and at sea.—It was grievous, very grievous, to depart without visiting the other families about in this bay—fully one hundred and twenty professed members of the Church; but I dared not make any longer delay; and Frenchman's Cove, where the Church-ship had joined us and was now anchored, is a difficult place to get out of with a head-wind. It took us nearly three hours to make our escape, not so much, however, through head-wind as no wind. We had then to beat across the bay, and did not reach the open sea till nearly six o'clock P.M. There we found the old, unrelenting S.W. directly ahead, and soon got into a heavy sea; a poor prospect for the night.

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AN ACCOUNT

Of the Places visited, with the time of Arriving at and Sailing from the same, and of the Distances between them, by the BISHOP OF NEWFOUNDLAND, in his Visitation of the NORTHERN and SOUTHERN SHORES of NEWFOUNDLAND, in the Summer of 1859.

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Sailed from.	Date.	Arrived at.	Date.	Distance in Miles.	Services performed.
St. John's	June 29, 2 P.M.	Twillingate	July 1, 9 P.M.	180	Sunday Services, Holy Communion.
Twillingate	July 6, 9 A.M.	Little Harbour Deep	July 7, 9½ P.M.	75	Two Services, Baptisms.
Little Harbour Deep	July 9, 3½ A.M.	Little Coney Arm.	July 9, 12 Night.	19	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Baptisms.
Little Coney Arm	July 11, 4½ A.M.	Havling Point	July 11, 10 A.M.	11	Afternoon Service, Baptisms, Marriages.
Havling Point	July 12, 5 A.M.	Jackson's Arm	July 12, 11 A.M.	8	
Jackson's Arm	July 12, 1 P.M.	Sop Island	July 12, 4 P.M.	5	Two Services, Baptisms, Marriages.
Sop Island	July 13, 3 P.M.	Gold Cove	July 13, 7½ P.M.	16	Two Services, Holy Communion, Baptisms, Marriages.
Gold Cove	July 15, 6½ A.M.	Purbeck Cove	July 15, 10 A.M.	13	Afternoon Service, Baptisms, One Marriage.
Purbeck Cove	July 16, 4½ A.M.	Seal Cove	July 16, 8 P.M.	15½	Sunday Service, Holy Communion, Baptisms,

Seal Cove	July 19, 9½ A.M.	Hooping Harbour	July 21, 3 P.M.	42	One Marriage, Afternoon Service, July 18.
Hooping Harbour	July 22, 5 A.M.	Englée Harbour	July 22, 12½ P.M.	8	Afternoon Service, Baptisms, Churching.
Englée Harbour	July 27, 10 A.M.	Forteau	July 29, 10 A.M.	122	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Baptisms, Daily Service.
Forteau	Aug. 2, 5 A.M.	Lark Harbour	Aug. 7, 10 A.M.	161	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Baptisms.
Lark Harbour	Aug. 8, 10 A.M.	McIvor's Cove	Aug. 8, 1 P.M.	10	Afternoon Service, Baptisms.
McIvor's Cove	Aug. 8, 4 P.M.	Frenchman's Cove	Aug. 8, 5 P.M.	3	Baptisms.
Frenchman's Cove	Aug. 9, 10 A.M.	Sandy Point	Aug. 13, 7 A.M.	103	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard, Afternoon Service.
Sandy Point	Aug. 5, 11½ P.M.	Barrysway	Aug. 16, 2 P.M.	18	Afternoon Service, Confirmation.
Barrysway	Aug. 16, 7 P.M.	Codroy	Aug. 18, 5½ P.M.	40	Two Services, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
Codroy	Aug. 19, 10 P.M.	Channel	Aug. 20, 5 P.M.	24	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
Channel	Aug. 23, 9 A.M.	Burnt Islands	Aug. 23, 1 P.M.	10	Afternoon Service, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
Burnt Islands	Aug. 23, 6 P.M.	Channel	Aug. 23, 8 P.M.	10	Saint's day Services.
Channel	Aug. 26, 1 P.M.	Rose Blanche	Aug. 26, 8 P.M.	15	Morning Service.
Rose Blanche	Aug. 27, 12 NOON.	La Poele	Aug. 27, 5 P.M.	15	Sunday Services, Holy Communion & Confirmation, Morning Service, Holy Communion and Confirmation, Aug. 29.
La Poele	Aug. 30, 6 A.M.	Burgeo	Aug. 30, 10½ A.M.	33	Three Services, Holy Communion, Two Confirmations, Consecration of Church.
Burgeo	Sept. 3, 8 A.M.	New Harbour	Sept. 3, 6 P.M.	47	
New Harbour	Sept. 4, 9 A.M.	Rencontre	Sept. 4, 10 A.M.	3	Morning Service, Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Rencontre	Sept. 4, 1 P.M.	New Harbour	Sept. 4, 2 P.M.	3	Afternoon Service, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
New Harbour	Sept. 5, 8 A.M.	Push-through	Sept. 5, 7 P.M.	20	Two Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Push-through	Sept. 6, 6 P.M.	Hermitage Cove	Sept. 6, 9½ P.M.	13	Three Services, Holy Communion, Two Confirmations.
Hermitage Cove	Sept. 8, 2	Pickaree	Sept. 8, 3½	3	Afternoon Service,

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	P.M.		P.M.		Consecration of Graveyard.
Pickaree	Sept. 8, 5 P.M.	Gaultois	Sept. 8, 5½ P.M.	3	Consecration of Graveyard.
Gaultois	Sept. 8, 10 P.M.	Hermitage Cove	Sept. 8, 10½ P.M.	3	
Hermitage Cove	Sept. 9, 10½ A.M.	Cannaigre Harbour	Sept. 9, 12 Noon.	8	Morning Service, Consecration of Graveyard.
Cannaigre Harbour	Sept. 9, 3 P.M.	Harbour Breton	Sept. 9, 4 P.M.	3	
Harbour Breton	Sept. 10, 10 A.M.	Little Bay	Sept. 10, 11½ A.M.	5	Consecration of Graveyard.
Little Bay	Sept. 10, 2 P.M.	Harbour Breton	Sept. 10, 3½ P.M.	5	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
Harbour Breton	Sept. 13, 7 A.M.	English Harbour	Sept. 13, 11 A.M.	15	Morning Service, Confirmation.
English Harbour	Sept. 13, 4½ P.M.	Belleoram	Sept. 13, 7 P.M.	7	Three Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Belleoram	Sept. 16, 5 A.M.	Harbour Breton	Sept. 16, 3½ P.M.	22	Evening Service.
Harbour Breton	Sept. 17, 8 A.M.	Brunet	Sept. 17, 2½ P.M.	9	Prayers, Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
Brunet	Sept. 18, 3 P.M.	Harbour Breton	Sept. 18, 6 P.M.	9	
Harbour Breton	Sept. 19, 5 A.M.	Lamaline	Sept. 20, 1 P.M.	45	Two Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Lamaline	Sept. 21, 2½ P.M.	St. Lawrence	Sept. 21, 6 P.M.	21	Two Services, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
St. Lawrence	Sept. 23, 5 A.M.	Burin	Sept. 23, 1 P.M.	16	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Burin	Sept. 26, 10 A.M.	Rock Harbour	Sept. 26, 1 P.M.	15	Afternoon Service, Confirmation.
Rock Harbour	Sept. 26, 4½ P.M.	Mortier Bay	Sept. 26, 6 P.M.	6	
Mortier Bay	Sept. 28, 10 A.M.	Oderin	Sept. 28, 3½ P.M.	17	Afternoon Service, Sept. 28, Saint's day Services, Sept. 29, Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Oderin	Sept. 30, 8 A.M.	Harbour Breton	Sept. 30, 4 P.M.	34	
Harbour Breton	Oct. 1, 10 A.M.	Spencer's Cove	Oct. 1, 2½ P.M.	9	Afternoon Service, Confirmation, Consecration of Graveyard.
Spencer's Cove	Oct. 1, 6 P.M.	Harbor Buffet	Oct. 1, 11½ P.M.	9	Sunday Services, Holy Communion, Confirmation, Afternoon Services, Oct. 3 and 4.
Harbor Buffet	Oct. 5, A.M.	Arnold's Cove	Oct. 5, 9½ A.M.	16	Morning Service, Confirmation.
Arnold's Cove	Oct. 5, 1½ P.M.	Woody Island	Oct. 6, 12½ A.M.	9	Morning Service, Confirmation.
Woody Island	Oct. 6, 1 P.M.	Burgeo	Oct. 6, 5½ P.M.	12	
Burgeo	Oct. 9, 6¼	Isle of Valen	Oct. 9, 10	9	Sunday Services,

	P.M.		A.M.		Holy Communion, Confirmation.
Isle of Valen	Oct. 9, 5	Burgeo	Oct. 9, 8	9	
	P.M.		P.M.		
Burgeo	Oct. 11, 5	St. John's	Oct. 13, 9	153	
	A.M.		A.M.		
Places visited 48, of which 34 were visited in the Church-ship, and 14 in boat: Holy Communion, 23 times: Consecrated 1 Church and 13 Cemeteries: Confirmations, 28.					

Typographical errors corrected in text:

Page 23: Purbeck's Cove replaced with Purbeck Cove

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE OF VISITATION IN THE "HAWK," 1859 ***

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